



The Globe Edition

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS AND MANUSCRIPTS

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*WITH A MEMOIR*

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## PREFACE.

IN the present edition of Edmund Spenser's works no attempt has been made either to modernize the Poet's language or to furnish the reader with an eclectic text. I have been simply content to reprint the earliest known editions of Spenser's various poems, correcting here and there some few errors that have crept into them, by a careful collation with subsequent editions, most of which were published in the lifetime of the poet. For an account of these with their dates of publication the reader is referred to the Biographical Memoir. Appendix L, at the end of this volume, contains all the most important variations from the original editions, and will enable the critical reader to judge favourably or otherwise of this part of my work, in which I have received some assistance from the previous labours of Church, Jortin, Warton, and Todd, as well as from the excellent editions of Professor Child and Mr. J. P. Collier. This present edition is the only modern one that contains a faithful reprint of the first edition of the *Daphnaida*, by means of which I have been enabled to present a text free at least from one error that appears in every edition after 1591 \*

The prose Treatise on Ireland, as printed by Sir James Ware, and followed by all recent editors, was found on examination to be very inaccurate and incomplete † It seemed scarcely fair to Spenser's memory to let this single piece of prose remain in so unsatisfactory a state. I have therefore re-edited it from three manuscripts belonging to the library of the British Museum.

\* The edition of 1596 and all subsequent ones read—

'I will withdraw me to some darksome place,  
Or some *deere* cave'

Some editors have proposed to read *dreere* for *deere*, but *deepe*, the lection of the first edition, is intelligible enough

† The *title* itself as given by Ware is incorrectly stated All the manuscripts, as well as the entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, read 'A View of the PRESENT State of Ireland,' but, curiously enough, the word 'present' is omitted in all editions that I have seen

The text itself is from the Additional Manuscript, 22022, the oldest of the three manuscripts, and, according to Sir James Ware's account of some of the best manuscripts seen by him, the Ad MS is evidently a very good one. Harleian MS, 1932, which very closely resembles, even in its omissions, Ware's text, and Harleian MS 7938, are very fair manuscripts, and have been collated throughout with the Additional Manuscript and Ware's text.

In compiling the Glossary I have endeavoured to make it as complete as possible, and thus, it is hoped, will in some measure compensate for the absence of notes, for which no space could be found in the present volume. I have made free use of the labours of previous editors; Todd's Index, Professor Ohld's Notes, and the glossaries of Mr J P. Collier and Mr Kitchin, have been consulted, and have facilitated and lightened my glossarial work.

In Appendix II. will be found Spenser's Letters to Gabriel Harvey, reprinted from the edition of 1580. They are also to be found, but in a very inaccurate form, in the Folio Edition, 1679, of Spenser's works

R M.

August, 1869

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## EDMUND SPENSER.

Ille velut fidei arcana sodalibus olim  
Credebat libris, neque, si male cesserat, unquam  
Decurrens illo, neque si bene, quo fit ut omnis  
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella  
Vita senis.

Hither as to their fountain other stars  
Repair and in their urns draw golden light

THE LIFE of SPENSER is wrapt in a similar obscurity to that which hides from us his great predecessor Chaucer, and his still greater contemporary Shakspeare. As in the case of Chaucer, our principal external authorities are a few meagre entries in certain official documents, and such facts as may be gathered from his works. The birth-year of each poet is determined by inference. The circumstances in which each died are a matter of controversy. What sure information we have of the intervening events of the life of each one is scanty and interrupted. So far as our knowledge goes, it shows some slight positive resemblance between their lives. They were both connected with the highest society of their times, both enjoyed court favour, and enjoyed it in the substantial shape of pensions. They were both men of the greatest learning. They were both natives of London. They both died in the close vicinity of Westminster Abbey, and lie buried near each other in that splendid cemetery. Their geniuses were eminently different: that of Chaucer was of the active type, Spenser's of the contemplative; Chaucer was dramatic, Spenser philosophical, Chaucer objective, Spenser subjective, but in the external circumstances, so far as we know them, amidst which these great poets moved, and in the mist which for the most part enfolds those circumstances, there is considerable likeness.

Spenser is frequently alluded to by his contemporaries, they most ardently recognised in him, as we shall see, a great poet, and one that might justly be associated with the one supreme poet whom this country had then produced—with Chaucer, and they paid him constant tributes of respect and admiration, but these mentions of him do not generally supply any biographical details.

The earliest notice of him that may in any sense be termed biographical occurs in a sort of handbook to the monuments of Westminster Abbey, published by Camden in 1606. Amongst the Reges, Reginae, Nobiles, et alij in Ecclesia Collegata B. Petri

Westmonasterii sepultus usque ad annum 1606' is enrolled the name of Spenser, with the following brief obituary

'Edmundus Spencer Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri seculi facile princeps, quod ejus poemata fribus Musis et victuro genio conscripta comprobant Obyit immatura morte anno salutis 1598, et prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditur qui felicissime poemum Anglica literis primus illustravit In quem hæc scripta sunt epitaphia —

Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius, illi  
Proximus ingenio proximus ut tumulo

Hic prope Chaucerum, Spensere poeta, poetam  
Conlecti et verum quam tumulo proplor  
Anglica, te vixit placuisse potestis,  
Dura mortura time, te momento, mori'

'Edmund Spenser, of London, far the first of the English Poets of our age, as his poems prove, written under the smile of the Muses, and with a genius destined to live Died prematurely in the year of salvation 1598, and is buried near Geoffroy Chaucer, who was the first most happily to set forth poetry in English writing and on him were written these epitaphs —

Here nigh to Chaucer Spenser lies, to whom  
In graves next he was, as now in tomb

Here nigh to Chaucer, Spenser, stands thy hearse  
Still newer star let thou to him in thy verse  
What thou didst to live lived English poetry.

comitis Essexiæ inhumatus, Poetis funus ducentibus flebilibusque carminibus et calamis in tumultum coniectis'\* This is to say 'Edmund Spenser, a Londoner by birth, and a scholar also of the University of Cambridge, born under so favourable an aspect of the Muses that he surpassed all the English Poets of former times, not excepting Chaucer himself, his fellow-citizen. But by a fate which still follows Poets, he always wrestled with poverty, though he had been secretary to the Lord Grey, Lord Deputy of Ireland. For scarce had he there settled himself into a retired privacy and got leisure to write, when he was by the rebels thrown out of his dwelling, plundered of his goods, and returned into England a poor man, where he shortly after died and was interred at Westminster, near to Chaucer, at the charge of the Earl of Essex, his hearse being attended by poets and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them thrown into his tomb'†

In 1633, Sir James Ware prefaced his edition of Spenser's prose work on the State of Ireland with these remarks —

'How far these collections may conduce to the knowledge of the antiquities and state of this land, let the fit reader judge yet something I may not passe by touching Mr Edmund Spenser and the worke it selfe, lest I should seeme to offer injury to his worth, by others so much celebrated. Hee was borne in London of an ancient and noble family, and brought up in the Universitie of Cambridge, where (as the frutes of his after labours doe manifest) he mispent not his time. After this he became secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, a valiant and worthy governour, and shortly after, for his services to the Crowne, he had bestowed upon him by Queene Elizabeth, 3,000 acres of land in the countie of Corke. There he finished the later part of that excellent poem of his "Faery Queene," which was soone after unfortunately lost by the disorder and abuse of his servant, whom he had sent before him into England, being then a *rebellibus* (as Camdon's words are) *è laribus ejectus et bonis spoliatus*. He deceased at Westminster in the year 1599 (others have it wrongly 1598), soon after his return into England, and was buried according to his own desire in the collegiat church there, neere unto Chaucer whom he worthily imitated (at the costes of Robert Earl of Essex), wherenpon this epitaph was framed' And then are quoted the epigrams already given from Camdon.

The next passage that can be called an account of Spenser is found in Fuller's *Worthies of England*, first published in 1662, and runs as follows —

'Edmond Spenser, born in this city (London), was brought up in Pembroke-hall in Cambridge, where he became an excellent scholar, but especially most happy in English Poetry, as his works do declare in which the many Chaucerisms used (for I will not say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be blemishes, known by the learned to be beauties, to his book, which notwithstanding had been more saleable, if more conformed to our modern language.

'There passeth a story commonly told and believed, that Spenser presenting his poems to queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the lord Cecil,

\* *Annales*, ed Eearne, iii 783

† *History of Elizabeth, Queen of England* Ed 1688, pp 564, 565.

her treasurer, to give him an hundred pound, and when the treasurer (a good steward of the queen's money) alledged that sum was too much, "Then give him," quoth the queen, "What is reason," to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of higher concernment, that Spenser received no reward, whereupon he presented this petition in a small piece of paper to the queen in her progress.—

I was promis'd on a time,  
To have reason for my rhyme,  
From that time unto this season,  
I receiv'd nor rhyme nor reason

'Hereupon the queen gave strict order (not without some check to her treasurer), for the present payment of the hundred pounds the first intended unto him

'Ho afterwards went over into Ireland, secretary to the lord Gray, lord deputy thereof, and though that his office under his lord was lucrative, yet got he no estate, but saith my author "*penitentiarius poetis fatis semper cum paupertate consuetatus est*" So that it fared little better with him than with William Xilander the German (a most excellent linguist, antiquary, philosopher and mathematician, who was so poor, that (as Thuanus saith), he was thought "*famam non famam scribere*"

'Returning into England, he was robb'd by the rebels of that little he had, and dying for grief in great want, anno 1598, was honourably buried nigh Chaucer in Westminster, where this distich concludeth his epitaph on his monument

Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausitque poesis,  
Nunc moritum timet, te moriente, mori

Whilst thou didst live, liv'd English poetry  
Which fears now thou art dead, that she shall die.

'Nor must we forget, that the expence of his funeral and monument was defrayed at the sole charge of Robert, first of that name, earl of Essex'

The next account is given by Edward Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicorum*, first published in 1675 This Phillips was, as is well known, Milton's nephew, and according to Warton, in his edition of Milton's juvenile poems, 'there is good reason to suppose that Milton throw many additions and corrections into the *Theatrum Poetarum*' Phillips' words therefore have an additional interest for us 'Edmund Spenser,' he writes, 'the first of our English poets that brought heroic poetry to any perfection, his "*Fairy Queen*" being for great invention and poetic height, judg'd little inferior, if not equal to the chief of the ancient Greeks and Latins, or modern Italians, but the first poem that brought him into esteem was his "*Shepherd's Calendar*," which so endeared him to that noble patron of all virtue and learning Sir Philip Sydney, that he made him known to Queen Elizabeth, and by that means got him preferred to be secretary to his brother \* Sir Henry Sidney, who was sent deputy into Ireland, where he is said to have written his "*Faerie Queen*," but upon the return of Sir Henry, his employment ceasing, he also return'd into England, and having lost his great friend Sir Philip, fell into poverty, yet made his last refuge to the Queen's bounty, and had 500*l* ordered him for his support, which nevertheless was abridg'd to 100*l*

\* Father.

by Cecil, who, hearing of it, and owing him a grudge for some reflections in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, cry'd out to the queen, What! all this for a song? Thus he is said to have taken so much to heart, that he contracted a deep melancholy, which soon after brought his life to a period. So apt is an ingenuous spirit to resent a slighting, even from the greatest persons, and thus much I must needs say of the merit of so great a poet from so great a monarch, that as it is incident to the best of poets sometimes to flatter some royal or noble patron, never did any do it more to the height, or with greater art or elegance, if the highest of praises attributed to so heroic a princess can justly be termed flattery.\*

When Spenser's works were reprinted—the first three books of the *Faerie Queene* for the seventh time—in 1679, there was added an account of his life. In 1687, Winstanley, in his *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, wrote a formal biography.

These are the oldest accounts of Spenser that have been handed down to us. In several of them mythical features and blunders are clearly discernible. Since Winstanley's time, it may be added, Hughes in 1715, Dr. Birch in 1731, Church in 1758, Upton in that same year, Todd in 1805, Aikin in 1806, Robinson in 1825, Mitford in 1839, Prof Craik in 1845, Prof Child in 1855, Mr Collier in 1862, have re-told what little there is to tell, with various additions and subtractions.

Our external sources of information are, then, extremely scanty. Fortunately our internal sources are somewhat less meagre. No poet ever more emphatically lived in his poetry than did Spenser. The Muses were, so to speak, his own bosom friends, to whom he opened all his heart. With them he conversed perpetually on the various events of his life, into their ears he poured forth constantly the tale of his joys and his sorrows, of his hopes, his fears, his distresses.

He was not one of those poets who can put off themselves in their works, who can forego their own interests and passions, and live for the time an extraneous life. There is an intense personality about all his writings, as in those of Milton and of Wordsworth. In reading them you can never forget the poet in the poem. They directly and fully reflect the poet's own nature and his circumstances. They are, as it were, fine spiritual diaries, refined self-portraits. Horace's description of his own famous fore-runner, quoted at the head of this memoir, applies excellently to Spenser. On this account the scantiness of our external means of knowing Spenser is perhaps the less to be regretted. Of him it is eminently true that we may know him from his works. His poems are his best biography. In the sketch of his life to be given here his poems shall be our one great authority.

\* *Theatrum Poet Anglicæ*, ed Brydges, 1800, pp 148, 149.

## CHAPTER I

1552-1579

## FROM SPENSER'S BIRTH TO THE PUBLICATION OF THE SHEPHEARD'S CALENDAR

EDMUND SPENSER was born in London in the year 1552. For both these facts we have directly or indirectly his own authority. In his *Prothalamium* he sings of certain swans whom in a vision he saw floating down the river 'Themmes,' that

At length they all to mery London came,  
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,  
That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,  
Though from another place I take my name,  
An house of aunclent fame

A MS. note by Oldys the antiquary in Winstanley's *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, states that the precise locality of his birth was East Smithfield. East Smithfield lies just to the east of the Tower, and in the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Tower was still one of the chief centres of London life and importance, was of course a neighbourhood of far different rank and degree from its present social status. The date of his birth is concluded with sufficient certainty from one of his sonnets, viz. sonnet 60, which it is pretty well ascertained was composed in the year 1593. These sonnets are, as we shall see, of the amorous wooing sort, in the one of them just mentioned, the sighing poet declares that it is but a year since he fell in love, but that that year has seemed to him longer

Then all those fourty which my life out-went.

Hence it is gathered that he was born in 1552. The inscription, then, over his tomb in Westminster Abbey errs in assigning his birth to 1553, though the error is less flagrant than that perpetrated by the inscription that preceded the present one, which set down as his natal year 1510.

Of his parents the only fact secured is, that his mother's name was Elizabeth. This appears from sonnet 74, where he apostrophizes those

Most happy letters! fram'd by skillfull trade  
With which that happy name was first desynd,  
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,  
With gifts of body, fortune and of mind  
The first my being to me gave by kind  
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent.

The second is the Queen, the third 'my love, my lives last ornament' A careful examination by Mr. Collier and others of what parish registers there are extant in such old churches as stand near East Smithfield—the Great Fire, it will be remembered, broke out some distance west of the Tower, and raged mainly westward—has failed to discover any trace of the infant Spenser or his parents An 'Edmund Spenser' who is mentioned in the Books of the Treasurer of the Queen's Chamber in 1569, as paid for bearing letters from Sir Henry Norris, her Majesty's ambassador in France, to the Queen,\* and who with but slight probability has been surmised to be the poet himself, is scarcely more plausibly conjectured by Mr Collier to be the poet's father The utter silence about his parents, with the single exception quoted, in the works of one who, as has been said above, made poetry the confidante of all his joys and sorrows, is remarkable

Whoever they were, he was well connected on his father's side at least 'The nobility of the Spensers,' writes Gibbon, 'has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the "Faerie Queen" as the most precious jewel of their coronet' Spenser was connected with the then not ennobled, but highly influential family of the Spencers of Althorpe, Northamptonshire Theirs was the 'house of auncient fame' alluded to in the quotation made above from the *Prothalamium* He dedicates various poems to the daughters of Sir John Spencer, who was the head of that family during the poet's youth and earlier manhood down to 1580, and in other places mentions these ladies with many expressions of regard and references to his affinity 'Most faire and vertuous Ladie,' he writes to the 'Ladie Compton and Mountegle,' the fifth daughter, in his dedication to her of his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, 'having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowen to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetic, which I have alwaies professed and am bound to beare to that house, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours, &c' To another daughter, 'the right worthy and vertuous ladie the Ladie Carey,' he dedicates his *Muopotmos*, to another, 'the right honorable the Ladie Strange,' his *Tearcs of the Muses* In the latter dedication he speaks of 'your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge' It was for this lady Strange, who became subsequently the wife of Sir Thomas Egerton, that one who came after Spenser—Milton, wrote the *Arcades* Of these three kinswomen, under the names of Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis, Spenser speaks once more in his *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, he speaks of them as

The honour of the noble familie  
Of which I meaneſt boast myſelf to be

For the particular branch of the Spencer or Spenser family—one branch wrote the name with *s*, another with *c*—to which the poet belonged, it has been well suggested that it was that settled in East Lancashire in the neighbourhood of Pendle Forest It

\* See Peter Cunningham's *Introduction to Extracts from Accounts of the Revels at Court* (Shakespeare Society)



is known on the authority of his friend Kirke, whom we shall mention again presently, that Spenser retired to the North after leaving Cambridge, traces of a Northern dialect appear in the *Shepheardes Calendar*, the Christian name Edmund is shown by the parish registers to have been a favourite with one part of the Lancashire branch—with that located near Filey Close, three miles north of Hurstwood

Spenser then was born in London, perhaps in East Smithfield, about a year before those hideous Marian fires began to blaze in West Smithfield. His memory would begin to be retentive about the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession. Of his great contemporaries, with most of whom he was to be brought eventually into contact, Raleigh was born at Hayes in Devonshire in the same year with him, Camden in Old Bailey in 1551, Hooker near Exeter in or about 1553, Sidney at Penshurst in 1554, Bacon at York House in the West Strand, 1561, Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564, Devereux, afterwards Earl of Essex, in 1567

The next assured fact concerning Spenser is that he was admitted a sizar of Pembroke College, then styled Hall, Cambridge, in 1569. Of his life between 1552 and this date we know nothing whatever. In the muster-book of a hundred in Warwickshire Mr Collier has noted the record of one Edmund Spenser as living in 1569 at Kingsbury, and conjectures that this was the poet's father, and that perhaps the poet spent his youth in the same county with Shakspeare. But it may be much doubted whether it is a just assumption that every Edmund Spenser that is in any way or anywhere mentioned in the Elizabethan era was either the poet or his father. Nor, should it be allowed that the Spenser of Kingsbury was indeed the poet's father, could we reasonably indulge in any pretty pictures of a fine friendship between the future authors of *Hamlet* and of the *Faerie Queene*. Shakspeare was a mere child, not yet passed into the second of the Seven Ages, when Spenser, being then about seventeen years old, went up to the University. Perhaps the lines already extracted from the *Prothalamium* tend to show that, though London born, Spenser was not London bred. They speak of London so specially as

My most kyndly nurse  
That to me gave this life & first nature course

Then the fact, already stated, that the *Shepheardes Calendar* is written in a Northern dialect points to a prolonged residence in the North. That dialect seems familiar and as it were household to him\*. Then it is known, as also has already been said, that he went to the North after the completion of his University career. Why should we not accept what would surely seem the obvious conclusion, that his home was in the North, though for one reason or another—many reasons might be imagined—he was born in London, and perhaps spent his infancy there?—that before going to Cambridge, as afterwards, he resided in Lancashire?

\* It may be suggested that what are called the archaisms of Spenser's style may be in part due to the author's long residence in the country with one of the older forms of the language spoken all round him and spoken by him, in fact his vernacular. I say in part, because of course his much study of Chaucer must be taken into account. But, as Mr Richard Morris has remarked to me, he could not have drawn from Chaucer those forms and words of a northern dialect which appear in the *Calendar*.

Certainly his youth was spent amid the fair sights and sounds of the country. From his very boyhood he had lived with Nature face to face. He had wandered at his own sweet will about the hills and dales that surrounded his rural home. In one of his earliest extant poems (the Twelfth Eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar*) he describes with much fervour and delight, and with his characteristic melody, the life he led in his younger days.—

Whilome in youth when flowrd my joyfull spring,  
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there,  
For heate of heedlesse lust me did so sting,  
That I oft doubted danger had no feare  
I went the wastefull woodes and Forrest wide  
Withouten dread of wolves to bene espie.

I went to raunge amid the mazie thicket  
And gather nuttes to make my Christmas game,  
And joyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,  
Or hunt the hartlesse hare till she were tame  
What wreaked I of wintrie ages waste?  
Tho deemed I my spring would ever last

How often have I scaled the craggie oke  
All to dislodge the raven of her nest?  
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,  
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest  
Under the tree fell all for nuttes at strife?  
For like to me was libertie and life,

To be sure he is here writing in the language of pastoral poetry, that is, the language of this passage is metaphorical, but it is equally clear that the writer was intimately and thoroughly acquainted with that life from which his metaphors are drawn. He describes a life he had lived.

It seems probable that he was already an author in some sort when he went up to Cambridge. In the same year in which he became an undergraduate there appeared a work entitled, 'A Theatre wherein be represented as well the Miseries and Calamities that follow the Voluptuous Worldlings as also the greate Joyes and Plesures which the Faithful do enjoy. An Argument both Profitable and Delectable to all that sincerely loue the Word of God. Devised by S John Vander Noodt.' Vander Noodt was a native of Brabant who had sought refuge in England, 'as well before that I would not beholde the abominations of the Romyshe Antechrist as to escape the handes of the bloudthirsty.' 'In the meane space,' he continues, 'for the avoyding of idlenesse (the very mother and nource of all vices) I have among other my travayles bene occupied aboute thys little Treatyse, wherein is sette forth the vilenesse and basenesse of worldly things whiche commonly withdrawe us from heavenly and spirituall matters.' This work opens with six peeces in the form of sonnets styled epigrams, which are in fact identical with the first six of the *Visions of Petrarch* subsequently published amongst Spenser's works, in which publication they are said to have been 'formerly translated.' After these so-called epigrams come fifteen *Sonnets*, eleven of which are easily recognisable amongst the *Visions of Bellay*, published along with the *Visions of Petrarch*. There is indeed as little difference between the two sets

of poems as is compatible with the fact that the old series is written in blank verse, the latter in rhyme. The sonnets which appear for the first time in the *Visions* are there describing the Wolf, the River, the Vessel, the City. There are four pieces of the older series which are not reproduced in the later. It would seem probable that they too may have been written by Spenser in the days of his youth, though at a later period of his life he cancelled and superseded them. They are therefore reprinted here in this volume. (See pp 699-701.)

Vander Noodt, it must be said, makes no mention of Spenser in his volume. It would seem that he did not know English, and that he wrote his *Declaration*—a sort of commentary in prose on the *Visions*—in French. At least we are told that this *Declaration* is translated out of French into English by Theodoro Hocst. All that is stated of the origin of his *Visions* is 'The learned poete M. Francesco-Petrarche, gentleman of Florence, did invent and write in Tuscan the six firsto which because they serve wel to our purpose, I have out of the Brabants sperche turned them into the English tongue,' and 'The other ten visions next ensuing are described of one Ioachim du Bellay, gentleman of France, the whiche also, because they serve to our purpose I have translated them out of Dutch into English.' The fact of the *Visions* being subsequently ascribed to Spenser would not by itself carry much weight. But, as Prof Craik pertinently asks, 'if this English version was not the work of Spenser, where did Ponsonby [the printer who issued that subsequent publication which has been mentioned] procure the corrections which are not mere typographical errata, and the additions and other variations\* that are found in his edition?'

In a work called *Tragical Tales*, published in 1587, there is a letter in verse, dated 1569, addressed to 'Spencer' by George Turberville, then resident in Russia as secretary to the English ambassador, Sir Thomas Randolph. Anthony Wood says this 'Spencer' was the poet, but it can scarcely have been so. 'Turberville himself,' remarks Prof Craik, 'is supposed to have been at this time in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, which is not the age at which men choose boys of sixteen for their friends. Besides, the verses seem to imply a friendship of some standing, and also in the person addressed the habits and social position of manhood. It has not been commonly noticed that this epistle from Russia is not Turberville's only poetical address to his friend Spencer. Among his "Epitaphs and Sonnets" are two other pieces of verse addressed to the same person.'

To the year 1569 belongs that mention referred to above of payment made once 'Edmund Spenser' for bearing letters from France. As has been already remarked, it is scarcely probable that this can have been the poet, then a youth of some seventeen years on the verge of his undergraduateship.

The one certain event of Spenser's life in the year 1569 is that he was then entered as a sizar at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He 'proceeded B.A.' in 1573, and 'commenced M.A.' in 1576. There is some reason for believing that his college life was troubled in much the same way as was that of Milton some sixty years later—that there prevailed some misunderstanding between him and the scholastic authorities.

\* These are given in the Appendix to present work.

He mentions his university with respect in the *Faerie Queene*, in book iv canto xi where, setting forth what various rivers gathered happily together to celebrate the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, he tells how

The plenteous Ouse came far from land  
By many a city and by many a towne,  
And many rivers taking under-hand  
Into his waters as he passeth downe,  
The Ille, the Weir, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne  
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,  
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne  
He doth adorne and is adorn'd of it  
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit

But he makes no mention of his college. The notorious Gabriel Harvey, an intimate friend of Spenser, who was elected a Fellow of Pembroke Hall the year after the future poet was admitted as a sizar, in a letter written in 1580, asks 'And wil you needes have my testimoniall of youre old Controllers new behaviour?' and then proceeds to heap abusive words on some person not mentioned by name but evidently only too well known to both the sender and the receiver of the epistle. Having compiled a list of scurrilities worthy of Falstaff, and attacked another matter which was an abomination to him, Harvey vents his wrath in sundry Latin charges, one of which runs 'Cætera forè, ut olim. Bellum inter capita et membra continuatum' 'Other matters are much as they were war kept up between the heads [the dons] and the members [the men]' Spenser was not elected to a fellowship, he quitted his college, with all its miserable bickerings, after he had taken his master's degree. There can be little doubt that he was a most diligent and earnest student during his residence at Cambridge, during it, for example, he must have gained that knowledge of Plato's works which so distinctly marks his poems, and found in that immortal writer a spirit most truly congenial. But it is conceivable that he pursued his studies after his own manner, and probably enough excited by his independence the strong disapprobation of the master and tutor of the college of his day.

Among his contemporaries in his own college were Lancelot Andrews, afterwards Master, and eventually Bishop of Winchester, the famous preacher, Gabriel Harvey, mentioned above, with whom he formed a fast friendship, and Edward Kirke, the 'E K' who, as will be seen, introduced to the world Spenser's first work of any pretence. Amongst his contemporaries in the university were Preston, author of *Cambyses*, and Still, author of *Gammer Gurtons Needle*, with each of whom he was acquainted. The friend who would seem to have exercised the most influence over him was Gabriel Harvey; but this influence, at least in literary matters, was by no means for the best. Harvey was some three or four years the senior, and of some academic distinction. Probably he may be taken as something more than a fair specimen of the average scholarship and culture given by the universities at that time. He was an extreme classicist, all his admiration was for classical models and works that savoured of them, he it was who headed the attempt made in England to force upon a modern language the metrical system of the Greeks and Latins. What baneful influence he exercised over Spenser in this last respect will be shown presently. Kirke was

Spenser's other close friend, he was one year junior academically to the poet. He too, as we shall see, was a profound admirer of Harvey

After leaving the university in 1576, Spenser, then, about twenty-four years of age, returned to his own people in the North. This fact is learnt from his friend 'E. K.'s' glosses to certain lines in the sixth book of the *Shepheardes Calendar*. E. K. speaks 'of the North country where he dwelt,' and 'of his removing out of the North parts and coming into the South.' As E. K. writes in the spring of 1570, and as his writing is evidently some little time subsequent to the migration he speaks of, it may be believed that Spenser quitted his Northern home in 1578. About a year then was passed in the North after he left the University.

This year was not spent idly. The poetical fruits of it shall be mentioned presently. What made it otherwise a memorable year to the poet was his falling deeply in love with some fair Northern neighbour. Who she was is not known. He who adored her names her Rosalind, 'a feigned name,' notes E. K., 'which being well ordered will bowray the very name of his love and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth.' Many solutions of this anagram have been essayed, mostly on the supposition that the lady lived in Kent, but Professor Craik is certainly right in insisting that she was of the North. In the same Eclogue of the *Shepheardes Calendar* Colin Clout—so the poet designates himself—complains to Hobbinol—that is, Harvey—of the ill success of his passion. Harvey, we may suppose, is paying him a visit in the North, or perhaps the pastoral is merely a versifying of what passed between them in letters. However this may be, Colin is bewailing his hapless fate. His friend rejoins—

Then, if by me thou list advised be,  
Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch  
Leave me those hilles where harbrough ris to see,  
Nor holy bush, nor breere, nor windling witche  
And to the dales resort, where shepherds ritche  
And fruitfull flocks bene everywhere to see

Surely E. K.'s gloss is scarcely necessary to tell us what these words mean. 'Come down,' they say, 'from your bleak North country hills where she dwells who binds you with her spell, and be at peace far away from her in the genial South land.' In another Eclogue (April) the subduing beauty is described as 'the Widdowes daughter of the Glen,' surely a Northern address. On these words the well-informed E. K. remarks 'He calleth Rosalind the Widdowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather saydo to colour and conceale the person, than simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobbinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endowed with anyo vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners. but suche indeede, as needo neither Colin be ashamed to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be grieved that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular her presenece, it appoars that she did not reciprocate the devoted affection of the loitering for a while in her vicinity. It was some other—he is called Menalcas in

one of his rival's pastorals—who found favour in her eyes The poet could only wail and beat his breast. Eclogues I and VI. are all sighs and tears Perhaps in the course of time a copy of the *Faerie Queene* might reach the region where Menalcas and Rosalind were growing old together, and she, with a certain ruth perhaps mixed with her anger, might recognise in Mirabella an image of her fair young disdainful self\* The poet's attachment was no transient flame that flashed and was gone When at the instance of his friend he travelled southward away from the scene of his discomfiture, he went weeping and inconsolable In the Fourth Eclogue Hobbinol is discovered by Thenot deeply mourning, and, asked the reason, replies that his grief is because

The ladde whome long I loved so deare  
Nowe loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne  
He plonged in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswene  
Hys pleasant pipe, whych made us meriment,  
He wyfully hath broke, and doth forbear  
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepherdes boye,  
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte. &c.

The memory of Rosalind, in spite of her unkindness, seems to have been fondly cherished by the poet, and yielded to no rival vision—though there may have been fleeting fits of passion—till some fourteen years after he and she had parted—till in the year 1592, as we shall see, Spenser, then living in the south of Ireland, met that Elizabeth who is mentioned in the sonnet quoted above, and who some year and a half after that meeting became his wife On the strength of an entry found in the register of St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand—'26 Aug [1587] Florence Spenser, the daughter of Edmond Spenser'—it has been conjectured that the poet was married before 1587 This conjecture seems entirely unacceptable There is nothing to justify the theory that the Edmund Spenser of the register was the poet It is simply incredible that Spenser, one who, as has been said, poured out all his soul in his poems, should have wooed and won some fair lady to his wife, without ever a poetical allusion to his courtship and his triumph It is not at all likely, as far as one can judge from their titles, that any one of his lost works was devoted to the celebration of any such successful passion Lastly, besides this important negative evidence, there is distinct positive testimony that long after 1587 the image of Rosalind had not been displaced in his fancy by any other loveliness In *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, written, as will be seen, in 1591, though not published till 1595, after the poet has 'full deeply divined of love and beauty,' one Melissa in admiration avers that all true lovers are greatly bound to him—most especially women The faithful Hobbinol says that women have but ill requited their poet —

\* This description of his first love was written probably during the courtship, which ended, as we shall see, in his marriage The First Love is portrayed in cant vii, the Last in cant x of book vi of the *Faerie Queene*

'He is repaid with scorn and foule despite,  
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth hate'  
'Indeed,' says Lucid, 'I have often heard  
I am Rosalind of divers foully blamed  
For being to that swaine too cruell hard

Lucid however would defend her on the ground that love may not be compelled —

'Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes  
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye ride

This caution Colin eagerly and ardently reinforces, and with additions His heart was still all tender towards her, and he would not have one harsh word thrown at her —

Ah! Shepherds, then said Colin, ye ne wret  
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw  
To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,  
Of thing celestiall which ye never saw  
For she is not like as the other crew  
Of shepherds daughters which amongst you bee,  
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,  
Excelling all that ever ye did see,  
Not then to her that scorned thing so bare,  
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so heere,  
So hie her thoughts as she herselfe have place  
And loath each lowly thing with lofty eye,  
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant  
To simple swaine, with her I may not love,  
Yet that I may her honour paravant  
And praise her worth, though far my wit above  
Such grace shall be some quention for the grieve  
And long affliction which I have endured,  
Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe  
And ease of paine which cannot be recured  
And ye my fellow shepherds, which do see  
And heere the languors of my too long dying,  
Unto the world for ever witness bee  
That here I die, nought to the world denying  
This simple trophe of her great conquest'

This residence of Spenser in the North, which corresponds with that period of Milton's life spent at his father's house at Horton in Buckinghamshire, ended, as there has been occasion to state, in the year 1578. What was the precise cause of Spenser's coming South, is not known for certain. 'E.K.' says in one of his glosses, already quoted in part, that the poet 'for speciall occasion of private affayres (as I have bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, removing out of the North parts, came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede advised him privately'. It is clear from his being admitted at his college as a sizar, that his private means were not good. Perhaps during his residence in the North he may have been dependent on the bounty of his friends. It was then in the hope of some advancement of his fortunes that, bearing with him no doubt in manuscript certain results of all his life's previous labour, he turned away from his cold love and her glen, and set his face Town-ward.

It is said that his friend Harvey introduced him to that famous accomplished gentleman—that mirror of true knighthood—Sir Philip Sidney, and it would seem that Penshurst became for some time his home. There has already been quoted a line describing Spenser as ‘the southern shepherdes boye’. This southern shepherd is probably Sidney. Sidney introduced him to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, with whom also at his house in the Strand, where Essex Street now stands, he seems to have resided for a while. He dates one of his letters to Harvey, ‘Leycester House, this 15 October, 1579’. Perhaps at this time he commenced, or renewed, or continued his acquaintance with his distinguished relatives of Althorpe. During the time he spent now at Penshurst and in London, he mixed probably with the most brilliant intellectual society of his time. Sidney was himself endowed with no mean genius. He, Lord Leicester, Lord Strange, and others, with whom Spenser was certainly, or in all probability, acquainted, were all eminent patrons and protectors of genius.

This passage of Spenser’s life is of high interest, because in the course of it that splendid era of our literature commonly called the Elizabethan Period may be said to have begun—we may be said to hear the first notes of

These melodious bursts that fill  
The spacious times of great Elizabeth  
With sounds that echo still’

Spenser is the foremost chronologically of those great spirits who towards the close of the sixteenth century lifted up their immortal voices, and spoke words to be heard and heeded for all time. In the course of this present passage of his life, he published his first important work—a work which secured him at once the hearty recognition of his contemporaries as a true poet risen up amongst them. This work was the *Shepherdes Calendar*, to which so many references have already been made.

It consists of twelve eclogues, one for each month of the year. Of these, three (i, ii, and xii), as we have seen, treat specially of his own disappointment in love. Three (ii, viii, and x) are of a more general character, having old age, a poetry combat, ‘the perfect pattern of a poet’ for their subjects. One other (iii) deals with love-matters. One (iv), celebrates the Queen, three (v, vii, and ix) discuss ‘Protestant and Catholic,’ Anglican and Puritan questions. One (xi) is an elegy upon ‘the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido’. These poems are ushered into the world by Spenser’s college friend Edward Kirke, for such no doubt is the true interpretation of the initials E K. This gentleman performs his duty in a somewhat copious manner. He addresses ‘to the most excellent and learned both orator and poet Mayster Gabriell Harvey’ a letter warmly commending ‘the new poet’ to his patronage, and defending the antique verbiage of the eclogues, he prefixes to the whole work a general argument, a particular one to each part, he appends to every poem a ‘glosso’ explaining words and allusions. The work is dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney. It was published in the winter of 1579–80.

More than once in the course of it, Spenser refers to Tityrus as his great master. The twelfth eclogue opens thus



The gentle shepherd sat beside a springe  
 All in the shadow of a bushy tree,  
 That Colin he ght, which we'l could pype or linge,  
 For hee of Tityrus his songes did linge

Tityrus, on EK's authority, was Chaucer. It is evident from the language—both the words and the verbal forms—used in this poem that Spenser had carefully studied Chaucer, whose greatest work had appeared just about two centuries before Spenser's first important publication. The work, however, in which he imitates Chaucer's manner is not the *Shepherd's Calendar*, but his *Pastorale or Mother Hubbard's Tale*, which he says, writing in a later year, he had 'long eathen composed in the raw concept of my youth'. The form and manner of the *Shepherd's Calendar* reflected not Chaucer's influence upon the writer, but the influence of a vast event which had changed the face of literature since the out-coming of the *Century of the Revival of Learning*. That event had put fresh models before men, had greatly modified old literary forms, had originated new. The classical influence imposed upon Europe was by no means an unmixed good, in some respects it retarded the natural development of the modern mind by overpowering it with its prestige and stamping it with a sense of inferiority, while it raised the ideal of perfection, it tended to give rise to mere imitations and affections. Amongst these new forms was the Pastoral. When Virgil, Theocritus, 'Daphnis and Chloe', and other writers and works of the ancient pastoral literature once more gained the ascendancy, then a modern pastoral poetry began to be. This poetry flourished greatly in Italy in the sixteenth century. It had been cultivated by Sannazaro, Guarini, Tasso. Arcadia had been adopted by the poets for their country. In England numerous *Elogies* made their appearance. Amongst the earliest and the best of these were Spenser's. It would perhaps be unjust to treat this modern pastoral literature as altogether an affectation. However unreal, the pastoral world had its charms—a pleasant feeling imparted of emancipation, a deep quietude, a sweet tranquillity. If vulgar men discovered their new worlds, and trifled and bustled there why, should not the poet discover his Arcadia, and repose at his ease in it, secure from the noises of the going and coming over the roads of the earth?

That fine melodiousness, which is one of Spenser's signal characteristics, may be perceived in his *Elogies*, as also a certain gratefulness of style, which is another distinguishing mark of him. Perceivable, too, are his great, perilous fluency of language and his immense fecundity of mind. The work at once secured him a front place in the poetical ranks of the day. Sidney mentions it in his *Apologie for Poetrie*; Abraham Fraunce draws illustrations from it in his *Lawyers Logicke*, which appeared in 1588, Meres praises it, 'Mister Edmund Spenser,' says Drayton, 'has done enough for the immortality, had he only given us his *Shepherd's Calendar*, a rarer piece, if any.' It is easy to discern in *Lycidas* signs of Milton's study of it.

During Spenser's sojourn in the society of the Sidney's and the Dudley's, letters passed between him and Harvey, some of which are extant. From these, and from the editorial notes of Kirke, we hear of other works written by Spenser, ready to be

\* See this work amongst Mr. Arber's excellent *English Reprints*.

given to the light. The works thus heard of are *Dreames*, *Legends*, *Court of Cupide*, *The English Poet*, *The Dying Pelican*, *Stemmata Dudleriana*, *Slomber*, *Nine English Comedies*, *The Epithalamium Thamesis*, and the *Faerie Queene* commenced. Of these works the *Dreames* and *Slumber* probably are one and the same, and perhaps identical with the *Visions* published in 1591, which were, in fact, as we have seen, but a revised form of the pieces published in the *Theatre of Voluptuous Worldlings*, perhaps the *Legends*, *Court of Cupid*, and *Epithalamium Thamesis* were subsequently incorporated in the *Faerie Queene*, the *Stemmata Dudleriana*, *Nine English Comedies*, *Dying Pelican*, are altogether lost, unless some parts of the first survive in the *Ruines of Time*. The *Faerie Queene* had been begun. So far as written, it had been submitted to the criticism of Harvey. On April 10, 1580, Spenser writes to Harvey, wishing him to return it with his 'long expected judgment' upon it. Harvey had already pronounced sentence in a letter dated April 7, and this is the sentence: 'In good faith I had once again nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene*, howbeit, by good chaunce I have nowe sent hir home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case than I founde hir. And must you of necessity have my judgement of hir indeede? To be plaine, I am voyde of al judgement, if your nine Comedies, wherunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses, and (in one man's fansie not unworthily), come not neerer Aristotles Comedies, eyther for the finenesse of plausible eloution, or the rareness of poetical invention, than that Elvish queene doth to his Orlando Furioso, which notwithstanding, you will needes seem to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. Besides that, you know it hath bene the usual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and especially in Italie, rather to shewe and advaunce themselves that way than any other, as namely, those three notorious dyscoursing heads Bibiena, Machiavel, and Aretine did (to let Bembo and Aristosto passe), with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole countrey, being indeede reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt of witte, and eloquent deeyphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tong. But I will not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the Faery Queen be fairer in your eie than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the garland from Apollo, marke what I saye, and yet I will not say that I thought, but there is an end for this once, and fare you well, till God or some good Aungell putte you in a better minde.'

Clearly the *Faerie Queene* was but little to Harvey's taste. It was too alien from the cherished exemplars of his heart. Happily Spenser was true to himself, and went on with his darling work in spite of the strictures of pedantry. This is not the only instance in which the dubious character of Harvey's influence is noticeable. The letters, from one of which the above doom is quoted, enlighten us also as to a grand scheme entertained at this time for forcing the English tongue to conform to the metrical rules of the classical languages. A similar attempt was made in the course of the sixteenth century in other parts of Europe, and with the same final issue. Gabriel Harvey was an active leader in this deluded movement. When Sidney too, and Dyer, another poet of the time, proclaimed a 'general surceasing and silence of

bold rhymes, and also of the very best too, instead whereof they have by authority of their whole senate prescribed certain laws and rules of quantity of English syllables for English verse, having had already thereof great practice, Spenser was drawn to their faction.

'I am of late,' he writes to Harvey, 'more in love with my English versification than with rhyming, whiche I should have done long since if I would then have followed your counsell.' In allying himself with the Latin prosody against Spenser's opinion, he writes to Harvey, 'that I also erred my pen some time in that kind, whiche I fynd in deed, as I have heard you often defende in word, not that it is nor so harsh [but] that it will easily and fairly shew itself to our measure or temper. For the onely or chiefest hardnesse whiche seemeth is in the quantity, whiche sometimes gapeth and as it were yawneth if favouredly, coming aboute as if it should, and sometimes exceeding the measure of the number, as in computing the number, the syllable being used short in speech, when it shall be read long in verse, seemeth like a lame gosling that draweth one legge after her. And hearing being used shorne as one syllable, when it is in verse stretched with a Dia-tole is like a blind man, who holdes up one legge.\* His ear was far too fine and sensitive to endure the fearful sounds uttered by the poets of this Procrustean bed. The language could not groan and shriek at the agonies and contortions to which it was subjected, and Spenser could not but hear its outcries. But he made himself as deaf as might be. 'It is to be wonne with custom,' he proceeds, in the letter just quoted from, 'and rough words must be studied with use. For why, a Gods name, may not we as the Greekes have the kingdom of oure owne language and measure our accents by the quantity, leaving the quantitie to the verse?' I would hardly wish you would either read me the rules or precepts of art which you observe in quantity, or else follow me in that Mr Philip Sidney gave me, being the very same which Mr. Drusius set forth, enlarged with Mr Sidney's own judgement, and augmented with my observations that we might both accorde and agree in one leaule we overthrowe one another and be overthrowen of the rest.' He himself produced the following lines in second line, as he fondly hoped, with the instructions of the new school —

#### IAZIGUUM TRIMETRUM

Unhappy versel the mistress of my unhappy state  
[as indeed it was in a sense not meant]

Make thy selfe fluttring vinge of thy fast flying  
Thought, and fly forth unto my love whithersoever he be

Whether lying restlesse in heavy bedde, or else  
Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheerefull boorde, or else  
Playing alone carelessse on his heavecalie virginals.

If in bed, tell him that my eyes can take no rest,  
If at boorde, tell him that my mouth can eat no rest,  
If at his virginals, tell her I can heare no mirth

\* *Ancient Critical Essays*, ed. Hazlewood, 181<sup>st</sup>, pp. 29, 260

Asked why? Waking love suff'reth no sleepe,  
 Say that raging love doth appall the weake stomache,  
 Say that lamenting love marreth the muscalle

Tell hur that hur pleasures were wonte to lull me asleepe,  
 Tell hur that hur beauty was wonte to feede mine eyes,  
 Tell hir that his sweete tongue was wonte to make me mirth.

Now doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindhe rest,  
 Now doe I dayly starve, wanting my daily food,  
 Now doe I always dye wanting my timely mirth

And if I waste who will bewaile my heavy chance?  
 And if I starve, who will record my cursed end?  
 And if I dye, who will saye, Thus was Immerito?

Spenser of the sensitive ear wrote these lines. When the pedantic phantasy which had for a while seduced and corrupted him had gone from him, with what remorse he must have remembered these strange monsters of his creation! Let us conclude our glance at this sad fall from harmony by quoting the excellent words of one who was a bitter opponent of Harvey in this as in other matters. 'The hexameter verse,' says Nash in his *Four Letters Confuted*, 1592, 'I graunt to be a gentleman of an auncient house (so is many an English beggar), yet this clyme of ours hee cannot thrive in, our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in, hee goes twitching and hopping in our language like a man running upon quagmiers up the hill in one syllable and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that stately smooth gate, which he vaunts himself with amongst the Greeks and Latins'

Some two years were spent by Spenser in the enjoyment of Sidney's friendship and the patronage of Sidney's uncle. During this time he would seem to have been constantly hoping for some preferment. According to a tradition, first recorded by Fuller, the obstructor of the success of his suit was the Treasurer, Lord Burghley. It is clear that he had enemies at Court—at least at a later time. In 1591, in his dedication of *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, he entreats Raleigh, to 'with your good countenance protest against the malice of evill mouthes, which are always wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning'. A passage in the *Runes of Time* (see the lines beginning 'O grief of griefs! O full of all good hearts!') points to the same conclusion, and so the concluding lines of the Sixth Book of the *Faerie Queene*, when, having told how the Blatant Beast (not killed as Lord Macaulay says in his essay on Bunyan, but) 'supprest and tamed' for a while by Sir Calidore, at last broke his iron chain and ranged again through the world, and raged sore in each degree and state, he adds —

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,  
 Hope to escape his venomous despite,  
 More then my former writs, all were they dearest,  
 From blamefull blot and free from all that wite  
 With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,  
 And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,  
 That never so deserved to endite  
 Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,  
 And seeke to please, that now is counted wise mens threasure

In the *Tears of the Muses* Calhoun says of certain persons of eminent rank —

Their great revenues all in sport they pass  
They spend that nought to leave them may remain,  
And the rich see which Parts most divide  
Now Parasites and Sycophants do it

Several causes have been suggested to account for this disfavour. The popular tradition was pleased to explain it by making Burghley the idle dabbler who has no soul for poetry—to whom one copy of verse is very much as good as another, and no copy good for anything. It delighted to bring this commonplace a gross minded person into opposition with one of the most spiritual of geniuses. In this view Spenser represents mind, Burghley matter. But there is no justification in facts for this tradition. It may be that the Lord Treasurer was not endowed with a high intellectual nature, but he was far too wise in his generation not to pretend a virtue if he had it not, when circumstances called for anything of the sort. When the Queen patronized literature, we may be sure Lord Burghley was too discreet to disagree and oppress it. Another solution refers to Burghley's Puritanism as the cause of the misunderstanding, but, as Spenser too inclined that way, this is inadequate. Probably, as Todd and others have thought, what alienated his Lordship at first was Spenser's connection with Leicester, what subsequently aggravated the estrangement was his friendship with Essex.

## CHAPTER II.

1580—1589.

In the year 1580 Spenser was removed from the society and circumstances in which he had lived and moved, as we have seen for some two years. From that year to near the close of his life his home was to be in Ireland. He paid only three visits to London and its environs in the course of these eighteen years, but it seems clear that his home was in Ireland. Perhaps his biographers have hitherto not truly appreciated this residence in Ireland. We shall see that a liberal grant of land was presently bestowed upon him in the county of Cork, and they have reckoned him a successful man, and wondered at the querulousness that occasionally makes its life heard in his works. Towards the very end of this life, Spenser speaks of himself as one

Whom fallen from  
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay,  
In princes court and expectationayne  
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away  
Like empty shadows, did afflict my braine

Those who marvel at such language perhaps forget what a dreary exile the poet's life in Ireland must in fact have been. It is true that it was relieved by several journeys to England, by his receiving at least one visit from an English friend, by his finding during at any rate the earlier part of his absence, some congenial English friends residing in the country, by his meeting at length with that Elizabeth whose excellent

beauty he has sung so sweetly, whom he married, it is also true that there was in him—as in Milton and in Wordsworth—a certain great self-containedness,\* that he carried his world with him wherever he went, that he had great allies and high company in the very air that flowed around him, whatever land he inhabited, all this is true, but yet to be cut off from the fellowship which, however self-sufficing, he so dearly loved—to look no longer on the face of Sidney his hero, his ideal embodied, his living Arthur, to hear but as it were an echo of the splendid triumphs won by him and our England in those glorious days, to know of his own high fame but by report, to be parted from the friendship of Shakspeare—surely this was exile. To live in the Elizabethan age, and to be severed from those brilliant spirits to which the fame of that age is due! Further, the grievously unsettled, insurgent state of Ireland at this time—as at many a time before and since—must be borne in mind. Lying there was living on the side of a volcanic mountain. That the perils of so living were not merely imaginary, we shall presently see †. He did not shed tears and strike his bosom, like the miserable Ovid at Tomi, he ‘wore rather in his bonds a cheerful brow, lived, and took comfort,’ finding his pleasure in that high spiritual communion I have spoken of, playing pleasantly, like some happy father, with the children of his brain, joying in their caprices, their noblenesses, their sweet adolescence, but still it was exile, and this fact may explain that tone of discontent which here and there is perceptible in his writings ‡.

When in 1580 Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he—perhaps through Lord Leicester’s influence—made Spenser his Private Secretary. There can be no doubt that Spenser proceeded with him to Dublin. It was in Ireland, probably about this time, that he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1581 he was appointed Clerk of Degrees and Recognizances in the Irish Court of Chancery, a post which he held for seven years, at the end of which time he received the appointment of Clerk to the Council of Munster. In the same year in which he was assigned the former clerkship, he received also a lease of the lands and Abbey of Enniscorthy in Wexford county. It is to be hoped that his Chancery Court duties permitted him to reside for a while on that estate. ‘Enniscorthy,’ says the *Guide to Ireland* published by Mr Murray, ‘is one of the prettiest little towns in the Kingdom, the largest portion of it being on a steep hill on the right bank of the Slaney, which here becomes a deep and navigable stream, and is crossed by a

\* One might quote of these poets, and those of a like spirit, Wordsworth’s lines on ‘the Characteristics of a Child three years old,’ for in the respect therein mentioned, as in others, these poets are ‘as little children.’

As a faggot sparkles on the hearth,  
Not less if unattended and alone,  
Than when both young and old sit gathered round,  
And take delight in its activity,  
Even so this happy creature of herself  
Is all-sufficient, Solitude to her  
Is blithe society, who fills the air  
With gladness and involuntary songs.

† See *Colin Clout’s Come Home Again*, vv. 312-319.

‡ See *Colin Clout’s Come Home Again*, vv. 180-184, quoted below.

bridge of six arches' There still stands there 'a single tower' of the old Friar's in monastery' But Spenser soon parted with this charming spot, perhaps because of its inconvenient distance from the scene of his official work. In December of the year in which the lease was given, he transferred it to one Richard Smyth. In the following year Lord Grey was recalled. 'The Lord Deputy,' says Hobnabrad, 'after long suit for his revocation, received Her Majesty's letters for the same. His rule had been marked by some extreme, perhaps necessary, severities, and was probably so in what curtly concluded on account of loud complaints made against him on this score. Spenser would seem to have admired and applauded him, both as a ruler and as a patron and friend. He mentions him with much respect in his *First of the Priant State of Ireland*. One of the sonnets prefixed to the *Faerie Queene* is addressed 'to the most renowned and valiant lord the lord Grey, of Wilton,' and speaks of him with profound gratitude—

Most noble lord the pillar of my life,  
And patron of my Muse's pilgrimage,  
Through whose large heart's portal ever flows  
In the first seasons of my feeble age  
I now do live bound years to your shade,  
Ere nothing ever may revoke or take  
Out of your ennobled heart to serve a slave,  
Yoursafe in worth this small gift to receive,  
Which in your noble hands for good I leave  
Of all the rest that I am fittest to receive.

Lord Grey died in 1593. Spenser may have renewed his friendship with him in 1589, when, as we shall see, he visited England. For the present their connection was broken. It may be considered as fairly certain that when his lordship returned to England in 1592, Spenser did not return with him, but abode still in Ireland.

There is, indeed, a 'Munster Spenser' mentioned in a letter written by James VI of Scotland from St. Andrews in 1583 to Queen Elizabeth. 'I have read of Munster Spenser upon the letter quhill is written with my own hand quhill shall be recalled within tua daies.' It may be presumed that this gentleman is the same with him of whose postal services mention is found, as we have seen, in 1569. At any rate there is nothing whatever to justify his identification with the poet. On the other hand, there are several circumstances which seem to indicate that Spenser was in Ireland continuously from the year of his going thither with Lord Grey to the year of his visiting England with Raleigh in 1589, when he presented to her Majesty and published the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*. Whatever certain glimpses we can catch of Spenser during these ten years he is in Ireland.

We have seen that he was holding one clerkship or another in Ireland during all this time. At what exact time he resigned the second—the clerkship of the Council of Munster—is not known. It was certainly before 1593, it was probably after his visit to England in the years 1589-91. In the next place, we find him mentioned as forming one of a company described as gathered together at a cottage near Dublin in a work by his friend Lodovick \* Bryskett, written, as may be inferred with considerable certainty,

\* This is the 'Lodovick' mentioned in Sonnet 23, quoted below.

some time between 1584 and 1589, though not published till 1606 This work, entitled *A Discourse of Civill Life, containing the Ethike part of Morall Philosophie*, 'written to the right honorable Arthur, late Lord Grey of Wilton,' describes in the introduction a party met together at the author's cottage near Dublin, consisting of 'Dr Long, Primate of Ardmagh, Sir Robert Dillon, knight, M Dormer, the Queene's sollicitor, Capt. Christopher Carleil, Capt Thomas Norreys, Capt Warham St Leger, Capt Nicholas Dawtrey, and M Edmond Spenser, late your Lordship's secretary, and Th Smith, apothecary' What is said of the late secretary in the book itself is so particularly interesting that it must be quoted In the course of conversation Bryskett envies 'the happinesse of the Italians who have in their mother-tongue late writers that have with a singular easie method taught all that which Plato or Aristotle have confusedly or obscurely left written' The 'late writers' who have performed this highly remarkable service of clarifying and making intelligible Plato and Aristotle—perhaps the 'confusion' and 'obscurity' Bryskett speaks of mean merely the difficulties of a foreign language for one imperfectly acquainted with it—are Alexander Piccolomini, Gio Baptista Giraldi, and Guazzo, 'all three having written upon the Ethick part of Morall Philosophie [sic] both exactly and perspicuously' Bryskett then earnestly wishes—and here perhaps, in spite of those queer words about Plato and Aristotle, we may sympathise with him—that some of our countrymen would promote by English treatises the study of Moral Philosophy in English

'In the meane while I must struggle with those bookes which I vnderstand and content my selfe to plod upon them, in hope that God (who knoweth the sincerenesse of my desire) will be pleased to open my vnderstanding, so as I may reape that profit of my reading, which I trauell for Yet is there a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that as his leisure might serue him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to instruct me in some hard points which I cannot of my selfe understand, knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greeke tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie, both morall and naturall Neuertheless such is my bashfulness, as I neuer yet durst open my mouth to disclose this my desire unto him, though I have not wanted some hartning thereunto from himselfe For of long and kindnes to me, he encouraged me long sithens to follow the reading of the Greeke tongue, and offered me his helpe to make me vnderstand it But now that so good an oportunitie is offered vnto me, to satisfie in some sort my desire, I thinke I should commit a great fault, not to my selfe alone, but to all this company, if I should not enter my request thus farre, as to moue him to spend this time which we have now destined to familiar discourse and conuersation, in declaring vnto us the great benefits which men obtaine by the knowledge of Morall Philosophie, and in making us to know what the same is, what be the parts thereof, whereby vertues are to be distinguished from vices, and finally that he will be pleased to run ouer in such order as he shall thinke good, such and so many principles and rules thereof, as shall serue not only for my better instruction, but also for the contentment and satisfaction of you all For I nothing doubt, but that every one of you will be glad to heare so profitable a discourse and thinke the time very wel spent wherein so excellent a knowledge shal be reuealed unto you, from which every one may be assured to gather some fruit as wel as my selfe Therefore (said I) turning my selfe to M Spenser, It is you ear, to whom it pertaineth to show your selfe courteous now vnto us all and to make vs all beholding vnto you for the pleasure and profit which we shall gather from your speeches, if you shall vouchsafe to open vnto vs the goodly cabinet, in which this excellent treasure of vertues lieth locked up from the vulgar sort And thereof in the behalfe of all as for my selfe, I do most earnestly intreate you not to say vs nay Vnto which wordes of mine every man applauding most with like wordes of request and the rest with gesture and countenances expressing as much, M Spenser, answered in this manner Though it may seeme hard for me, to refuse the request made by you all, whom every one alone, I should for many respects be willing to gratifie, yet as the case standeth, I doubt not but with the consent of the most part of you, I shall be offended at this time of this taske which would be laid vpon me, for sure I am, that it is not vnkowne unto you,





our modern editions are prefixed to the great poem It speaks of the great poem as

Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave  
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasse mount

See also the sonnet addressed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Ormond and Ossory

A sonnet addressed to Harvey, is dated 'Dublin this xvij of July, 1586' Again, in the course of the decad now under consideration, Spenser received a grant of land in Cork—of 3,028 acres, out of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond

All these circumstances put together make it probable, and more than probable, that Spenser remained in Ireland after Lord Grey's recall. How thorough his familiarity with the country grew to be, appears from the work concerning it which he at last produced

The years, 1586-7-8 were eventful both for England and for Spenser In the first Sidney expired of wounds received at Zutphen, in the second, Mary Queen of Scots was executed, in the third, God blow and scattered the Armada, and also Leicester died Spenser weeps over Sidney—there was never, perhaps, more weeping, poetical and other, over any death than over that of Sidney—in his *Astrophel*, the poem above mentioned. This poem is scarcely worthy of the sad occasion—the flower of knight-hood cut down ere its prime, not yet

In flushing  
When blighting was nearest

Certainly it in no way expresses what Spenser undoubtedly felt when the woeful news came across the Channel to him in his Irish home Probably his grief was 'too deep for tears.' It was probably one of those 'huge cares' which, in Seneca's phrase, not 'loquantur,' but 'stupent' He would fain have been dumb and opened not his mouth, but the fashion of the time called upon him to speak. He was expected to bring his immortelle, so to say, and lay it on his hero's tomb, though his limbs would scarcely support him, and his hand, quivering with the agony of his heart, could with difficulty either weave it or carry it All the six years they had been parted, the image of that chivalrous form had never been forgotten It had served for the one model of all that was highest and noblest in his eyes It had represented for him all true knighthood Nor all the years that he lived after Sidney's death was it forgotten. It is often before him, as he writes his later poetry, and is greeted always with undying love and sorrow Thus in the *Ruines of Time*, he breaks out in a sweet fervour of unextinguished affection

Most gentle spirite breathed from above,  
Out of the bosom of the Makers blis,  
In whom all bountie and all vertuous love  
Appeared in their native proprietis  
And did enrich that noble breast of his  
With treasure passing all this worldes worth  
Worthue of heaven itselife, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirite, full of power divine  
And influence of all celestiall grace,

Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie allme,  
Fled backe too soone unto his native place,  
Too soone for all that did his love embrace,  
Too soone for all this wretched world whom he  
Robbd of all right and true nobilitie

Yet ere his happie soule to heaven went  
Out of this fleshie gale, he did devise  
Unto his heavenlie Maker to present  
His bodie as a spotles sacrifice,  
And chose that guiltie hands of enemies  
Should powre forth th' offering of his guilties blood,  
So life exchanging for his countries good

O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,  
The world a late wonder, and the heaven a new joy.  
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed  
With mortall cares and cumberous worlds anoy,  
But where thou dost that happiness enjoy,  
Bid me O bid me quicklie come to thee  
That happie there I maie thee alwaies see

Yet whilst the Fates affoord me vitell breath,  
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,  
And sing to thee untill that time lie death  
By Heaven a doome doe endo my earthlie daies  
Thereto doo then my humble spirite raise,  
And into me that sacred breath inspire  
Which thou there breathe'st perfect and entire

It is not quite certain in what part of Ireland the poet was living when the news that Sidney was not reached him. Was he still residing at Dublin, or had he transferred his home to that southern region which is so intimately associated with his name? The sonnet to Harvey above mentioned shows that he was at Dublin in July of the year of his friend's death. It has been said already that he did not resign his Chancery clerkship till 1588. We know that he was settled in Cork county, at Kilcolman castle, in 1589, because Raleigh visited him there that year. He may then have left Dublin in 1588 or 1589. According to Dr Birch's *Life of Spenser*, prefixed to the edition of the *Faerie Queene* in 1751,\* and the *Biographia Britannica*, the grant of land made him in Cork is dated June 27, 1586. But the grant, which is extant, is dated October 26, 1591. Perhaps no great importance ought to be attached to the statement of Dr Birch or of the *Biographia Britannica*, but that he was at Kilcolman before 1591 seems certain. As he resigned his clerkship in the Court of Chancery in 1588, and was then appointed, as we have seen, clerk of the Council of Munster, he probably went to live somewhere in the province of Munster that same year. He may have lived at Kilcolman before it and the surrounding grounds were promised to him, he may have entered upon possession on the strength of a promise of them, before the formal grant was issued. He has mentioned the scenery which environed his castle twice in his great poem, but it is worth noticing that both

\* Dr Birch refers in his note to *The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork*, by Charles Smith, vol 1 book 1 c. 1 p 63-65. Edit. Dublin 1750, 8vo. And Francis Moryson's *Itinerary*, part ii p 4

mentions occur, not in the books published, as we shall now very soon see, in 1590, but in the books published six years afterwards. In the famous passage already referred to in the eleventh canto of the fourth book, describing the nuptials of the Thames and the Medway, he recounts in stanzas xl—xlv the Irish rivers who were present at that great river-gathering, and amongst them

Swift Awniduff which of the English man  
Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,  
Sed Trowis, that once his people over-ran,  
Strong Allo tombing from Slewlogher steep,  
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

The other mention occurs in the former of the two cantos *Of Mutability*. There the poet sings that the place appointed for the trial of the titles and best rights of both 'heavenly powers' and 'earthly wights' was

Upon the highest hights  
Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)  
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)  
Of my old father Mole, whom shepherds quill  
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

His poem called *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, written in 1591, and dedicated to Sir W. Raleigh 'from my house at Kilcolman the 27 of December, 1591' \*—written therefore after a lengthy absence in England—exhibits a full familiarity with the country round about Kilcolman. On the whole then we may suppose that his residence at Kilcolman began not later than 1588. It was to be roughly and terribly ended ten years after.

We may suppose he was living there in peace and quiet, not perhaps undisturbed by growing murmurs of discontent, by signs of unrepressed and irrepressible hostility towards his nation, by ill-concealed sympathies with the Spanish invaders amongst the native population, when the Armada came and went. The old castle in which he lived had been one of the residences of the Earls of Desmond. It stood some two miles from Doneraile, on the north side of a lake which was fed by the river Awbey or Mulla, as the poet christened it.

'Two miles north-west of Doneraile,' writes Charles Smith in his *Natural and Civil History of the County and City of Cork*, 1774, (i 340, 341)—'is Kilcoleman, a ruined castle of the Earls of Desmond, but more celebrated for being the residence of the immortal Spenser, when he composed his divine poem *The Faerie Queene*. The castle is now almost level with the ground, and was situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the county of Waterford mountains, Bally-howra hills to the north, or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains of Mole, Nagle mountains to the south, and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland, and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation, from whence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem.'

\* Todd proposes to regard this date as a printer's error for 1595, quite unnecessarily.

Here, then, as in some 'cool sequestered vale of life, for some ten years, his visits to England excepted, lived Spenser still singing sweetly, still, as he might say, piping, with the woods answering him and his echo ringing. Sitting in the shade he would play many 'a pleasant fit,' he would sing

Some hymne or morall lile,  
Or carol made to praise his loved lasee,

he would see in the rivers that flowed around his tower beings who lived and loved, and would sing of their mutual passions. It must have sounded strangely to hear the notes of his sweet voice welling forth from his old ruin—to hear music so subtle and refined issuing from that scarred and broken relic of past turbulencies—

The shepheard swaines that did about him play  
with greene her full eares  
Did stand astonish'd at his curious skill  
Like hartlesse deere, dismay'd with thunders sound.

He presents a picture such as would have delighted his own fancy, though perhaps the actual experience may not have been unalloyed with pain. It is a picture which in many ways resembles that presented by one of a kindred type of genius, who has already been mentioned as of affinity with him—by Wordsworth. Wordsworth too sang in a certain sense from the shade, far away from the vanity of courts, and the uproar of cities, sang 'from a still place, remote from men,' sang, like his own Highland girl, all alone with the 'vale profound' 'overflowing with the sound,' finding, too, objects of friendship and love in the forms of nature which surrounded his tranquil home.

Of these two poets in their various lonelinesses one may perhaps quote those exquisite lines written by one of them of a somewhat differently caused isolation each one of them too lacked

Not friends for simple glee  
Nor yet for higher sympathy  
To his side the fallow-deer  
Came and rested without fear,  
The eagle, lord of land and sea,  
Stooped down to pay him fealty

*He knew the rocks which angels haunt  
Upon the mountains vintant  
He hath kenned them taking wing,  
And into caves where Faeries sing  
He hath entered and been told  
By voices how men lived of old*

Here now and then he was visited, it may be supposed, by old friends. Perhaps that distinguished son of the University of Cambridge, Gabriel Harvey, may for a while have been his guest, he is introduced under his pastoral name of Hobbinol, as present at the poet's house on his return to Ireland. The most memorable of these visits was that already alluded to—that paid him in 1589 by Sir Walter Raleigh, with whom it will be remembered he had become acquainted some nine years before.

Raleigh, too, had received a grant from the same huge forfeited estate, a fragment of which had been given to Spenser. The granting of these, and other shares of the Desmond estates, formed part of a policy then vigorously entertained by the English Government—the colonising of the so lately disordered and still restless districts of Southern Ireland. The recipients were termed ‘undertakers,’ it was one of their duties to repair the ravages inflicted during the recent tumults and bring the lands committed to them into some state of cultivation and order.

The wars had been followed by a famine. ‘Even in the history of Ireland,’ writes the latest biographer of Sir Walter Raleigh, ‘there are not many scenes more full of horror than those which the historians of that period rapidly sketch when showing us the condition of almost the whole province of Munster in the year 1584, and the years immediately succeeding.’\*

The claims of his duties as an ‘undertaker,’ in addition perhaps to certain troubles at court, where his rival Essex was at this time somewhat superseding him in the royal favour,† and making a temporary absence not undesirable, brought Raleigh into Cork County in 1589. A full account of this visit and its important results is given us in *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, which gives us at the same time a charming picture of the poet’s life at Kilcolman. Colin himself, lately returned home from England, tells his brother shepherds, at their urgent request, of his ‘passed fortunes.’ He begins with Raleigh’s visit. One day, he tells them, as he sat

Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,  
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade  
Of the greene alders by the Mullacs shore,

a strange shepherd, who styled himself the Shepherd of the Ocean—

Whether allured with my pipes delight,  
Whose pleasing sound ysprilled far about,  
Or thither led by chauce, I know not right—

found him out, and

Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit

He sang, he tells us, a song of Mulla old father Mole’s daughter, and of another river called Bregog who loved her. Then his guest sang in turn —

His song was all a lamentable lay  
Of great unkindnesse and of usage hard,  
Of Cynthia the ladie of the sea,  
Which from her presence faultlesse him debard,  
And ever and anon, with singults rife,  
He cryed out, to make lus undersong  
Ah ! my loves queene and goddesse of my life,  
Who shall me pittie when thou doest me wrong ?

\* Mr Edward Edwards 1868, i c vi, see also *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, vv 312-319

† ‘My lord of Essex hath chased Mr Raleigh from the court and confined him in Ireland’—Letter, dated August 17, 1589, from Captain Francis Allen to Antony Bacon, Esq.—Quoted by Todd from Dr Birch’s *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*—See Mr Edwards’s *Life of Raleigh*, 1 c. viii.

After they had made an end of singing, the shepherd of the ocean

Gan to cast great lyking to my lore,  
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot  
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,  
Into that waste where I was quite forgot,

and presently persuaded him to accompany him 'his Cynthia to see'

It has been seen from one of Harvey's letters that the *Faerie Queene* was already begun in 1580, and from what Bryskett says, and what Spenser says himself in his sonnets to Lord Grey, and to Lord Ormond, that it was proceeded with after the poet had passed over to Ireland. By the close of the year 1589 at least three books were completely finished. Probably enough parts of other books had been written, but only three were entirely ready for publication. No doubt part of the conversation that passed between Spenser and Raleigh related to Spenser's work. It may be believed that what was finished was submitted to Raleigh's judgment, and certainly concluded that it elicited his warmest approval\*. One great object that Spenser proposed to himself when he assented to Raleigh's persuasion to visit England, was the publication of the first three books of his *Faerie Queene*.

### CHAPTER III.

1590

Thus after an absence of about nine years, Spenser returned for a time to England, he returned 'bringing his sheaves with him'. Whatever shadow of misunderstanding had previously come between his introducer and her Majesty seems to have been speedily dissipated. Raleigh presented him to the Queen, who, it would appear, quickly recognised his merits. 'That goddess'

To mine eatten pipe enclin'd her eare  
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,  
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare  
Al were my notes but rude and roughly dight

In the register of the Stationers Company for 1589 occurs the following entry, quoted here from Mr Collier's *Life of Spenser* —

Primo Die Decembris — Mr Ponsonbye. Entred for his Copy a booke intytuled the fayrre Queene, dysposed into xii bookes &c. Authourised under thandes of the Archb of Cante & bothe the Wardens, vjd

'The letter of the authers prefixed to his poem expounding his whole intencion in the course of this werke, which for that it giveth great light to the reader, for the better understanding is hereunto annexed,' addressed to 'Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes and her Maiesties lifetenaunt of the county of

\* See Raleigh's lines entitled 'A Vision upon this Concept of the *Faerie Queene*,' prefixed to the *Faerie Queene*

Cornowayll,' is dated January 23, 1589—that is, 1590, according to the new style. Shortly afterwards, in 1590, according to both old and new styles, was published by William Ponsonby *THE FAERIE QUEENE*, Disposed into twelve books, *Fashioning XII Morall vertues*. That day, which we spoke of as beginning to arise in 1579, now fully dawned. The silence of well nigh two centuries was now broken, not again to prevail, by mighty voices. During Spenser's absence in Ireland, William Shakspeare had come up from the country to London. When Spenser arrived in London in 1589, this Shakspeare was already occupying a notable position in his profession as an actor, his name is found in that year—he was then some twenty-five years of age—amongst the leaders of the company to whom the Blackfriars Theatre belonged, but what is more important, there can be little doubt he was already not only known as an actor, but known and famous as a play-writer. What he had already written was not comparable with what he was to write subsequently, but those early dramas were themselves vastly superior to any English dramatic work that had preceded them, and they gave promise of splendid fruits to be thereafter yielded. In 1593 appeared *Venus and Adonis*, in the following year *Lucrece*, in 1595, Spenser's *Epithalamium*, in 1596, the second three books of the *Faerie Queene*, in 1597, Bacon's *Essays* and the first part of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. During all these years various plays, of increasing power and beauty, were proceeding from Shakspeare's hands; by 1598 about half of his extant plays had certainly been composed. Early in 1599, he, who may be said to have ushered in this illustrious period, he whose radiance first dispersed the darkness and made the day begin to be, our poet Spenser, died! But the day did not die with him, it was then but approaching its noon, when he, one of its brightest suns, set. This day may be said to have fully broken in the year 1590, when the first instalment of the great work of Spenser's life made its appearance.

The three books were dedicated to the Queen. They were followed in the original edition—are preceded in later editions—first, by the letter to Raleigh above mentioned, then by six poetical pieces of a commendatory sort, written by friends of the poet—by Raleigh who writes two of the pieces, by Harvey who now praises and well-wishes the poem he had discountenanced some years before, by 'R S,' by 'H B,' by 'W L,' lastly, by seventeen sonnets addressed by the poet to various illustrious personages, to Sir Christopher Hatton, to Lord Burghley, to the Earl of Essex, Lord Charles Howard, Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Buckhurst, Sir Francis Wallingham, Sir John Norris, Knight, lord president of Munster, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Countess of Pembroke, and others. The excellence of the poem was at once generally perceived and acknowledged. Spenser had already, as we have seen, gained great applause by his *Shepherd's Calendar*, published some ten years before the coming out of his greater work. During these ten years he had resided out of England, as has been seen, but it is not likely his reputation had been languishing during his absence. Webbe in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, had contended 'that Spenser may well wear the garlande, and step before the best of all English poets'. The *Shepherd's Calendar* had been reprinted in 1581 and in 1586, probably enough, other works of his had been circulating in manuscript, the hopes of the country had been directed



towards him, he was known to be engaged in the composition of a great poem. No doubt he found himself famous when he reached England on the visit suggested by Raleigh, he found a most eager expectant audience, and when at last his *Faerie Queene* appeared, it was received with the utmost delight and admiration. He was spoken of in the same year with its appearance as the new laureate. In the spring of the following year he received a pension from the crown of 60l per annum. Probably, however, then, as in later days, the most ardent appreciators of Spenser were the men of the same craft with himself—the men who too, though in a different degree or in a different kind, possessed the 'vision and the faculty divine'.

This great estimation of the *Faerie Queene* was due not only to the intrinsic charms of the poem—to its exquisitely sweet melody, its intense pervading sense of beauty, its never stained moral purity, its subtle spiritualness—but also to the time of its appearance. For then nearly two centuries no great poem had been written in the English tongue. Chaucer had died heirless. Occasional lament over that great spirit's decease had not been made without occasion—

Alas my worthy traister honorable  
This londis verray tre-sour and richesse  
Deth by thy deth ha'be harm irreparable  
Unto us done his vengeance to deserve  
Dispoiled hath this lond of sovereyn grace  
Of rhetorike, for unto Toller  
Was never man so like amongst us †

And the doleful confession this orphaned rhymers makes for himself, might have been well made by all the men of his age in England—

My dere mayster, God his soule quite  
And faster Chaucer fayne woul have me taught,  
But I was dull and learned late or naught.

No worthy scholar had succeeded the great master. The fifteenth century in England had abounded in movements of profound social and political interest—in movements which eventually fertilised and enriched and ripened the mind of the nation, but, not unnaturally, the immediate literary results had been of no great value. In the reign of Henry VIII the condition of literature, for various reasons, had greatly improved. Surrey and Wyatt had heralded the advent of a brighter era. From their time the poetical succession had never failed altogether. The most memorable name in our literature between their time and the *Faerie Queene* is that of Sackville, Lord Buckhurst—a name of note in the history of both our dramatic and non-dramatic poetry. Sackville was capable of something more than lyrical essays. He it was who designed the *Mirror for Magistrates*. To that poem, important as compared with the poetry of its day, for its more pretentious conception, he himself contributed the two best pieces that form part of it—the *Induction* and the *Complaint of Buckingham*. These pieces are marked by some beauties of the same sort as those which especially characterise Spenser, but they are but fragments, and in spirit

\* Nash's *Supplication of Piers Penitence* 1790

† Warton's *History of English Poetry*, ii 264 ed 1840

they belong to an age which happily passed away shortly after the accession of Queen Elizabeth—they are penetrated by that despondent tone which is so strikingly audible in our literature of the middle years of the sixteenth century, not surprisingly, if the general history of the time be considered. Meanwhile, our language had changed much, and Chaucer had grown almost unintelligible to the ordinary reader. Therefore, about the year 1590, the nation was practically without a great poem. At the same time, it then, if ever, truly needed one. Its power of appreciation had been quickened and refined by the study of the poetries of other countries, it had translated and perused the classical writers with enthusiasm, it had ardently pored over the poetical literature of Italy. Then its life had lately been ennobled by deeds of splendid courage crowned with as splendid success. In the year 1590, if ever, this country, in respect of its literary condition and in respect of its general high and noble excitement, was ready for the reception of a great poem.

Such a poem undoubtedly was the *Faerie Queene*, although it may perhaps be admitted that it was a work likely to win favour with the refined and cultured sections of the community rather than with the community at large. Strongly impressed on it as were the instant influences of the day, yet in many ways it was marked by a certain archaic character. It depicted a world—the world of chivalry and romance—which was departed, it drew its images, its forms of life, its scenery, its very language, from the past. Then the genius of our literature in the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign was emphatically dramatic in the intense life of these years men longed for reality. Now the *Faerie Queene* is one long idealizing. These circumstances are to be accounted for partly by the character of Spenser's genius, partly by the fact already stated that chronologically Spenser is the earliest of the great spirits of his day. In truth he stands between two worlds: he belongs partly to the new time, partly to the old, he is the last of one age, he is the first of another, he stretches out one hand into the past to Chaucer, the other rests upon the shoulder of Milton.

## CHAPTER IV.

1591-1599

It is easy to imagine how intensely Spenser enjoyed his visit to London. It is uncertain to what extent that visit was prolonged. He dates the dedication of his *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* 'from my house at Kilcolman, the 27 of December, 1591'. On the other hand, the dedication of his *Daphnida* is dated 'London this first of Januarie 1591', that is 1592 according to our new style. Evidently there is some mistake here. Prof Craik 'suspects' that in the latter instance 'the date January 1591' is used in the modern meaning, he quotes nothing to justify such a suspicion, but it would seem to be correct. Todd and others have proposed to alter the '1591' in the former instance to 1595, the year in which *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* was published, and with which the allusions made in the poem to contemporary

writers agree, but this proposal is, as we shall see, scarcely tenable. The manner in which the publisher of the *Complaints*, 1591, of which publication we shall speak presently, introduces that work to the 'gentle reader,' seems to show that the poet was not at the time of the publishing easily accessible. He speaks of having endeavoured 'by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights) to get into my hands such small poems of the same authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not eise to bee come by by himselfe, some of them having been diverslie imbezled and purloyned from him since his departure our set.' He says he understands Spenser 'wrote sundrie others' besides those now collected, 'besides some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad . . . which when I can either by himselfe or otherwise attaine too I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set forth.' It may be supposed with much probability that Spenser returned to his Irish castle some time in 1591, in all likelihood after February, in which month he received the pension mentioned above, and on the other hand so as to have time to write the original draught of *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* before the close of December.

The reception of the *Faerie Queene* had been so favourable that in 1591—it would seem, as has been shown, after Spenser's departure—the publisher of that poem determined to put forth what other poems by the same hand he could gather together. The result was a volume entitled '*Complaints*, containing sundrie small Poemes of the Worlds Vanitie, whereof the next page maketh mention. By Ed Sp.'

'The next page' contains 'a note of the Sundrie Poemes contained in this volume'

- 1 The Ruines of Time
- 2 The Teares of the Muses
- 3 Virgils Gnyt
- 4 Procopopoi or Mother Hubbards Tale
- 5 The Ruines of Rome by Bellay
- 6 Muopotmos or The Tale of the Butterflie
- 7 Visions of the Worlds Vanitie
- 8 Bellayes Visions
- 9 Petrarches Visions

In a short notice addressed to the Gentle Reader which follows—the notice just referred to—the publisher of the volume mentions other works by Spenser, and promises to publish them too 'when he can attaine to' them. These works are *Ecclesiastes*, *The Seven Psalmes*, and *Canticum Canticorum*—these three translations no doubt of parts of the Old Testament—*A Sennight Slumber*, *The State of Lovers*, the *Dying Pelican*—doubtless the work mentioned, as has been seen, in one of Spenser's letters to Harver—*The Housers of the Lord*, and *The Sacrifice of a Sinner*. Many of these works had probably been passing from hand to hand in manuscript for many years. That old method of circulation survived the invention of the printing press for many generations. The perils of it may be illustrated from the fate of the works just mentioned. It would seem that the publisher never did attain to them, and they have all perished. With regard to the works which were printed and preserved, the *Ruines of Time*, as the Dedication shows, was written during Spenser's memorable visit of 1589-91 to England. It is in fact an elegy dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke, on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, 'that most brave Knight, your most

noble brother deceased' 'Sithens my late cumming into England,' the poet writes in the Epistle Dedicatorie, 'some friends of mine (which might much prevaile with me and indeede commaund me) knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him, as also bound unto that noble house (of which the chiefe hope then rested in him) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them, but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chiefe to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankfulnesse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of the *Worlds Ruines*. yet speciallie intended to the renowing of that noble race from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased' This poem is written in a tone that had been extremely frequent during Spenser's youth Its text is that ancient one 'Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity'—a very obvious text in all ages, but perhaps especially so, as has been hinted, in the sixteenth century, and one very frequently adopted at that time This text is treated in a manner characteristic of the age It is exemplified by a series of visions. The poet represents himself as seeing at Verulum an apparition of a woman weeping over the decay of that ancient town This woman stands for the town itself Of its whilome glories, she says, after a vain recounting of them,

They all are gone and all with them is gone,  
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament  
My long decay

No one, she continues, weeps with her, no one remembers her,

Save one that mangre fortunes injurie  
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort  
Hath writ my record in true seeming sort

Camden the nourice of antiquitie,  
And lanterne unto late succeeding age,  
To see the light of simple veritie  
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage  
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage,  
Camden, though time all monuments obscure,  
Yet thy just labours ever shall endure

Then she rebukes herself for these selfish moanings by calling to mind how far from solitary she is in her desolation She recalls to mind the great ones of the land who have lately fallen—Leicester, and Dudley, and Sidney—and wonders no longer at her own ruin. Is not *Transit Gloria* the lesson taught everywhere? Then other visions and emblems of instability are seen, some of them not darkly suggesting that what passes away from earth and apparently ends may perhaps be glorified elsewhere The second of these collected poems—*The Teares of the Muses*—dedicated, as we have seen, to one of the poet's fair cousins, the Lady Strange, deplores the general intellectual condition of the time It is doubtful whether Spenser fully conceived what a brilliant literary age was beginning about the year 1590 Perhaps his long absence in Ireland, the death of Sidney who was the great hope of England Spenser knew, the ecclesiastical controversies raging when he revisited England, may partly account

for his despondent tone with reference to literature. He introduces each Muse weeping for the neglect and contempt suffered by her respective province. He who describes these tears was himself destined to dry them, and Shakspeare, who, if any one, was to make the faces of the Muses blithe and bright, was now rapidly approaching his prime. There can be little doubt that Spenser was acquainted with Shakspeare. They had both been intimately connected with the Earl of Leicester, and though, inasmuch as Spenser was probably out of England from 1580-90, and Shakspeare did not come up to London till 1585 or 1586, they could not have met together at their great patron's house, yet this intimate connection with one and the same person must certainly have resulted in their forming many common associations and friendships. Spenser was an intimate friend of the Earl of Essex, Shakspeare was an intimate friend of the Earl of Southampton, who was one of the most attached friends of that Earl of Essex. A personal acquaintance with Shakspeare must undoubtedly have been one of the most memorable events of Spenser's visit to London in 1589. Raleigh, who was the founder of those famous meetings at the Mermaid Tavern in Friday Street, Cheapside, may at one of them have introduced to each other the two greatest poets of the day, one of them the greatest of all days. There can be little doubt that Thalia in the *Teares of the Muses* refers in the following passage to Shakspeare: the comic stage, she says, is degraded,

And those sweete wits which wont the like to frame  
Are now despi'd and made a laughing game

And he the man whom Nature selfe had made  
To mock herselfe and Truth to imitate,  
With kindly counter under Mimick shade,  
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late,  
With whom all joy and jolly meriment  
Is also deaded and in dolour drent.

The context shows that by 'dead' is not meant physical death, but that

That same gentle spirit, from whose pen  
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,

produces nothing, sits idle-handed and silent, rather than pander to the grosser tastes of the day.

Of the remaining works published in the *Complaints*, the only other one of recent composition is *Munopotmos*, which, as Prof. Craik suggests, would seem to be an allegorical narrative of some matter recently transpired. It is dated 1590, but nothing is known of any earlier edition than that which appears in the *Complaints*. Of the other pieces by far the most interesting is *Prosopopoeia*, or *Mother Hubbards Tale*, not only because it is in it, as has been said, Spenser most carefully imitates his great master Chaucer, but for its intrinsic merit—for its easy style, its various incidents, its social pictures. In the dedication he speaks of it as 'These my idle labours, which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them forth.' However long before its publication the poem in the main was written, there can be no doubt that some additions were made to it in or about the year 1590, as for instance, the well-known passage describing 'a suitor's state,' which reflects too

clearly a bitter personal experience to have been composed before Spenser had grown familiar with the Court

The remaining pieces in the *Complaints* consist of translations or imitations, composed probably some years before, though probably in some cases, as has been shown, revised or altogether recast

Probably in the same year with the *Complaints*\*—that is in 1591—was published *Daphnaida*, 'an Elegie upon the death of the noble and vertuous Douglas Howard, daughter and heire of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of Arthur Georges, Esquire' This elegy was no doubt written before Spenser returned to Ireland. It is marked by his characteristic diffuseness, abundance, melody

Certainly before the close of the year 1591 Spenser found himself once more in his old castle of Kilcolman. A life at Court could never have suited him, however irksome at times his isolation in Ireland may have seemed. When his friends wondered at his returning unto

This barren soyle,  
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,  
Here to keep sheepe with hunger and with wyle,

he made answer that he,

Whose former dayes  
Had in rude fields been altogether spent,  
Durst not adventure such unknown wayes,  
Nor trust the guile or fortune's blandishment,  
But rather chose back to my sheepe to tourne,  
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,  
Then having leard repentance late to mourne  
Amongst those wretches which I then descryde

That life, with all its intrigues and self-seekings and scandals, had no charms for him. Once more settled in his home, he wrote an account of his recent absence from it, which he entitled *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*. This poem was not published till 1595, but, whatever additions were subsequently made to it, there can be no doubt it was originally written immediately after his return to Ireland. Sitting in the quiet to which he was but now restored, he reviewed the splendid scenes he had lately witnessed, he recounted the famous wits he had met, and the fair ladies he had seen in the great London world, and dedicated this exquisite Diary to the friend who had introduced him into that brilliant circle. It would seem that Raleigh had accused him of indolence. That ever-restless schemer could not appreciate the poet's dreaminess. 'That you may see,' writes Spenser, 'that I am not alwaies ydle as yee think, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple pastorall, unworthie of your higher conceit for the meannesse of the stile but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge myselve bounden unto you for your singular favours and sundrie good turnes shewed to me at my late being in England, &c.'

The conclusion of this poem commemorates, as we have seen, Spenser's enduring

\* This poem is in this volume reprinted from the edition of 1591. Mr Morris thinks that Todd was not aware of this edition. Mr Collier reprinted from the 2nd edition—that of 1596.

affection for that Rosalind who so many years before had turned away her ears from his suit. It must have been some twelve months after those faithful lines were penned, that the writer conceived an ardent attachment for one Elizabeth. Nothing is known of this lady's previous history. It would appear that she lived in the poet's neighbourhood. The whole course of the wooing and the winning is portrayed in the *Amoretti* or *Sonnets* and the *Epithalamium*. It may be gathered from these biographically and otherwise interesting pieces, that it was at the close of the year 1592 that the poet was made a captive of that beauty he so fondly describes. The first three sonnets would seem to have been written in that year. The fourth celebrates the beginning of the year 1593—the beginning according to our modern way of reckoning. All through that year 1593 the lover sighed, beseeched, adored, despaired, prayed again. Fifty-eight sonnets chronicle the various hopes and fears of that year. The object of his passion remained as steel and flint, while he wept and wailed and pleaded. His life was a long torment.

In vaine I seeke and rewe to her for grace  
And doe myne humbled hart before her pource,  
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place  
And tread my life downe in the lowly sloun.

In Lent she is his 'sweet saynt,' and he vows to find some fit service for her.

Her temple favre is brilt within my mind  
In which her glorious Image placed is,  
On which my thoughts doo night and day attend,  
Like sacred priests that never think and

But all his devotion profited nothing, and he thinks it were better 'at once to die.' He marvels at her cruelty. He cannot address himself to the further composition of his great poem. The accomplishment of that great work were

Sufficient worke for one man's simple head,  
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ.  
How then should I, without another wit,  
Thinke ever to endure so tedious toyle?  
Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit  
Of a proud love that doth my spirit spolie

He falls ill in his body too. When the anniversary of his being carried into captivity comes round, he declares, as has been already quoted, that the year just elapsed has appeared longer than all the forty years of his life that had preceded it (sonnet 60). In the beginning of the year 1594,

After long stormes and tempests sad assay  
Which hardly I endured hertofore  
In dread of death and dangerous dismay  
With which my silly bark was tossed sore,

he did 'at length descry the happy shore.' The heart of his mistress softened towards him. The last twenty-five sonnets are for the most part the songs of a lover accepted and happy. It would seem that by this time he had completed three more books of the *Faerie Queene*, and he asks leave in sonnet 70,

In pleasant mew  
To sport my Muse and sing my loves sweet praise,  
The contempt of whose heavenly hew  
My spirit to an higher pitch doth raise

Probably the Sixth Book was concluded in the first part of the year 1594, just after his long wooing had been crowned with success. In the tenth canto of that book he introduces the lady of his love, and himself 'piping' unto her. In a rarely pleasant place on a fair wooded hill-top Calidore sees the Graces dancing, and Colin Clout piping merrily. With these goddesses is a fourth maid, it is to her alone that Colin pipes —

Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace  
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout,  
Thy love is present there with thee in place,  
Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace

Of this fourth maid the poet, after sweetly praising the daughters of sky-ruling Jove, sings in this wise. —

Who can aread what creature mote she bee,  
Whether a creature or a goddesse graced  
*With heavenly gifts from heven first enracod?*  
But what so sure she was, she worthy was  
To be the fourth with those three other placed,  
Yet was she cer es but a countrey lasse,  
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day  
All other lesser lights in light excell,  
So farre doth sho in beautyfull array  
Above all other lasses beare the bell,  
Ne less in vertue that becoms her well  
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race

The phrase 'country lass' in this rapturous passage has been taken to signify that she to whom it is applied was of mean origin, but it scarcely bears this construction. Probably all that is meant is that her family was not connected with the Court or the Court circle. She was not high-born, but she was not low-born. The final sonnets refer to some malicious reports circulating about him, and to some local separation between the sonneteer and his mistress. This separation was certainly ended in the June following his acceptance—that is, the June of 1594, for in that month, on St Barnabas' day, that is, on the 11th, Spenser was married. This event Spenser celebrates in the finest, the most perfect of all his poems, in the most beautiful of all bridal songs—in his *Epythalamum*. He had many a time sung for others, he now bade the Muses crown their heads with garlands and help him his own love's praises to resound —

So I unto my selfe along will sing,  
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring

Then, with the sweetest melody and a refinement and grace incomparable, he sings with a most happy heart of various matters of the marriage day—of his love's waking, of the merry music of the minstrels, of her coming forth in all the pride of her visible



loveliness, of that 'inward beauty of her lively spright' which no eyes can see, of her standing before the altar, her sad eyes still fastened on the ground, of the bringing her home, of the rising of the evening star, and the fair face of the moon looking down on his bliss not unfavourably, as he would hope. The *Amoretti* and *Epithalamium* were registered at the Stationers' Hall on the 10th of November following the marriage. They were published in 1595, Spenser—as appears from the 'Dedication' of them to Sir Robert Needham, written by the printer Ponsoby—being still absent from England.

Meanwhile the poet had been vexed by other troubles besides those of an unrequited passion. Mr Hardiman,\* in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, has published three petitions presented in 1593 to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland by Maurice, Lord Roche, Viscount Fermoy, two against 'one Edmond Spenser, gentleman, one against one Joan Ny Callaghan—who is said to act 'by supportation and maintenance of Edmond Spenser, gentleman, a heavy adversary unto your supplicant' 'Where,' runs the first petition, 'one Edmond Spenser, gentleman, hath lately exhibited suit against your supplicant for three ploughlands, parcels of Shrinbillymore (your supplicant's inheritance) before the Vice-president and Council of Munster, which land hath been heretofore decreed for your supplicant against the said Spenser and others under whom he conveyed, and notwithstanding for that the said Spenser, being Clerk of the Council in the said province, and did assign his office unto one Nicholas Curtys among other agreements with covenant that during his life he should be free in the said office for his causes, by occasion of which immunity he doth multiply suits against your supplicant in the said province upon pretended title of others &c.' The third petition averred that 'Edmond Spenser of Kilscolman, gentleman, hath entered into three ploughlands, parcel of Brilligerath, and dispossessed your supplicant thereof, and continueth by countenance and greatness the possession thereof, and maketh great waste of the wood of the said land, and converteth a great deal of corn growing thereupon to his proper use, to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds sterling Whereunto,' continues the document, which is preserved in the Original Rolls Office, 'the said Edmond Spenser appearing in person had several days prefixed unto him peremptorily to answer, which he neglected to do.' Therefore 'after a day of grace given,' on the 12th of February, 1594, Lord Roche was decreed the possession. Perhaps the absence from his lady love referred to in the concluding sonnets was occasioned by this litigation. Perhaps also the 'false forged lies'—the malicious reports circulated about him—referred to in Sonnet 85, may have been connected with these appeals against him. It is clear that all his dreams of Faerie did not make him neglectful of his earthly estate. Like Shakespeare, like Scott, Spenser did not cease to be a man of the world—I use the phrase in no unkindly sense—because he was a poet. He was no more visionary, helpless in the ordinary affairs of life. In the present case it would appear that he was even too keen in looking after his own interests. Professor Craik charitably suggests that his poverty 'rather than rapacity may be supposed to have urged whatever of hardness there was in his proceedings.' It is credible enough that these proceedings made him highly unpopular.

\* *Irish Minstrelsy, or, Bardic Remains of Ireland*, by J. Hardiman. London, 1831

with the native inhabitants of the district, and that they were not forgotten when the day of reckoning came 'His name,' says Mr Hardiman, on the authority of *Trotter's Walks in Ireland*,\* 'is still remembered in the vicinity of Kilcolman, but the people entertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his memory'

In the same year with the *Amoretti* was published *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, several additions having been made to the original version

† Probably at the close of this year 1595 Spenser a second time crossed to England, accompanied, it may be supposed, by his wife, carrying with him in manuscript the second three books of his *Faerie Queene*, which, as we have seen, were completed before his marriage, and also a prose work, *A View of the Present State of Ireland* Mr Collier quotes the following entry from the Stationers Register —

20 die Januarii [1595] —Mr Ponsonby Entred &c The Second Part of the Faerie Queene, cont. the 4, 5, and 6 bookes, vjd

This second instalment—which was to be the last—of his great poem was duly published in that year The *View of the Present State of Ireland* was not registered till April. 1598, and then only conditionally It was not actually printed till 1633 During his stay in England he wrote the *Hymns to Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beauty*, and the *Prothalamium*, which were to be his last works

More than four years had elapsed since Spenser had last visited London During that period certain memorable works had been produced, the intellectual power of that day had expressed itself in no mean manner When he arrived in London towards the close of the year 1595, he would find Shakspeare splendidly fulfilling the promise of his earlier days, he would find Ben Jonson just becoming known to fame, he would find Bacon already drawing to him the eyes of his time Spenser probably spent the whole of the year 1596, and part of 1597, in England In 1597 appeared, as has already been said, the first part of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bacon's *Essays*, and also Jonson's *Every Man in His Own Humour*.

The reigning favourite at this time was the Earl of Essex In 1596 his successful descent upon Cadiz raised him to the zenith of his fame With this nobleman Spenser was on terms of intimacy At his London house in the Strand—a house which had previously been inhabited by Spenser's earlier patron, the Earl of Leicester—it stood where Essex Street now is, and is still represented by the two pillars which stand at the bottom of that street—Spenser no doubt renewed his friendship with Shakspeare This intimacy with Essex, with whatever intellectual advantages it may have been attended, with whatever bright spirits it may have brought Spenser acquainted, probably impeded his prospects of preferment There can be no doubt that one of the motives that brought him to England was a desire to advance his fortunes Camden describes him as always poor His distaste for his residence in Ireland could not but have been aggravated by his recent legal defeat But he looked in vain for further preferment He had fame, and to spare, and this was to suffice It was during this sojourn in England that he spoke of himself, as we have seen, as one

\* 'The name and occupation of Spenser is handed down traditionally among them (the Irish), but they seem to entertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his memory, the bard came in rather ungracious times, and the keen recollections of this untutored people are wonderful'—*Trotter's Walks through Ireland in the Years 1812, 1814, and 1817*. London, 1819, p 302

Whom sullen care  
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay  
In princes court and expectation wayne  
Of idle hopes which still doe fly away  
Like empty shadows, did afflict my braine

The publication of the second three books of the *Faerie Queene*, with a re-impression of the first three books, placed him on the highest pinnacle of fame. Its plentiful references to passing events—its adumbrations of the history of the time—however it may be damaging the permanent value of the work from an artistic point of view, increased its immediate popularity. How keenly these references were appreciated appears from the anxiety of the Scotch King to have the poet prosecuted for his picture of Dinessa, in whom Mary Queen of Scots was generally recognised. Robert Bowes, the English ambassador in Scotland, writing to Lord Burghley from Edinburgh 12th November, 1596, states that great offence was conceived by the King against Edmund Spenser for publishing in print, in the second part of the *Faerie Queene*, ch. 9, some dishonourable effects, as the King deemed, against himself and his mother deceased. Mr Bowes states that he had satisfied the King as to the privilege under which the book was published, yet he still desired that Edmund Spenser for this fault might be tried and punished. It further appears, from a letter from George Nicolson to Sir Robert Cecil, dated Edinburgh, 25 February, 1597-8, that Walter Quin, an Irishman, was answering Spenser's book, whereat the King was offended.\*

The *View of the Present State of Ireland*, written dialogue-wise between Eudoxus and Irenæus, though not printed, as has been said, till 1633, seems to have enjoyed a considerable circulation in a manuscript form. There are manuscript copies of this tractate at Cambridge, at Dublin, at Lambeth, and in the British Museum. It is partly antiquarian, partly descriptive, partly political. It exhibits a profound sense of the unsatisfactory state of the country—a sense which was presently to be justified in a frightful manner. Spenser had not been deaf to the ever-growing murmurs of discontent by which he and his countrymen had been surrounded. He was not in advance of his time in the policy he advocates for the administration of Ireland. He was far from anticipating that policy of conciliation whose triumphant application it may perhaps be the signal honour of our own day to achieve. The measures he proposes are all of a vigorously repressive sort, they are such measures as belong to a military occupation, not to a statesmanly administration. He urges the stationing numerous garrisons, he is for the abolishing native customs. Such proposals won a not unfavourable hearing at that time. They have been admired many a time since.

It is to this work of Spenser's that Protector Cromwell alludes in a letter to his council in Ireland, in favour of William Spenser, grandson of Edmund Spenser, from whom an estate of lands in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork, descended on him. 'His grandfather,' he writes, 'was that Spenser who, by his writings touching the reduction of the Irish to civility, brought on him the odium of that nation, and for those works and his other good services Queen Elizabeth conferred on him that estate which the said William Spenser now claims'†. This latter statement is

\* Cooper's *Athen Cantab*

† See Mr Edwards's *Life of Raleigh*, vol. i p. 128

evidently inaccurate Spenser, as we have seen, had already held his estate for some years when he brought his *Vie* to England.

Spenser dates the dedication of his *Hymns* from Greenwich, September 7, 1596. Of these four hymns, two had been in circulation for some years, though now for the first time printed, the other two now first appeared. 'Having in the greener times of my youth,' he writes, 'composed these former two hymnes in the praise of love and beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affliction do rather snecke out payem to their strong passion than honoy to their honest delight, I was moved by one of you two most excellent ladies [the ladies Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, Mary, Countess of Warwick] to call in the same, but unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and by way of restriction to reforme them, making (instead of those two hymnes of earthly or ne wrell love and beautie) two others of heavenly and celestiall.' This passage is interesting for the illustration it furnishes of Spenser's popularity. It is also highly interesting, if the poems themselves be read in the light of it, as showing the sensitive purity of the poet's nature. It is difficult to conceive how those 'former hymns' should in any moral respect need amending. The moralising and corrective purpose with which the two latter were written perhaps diminished their poetical beauty; but the themes they celebrate are such as Spenser could not but ever descend upon with delight; they were such as were entirely congenial to his spirit. He here set forth certain special teachings of his great master Plato, and abandoned himself to the high spiritual contemplations he loved. But perhaps the finest of these four hymns is the second—that in honour of Beauty. Beauty was indeed the one worship of Spenser's life—not mere material beauty—not 'the goddly how of white and red with which the cheekes are sprinkled,' or 'the sweete rosy leaves so fairly spread upon the lips,' or 'that golden wave,' or 'those sparkling stars so bright,' but that inner spiritual beauty, of which fair hair and bright eyes are but external expressions

So every part' as if it were pure  
And hath in it the pure of heavenly light,  
So is the faire look doth procure  
To habite in, and it more fairly delight  
With chearfull grace and amiable sight,  
For of the earth the better forme doth it be,  
For soeth is faire and doth the best make

This hymn is one high religious rapture

Before the close of the year 1596 Spenser wrote and published the *Prothalamion*, or 'A spouse all verse made in honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and virtuous ladies, the lady Elizabeth, and the lady Katherine Somerset, daughters to the right honourable the Earl of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthy gentlemen, M. Henry Gifford and M. William Peter Esquyers.' It was composed after the return of Essex from Spain, for he is introduced in the poem as then residing at his house in the Strand. It is a poem full of grace and beauty, and of unchallenged melodiousness.

This is the last complete poem Spenser wrote. No doubt he entertained the idea of completing his *Faerie Queene*, and perhaps it was after 1590 that he composed the two additional cantos, which are all, so far as is known, that he actually wrote. But the last poem completed and published in his lifetime was the *Prothalamium*.

This second visit to England at last came to an end. It was probably in 1597 that he returned once more to Kileolman. In the following year he was recommended by her Majesty for Sheriff of Cork. But his residence in Ireland was now to be rudely terminated.

The Irishry had ever since the suppression of Hugh O'Neal's rebellion in 1580, been but waiting for another opportunity to rise. That suppression had not brought pacification in its train. In the autumn of 1598 broke out another of these fearful insurrections, of which the history of English rule in Ireland is mainly composed.

In the September of that year Spenser was at the zenith of his prosperity. In that month arrived the letter recommending his appointment to be Sheriff of Cork. It seems legitimate to connect this mark of royal favour with the fact that at the beginning of the preceding month Lord Burghley had deceased. The great obstructor of the Queen's bounty was removed, and Spenser might hope that now at last, the hour of his prosperity was come. So far as is known, his domestic life was serene and happy. The joys of the husband had been crowned with those of the father. Two sons, as may be gathered from the names given to them—they were christened Sylvanus and Peregrine—had been by this time born to him, according to Sir William Betham who drew up a pedigree of Spenser's family, communicated to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1842, by Mr F. C. Spenser of Halifax, another son and a daughter had been born between the birth of Sylvanus and that of Peregrine. Thus he was at this time the recognised prince of living poets. The early autumn of 1598 saw him in the culminating enjoyment of all these happinesses.

In October the insurgents burst roughly in upon his peace. No doubt his occupation of the old castle of Tyrone had ever been regarded with fierce jealousy. While he had dreamed his dreams and sung his songs in the valley, there had been curses muttered against him from the hills around. At last the day of vengeance came. The outraged natives rushed down upon Kileolman, the poet and his family barely made their escape, his home was plundered and burned. According to Ben Jonson, in the conversation with Drummond, quoted above, not all his family escaped, one little child, new born, perished in the flames. This fact is, perhaps, scarcely consistent with the computation made from the *Records of Ireland* by Ulster King at Arms of all Ireland, which has just been referred to, and may perhaps be but a popular exaggeration of the calamity that befell Spenser. But, indeed, the fearfulness of this event needs no exaggeration. In profound distress Spenser arrived once more in London. Probably, the hardships and horrors he had undergone completely prostrated him. On January 16, 1599, he died at a tavern in King Street, Westminster. Ben Jonson says, 'he died for lack of bread,' but this must certainly be an exaggeration. No doubt he returned to England 'inops'—in a state of poverty—as Camden says, but it is impossible to believe that he died of starvation. His friend Essex and many another were ready to minister to his necessities if he needed their ministry. Jonson's story is that he 'refused twenty pieces

sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them.' This story, if it is anything more than a mere vulgar rumour, so far as it shows anything, shows that he was in no such very extreme need of succour. Had his destitution been so complete, he would have accepted the pieces for his family, even though 'he had no time to spend them himself.' It must be remembered that he was still in receipt of a pension from the crown, a pension of no very considerable amount, perhaps, but still large enough to satisfy the pangs of hunger. King Street, Westminster, was then a street of some importance and dignity. But numerous passages might be quoted to show that he died in somewhat straitened circumstances.

It was said, some thirty-four years after Spenser's death, that in his hurried flight from Ireland the remaining six books of the *Faerie Queene* were lost. But it is very unlikely that those books were ever completed\*. Perhaps some fragments of them may have perished in the flames at Kilcolman—certainly only two cantos have reached us. These were first printed in 1611, when the first six books were republished. The general testimony of his contemporaries is that his song was broken off in the midst. Says Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals* (Book ii s. 1) —

So ere he ended his melodious song,  
An host of angels flew the clouds among  
And rapt his swan from his attentive mates  
To make him one of their associates.

One S. A. Colman writes —

If, honour'd Collin, thou hadst lived so long  
As to have finished thy Faery song,  
Not only mine but all tongues would confess,  
Thou hadst exceeded old Mæonides

He was buried near Chaucer—by his own wish, it is said—in Westminster Abbey, 'poetis funus ducentibus,' with poets following him to the grave—bearing the pall, as we might say—the Earl of Essex furnishing the funeral expenses, according to Camden. It would seem from a passage in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* 'that the Queen ordered a monument to be erected over him, but that the money was otherwise appropriated by one of her agents.' The present monument, restored in 1778, was erected by Anne, Countess of Dorset, in 1620.

His widow married again before 1603, as we learn from a petition presented to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland in that year, in which Sylvanus sues to recover from her husband Roger Seckerstone certain documents relating to the paternal estate. Till a very recent time there were descendants of Spenser living in the south of Ireland.

\* No doubt he intended to complete his work. See book vi canto v st. 2 :

'When time shall be to tell the same,'

but this time never was



# THE FAERIE QVEENE.

DISPOSED INTO TWELVE BOOKS,

FASHIONING

XII MORALL VERTUES.



TO  
THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTY, AND MAGNIFICENT  
EMPRESS,  
RENOVED FOR FIFTIE, VERTUE, AND ALL GRATIOUS GOVERNMENT  
ELIZABETH,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD,  
Queene of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, and of Virginia  
Defender of the Faith, &c

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVANT  
EDMUND SPENSER,

DOTH, IN ALL HUMILITY,  
DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE  
THESE HIS LABOURS,

TO LIVE WITH THE FORTITUDE OF HER FAME,<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> In the first edition of 1590 the Dedication was as follows —To the most Mightie and Magnificent Empresse Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Queene of England, Fraunce and Ireland Defender of the Faith &c

Her most humble Servant  
ED SPENSER.

## A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

EXPOUNDING HIS WHOLE INTENTION IN THE COLISE OF THIS WORKE WHICH, FOR  
THAT IT GIVETH GREAT LIGHT TO THE READER, FOR THE BETTER  
VNDERSTANDING IS HIPELLED TO APPEARE

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALGROVS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

LORD WARDEIN OF THE STANNISFES, AND HER MAJESTIES LIEFTENANT OF THE  
COUNTY OF CORNEWAYL

Sir, I knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may  
be construed, and this booke of mine, which I  
have entituled the Faery Queene, being a con-  
tinued Allegory or darle conceit, I have thought  
good, as well for avoiding of grolous opinions and  
misconstructions, as also for your better light in  
reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to  
discover unto you the general intention and  
meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have  
fashioned without expressing of any particular  
purposes, or by accidents, therein occasioned  
The generall end therefore of all the booke is to  
fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous  
and gentle discipline Which for that I conceived  
should be most plausible and pleasing, being  
coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the  
most part of men delight to read, rather for  
variety of matter then for profite of the example,  
I chose the historye of King Arthur, as most  
fitt for the excellency of his person, being made  
famous by many mens former wordes, and also  
furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspicion  
of present time In which I have followed all  
the antique Poets historicall, first Homere, who  
in the Person of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath  
ensampled a good governour and a virtuous man,  
the one in his Iliad, the other in his Odysseys  
then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in  
the person of Aeneas after him Ariosto com-  
prised them both in his Orlando and lately  
Tasso discovered them againe and formed both  
parts in two persons, namely that part which  
they in Philosophy call Ethice, or virtues of a  
private man, coloured in his Rinaldo, the other  
named Politice in his Godfredo By ensample  
of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict  
in Arthur before he was King, the image of a  
brave knight, perfected in the twelve private  
morall virtues, as Aristotle hath devised, the  
which is the purpose of these first three bookes  
which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be  
perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of  
politicke virtues in his person after that hee  
came to be King  
To come, I know, this Methode will seeme  
displeasing, which had rather have good disci-  
pline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or  
sermoned at large, as they use, then thus cloudily  
enwrapped in Allegoricall devices But such  
me seeme, should be satisfyed with the use of  
these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their  
shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not  
delightfull and pleasing to commune sence For  
this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato,  
for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his  
judgment, formed a Commune wealth, such as it  
should be, but the other in the person of Cyrus,  
and the Persians, fashioned a government, such  
as might best be So much more profitable and  
gratious is doctrine by example, then by rule  
So have I laboured to doe in the person of  
Arthur whom I conceive after his long edu-  
cation by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin  
delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was  
borne of the Lady Igraine to have scene in a  
dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose  
excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved  
to seeke her out, and so being by Merlin armed,  
and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to  
seeke her forth in Iuery land In that Faery  
Queene I meane glory in my generall intention,  
but in my particular I conceive the most excellent  
and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene,  
and her kingdome in Iuery land And yet, in  
some places, as, I doe otherwise shadow her For  
considering she beareth two persons, the one of a  
most royall Queene or Emperesse, the other of a  
most virtuous and beautifull Lady, this latter

part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent concept of Cynthia, (Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth it in them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deede of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii other vertues, I make xii other knights the patrons, for the more variety of the history. Of which these three bookes contain three

The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes. The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperance. The third of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historial is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affaires orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions, but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and there recourring to the things forepast, and dividing of things to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke which is the last, where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annall feasts xii dayes, upon which xii severall dayes, the occasions of the xii severall adventures happened, which, being undertaken by xii severall knights, are in these xii bookes severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownish young man, who falling before the Queene of Faeries desired a boone (in the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse, which was that hee might have the achievement of any adventure, which during that feast should happen that being granted, he rested him on the flore, unfitt through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfs hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complained that her futher and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brassen Castle, who thence suffered them not to yssue, and therefore besought the

laery Queene to assigne her some one of her knights to take on him that employ. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure wherewith the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gauding, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unless that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, in Ephes) that he could not succeed in that enterprise, which being forthwith put upon him, with these furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And esteewoner taking on him knighthood, and mouning on that strange Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure where bequinneth the first booke, viz

A gentle knight was picking on the playne &c

The second day ther came in a Palmer, bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slayn by an Enehaunteresse called Aerasia, and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a Grooms, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enehaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of his body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tole on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and rescued his love.

But by occasion hereof many other adventures are intermixed, but rather as Accidents than intrinsecals. As the lore of Britomart, the overthrow of Mordant, the misery of Florimell, the irrtuousnes of Belphebe, the insensableness of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overranne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe of the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honorable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happyness, I humbly take leave.

23 January 1589,  
Yours most humbly affectionate,  
Ed Snenser

## VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.

### *A Vision upon this concept of the Faery Queene*

Me thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,  
Within that Temple where the vestall flame  
Was wont to burne, and passing by that way  
To see that buried dust of living fame,  
Whose tombe faire love, and faire vertne kept,  
All suddainly I saw the Faery Queene  
At whose approach the soule of Petrarko wept,  
And from thenceforth those graces were not scene,  
For they this Queene attended, in whose steed  
Oblivion laid him downe on Lauras herse  
Hereat the hardest stones were scene to bleed,  
And grones of buried ghostes the heavens did perse  
Where Homers spright did tremble all for griefe,  
And curst th' accesse of that celestiall theife

### *Another of the same*

The prayse of meane wits this worke like profit  
brings, [sings  
As doth the Onckoes song delight when Phillumena  
If thou hast formed right true vertues face heren,  
Vertue her selfe can best discerne to whom they  
written bin [divine  
If thou hast beauty praysd, let her sole lookes  
Judge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by  
her eare  
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,  
Behold thy Princely mind aright, and write thy  
Queene anew  
Meane while she shall perceive, how far her vertues  
sore [of sore  
Above the reach of all that live, or such as wrote  
And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will,  
Whose vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angels  
quill  
Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,  
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those  
of thy device

W R

### *To the learned Shepheard*

Collyn, I see, by thy new taken taske,  
Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes  
That leades thy muse in haughty verse to maske,  
And loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes,  
That lifts thy notes from Shepherdes unto kinges  
So like the lively Larke that mounting sings

Thy lovely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,  
And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight  
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorn,  
Those pretty pypes that did thy mates delight,  
Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well,  
Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell

Yet, as thou earst with thy sweete roundelayes  
Didst starre to glee our laddes in homely bowers,  
So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes  
Delight the dantio cares of higher powers  
And so mought they, in their deepe skanning skill,  
Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quyll

And fairo befall that *Faery Queene* of thine,  
In whose faire eyes love linct with vertue sittes,  
Enfusing, by those bewties fyers dovyne,  
Such high concertes into thy humble wittes,  
As ralsed hath poore pastors oaten reedes  
From iustick tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes

So mought thy *Redcosse knight* with happy hand  
Victorious be in that faire Ilands right,  
Which thou dost vayne in Type of Faery land,  
Elizas blessed field, that *Albion* hight [foes,  
That sheldes her friendes, and warres her mightie  
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flows

But (jolly shepheard) though with pleasing style  
Thou feast the humour of the Courtly trayne,  
Let not conceipt thy settled sence beguile,  
Ne daunted be through envy or disdaime  
Subject thy dome to her Empryng spright, [light  
From whence thy Muse, and all the world, takes  
HOBIANOM.

Fayre Thamis streame, that from Ludds stately  
towne  
Runst paying tribute to the Ocean sears,  
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renown  
Be silent, while this Brytane Orpheus playes  
Nere thy sweet bankes thero lives that sacred  
croune,  
Whose hand strowes Palme and never dying bayes  
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne,  
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes,  
For he hath taught hys drifts in shepherdes weedes,  
And deepe concertes now sings in *Faeries* deedes  
R S

Grave Muses, march in triumph and with prayes,  
 Our Goddesso here hath given you leave to land,  
 And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces  
 Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand  
 Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,  
 In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde  
 So did that great Augustus erst in Roome  
 With leaues of fame adorne his Poets hedde  
 Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,  
 Even of the fairest that the world hath seene!

H B

When stont Achilles heard of Helens rape,  
 And what revenge the States of Greece desired,  
 Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape  
 In womans weedes him selfe he then disguisde,  
 But this deuile Ulysses soone did spy,  
 And brought him forth the chaunce of warre to try

When Spencer saw the fame was spredd so large,  
 Through Faery land, of their renowned Queene,  
 Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,  
 As in such haughty matter to be seene,  
 To seeme a shepheard then he made his choise,  
 But Sydney heard him sing and knew his voice

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne  
 From his retired life to menage armes,  
 So Spencer was by Sidney's speeches wonne  
 To blaze her fame not fearing future harmes  
 For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tried  
 In her high praise, that all the world admired

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frayes,  
 Did win the palme from all the Greeke Peeres,  
 So Spencer now to his immortall prayse  
 Hath wonne the Laurel quite from all his feeres

What though his ta-ke exceed a humane wit,  
 He is excus'd, sith Sidney thought it fitt

W L

To looke upon a worke of rare devise  
 Tho which a workman setteth out to view,  
 And not to yield it the deserved price  
 That unto such a workmanship is dew,  
 Doth either prove the iudgement to be naught,  
 Or els doth show a mind with evry fraught

To labour to commend a peece of worke,  
 Which no man goes about to commend  
 Would raise a jealous doubt, that there did lurke  
 Some secret doubt whereto the prayse did tend,  
 For when men know the goodnes of the worke,  
 'Tis needlesse for the host to hire a sygne.

Thus then, to shew my iudgement to be such  
 As can discerne of colours blacke and white,  
 As alls to free my minde from envies tuch,  
 That never gives to any man his right,  
 I here pronounce this workmanship is such  
 As that no pen can set it forth too much

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,  
 Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware,  
 But such hath bene the custome heretofore,  
 And customes very hardly broken are,  
 And when your test shall tell you this is trow,  
 Then looke you give your host his utmost dew

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## VERSES

ADDRESS'D, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAMIE QULENE, TO VARIOUS NOBLEMEN, &c.

*To the Right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord high Chauncelor of England, &c.*

Those prudent heads, that with their counsels  
wise

Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustaine,  
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise  
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,  
Oft from those grave affaires were wont ab-  
staine,

With the sweet Lady Muses for to play  
So Ennius the elder Africane,  
So Maro oft did Cæsars cares allay. [sway  
So you, great Lord, that with your counsell  
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,  
With like delights sometimes may eke delay  
The rugged brow of carefull Policy,  
And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,  
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

*To the most honourable and excellent Lord the Earle of Essex Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse, and knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c*

Magnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent,  
Doe merit a most famous Poets witt  
To be thy living praises instrument,  
Yet doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt  
In this base Poeme, for thee far unfit  
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby;  
But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing  
flitt,

Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,  
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty  
To the last praises of this Faery Queene,  
Then shall it make more famous memory  
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene  
Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenance  
To these first labours needed furtheraunce

*To the Right Honourable the Earle of Oxford, Lord high Chamberlayne of England, &c*

Receive, most Noble Lord, in gentle gree,  
The unripe fruit of an unready wit,  
Which by thy countenance doth crave to  
bee

Defended from foule Envies poisonous bit.  
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,  
Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry  
Under a shady velle is therein writ,  
And eke thine owne long living memory,  
Succeeding them in true nobility  
And also for the love which thou doest beare  
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee,  
They unto thee, and thou to them, most  
deare

Deare as thou art unto thy selfe, so love  
That loves and honours thee, as doth behove.

*To the right honourable the Earle of Northumberland*

The sacred Muses have made alwaies clame  
To be the Nourers of nobility,  
And Registres of everlasting fame,  
To all that armes professe and chevalry.

Then, by like right the noble Progeny,  
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are  
tyde

T' embrace the service of sweete Poetry,  
By whose endevours they are glorified,  
And eke from all, of whom it is envide,  
To patromize the authour of their praise,  
Which gives them life, that els would soone  
have dide,

And crownes their ashes with immortall baies  
To thee, therefore, right noble Lord, I send  
This present of my paunes, it to defend

To the right Honourable the Earle of  
Ormond and Ossory

Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste  
Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl hath  
bred,

Which, being through long wars left almost  
With brutish barbarisme is overspredde  
And, in so faire a land as may be redd,  
Not one Parnassus nor one Hellicone,  
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured  
But where thy selfe hast thy brave man  
sone

There in deede, dwel faire Graces many one  
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned  
And in thy person, without paragone, [wits,  
All goodly bountie and true honour sit  
Such, therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yild,  
Reeeive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of bar  
ren field

To the right honourable the Lord Ch. Howard,  
Lord high Admiral of England, knight of  
the noble order of the Garter, and one of  
her Majesties privie Council, &c

And ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage  
And noble deeds, each other graminishing,  
Iake you example to the present age  
Of th' old Heroes whose famous offspring  
The antique Poets wont so much to sing,  
In this same Pageant have a worthy place,  
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king  
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace  
Like flying doves ye did before you chace,  
And that proud people, woxen insolent  
Through many victories, didst first deface  
Thy praises everlasting monument  
Is in this verse engraven semblably,  
That it may live to all posterity

To the most renowned and valiant Lord the  
Lord Grey of Wilton knight of the Noble  
order of the Garter, &c

Most Noble Lord, the pillar of my life,  
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage,  
Through whose large bountie, poured on me  
In the first season of my feeble age, [rise  
I now doe live, bound yours by vassalage  
Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reive  
Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage,  
Vouchsafe in worth this small gift to re  
ceive,

Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave  
Of all the rest that I am tude t' account  
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did  
weave  
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,

And roughly wrought in an unlearned loone  
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favour to  
blome

To the right noble and valiant knight,  
Sir Walter Raleigh Lord Warden of the  
Stanneries, and lieutenant of Cornwall

To thee, that art the summers Nightingale,  
Thy sovaine Goddesses most deare delight  
Why dost I send this rusticke Madrigale  
That may thy tunefull care unlesse quiet  
Flou orely fit this Argument to write  
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built  
her bowre  
And daints love learned sweetly to enlize  
My times I know an story as I were,  
To in the streams that life engolles showre,  
I flow from thy faultfull heart, of thy love  
praise.

Titter, perhaps, to the idler Mar-tall sto re,  
When so ther list thy lusty Muse to raise  
Yet, till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,  
Let thy faire Cynthia privies be thus ruled  
showne.

To the right honourable the Lord Burleigh,  
Lord high Treasurer of England

To you, right noble Lord, who carefull breest  
To menage of most grave affayres be best  
And on whose mightie shoulder so most do b  
rest  
The burden of this kingdomes government,  
As the wide compass of the firmament  
On Atlas mightie shoulders is up-tavel,  
I usily I these velle times present,  
The labor of lost time and wit untayd  
Yet if their deeper senses be fully waid  
And the dim veile, with which from con  
science we

Their siner parts are hid a veile be livd  
Perhaps not vaine thy mai appten to you  
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receive,  
And wipe their faults out of your censure grave  
I S

To the right honourable the Earle of Cam  
berland

Redoubted Lord, in whose corrigous mind  
The flour of chevalry now blooming faire,  
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind  
Which of their praises have left you the  
haur,

To you this humble present I prepare,  
For love of vertue and of Martiall praise,  
To which though nobly ye incline ar,  
As goodlie well ye shew d in late assaies.

Let braue ensample of long passed daies,  
 In which trew honor ye may fashioned see,  
 To like desire of honor may ye raise,  
 And fill your mind with magnanimitee.  
 Receive it, Lord, therefore, as it was ment,  
 For honor of your name and high descent  
 E S

*To the right honourable the Lord of Huns-  
 don, high Chamberlaine to her Majesty*

Renowned Lord, that, for your worthnesse  
 And noble deeds, haue your deserved place  
 High in the fauour of that Emperesse,  
 The worlds sole glory and her sexes graace  
 Here eke of right haue you a worthe place,  
 Both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene  
 And for your owne high merit in like cree  
 Of which, apparaunt prooue was to be seene,  
 When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene  
 Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,  
 And their disloyall powre defaced cleue,  
 The record of enduring memory  
 Live, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,  
 That all posteritie thy honor may reherse  
 E S

*To the right honourable the Lord of Buck-  
 hurst, one of her Majesties priue Counsell*

In vaine I thinke, right honourable Lord,  
 By this rude rime to memorize thy name,  
 Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne re-  
 cord  
 In golden verse, worthy immortal fame  
 Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)  
 Thy graecious Sovereains praises to compile,  
 And her imperiall Majestie to frame  
 In lofty numbers and heroicke stile  
 But, sith thou maist not so, give leave a while  
 To baser wit his power therein to spend,  
 Whose grosse defaults thy dautie pen may  
 And unadvised oversights amend [file,  
 But evermore vouchsafe it to maintaine  
 Against vile Zoulus backbitings vaine

*To the right honourable Sir Fr Walsingham,  
 knight, principall Secretary to her Ma-  
 jesty, and one of her honourable privy  
 Counsell.*

That Mantuane Poetes incompared spirit,  
 Whose gurland now is set in highest place,  
 Had not Mecenas, for his worthy merit,  
 It first aduamst to great Augustus graace,  
 Might long perhaps have ben in silence buce,  
 Nebenesomuch admir'd of later age [trace,  
 This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to  
 Fhes for like aide unto your Patronage,

That are the great Mecenas of this age,  
 As uel to al that euil artes professe,  
 As those that are inspir'd with Martiall rage,  
 And craves protection of her feeblennesse  
 Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse  
 In bigger tunes to sound your living prayse.  
 E S

*To the right noble Lord and most valiaunt  
 Captaine, Sir John Norris, knight, Lord  
 president of Mounster*

Who ever gave more honourable prize  
 To the sweet Muse then did the Martiall crew,  
 That their braue deeds she might immortalize  
 In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises  
 dew?

Who then ought more to fauour her then you,  
 Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,  
 And Pecedent of all that armes ensue?  
 Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,  
 Tempted with reason and aduizement sage,  
 Hathild sad Belgieke with victorious spoile,  
 In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage,  
 And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile [fame,  
 Sith, then, each where thou hast dispredd thy  
 Love him that hath eternized your name  
 E S

*To the right honourable and most vertuous  
 Lady the Countesse of Penbroke*

Remembraunce of that most Heroicke spirit,  
 The beens pride, the glory of our daies,  
 Which now triumpheth, through immortal  
 merit

Of his braue vertues, crownd with lasting  
 Of hevenlie bhs and everlasting praises, [baies  
 Who first my Muse did list out of the flore,  
 To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies,  
 Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore

His goodly image, living evermore  
 In the diuine resemblance of your face,  
 Which with your vertues ye embellish more,  
 And native beauty deek with hevenlie  
 graace

For his, and for your owne espeeial sake,  
 Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth  
 to take  
 E S

*To the most vertuous and beautiful Lady,  
 the Lady Carew*

Ne may I, without blot of endlesse blame,  
 You, fairest Lady, leave out of this place,  
 But with remembraunce of your graecious  
 name, [grace  
 Wherewith that courtly gairland most ye



And deck the world adorn these verses best,  
Not that these few lines can in them com-  
pose

Those glorious ornaments of heavenly grace,  
Wherewith ye triumph over feeble vice,  
And in subdued hairs do tyrannise

I in therewith doth need a golden quill,  
And silver leaves, them rightly to devise,  
But to make humble present of good will  
Which, whenas tuncly measures it fair base may,  
In ampler wise it selfe will forth display

T S

To all the gracions and beautifull Ladies in  
the Court

The Chian Painter, when he was requirde  
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,

To make his worke more absolute, desired  
Of all the fairest Maides to have the  
Much more me neede, to draw the semblant  
trew

On be smiles Queen, the worlds sole wonder-  
ment,

Such eyes my see with andres beauties view,  
And steale from each some part of ornament  
If all the world to seeke I overwent,

A faire erewill in where could I see  
Then this brave court doth to mine eyes  
present,

That the worlds pride seems gathered there  
On each a part I stole by cunning theft,  
Forgive it me, sure Dames with it as ye have  
not left

L S

THE FIRST BOOK  
OF  
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT, OF THE RED CROSSE, OF HOLINESSE

I

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did  
maske,  
As time her taught, in lowly Shepherds weeds,  
Am now enforst, a farre unhittier taske,  
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten  
reeds,  
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds,  
Whose praises having slept in silence long,  
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse exceeds  
To blazon broad amongst her learned throng  
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize  
my song

II

Helpe then, O holy virgin! chiefe of myne,  
Thy weaker Norrice to performe thy will,  
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne  
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,  
Of Faerie knights, and sayrest Tamaquill,  
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long  
Sought through the world, and suffered so  
much ill,  
That I must rue his undeserved wrong  
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my  
dull tong!

III

And thou, most dreaded mype of highest  
Jove,  
Faie Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart  
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,  
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,  
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,  
And with thy mother mylde come to mine  
ayde, [Mart,  
Come, both, and with you bring triumphant  
In loves and gentle jollities arraid, [allayd  
After his murderous spoyle and bloudie rage

IV

And with them eke O Goddesse heavenly  
Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine, [bright!  
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light  
Like Phoebus lampe throughout the world doth  
shine,  
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,  
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too  
vile,  
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,  
The argument of mine afflicted stile  
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread,  
a-while!

CANTO I

The Patrone of true Holnesse  
Foule Errorr doth defento  
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,  
Doth to his home entreate

I

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the  
plane,  
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,  
Wherein old dunts of deepe woundes did re-  
maine,  
The cruell markes of many a bloody field,

Yet armes till that time did he never wield  
His angry steede did chide his foming batt,  
As much disdainng to the curbe to yield  
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sit,  
As one for knightly gusts and fierce encounters  
fitt

II

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,  
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,  
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,  
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd [wore,  
Upon his shield the like was also scord,  
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had  
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,  
But of his cheere did seeme too solemn sad,  
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad

III

Upon a greit adventure he was bould  
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,  
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery land)  
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,  
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave  
And ever as he rode his hart did earne  
To prove his puiſſance in battell brave  
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,  
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and sterne

IV

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,  
Upon a lowly Asso more white then snow,  
Yet she much whiter, but the same did lude  
Under a veile, that wrimples was full low,  
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw  
As one that muly mournd, so was she sad.  
And heavie safe upon her palfrey slow,  
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,  
And by her, in a hue, a milkewhite lambe shee  
lad

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,  
She was in life and every vertuous lore,  
And by descent from Royall lynage came  
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of  
vore

Their scepters stretcht from East to Western  
shore,

And all the world in their subjection held,  
Till that infernall seed with foule uprore  
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld,  
Whom to avenge shee had this Knight from far  
compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfie did lag,  
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,  
Or weened with bearing of her big  
Of needments at his backe Thus as they past,  
The day with cloudes was suddene overcast,  
And angry Jove an ludeous storme of raine  
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,  
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,  
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves  
were faine

VII

Unforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand  
A shadie grove not far away they spyde,  
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand,  
Whose loslie trees, clad with sommers pride,  
Did spread so broad, that heavens light did hide,  
Not perceivable with power of any starr  
And all within were pathes and allies wide,  
With footing worne, and leading inward far  
Faure harbour that them seeme so in they  
entred ar

VIII

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward  
led,  
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,  
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,  
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky  
Much can they praise the trees so straight and  
br,  
The sayling Pine the Cedar proud and tall,  
The vine-propp Ebne, the Poplar never dry,  
The builder Oake, sole king of forests all,  
The Aspine good for staves, the Cypressse  
funerall,

IX

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours  
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still  
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours,  
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,  
The Birch for shuffles, the Sallow for the mill,  
The Myrre sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound,  
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,  
The frutfull Olive, and the Platane round,  
The carver Holme, the Maple seeddom inward  
sound

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne,  
When, weening to returne whence they did  
stray,  
They cannot finde that path which first was  
[showne,  
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,  
Furthest from end then, when they neereſt  
weene,  
[oigne  
That makes them doubt their wits be not their  
So many pathes, so many turnings seeme  
That which of them to take in diverse doubt  
they been

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare,  
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,  
That path they take that benten seemd most  
And like to lead the labyrinth about, [bare,  
Which when he tryet they hunted had through-  
out,  
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave  
Amid the thickest woods The Champion stont



But, when his later spring gins to wyle,  
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there  
breed

Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male  
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed,  
Such ugly monstrous shapes els her may no  
man ree

XXXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,  
That, welnigh choked with the devills stinke  
His forces faile, he can no longer fight  
Whose courage when the feend perceivd to  
shrinke

She poured forth out of her helth's sinke  
Her fruitful enreil spawn of serpents small  
Deformed monsters, foule and blacke as inke  
Which surround all about his legs did croll,  
And him encombrd sore, but could not hurt  
at all

XXXIII

As gentle shepherd in sweete eventide,  
When ruddy Phœbus gins to wlike in west,  
High on an hill, his flocks to view wide,  
Markes which doe bite their hasty supper  
best,

A cloud of cumbrons gattles doe him molest,  
All striving to insixe their feeble stoges,  
That from their noyance he no where can rest,  
But with his clownish hands their tender wings  
He briseth oft, and oft doth mar their mur-  
muring

XXXIV

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame  
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,  
Malfe furious was his foe he came,  
Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win  
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin,  
And stroke at her with more then manly force,  
That from her body, full of sithie sin,  
He cast her hatefull herde without remorse  
A stream of cole-black blood forth gushed  
from her corse

XXXV

Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent  
deare  
Then so rudely falling to the ground,  
Groning full deadl, all with troubles sore  
Gathred themselves about her body round,  
Weening their wonted entrance to have found  
At her wide mouth, but being there withstood,  
They flockt all about her bleeding wound,  
And suckt up their dying mothers blood,  
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt  
their good.

XXXVI

That detestable sight him much amaze,  
To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurst  
Devoure their dum, on whom while so he gazd,  
Having all satisfio their bloody thirst,  
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,  
And bowels gushing forth well worthy end  
Of such a drunke her life the which them nursed  
Now needeth him no longer labour spend,  
His foes have slaine themselves with whom he  
should contend

XXXVII

The Lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre,  
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie, [starre,  
And aside, 'faire knight, borne under happye  
Who see your vanquishd foes before you lie,  
Well worthie be you of that Armory,  
Wher in we have great glory wonne this day,  
And provd your strength on a strong enimie,  
Your first adventure many such I pray,  
And henceforth ever with that like succeed it  
may

XXXVIII

Then mounte he upon his Steede againe,  
And with the Lady backe and sought to end  
That path he kept which berten was most  
He ever would to any byway bend, [plaine,  
But still did follow our unto the end,  
Therewith at first out of the wood them brought  
So forward on his way (with God to friend)  
He pressed forth, and new adventure sought  
Long war he travell'd before he heard of  
ought

XXXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way  
An aged squire, in long blacke weedes y clad,  
His feete all bare he heard all hoarie gray,  
And by his belt his hooke he hanging had  
Sober he seemde, and verie sage he sad,  
And to the ground his eyes vert lowly bent,  
Simple in shew, and voide of malice had,  
And all the way he traveld as he went,  
And often knockt his brest, as one that did  
repent

XL

He saw the knight saluted, louting low,  
Who saw him quited, as that courteous was,  
And after asked him, if he did know  
Of strange adventures, which alround did pas  
'Ah! my dear sonne,' (quoth he) 'how should,  
old  
Silly old man that lives in hidden cell,  
Budding his beades all day for his trespass,  
Tidings of warre and worldly trouble tell  
With holy father sits not with such thinges to  
well

XXXX

'But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,  
And homebredd evil we desire to heare,  
Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,  
That wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare.'  
Of such (saide he) 'I chiefly doe inquire,  
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,  
In which that wicked wight his daies doth  
weare,  
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,  
That such a cursed creature liues so long a  
space.'

XXXXII

'Far hence' (quoth he) 'in wastfull wilder-  
ness  
His dwelling is, by which no living wight  
May ever passe, but thorough grent distresse.'  
'Now,' (saide the Ladie,) 'draueth toward  
night,  
And well I wote, that of your later fight  
Ye all foreraned be for what so stroug,  
But wanting rest, will also want of night.'  
The Sunne, that measures heauen all day long  
At night doth bate his steedes the Ocean  
waves among

XXXXIII

'Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely  
rest,  
And with new day new worke at once begin  
Untroubled night, they say giues counsell  
best.'  
'Right well, Sir knight, we haue aduised bin,'  
Quoth then that aged man 'the way to win  
Is wisely to aduise, now day is spent <sup>corrected</sup>  
Therefore with me we may take up your In <sup>day</sup>  
For this same night' The knight was well  
content, [went  
So with that godly father to his home they

XXXXIV

A litle lowly Hermitage it was,  
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,  
Far from resort of people that did pas  
In travell to and froe a litle wide <sup>of</sup>  
There was an holy chappell aduysde,  
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to stye  
His holy thinges each morne and euentide.  
Thereby a cristall streame did gently play,  
Which from a sacred fontaine welled forth  
alway.

XXXXV

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,  
Ne looke for entertainment where none was,  
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will  
The noblest mind the best contentment has

With faire discourse the evening so they pas,  
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,  
And well could file his tongue as smooth as  
glas  
He told of Samles and Popes, and evermore  
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before

XXXXVI

The drouping night thus creepeth on them  
fast, <sup>heavens dew</sup>  
And the sad humor loading their eyehuldes,  
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast  
Sweet slombring dew, the which to sleep  
them biddes  
Unto their lodgings then his giestes he riddes  
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he  
findes,  
He to his studie goes, and there amidde  
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,  
He seekes out nighty charmes to trouble sleepys  
minds

XXXXVII

'Then choosing out few words most horrible,  
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,  
With which and other spelles like terrible,  
He bad awake blake Plutoes griesly Dame,  
And cursed heven, and spake reprochful shame  
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light  
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name  
Grent Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead  
night, [flight.  
At which Coeytus quakes, and Styx is put to

XXXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd  
Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle flies  
Fluttering about his ever-damned hedde,  
Awake whereto their service he applies,  
To aide his frendes, or fray his enemies  
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,  
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes  
The one of them he gave a message too, [doo  
The other by him selfe staide, other worke to

XXXXIX

He, making speedy way through persed ayre,  
And through the world of waters wide and  
deepe,  
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire  
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,  
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed  
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe  
In silver dew his ever-drouping hed,  
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black  
doth spread

## XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,  
The one faire fram'd of lustrous Yvory,  
The other all with silver overcast,  
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,  
Watching to banish Care their enemy,  
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe  
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,  
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownded deepe  
In drowse sit he findes of nothing he takes  
keepe *hild*

## XLI

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling  
slowe,  
And ever-drieling raine upon the list, [sowne  
Mist with a murmuring woule, much like the  
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swoone  
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,  
As still are vout t'annoy the walled towne,  
Might thure be heard, but carelesse Quiet lyes  
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes

## XLII

The Messenger approaching to him spake,  
But his waste wordes returned to him in vaine  
So sound he slept, that nought might lyme  
awake.  
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with  
Whereat he gan to stretch, but he againe  
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake  
As one then in a dreame whose sleepers braine  
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,  
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence  
breake

## XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,  
And threatn'd unto him the dreadd name  
Of Heate whereat he gan to quake,  
And lifting up his lompish head, with blame  
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came  
'Heiler' (quoth he) 'me Archimago sent,  
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame  
He bids thee to him send for his intent [sent  
A fit false dreame that can delude the sleeper

## XLIV

The Godolobayde, and calling forth straight  
way  
A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,  
Delivered it to him, and slowe did lay  
His heave head, devoude of careful carke,  
Whose senses all were straight benumbd and  
starke *slay*  
He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,  
Remounted up as light as cheerefull Larke,

And on his litle winges the dreame he bore  
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore  
*before*

## XLV

Who all this while, with charmes and ludden  
Had made a Lady of that other Spright, [artes,  
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,  
So lively and so like in all mens sight,  
That a waker sence it could have crav'd it might  
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous wit  
Was now beguiled with so goodly sight  
Her all in white he clad and over it  
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for lute  
lit

## XLVI

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him  
Lato that Elsie laught he had him fly, [thought,  
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,  
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy.  
In sort as he him schooled privily  
And that new creature, borne without her dew,  
Full of the makers guile, with urge sh  
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,  
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned  
hen

## XLVII

Thus, well instructed, to their worke they  
haste,  
And, coming where the knight in slumber lay,  
The one upon his harthe heid him plaste  
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,  
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,  
Bathed in wanton bliss and wicked joy  
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,  
And to him playnly, how that false winged boy  
Her chaste hart had sublewd to learne Dame  
Pleasures to

## XLVIII

And she her selfe, of better soveraigne  
Queene,  
Faire Venus, seemed unto his bed to bring  
Her, whom he waking, evermore did weenie  
To bee the chastest flowre that eve did spring  
On earthly brannell, the daughter of a king,  
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound  
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing  
Hymen to Hymen, dancing all around,  
Whilst freshest Lillies her with Yvie girdled  
crown'd

## XLIX

In this great passion of unwanted lust,  
Or wanted ferre of doing ought amiss  
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust  
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his,

Lo there before his face his Ladie is,  
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke,  
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,  
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,  
Most like that virgin true which for her  
knight him took.

L

All cleave dismayd to see so uncount sight,  
And half enraged at her shamelesse guise,  
He thought have slaine her in his fierce des-  
pight,  
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,  
He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise  
To prove his sense, and tempt her fained truth  
Wringing her hands in womens pitteous wise,  
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth  
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender  
youth.

LI

And sayd, 'Ah Sir, my hege Lord, and my  
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate, [love,  
And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,  
Or the blind God that doth me thus amate,  
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?  
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die  
Die is my dew, yet rev my wretched state,  
You, whom my hard avenging destinie  
Hath made judge of my life or death indif-  
ferently

LII

'Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave  
My fathers kingdom.'—There she stopt with  
teares,  
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to borage,  
And then againe begonne, 'My weaker cares,  
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,  
Fly to your sayth for succour and sure ayde  
Let me not die in languor and long teares.'  
'Why, Dame,' (quoth he,) 'what hath ye thus  
dismayd?  
What frays ye, that were wont to comfort me,  
afraid?'

LIII

'Love of your selfe,' she saide, 'and deare con-  
straint,  
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night  
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,  
Whiles yon in carelesse sleepe are drowned  
'night.'  
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted  
knight  
Suspect her truth yet since no' untruth he  
knew,  
Her fawning love with foule disdamefull spight  
He would not shend, but said, 'Deare dame,  
I rew, [you grew  
That for my sake unknowne such grieve unto

LIV

'Assume your selfe, it fell not all to ground,  
For all so deare as life is to my hart,  
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound  
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse  
smart,  
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart'  
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease  
Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,  
And fed with words that could not chose but  
please [ease  
So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,  
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so  
light,  
For whose defence he was to shed his blood  
At last, dull wearines of former fight  
Having y rockt asleepe his irkesome spright,  
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his  
braine  
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare de-  
light  
But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,  
With that misformed spright he backereturnd  
again

## CANTO II

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts  
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth  
Into whose stead faire falshood steps,  
And workes him woefull ruth

I

By thus the Northerne wagoner had set  
His sevenfold teme behind the steadfast starre  
That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,  
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre,

To all that in the wide deepe wandring erre,  
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his notes shrill  
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre  
In hast was climbing up the Easterne hull, [fill  
Full envious that night so long his roome did



II

When those accur-ed me-sengers of hell,  
That feigning dreame, and that fure-forged  
Spright,

Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel  
Their bootlesse paines, and ill succeeding  
night

Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might  
Deluded so, gan threaten hellich paine,  
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright  
But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,  
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes  
agaunce

III

Etsoones he tooke that miscreanted faire,  
And that false other Spright, on whom he spread  
A seeming body of the subtile aere.  
Like a young squire, in lous and lusy-hed  
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,  
Without regard of armes and drended fight  
Those two he tooke, and in a secrete bed  
Cove ed with darkenes and misdeeming night,  
Them both together laid to joy in vaine delight

IV

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull  
Unto his guest, who, after troublous nights [last  
And dreames, gan now to take more sound  
repast,

Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,  
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,  
And to him calls, 'Rise, rise! unhappy swaine,  
That here we old in sleepe, whiles wicked  
nights [chaine  
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful  
Come, see where your false Lady doth her  
honor staine'

V

All in amaze he suddenly up start  
With sword in hand, and with the old man went,  
Who soone him brought into a secret part,  
Where that false couple were full closely ment  
In wanton lust and leud embracement  
Which when he saw, he burnt with jealous fire  
The eie of reison was with rage yblent,  
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,  
But hardly was restrained of that aged sire

VI

Retourning to his bed in torment grent,  
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,  
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,  
And wast his inward gnil with deepe despyght,  
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingering night  
At last fare Hesperus in highest skie  
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth  
dawning light,

Then up he rose, and clad him hastily  
The dwafe him brought his steed, so both  
away do fly

VII

Now when the rosy singred Morning faire,  
Wearv of aged Tythons saffron bed,  
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aere  
And the high hill Titan discovered, ~~2412~~  
The royall virgin shooke off drouny-hed,  
And, rising forth out of her bier bowre,  
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,  
And for her dwafe, that went to wait each  
howre [woeful stowre

Then gan she wail and wepe to see that

VIII

And after him she rode, with so much speede  
As herslowe best could make but all in vaine,  
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,  
Pricked with wrath and fier fieres diadane  
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine  
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest,  
But every hill and dale, ereh wood and plaine,  
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,  
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best

IX

But subtil Archmage, when his guests  
He saw divided into double parts,  
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,  
The end of his drift, he proued his dr elch art,  
That had such might over true meaning hart,  
Yet rests not so, but other means doth make,  
How he may worke unto her further smart,  
For her he hated as the hissing snake, [take  
And in her many troubles did mo t pleasure

X

He then deuide him-self how to disguise  
For by his mighty science he could make  
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,  
As ever Proteus to him self could make  
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,  
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell  
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,  
And oft would the away O! who can tell  
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of  
Magick spel

XI

But now ~~scende~~ <sup>scende</sup> he the person to put on  
Of that good knight his late beguiled guest  
In mighty armes he was well anon  
And silver shield, upon his toward brest  
A bloody crosse, and on his crent crest  
A bounch of heares discoloured diuersly  
Full jolly knight he secnde, and wel address

And when he sate upon his courser free,  
Saint George himselfe y<sup>e</sup> would haue deemed  
him to be

*XII semblance, full*  
But he, the knight whose semblant he did  
beare,

The true Saint George, was wandred far away  
Still flying from his thoughts and gealons feare  
Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.  
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way  
A faithlesse Sarazin, all armed to point, *Sarazin*  
In whose great shield was writ with letters gry  
Sans foy, full large of limbe and every joint  
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

*XIII*  
Hee had a sure companion of his way,  
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,  
Purled with gold and perle of rich assay  
And like a Persian mitre on her head *quality*  
Shce wore, with crowns and on ches garnished,  
The which her lavish lovers to her gave  
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred  
With tinsell trappings, no en like a ware,  
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses  
*brave fine*

*XIV*  
With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,  
She intertaine her lover all the way.  
But, when she saw the knight his speare ad-  
vaunce,  
She soon left off her mirth and wanton play,  
And bad her knight adresse him to the fray,  
His foe was nigh at hand He, pricke with  
pride  
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,  
Forth spurred fast aduyn his coursers sle  
The red bloud treckling stand the way, as he  
did ride

*XV*  
The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he  
Spurring so nigh with fast disport, *spide*  
Gau fairely *Carthage* his speare, and towards ride  
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,  
That, daunted with theyr forces ldeous,  
Their steels doe stagger, and amized stand  
And eke themselfe, too rudely rigorous, *riders*  
Astomed with the stroke of their owne hand,  
Doe backe rebutte, and eeh to other yealith  
land

*XVI*  
As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,  
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flooke,  
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side  
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shocke,

Astomed, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,  
Forgefull of the hanging victori. *in the hand*  
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,  
Both staring fierce, and holding idely  
The broken reliques of their former cruelty

*XVII*  
The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe, *bel*  
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies,  
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff  
Each others equall pussaunce enues,  
And through their iron sides with cruell spies  
Does seeke to peree, repuning courage yields  
No foote to foe the flashing fier flies,  
As from a forge, out of their burning shields,  
And streams of purple bloud new die the ver-  
dant fields

*XVIII*  
'Curse on that Cross,' (quoth then the Sarazin),  
'That keeps thy body from the bitter itt'  
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin, *for*  
Had not that charme from thee forgiu'd itt  
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt, *set*  
And hide thy head' Therewith upon his crest  
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,  
That a large share it hew'd out of the rest,  
And glaunering downe his shield from blame  
him fairly blest.

*XIX*  
Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping  
Of night vertue gau estoones reuio, [spark  
And at his haughty helmet making mark,  
So hugely stroke, that it the Steele did rive,  
And cleft his head He, tumbling downe aliue,  
With blondy mouth his mother earth did kis,  
Greeting his grave his grudging ghost did  
strive  
With the fragile flesh, at last it fitted is,  
Whither the soules doe fly of men that liue  
in us

*XX*  
The Lady, when she saw her champion fall  
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,  
Staid not to wile his woefull funerall,  
But from him fled away with all her powre,  
Who after her as hastily gan scowre, *new fa*  
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away  
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conquerour  
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay, [may  
For present cause was none of dreail hei to dis-

*XXI sorrowful, se*  
Shce turning backe, with ruefull counte-  
naunce,  
Cride, 'Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show  
On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,  
And to your mighty wil' Her humblesse low,  
a 2 *humility*

In so rich weedes, and seeming glorious show,  
Did much enuove his stout heroicke heart,  
And said, 'Deare dame, your sudden overthrow  
Much rueth me, but now put fenne apart,  
And tel both who ye be, and who that took  
your part'

XXXII

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament  
'The wretched woman, whom unhappy houre  
Hath now made thrall to your comin misement  
Before that angry heauen let to lowre,  
And fortune false betraide me to this poore,  
Was (O! what now availeth that I was)  
Borne the sole daughter of an Imperour,  
He that the wide West under his rike had,  
And high hath set his throne where Tibris  
doth pas

XXXIII

'He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,  
Betrothed me unto the onely heire  
Of a most mightie king, most rich and sage  
Was never Prince so faithfull and so true,  
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire,  
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,  
My dearest Lord fell from high honors staire  
Into the hands of his accursed fone,  
And cruelly was slaine, that shall I ever moune

XXXIV

'His blessed body, spoile of lively breath,  
Was afterword, I know not how, conuaid,  
And from me hid of whose most innocent death  
When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,  
O, how great sorrow my sad soule asaid!  
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,  
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,  
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind  
With love long time did languish, as the stricken  
hind

XXXV

'At last it chanced this proud Siraizin  
To meeke me wandring, who perforce me led  
With him away, but yet could never win  
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread  
There lies he now with soule dishonor dead,  
Who, whiles he lyde, was called proud Sans  
joy,  
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred  
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy  
And twixt them both was borne the bloudy bold  
Sans lov

XXXVI

'In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,  
Now miserable I fidesse dwell,  
Craving of you, in pity of my state,  
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well'

He in great passion at this while did dwell,  
More brynging his quicke eyes her face to view  
Then his dull eares to heare what shee did tell,  
And said, 'faire lady, hart of that would rew  
The undeserued woes and sorrowes, which ye  
shew

XXXVII

'Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,  
Having both found a new friend you to red,  
And lost an old foe that did you molest,  
Better new friend then an old foe is called  
With change of cleir the seeming simple  
murd  
I will for euen, shamefast to the earth,  
And weeding soft, in that she nought grunsaid,  
So forth they roide, he fanning sweetly mirth,  
And shee coy looks so drunty, that they  
maketh death

XXXVIII

Long time they thus together travailed  
Till, weary of their way, they came at last  
Where grew two goodly trees, that fure did  
spread  
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,  
And their greene leaves, trampling with errant  
blast,  
Made a caline shadowe far in compasse round  
The fearfull shepheard, often there aghast,  
Under them never sat, he went there round  
His merry oaten pipe, but shund th' untrack  
round

XXXIX

But this good knight, soone as he them can  
spie,  
For the coole shade him thither hastily got  
For golden Phoenix, now wounded him,  
From hery wheelles of his late chariot  
Blurred his beame so scorching cruell hot,  
That living creature mote it not abide,  
And his new Lady it endured not  
There they alight, in hope themselves to hule  
From the herce heat, and rest their weary limbs  
a tide while

haleasid by a river  
Iaire sweetly pleasance each to other  
make,  
With goodly purposes, there as they sit,  
And in his trised fancy he her takes dective  
To be the surest wight that he had vit  
Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit  
And thinking of the branches greene to  
A garland for her daintie forehead fit, [frame  
He pluckt a bough, out of whose rifts there  
came  
Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled down

XXVI

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,  
Crying, 'O! spare with guilty hands to teare  
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard,  
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare  
Least to you hap that happened to me heare,  
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love,  
O, too deare love, love bought with death too  
deare!  
Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove,  
And with that sudden horror could no member  
move.

XXVII

At last when is the dreadfull passion  
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,  
Yet musing at the strange occasion,  
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake  
'What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,  
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,  
Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,  
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,  
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse  
blood to spare?'

XXVIII

Then, groning deep, 'Nor damned Ghost,  
(quoth he.) [speake,  
'Nor guilefull sprite to thee these words doth  
But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree, [weake  
Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature  
A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,  
Hath thus transformd and plast in open plaines,  
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,  
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret aines,  
For though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat  
me paines.'

XXIX

'Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,  
Quoth then the Knight, 'by whose mischeivous  
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see? [arts  
He oft finds medicine who his griefe imparts,  
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,  
As raging flames who strive to suppress  
'The author then, (said he) 'of all my smartes,  
Is one Duesza, a false sorceresse,  
That many crant knights hath brought to  
wretchednesse  
quest of adventure.

XXX

'In prime of yonthly yeares, when eourage  
The fire of love, and joy of chevalree [hott  
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott  
To love this gentle Lady, whome ye see  
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree,  
With whome, as once I rode accompanye,  
Me chaunced of a knight encountred be,  
That had a like faire Lady by his side,  
Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle Duesza hyde

XXXI

'Whose forged beauty he did take in hand  
All other Dames to have exceeded farre  
I in defence of mine did likewise stand, [stare  
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning  
So both to batteill fierce arraunged are,  
In which his harder fortune was to fall  
Under my speare such is the dye of warre  
His Lady, left as a prise martiall,  
Did yield her comely person to be at my call

XXXII

'So doubly lov'd of ladies, unlike faire,  
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,  
One day in doubt I cast for to compare  
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede  
A Rosy girlond was the victors meede  
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to,  
So hard the discord was to be agreeed  
Each was as faire as faire mote bee,  
And ever false Duesza seemde as faire as shee

XXXIII

'The wicked witch, now seeing all this while  
The doubtfull ballunee equally to sway,  
What not by right she cast to win by guile,  
And by her hellish science roud streight way  
A foggy mist that overcast the day  
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face  
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,  
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace  
Then was she fayre alone, when none was  
faire in place in the place, comp

XXXIV

'Then cride she out, "Fye, fye" deformed  
wight,  
'Whose borrowed beantie now appeareth plaine  
'To have before bewitched all mens sight  
'O! leave her soone, or let her soone beaine"  
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,  
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,  
And would have kild her, but with faigned  
paine  
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-  
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen  
mould, forme

XXI

'Thensforth I tooke Duesza for my Dame,  
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,  
Ne ever wist but that she was the same, [erro  
Till on a day (that day is evens Prime, [low  
When Witches wont do penance for their  
Lechaunst to see her in her proper hew, [crime,  
Bathing her selfe in organe and thyme  
A filthy foule old woman I did rev,  
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly [rew

## XII

Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,  
Were hidd in water, that I could not see,  
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,  
Then womans shape man would beleefe to bee.  
Thensforth from her most beastly companie  
I gan refraine, in minde to shpp away,  
Soone as apper'd safe opportunitie  
For danger grent, if not assur'd decay, [stray  
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to

## XIII

'The diuclish hng by chaunges of my cheare  
Perceiv'd my thought, and, drown'd in sleepe  
night,  
With wicked herbes and oymtments did be-  
My body all, through charmes and magicke  
might,  
That all my senses were bereaved quight  
Then brought she me into this desert waste,  
And by my wretched lovers side me pight,  
Where now, enclosed in wooden wals full faste,  
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies  
we waste'

## XIII

'But how long time,' said then the Elfin  
lught,  
'Are you in this misformed hons to dwell?'  
'We may not chaunge,' (quoth he,) 'this evill  
Till we be bathed in a living well [plight,

## CANTO III

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,  
And makes the Lyon mylde,  
Varres blind Devotions mart, and fals  
In hand of lecherous vylde

## I

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollow  
nesse,  
That moves more deare compassion of mind,  
Then beautes brought t' unwortline wretched-  
nesse [unkind  
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes  
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,  
Or through alleageance, and fast fealtie,  
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,  
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,  
When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy

And now it is impassioned so deepe,  
For fairest Unas sake, of whom I sing,  
That my fryle eles these lues with teares do  
sterpe,  
To thinke how she through guylesful handeling,

That is the terme prescribed by the spell'  
'O' how,' sayd he, 'mote I that well out find  
That may restore you to your wonted well?'  
'Time and sunned lites to former kynd,  
Shall us restore, none else from hence may  
us unbynd'

## XIV

The filse Dnessa, now I idessa hight,  
Heard how in vaine Fradno did lament,  
And knew well all was true But the good  
Full of sad feare and ghastly dremment, [knight,  
When all this speech the living tree had spent,  
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,  
That from the blood he might be innocent,  
And with fresh clay did close the wooden  
wound [lier fownd  
Then, turning to his Lady, dead with feare

## XV

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned  
feare,  
As all unwreeting of that well she knew, <sup>not why</sup>  
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare  
Her out of careless swowne Her eyelids blew,  
[And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,  
At last she up gan list with trembling cheare  
Her up he tooke (too simple and too trew)  
And oft her kist At length, all passed feare,  
He set her on her steede, and forward forth  
did beare

## V

Though true as touch, though daughter of a  
king,  
Though faire as ever living night was sayre,  
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,  
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,  
And her dew loves dery'd to that vile witches  
shavre

## III

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while  
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie may d,  
Far from all peoples prence, as in exile,  
In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,  
To seeke her knight, who subtilly betrayd  
Through that late vision which th Enchaunter  
wrought,  
Had her abandon'd She, of nought affrayd,  
Through woods and wastnes wide him dailie  
sought, [brought  
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her

VI

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,  
From her unhastie beast she did alight,  
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay  
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight  
From her fryre head her fillet she undight,  
And layd her stole aside Her angels face,  
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place,  
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly  
grace

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood  
A ramping Lyon rushed suddenly,  
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.  
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,  
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
To have attonce deuourd her tender ease,  
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,  
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse, [forse  
And, with the sight amazzd, forgat his furies

VI

In stead thereof he kist her weenie feet,  
And liht her lilly hands with fawning tong,  
As he her wronged innocence did weet  
O, how can beautie maister the most strong,  
And simple truth subdue auenging wrong!  
Whose yielded pride and prond submission,  
Still dreading death, when she had marked  
Her hart gan melt in great compassion, [long,  
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

VII

'The Lyon, Lord of everie beast in field,'  
Qnoth she, 'his princely püssance doth abate,  
And mightie prond to humble weake does  
yeld,  
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late  
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate  
But he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord,  
How does he find in cruell hart to hate  
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord  
As the God of my life? why hath he me ab-  
hord?'

VIII

Redonding teares did choke th' end of her  
plant,  
Which softly eechoed from the neighbour wood,  
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,  
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood  
With pittie calmd downe fell his angry mood  
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,  
Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,  
And to her snowy Palsrey got agayne,  
To seeke her strayed Champion if she might  
attayne

IX

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,  
But with her went along, as a strong gard  
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate  
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard  
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and  
ward,  
And, when she wak't he waiyed diligent,  
With humble service to her will prepar'd  
From her sayre eyes he tooke commandement,  
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent

X

Long she thus traveled through deserts wyde,  
By which she thought her wandring knight  
shold pas, *appearance, seen*  
Yet never shew of living wight espyde,  
Till that at length she found the troden gras,  
In which the tract of peoples footing was,  
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine bore.  
The same she followes, till at last she has  
A damzel spyde, slow footing her before,  
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

XI

To whom approching she to her gan call,  
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand,  
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all  
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand,  
Till, seeing by her side the Lyon stand,  
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she  
And fled away for never in that land [threw,  
Face of sayre Lady she before did see, [hen  
And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly

XII

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,  
As if her life upon the wager lay, *was at*  
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd  
Sate in eternall night nought could she say,  
But, suddaine catching hold, did her dismay  
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare  
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affay, *fe*  
Gan shut the dore By this arrived there  
Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance did  
requere *seek, entrance*

XIII

Which when none yielded, her unruly Page  
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,  
And let her in, where, of his cruell rage  
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astomishment,  
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent,  
Where that old woman day and night did pray  
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent  
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,  
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to  
say



That was the flowre of faith and chastity  
And still, amidst her rayning, she did pray  
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,  
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,  
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray

## XXIV

But, when she saw her prayers nought pre-  
vaile,  
Shee backe returned with some labour lost.  
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile  
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,  
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boast,  
But subtil Archimag, that Una sought  
By traynes into new tronbles to have toste  
Of that old woman tidings he besought,  
If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought

## XXV

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,  
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her  
heare,  
Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,  
That caused her shed so many a bitter teare,  
And so forth told the story of her feare  
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,  
And after that Lady did inquire,  
Which being taught, he forward gan aduance  
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed  
launce.

## XXVI

Ere long he came where Una travell'd slow,  
And that wilde champion wayting her beside,  
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not  
show  
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde  
Unto an hyl, from whence when she him spyde,  
By his like seeming shield her knight by name  
She weend it was, and towards him gan ride  
Approaching nigh she wist it was the same  
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards  
him shee came

## XXVII

And weeping said, 'Ah, my long lacked Lord,  
Where have ye bene thus long out of my  
sight?  
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord.  
Or ought have done, that ye displeas'd might,  
That should as death unto my heart  
light  
For since mine eye your joyous sight did mys,  
My chearefull day is turn'd to chearelesse night,  
And eke my night of death the shadow is,  
But welcome now, my light, and shining  
lampe of blis'

## XXVIII

He thereto meeting said, 'My dearest Dame,  
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,  
To thinke that knighthood I so much should  
shame,  
As you to leave that have me loved still,  
And chose in Faery court, of meere good will,  
Where noblest knights were to be found on  
earth  
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill  
To bring forth frunt, and make eternal dertth,  
Then I leave you, my life, born of hevenly  
berth

## XXIX

'And sooth to say, why I left you so long,  
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place,  
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong  
To many knights did daily worke disgrace,  
But knight he now shall never more deface  
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please  
Well to accept, and evermore embrace  
My faithfull service, that by land and seas  
Have yowd you to defend Now then, your  
plaint appease'

## XXX

So many words her seemd due recompence  
Of all her passed paines one loving howre  
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence,  
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre  
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre  
For him she late endurd, she speaks no more  
Of past trueys, that true love hath no powre  
To looken backe, his eyes be fixt before  
Before her stands her knight, for whom she  
toyl'd so sore

## XXXI

Much like, as when the beaten mariner,  
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,  
Ofte sogst in swelling Teithys saltish terre,  
And long time having tand his tawney hide  
With blustering breath of Heaven, that none  
can bide,  
And seorching flames of fierce Orons hound,  
Soone as the port from far he has espide,  
His chearfull whistle merly doth sound,  
And Nereus crownes with cnps, his mates him  
pledg'd around

## XXXII

Such joy made Una, when her knight she  
found,  
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemd no lesse  
Then the glad marchant, that does iev from  
ground  
His ship far come from watne wilderness,



He hurles out rowes, and Neptune oft doth  
blesse  
So forth they past, and all the way they spent  
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,  
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment,  
Who told her all that full in journey as she  
went.

XXVIII

They had not ridden far, when they might see  
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,  
Full strongly armed, and on a courser free  
That through his fier-nesse fomed all with  
sweat,

And the sharpe y row did for anger eat, *heate*  
When his hot rader spurd his chauffed side  
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat  
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,  
And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines was  
dyde

XXIX

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,  
And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did  
beare,

He burnt in fire, and gan est-foones prepare  
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare  
Loth was that other, and did smant through  
fear,

To taste th' untried dint of deadly steele  
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,  
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele,  
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with  
yron heele

XXXI

But that proud Paynim forward came so free  
And full of wrath, that, with his sharpe head  
speare,

Through vainly crossed shield he quite did  
And, had his staggering steed not shronke for  
fear,

Through shield and body eke he should him  
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,  
That from his saddle quite he did him beare  
He, tumbling rudely downe, to ground did rush  
And from his gored wound a well of blond did  
gush

XXXII

Dismounting lightly from his losie steed,  
He to him leapt, in minde to reave his life,  
And proudly said, 'Lo! there the worthe meed  
Of him that slew Sansloy with bloody knife  
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining  
strife,

In peace may passen over Lethe lake, *life*  
When mourning altars, purged with enimes  
The black infernall Furies doen aslake  
Life from Sansloy thou tookst, Sansloy shall  
from thee take'

XXXIII

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,  
Till Una crile, 'O' hold that heavie hand,  
Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place,  
I'ough is, that thy foe doth languish stand  
Now at thy merce: Merce not withstand  
For he is one the truest knight alive,  
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land,  
And whilst him fortune favourd, sayre did  
thrive  
In bloody field, therefore, of life him not de-

XXXIV

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage,  
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would  
Have slayne him straight, but when he saw  
his age,

And home head of Archimago old,  
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,  
And halfe ashamed wondred at the sight  
For the old man well knew he, though untold,  
In charmes and magick, to have wondrous  
might,

Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight

XXXV

And said, 'Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,  
What doe I see? what hand mishap is this,  
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine ire?  
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,  
In stead of foe to wound my friend amys?'  
He answered nought, but in a trunche still lay,  
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his  
The cloude of death did sit Which doen away,  
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay

XI

But to the virgin comes, who all this while  
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see  
By him who has the guerdon of his guile,  
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee  
Yet is she now in more perplexitie  
Left in the hand of that same Paynim hold,  
From whom her booteth not at all to flee  
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,  
Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to  
behold

XII

But her fiers servant, full of knightly aw  
And high disdain, whenas his soveraine Dame  
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,  
With gaping jawes full greed at him came,  
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same  
Have rest wai with his sharp rending claws  
But he was stout, and lust did non affraye  
His corage more, that from his gripping jawes  
He hath his shield receivd, and forth his  
sward he drawes

## XII

O' then, too weake and feeble was the forse  
Of salvage beast his puissance to withstand;  
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,  
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,  
And feates of armes did wisely understand  
Lest soones he perced through his chaufed chest  
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,  
And launcht his Lordly hart with death opprest  
He ro'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stub-  
borne brest.

## XIII

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid  
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?  
Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismayd,  
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill.

He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,  
With soule reproches and disdainful sight  
Her vildly entertaines, and, will or nill,  
Beares her away upon his courser light  
Her pryers nought prevaile, his rage is more  
of night

## XIV

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,  
And piteous plantes, she filleth his dull cares,  
That stony hart could niven have in twaine,  
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares,  
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares  
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,  
But followes her far off, ne ought he feares  
To be partaker of her wandring woe, [foe.  
More mild in beastly kind then that her beastly

## CANTO IV

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa  
Gnydes the faithfull knight,  
Where, brothers death to wrenth, Sansjoy  
Doth chaleng him to fight

Young knight whatever, that dost armes pro-  
fesse,  
And through long labours hunttest after fame,  
Beware of fraud, beware of sicklenesse, [Dame,  
In choise, and change of thy deare-loved  
Least thou of her becheve too lightly blame,  
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove  
For unto knight there is no greater shame  
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love  
That doth thus Redcrosse knights ensample  
plainly prove

## II

Who, after that he had faur'd Una lorne,  
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,  
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,  
Called Fidess, and so supposed to be,  
Long with her traveld, till at last they see  
A goodly building bravely garnished,  
The house of mightie Prince it seemd to be,  
And towards it a broad high way that led,  
All bare through peoples feet which thither  
traveled

## III

Great troupes of people traveld thetherward  
Both day and night, of each degree and place,  
But few returned, having scaped hard,  
With balefull beggary, or foule disgrace,

Which ever after in most wretched case,  
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay  
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,  
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,  
And also nigh consumed is the luring day

## IV

A stately Pallace built of squared brieke,  
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,  
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong  
nor thick,  
And golden foile all over them displaid,  
That purest skye with brightnesse they dis-  
mayd

High lifted up were many loshe towres,  
And goodly galleries far over laid,  
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres  
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres

It was a goodly heape for to behold,  
And spake the praises of the workmans witt,  
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould  
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt  
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt  
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,  
That every breath of heaven shaked itt  
And all the hinder parties, that few could spie,  
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly

VI *S. Gaug. l. 10*

Arrived there, they passed in forth right,  
 For still to all the gates stood open wide  
 Yet charge of them was to a Porter light,  
 Cold Malengin who entrance none denied  
 Thence to the hall, which was on every side  
 With rich array and costly arras dight  
 Infinite sortes of people did abide  
 There waiting long to win the wished sight  
 Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright

*the Alliances of Queens* VII *King. l. 10*

Be them they passe, all gazing on them round  
 And to the Presence mount, whose glorious view  
 Their fraile amazed senses did confound  
 In living Princes court none ever knew  
 Such enlivening riches, and so sumptuous show  
 Ne Per-se selfe, the nurse of pompous pride  
 Like ever saw And there a noble crew  
 Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side  
 Which with their presence farre the place much  
 beautified

## VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spread,  
 And a rich throne as bright as sunny day,  
 On which there sat most brave embellished  
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,  
 A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,  
 In glistering gold and pearly precious stone  
 Yet her bright blazing beautie did rayne  
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne  
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone

## IX

Exceeding shone like Phœbus farrest child  
 That did presume his fathers fyre to win  
 And flaming mouthes of steeds, unwanted  
 wilde  
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to  
 Proud of such glory and advancement sayne,  
 While flaming beames do daze his feeble eye,  
 He leaves the welkin way most beaten wayne  
 And, zapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the  
 shyn  
 With fire not made to burne, but sayrels for to

## X

So proud she shyned in her princely state,  
 Looking to heaven for earth she did disdain,  
 And sitting high, for lowly she did hate  
 Lo! underneath her scorn full feete was layne  
 A dreadful Dragon with an hideous traine,  
 And in her hand she held a mirrour bright,  
 Wherein her face she often viewed fyne,  
 And in her selfe-love's semblance took delight,  
 For she was wondrous faire, as any living might

## XI

Of grieved Pluto she the dam lier was,  
 And sad Proserpina, the Queene of Hell  
 Yet did she thinke her peerlesse worth to pass  
 That parentage with pride so did she swell  
 And thundring Iove, that high in heaven doth  
 lay dwell  
 And wield the world, she desired for her  
 Or if that any else did doe excell;  
 For to the highest she did still aspire,  
 Or if ought higher were than that, did it desire.

## XII

And proud Lucifer men did her call,  
 That made himselfe a Queene, as Iernem called,  
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,  
 No heritage of prince or countie  
 But did uspe with her owne and in ranne  
 Upon the scepter which she now did hold  
 She ruled her Realme with lawes but pallid  
 And of her advancement of her wearis old  
 That, with their counsaile bad, her kingdome  
 did uphold

## XIII

Soone as the Ithin knight in presence came  
 And sawe Dues a seeming lady faire,  
 A gentle Husher Vanne by name  
 Made roome, and pa. for them did pre-  
 so gently brought them to the lowest staire  
 Of her high throne where they, a humble knee  
 Making obayvance did the cause declare,  
 Why they were come her royall wate to see,  
 To prove the wile report of her next Majestee

*the Alliances of Queens* XIV

With lustre eyes, half both to hold so love,  
 She thauked them in her delectable way,  
 No other grace vouchsafed them to shewe  
 Of Princesse worthy, as they had arise  
 Her Looks and Laies all this while device  
 Themselves to setten forth to strangers sight  
 Some frowne their curd large in counte  
 Some smile, some frowne, some frowne, some smile  
 Their way anye, each others wateer pride  
 does spilit

## XV

Goodly they all that knight doo caterpaine,  
 Right glad with him to have increase their crew,  
 But to Dues each one himselfe did payne  
 All kinnesse and fare counsaile to shewe  
 For in that court whilome her will they knew  
 Yet the stout Iacobs amongst the midst crowd  
 Thought all their glorie came in knightly view,  
 And that great Princesse too exceeding proud  
 That to strange knight no better countenance  
 allowed

XXI

Sudden upriseth from her slately place  
The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call  
All hürren forth; and she, with princely pace,  
As faire Aurora in her purple pall  
Out of the Last the dawning day doth call  
So forth she comes, her brightnes brode doth

*exhibita*  
The haptes of people, thronging in the hall,  
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze [amaze  
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes

XXII

So forth she comes, and to her coche does  
Adorned all with gold and grilonds gay, [cly me,  
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,  
And strove to match, in roiall rich array, [say,  
Great Junoes golden chaire, the which, they  
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride  
To Joves high hous through heavens bris-  
payed way,  
Drawne of fayre Peecoeks that excell in pride,  
And full of Argues eyes their tayles dispredden  
wide *withdrew*

XXIII

But this was draine of six unequall beasts  
On which her six sage Counsellours did ride,  
Taught to obey their bestiall behests,  
With like conditions to their lundes apply de  
Of which the first, that all the rest did gürde,  
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin,  
Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,  
Arayd in habit blacke, and amys thin, *amie*  
Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin  
*about*

XXIV

And in his hand his Pottesse still he bare,  
That much was worne, but therein little redd,  
For of devotion he had little care, [dedd  
Still thrownd in sleepe, and most of his daies  
Scarse could he once uphold his heave hedd  
To looken whether it were night or day  
May seeme the wayne was very evill ledd. *all*  
When such an one had guiding of the way,  
That knew not whether right he went, or else  
astray

XXV

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,  
And greatly shunned manly exercise  
From everie worke he challenged *esloyne*  
For contemplation sake yet other wise *exempt*  
His life he led in lawlesse riotise  
By which he grew to grievous malady,  
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill gnise,  
A shaking fever raignd continually  
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company

XXI

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,  
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne  
His belly was upblowne with luxury,  
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his evne,  
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne  
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,  
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne  
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,  
He spued up his gorge, that all did him detest

*what he saw*  
*lib. the other*

XXII

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,  
For other clothes he could not weare for heate,  
And on his head an vire girland had [sweat  
From under which fast trickled downe the  
Still as he rode he some what still did eat, *some*  
And in his hand did beare a bonnyng can, *and*  
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat  
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can  
In shape and life more like a monster than a  
man *man of living*

XXIII

Untill he was for any worldly thing,  
And eke unlabie once to stirre or go,  
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,  
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,  
That from his frenl he seeldome knew his so  
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,  
And a dry droppe through his flesh did flow,  
Which by misdiet daily greater grew  
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew

XXIV

And next to him rode lustfull Leechery  
Upon a bearded Gote, whose rugged heare,  
And wholly eyes (the signe of glosy),  
Was like the per-on selfe whom he did beare  
Who rough, and blacke, and filthie, did appeare,  
Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye,  
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,  
When fairer faces were bid standen by  
(O' who does know the bent of womens fantasy?)

XXV

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,  
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse  
And in his hand a burning hart he bare, *to qu*  
Full of vaine folhes and new lawlesse *shoio*  
For he was false, and fraught with sicklenesse,  
And learned had to love with secret looks,  
And well could daunce, and sing with rneful-  
nesse  
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,  
And thousand other vares to bait his fleshly  
hookes

XXVI

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,  
And lusted after all that he did love,  
Ne would his looser life be tide to law, [prove,  
But joyd weake womens hearts to tempt, and  
If from their lovall loves he might them move  
Which lewdnes filld him with reprochfull pain  
Of that foule evil, which all men reprove,  
That rotteth the marrow, and consumes the braine  
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this  
traine

XXVII

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,  
Upon a Camell londen all with gold  
Two iron coffers bong on either side  
With precious metall full as they might hold  
And in his lap an heap of count he told, *count*  
For of his wicked pelfe his god he made  
And unto hell him selfe for money sold  
Accursed wury was all his trade, [wade  
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste,  
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware,  
No scarce good morrell all his life did taste,  
But both from bricke and bell y still did spare,  
To till his baggs and riches to compare *galle*  
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none  
To leave them to, but thorough daily care  
To get, and mightily feare to lose his owne,  
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne

XXIX

Most wretched night, whom nothing might  
suffice, *deare*

Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,  
Whose need had end, but no end covetise  
Whose welth was want, whose plenty made  
him pore,

Who had enough, yett wished ever more  
A vile disease and cho in foote and hand  
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,  
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor  
stand  
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire

XXX

And next to him malicious Envy rode  
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw  
Between his cankered teeth a venomous tode,  
That all the poison ran about his chaw  
But inwardly he chewed his owne maw  
At neighbours welth, that made him ever sad,  
For death it was, when any good he saw,  
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,  
But when he heard of harme he wept wou-  
drous glad

Jocell. *Reyn*

All in a kirtle of discoloured say  
He clothed was, yprynted full of cles,  
And in his bo-some secretly there lay  
An huteinll Snake, the which his taile uptyes  
In many folds, and mortall sting implie  
Still as he rode he gnasht his teeth to see  
Those heapes of gold with gyppe Covetise,  
And grudged at the great felicitie  
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companie

XXXI

He hated all good workes and vertuous deed-  
And him no lesse that any like did see  
And who with grātious bread the hungry fed  
Hee blamed for want of faith he doth accuse  
No every good to bad he doth abuse,  
And eke the verse of famous Poets with  
He does backbite, and spightfull poison  
spues *vomit, spelt well*  
From leprons mouth on all that ever writt  
Such one vile Envy was, that sifte in row did  
sit.

XXXII

And him beside rides thence revenging Wrath,  
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led,  
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,  
The which he brandisheth about his bed  
His eyes did hurle forth sparkes fiery red,  
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,  
As ashes pile of lew, and seeming dead;  
And on his dagger still his hand he held  
Trembling through hasty rage when choler in  
him sweld

XXXIII

His ruslin ruggent all was strowd with blood  
Which he had spilt, and all in raggs yrent,  
Through unadvised rashnes waken wood, *and*  
For of his hand he had no government,  
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement  
But, when the furious hitt was overpast,  
His cruel fiends he often would repent,  
Yet wifull man he never would forgo  
How many mischieves should ensue his heed-  
lesse hast

XXXIV

Full many mischieves follow cruell Wrath  
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,  
Unmanly murder, and unchristy scath, *how*  
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife, *the*  
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life  
All these, and many evils moe haunt are  
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy riging  
the *the*  
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Frances fire  
Such one was Wrath the last of this ungodly  
tire *how, Grouse.*

## XXVI

And, after all, upon the wagon beame,  
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,  
With which he forward lasht the laesye teme,  
So oft as Slouth still in the mire did stand  
Huge routs of people did about them band,  
Shouting for joy, and still before their way  
A foggy mist had covered all the land,  
And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay  
Dead skulls and bones of men whose life had  
gone astray

## XXVII

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,  
To take the solace of the open aire, [sport  
And in fresh flowing fields themselves to  
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,  
The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire  
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine  
But that good knight would not so nigh  
repaire,  
Him selfe estraunging from their joyance  
vaine,  
Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike  
swaine.

## XXVIII

So, having solaced themselves a space  
With pleasance of the breathing fields, fed,  
They backe returned to the princely Place,  
Whereas an errant knight in armes yed,  
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red,  
Was writt *Sansjoy*, they new arrived find  
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed,  
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,  
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter  
mind

## XXIX

Who, when the shamed shield of slaine  
Sansjoy  
Hespidew with that same Faery champions page,  
Bewraying him that did of late destroy  
His eldest brother, with burning all with rage,  
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage  
Of victors glory from him snatched away  
But th' Elfin knight, which ought that war-  
like wage, *was, he, the true*  
Disdand to loose the meed he wonne in fray,  
And, him rencountering fierce, reskew'd the noble  
pray. *Scuffling with*

## XL

Therewith they gan to hurflen greedily,  
Redoubted battaile ready to *drawne*,  
And clash their shields, and shake their swords  
on hy, [traine,  
That with their sturre they troubled all the  
Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine  
Of high displeasure that enisewen might,

Commanded them their fury to reframe,  
And, ~~if~~ that either to that shield had right,  
In equall lists they should the morrow next it  
fight. *the fight*

## XLI

'Ah dearest Dame,' quoth then the Paynim  
'Pardon the error of enraged wight, [bold,  
Whome great griefe made forgett the raimes to  
hold *at seeing -*  
Of reasons ryle, to see this recreant knight,  
No knight, but treachour full of false despight  
And shameful treason, who through guile hath  
slayn

The prowtest knight that ever field did fight,  
Even stout Sansjoy, (O who can then refrain?)  
Whose shield he beares renverset, the more to  
heap disdayn *reverset, worse*

## XLII

'And, to augment the glorie of his guile,  
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe',  
Is there possessed of the traitour vile;  
Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,  
Sown in bloodie field, and bought with woe  
That brothers hand shall dearly well requight,  
So be, O Queene! you equall favour shoue'  
Him lile answerd th' angry Elfin knight,  
He never meant with words, but swords, to  
plead his right

## XLIII

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge  
His cause in combat the next day to try  
So been they parted both, with barts on edge  
To be aveng'd each on his enemy  
That night they pas in joy and jollity,  
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall,  
For Steward was excessive Glintony,  
That of his plenty poured forth to all  
Which doen, the Chamberlain, Slouth, did to  
rest them call

## XLIV

Now whenas darke some night had all displaid  
Her coleblacke curtain over brightest skye  
The warlike youtes, on dayntie couches layd,  
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish  
To muse on meanes of hoped victory  
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace  
Arrested all that courtly company,  
Uprose Duessa from her resting place, [pace  
And to the Paynim lodging comes with silent

## XLV

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous hett,  
Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy,  
And him amoyes with speeches seeming fitt  
'Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansjoy,

Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy,  
 Joyous to see his image in mine eye, before  
 And greivd to thinke how he did him destroy,  
 That was the flowre of grace and chivalrye,  
 Lo! his Fides, to thy secret faith I live.

XVII

With gentle wordes he can her secretly greet,  
 And bad say on the secretes of her hart  
 Then, sighing soft, 'I learne that little sweet  
 Oft temptest me,' (quoth she), 'with much ill  
 smart  
 For since my brest was lurcht with love's  
 Of deare Sans-loy, I never joyed how  
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart  
 Have wasted, loving him with all my powre  
 And for his sake have felt full many an heave  
 stoure

XVIII

'At last, when perils all I weened past,  
 And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care  
 Into new woes unwitting I was cast  
 By this false spytor, who unworthie ware  
 His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull  
 Entrapp'd slew, and brought to shamefull  
 grave  
 Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,  
 And ever since hath kept in dark-own cave  
 For that I would not weeld that to Sans-loy I  
 gave.

XIX

'But since farr Sinne hath perst that low  
 ring cloud,  
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light  
 Under your beames I will me safely shrowd  
 I rom dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight  
 To you th' inheritance belongs by right  
 Of brothers prave, to you eke loy, as his  
 love  
 Let not his love, let not his restlesse spight

He unreveng'd, that calles to you above  
 From wandering Stygian shores, where it doth  
 endlesse move  
 Can he say, 'I will not love  
 him, whoe I love so true  
 I shere to soul he, 'Faure Dame, be nought dis-  
 maid, for he is not a false knight, but  
 For sorrow's part, their price is with the  
 Ne yet of present perill be affraid  
 For needlesse feare did never vantaige none  
 And hollesse hap it booteth not to moue  
 Deuill is Sans-loy, his vitall parties are past,  
 Though greiv'd ghost for vengeance deep do  
 And guiltie I lye blood shall evidence in hart

'O! but I feare the nether world,' (quoth she),  
 'Of fortune false, and odds of armes in field  
 Why, dame,' (quoth he), 'what odds leem ever  
 bee  
 Where both doe fight alike to win or vield  
 'Yet but,' (quoth she) 'be he a charmed  
 shield  
 And eke enchanted armes that none can  
 Ne none can wound the man that does them  
 wield  
 'Charmed or enchanted,' answered he then  
 'I no whit reck, ne you the like need to re-  
 here relate

## CANON

The faithfull knight in equal field  
 Subdues his faithlesse foe  
 Whom false Duessa swears and for  
 His cure to hell does goe

I

THE noble hart that harbours vertuous  
 thought,  
 And is with child of glorious great intent,  
 Can never rest, untill it forth have brought  
 Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent

Such restlesse passion did all night torment  
 The flaming corage of that faery knight,  
 Desiring how that downe his tournament  
 With greatest honour he atchieven might  
 Still did he wake, and still did watch for  
 [dawning light]





End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho  
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call  
The falso Duesza, 'Thine the shield, and I, and  
all I'

## XII

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,  
Out of his snowing dreame he gan awake,  
And quickning faith, that earst was woken  
weake, *like quene, newe*  
The creeping deadly cold wyrd did shake  
Thomov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies  
Of all attonee he cast venge to be, *[sake,*  
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,  
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee  
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven  
bee.

## XIII

And to him said, 'Goe now, proud Miscreant,  
Thy selfe thy message doo to german deare,  
Alone he, wandering, thee too long doth want  
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare'  
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,  
Him to have slaine, when lo! a darkesome  
clowd  
Upon him fell he so where doth appeare  
But vniht is 'The life him calls alowd,  
But answer none receiues, the darknes him  
does shrowd.

## XIV

In haste Duesza from her place rose, *reluctant*  
And to him running said, 'O' p'ntest knight,  
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,  
Let now abate the terrour of your might,  
And quench the flame of furious despyght,  
And bloodie vengeance lo' th' infernall  
powres,  
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,  
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull  
bowres *[glory yours,*  
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and

## XV

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye  
He sought all round about, his thursty blade  
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy  
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade.  
He standes amazed how he thence should fade  
At last the trumpets Triumph sound on he,  
And running Heralds humble homage made,  
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,  
And to him brought the shield, the cruse of  
enmitie

## XVI

Wherewith he goeth to that sovaine  
Queene,  
And falling her before on lowly knee,

To her makes present of his service scene  
Which she receypts with thanks and goodly  
Greatly advancing his gay chivalree *[bright,*  
So marcheth home, and by her takes the  
knight,

Whom all the people followe with great glee,  
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on  
hight, *[bright,*  
That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heaven

## XVII

Home as he brought, and lay in sumptuous  
Where many skilfull keache him abide *[aid,*  
To salve his hurts that yet still freshly bled  
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,  
And softly gan embayne on everie side  
And all the while most heavenly melody  
About the bed sweet musike did divide,  
Him to beguile of griefe and agout,  
And all the while Duesza wept full bitterly.

## XVIII

As when a wearie traveler, that straves  
By naked shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,  
Unwecting of the perillous wandring waves,  
Doth meete a cruelle enfrie Crocodile, *[guile,*  
Which, in false griefe binding his harmefull  
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender  
The foolish man, that pities all this while *[teares,*  
His mournfull plight, is swallowed up un-  
wares *careless of safety* *[cares,*  
Forgetfull of his owne that findes in others

## XIX

So wept Duesza untill eventide,  
That shyning lampes in Joves high house  
were light,  
Then forth she rose, no longer would abide,  
But comes unto the place where th' Hethen  
knight, *sworn* *[spright,*  
In slombring snowd nigh void of vitall  
Lay coverd with mechaunted cloud all day  
Whom when she found, as she hith left in  
plight,

To waite his wofull ease she would not stay,  
But to the Easterne coast of heaven makes  
speedy way *where night chariot*  
*bedious* *it goes fast & down*

Where greivous Night with visage deadly sad,  
Thrit Phœbus cheerefull face durst never view,  
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad, *[mew,*  
She findes forth coming from her darksome  
Where she all day did hide her hated heu  
Before the dore her iron charet stood,  
Already harnesssed for journey new  
And coleblacke steeds borne of hell-h brood,  
That on their rusty bits did chump as they  
were wood.

xxv

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,  
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,  
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,  
And th' unacquainted light began to ferre,  
For never did such brightnes there appeare,  
And would have backe retired to her cave,  
Untill the witches speech she gun to heare,  
Saying, 'Yet, O thou dreaded Dame' I crave  
Abyde, till I have told the message which I  
have.'

xxvi

She said, and forth Duessa gan proceede  
'O' thou most ancient Grandmother of all  
More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst  
breede,

Or that great house of Gods celestiall,  
Which wast begot in Demogorgon's hall,  
And sawst the secrets of the world immortall,  
Why sufferst thou this Nephew's deare to fall  
With Elfin sword most shamefully betrade?  
Lo' where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in  
deadly shade.

xxvii

'And him before, I saw with bitter eyes  
The bold Sansjoy shrink underneath his spere  
And now the pray of fowles in field he lies,  
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on growing  
beare,

That whylome was to me too dearely deare  
O! what of gods then boots it to be borne,  
If old Aeneas comes so exill heere?  
Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne  
When two of three her Nephewes are so fowle  
forlorne?

xxviii

'Up, then' up, dreary Dame, of darknes  
Queene'

Go, gather up the reliques of thy race,  
Or else goe them as enge, and let be seene  
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath  
place,

And can the children of faire light deface?  
Her feeling speeches some compassion mov'd  
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face  
Yet pity in her hart was never prov'd  
Till then, for evermore she hated never lov'd

xxix

And said, 'Deare daughter, rightly may I rewe  
The fall of famous children borne of my  
And good successes which their foes have  
But who can turne the stream of destinee,  
Or breake the chain of strong necessity,  
Which list is tyde to Joves eternall seat?  
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,

And by my runes thinkes to make them great  
To make one great by others losse is bad ex-  
cheat *free*

xxxi

'Yet shall they not escape so freely all,  
For some shall pay the price of others guilt,  
And he the man that made Sansjoy to fall,  
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath  
spilt

But what art thou, that telst of Nephew's kilt?  
'I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,  
Quoth she, 'how ever now, in garments gilt  
And gorgeous gold clad, I to thee came,  
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame'

xxxii

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she list  
The wicked witch, saying, 'In that fayre face  
The false resemblance of Deceit I wist,  
Did closely lurke, yet so true-seeming grace  
It err'd, that I scarce in darksome place  
Could it discern, though I the mother bee  
Of falsehood, and roote of Duessas race  
O welcome, child! whom I have longd to see,  
And now have seene unware Lo! now I goe  
with thee.'

xxxiii

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,  
And with her heares the fowle wel favourd  
witch *dark* [makes  
Through murky some are her ready way she  
Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as  
Leale pitch,

And two were browne, yet each to each unch,  
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp  
Unless she chaunst their stubborne mouths  
to twitch, [champ,

Then, forming tarre, their bridles they would  
And trampling the fine element would fiercely  
ramp, *war* *as*

xxxiv

So well they sped, that they be come at length  
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,  
Devoid of outward sence and native strength,  
Coverd with charmed cloud from view of day,  
And sight of men, since his late lucklesse fray  
His ernell wounds, with cruddy bloud con-  
geald,

They binden up so wisely as they may,  
And handle softly, till they can be herd  
So lay him in her charett, close in night con-  
ceald

xxxv

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,  
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,  
A griving warning of th' unwonted sound,  
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,

And her darke griesly looke them much dismay  
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,  
With dreary shriekes did also her beguay,  
And hungry wolves continually did howle  
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle

XXXX

Thence turning bricke in silence softe they  
stole,  
And brought the heauy corse with easy pace  
To yawning gulfe of deepe Aernus hole  
By that same hole an entrance, darke and  
hace,  
With smoke and sulphur hiding all the place,  
Descends to hell there creature never past,  
That bricke returned without heavenly  
grace,  
But dreadfull Furie, which their chames hve  
brast,  
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill

XXXXI

By that same way the direfull dames doe  
drive  
Their monnefull charett, fild with rusty blood,  
And downe to Phloes house are come bide  
Which passing through, on every side them  
stood  
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,  
Chirring their iron teeth, and staring wide  
With stony eyes, and all the hellish brood  
Of feeds infernall floekt on every side,  
To gaze on earthly night that with the Night  
durst ride.

XXXXII

They pas the bitter waxes of Acheron,  
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,  
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,  
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,  
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse  
cry,  
Cursing high Ioue, the which them thither sent  
The house of endless paine is built thereby,  
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment  
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment

XXXXIII

Before the thre-hold dreadfull Cerberus  
His three deformed heads did lay along,  
Curled with thousand adders envenoms,  
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong  
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,  
And felly gnarre, untill Drives enemy  
Did him appease, then downe his taile he  
hong  
And suffered them to passe quietly,  
For she in hell and heven had power equally

XXXXIV

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,  
For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to sin,  
And Sisyphus in huge round stone did reele  
Against an hill, no night from labour in  
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin,  
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;  
Tityus joynts were stretched on a gin,  
Thesens condemned to endless slouth by law,  
And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw

XXXXV

They all, beholding worldly wights in place,  
Leaue off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,  
To gaze on them, who forth by them doe pace,  
Till they be come unto the furthest part  
Where was a Cave wrought by wondrous art  
Deepe, darke, uncase, dolesfull, comfortlesse  
In which sad Aesculapins far apart  
Empsonard was in chaires remedlesse,  
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse

XXXXVI

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was  
That went in charett chace the foming bore  
He all his Peeres in beauty did surpass,  
But Ladies love as losse of time forbore  
His wanton steplame loved him the more,  
But, when she saw her offered sweets refused,  
Her love she turned to hate, and him before  
His father fierce of treason false accused,  
And with her gerulous termes his open eares  
abused

XXXXVII

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god sire besought  
Some curd vengeance on his sonne to cast  
I rom surging gull two Monsters straight were  
brought,  
With dread whereof his chering steedes aghast  
Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast  
His goally eyes, on ragged cliffs went,  
Was quite dismembred and his members chast  
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,  
That of Hippolytus was leste no monument.

XXXXVIII

His cruell step dame, seeing what was donne,  
Her wicked dries with wretched kinde did end,  
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne  
Which hearing, his rash sire began to rend  
His heave, and lasty tong that did offend  
The gathering up the reliques of his smart,  
By Drives means, who was Hippolytus friend  
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art  
Did heale them all againe, and joynd every  
part

# THE FAIRIE QUEENE

XL

Such wondrous science in mans wit to rain  
When Joye a yd, that could the dead revive,  
Amid fates expir'd could renew again,  
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,  
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,  
With hissing thunderbolt y wounded sore  
Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive  
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,  
And slake the heavenly fire that rag'd evermore

XLI

There ancient Night arriving did alight  
From her nigh weary wyne, and in her armes  
To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight  
Whome having softl' disarm'd of armes,  
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,  
Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,  
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,  
A fordonne wight from dole of death mote raise,  
He would at her request prolong her nephews daies

XLII

'Ah Dame,' (quoth he) 'thou tempest me  
in vaine,  
To lare the thing, which daily yet I rewe,  
And the old cause of my continued paine  
With like attempt to like end to renew  
Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven slew,  
Here endlesse penance for one fault I prve,  
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new,  
Thou biddest me to cease. Can Night destroy  
The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both  
might and day ?'

XLIII

'Not so,' (quoth she) 'but, sith that heavens  
king  
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quite,  
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,  
And fearest not that more thee hurten might,  
Now in the powre of everlasting Night ?  
Goe to then, O thou far renowned sonne  
Of great Apollo! shew thy famous might  
In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne  
Great pains, and greater praise, both never to  
be donne'

XLIV

Her words previld And then the learned  
leach  
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,  
And all things els the which his art did teach  
Which having seene, from thence arose away  
The mother of dredd darkness, and let stay  
Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure,  
And, backe retourning, took her wonted way

To runne her <sup>looking</sup> timely race, whilst Phoebus  
pure  
In western waxes his weary wagon did recure

XLV

The false Duesse, leaving ~~various~~ Night,  
Return'd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde  
Where when she came, she found the Faery  
knight  
Departed thence, <sup>albeit, althowgh</sup> albee his woundes wyde  
Not thoroughly heall'd unready were to ryde  
Good cause he had to hasten thence away,  
For on a day his wary Dwarf'e hail spyde  
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers  
lay  
Of caytive wretched thralls, that way led might  
and day

<sup>As sad as</sup> A <sup>XLVI</sup> ruefull sight as could be seene with eye,  
Of whom he learned had in secret wise  
The hidden cause of their captivite,  
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,  
Through wastfull Pride and wanton Riotise,  
They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,  
Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,  
Condemned to that Dungeon merelisse,  
Where they should live in wo, and dye in  
wretchednesse.

XLVII

There was that great proud king of Babylon,  
That would compell all nations to adore,  
And him as onely God to call upon,  
Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of  
Into an Oake he was transform'd of yore [dore,  
There also was king Croesus, that enhauist  
His hart too high through his great richesse  
store,

And proud Antiochus, the which advanst  
His cur'd hand gainst God, and on his altares  
himselfe <sup>daunst</sup> <sup>antiochus</sup>

XLVIII

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,  
That first the world with sword and fire war-  
thyl after him old Ninus far did prs [rayd,  
In princely pomp, <sup>all</sup> the world abyd  
There also was that mightie Monarch layd  
Low under all, yet above all in pride, <sup>hast</sup>  
That name of native syre ill fowle upbraid,  
And would as Ammons sonne be magnitide,  
Till, scorn'd of God and man, a shamefull death  
he dide

XLIX

All these together in one heape were throwne,  
Like earcases of beastes in butchers stall  
And in another earner wide were strowne  
The Antique ruins of the Romanes fall  
<sup>ancient</sup>

Great Romulus, the Grandsire of them all,  
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus,  
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hamiball,  
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius, (mas  
High Caesar, great Pompey, and here Auto-

I

Amongst these mightie men were women mixt,  
Proud women, vaine, forgetfull of their voke  
The bold Semiramis, whose sides trausht  
With sounes own blade her fowle reproches  
spoke

Fayre Sthenobee, that her selfe did chole  
With wilfull chorde for wanting of her will,  
High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke  
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stouthly kill,  
And thousands moe the like that did that donge-  
geon fill

II

Besides the millesse routes of wretched  
thralles,  
Which thither were assembled day by day,  
From all the world, after their usefull fallies,  
Through wicked pride and wasted weltheas  
decay

But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,  
Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies  
bowres,  
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,

Consumed had their goods and thriflesse  
howres,  
And lastly thrown themselves into these hevy

III

Whose eyes whenas the careful Dwarfie had  
tould, ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~many~~  
And made example of their mournfull sight  
Unto his Master, he no longer would  
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,  
But early rose, and ere that dawning  
light

Discovered had the world to heven wyde,  
He by a privy Posterne took his flight,  
That of no curious eyes he mote be spyde  
For, doubtlesse, death ensuld if any him des-  
cryde

LIII

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way  
For many corpes, like a great fowle ill, <sup>decayed</sup>  
Of murdered men, which therein strowed lay  
Without remore or decent funerill,  
Which all through that greit Princees pride  
did fall,  
And came to shamefull end And then besyde,  
Forth riding underneath the castill wall,  
A Donghill of dead carcasses he spyde,  
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of  
Pryde

## CANTO VI

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace  
Fayre Una is releast  
Whom salvage nation does adore,  
And learns her woe behest

I

As when a ship, that flies fayre under sayle,  
An ludden rocke escaped hath unware  
That try in waite ner wreck for to bewaile,  
The Mariner yet brise amazed stares  
At perill prest, and yet in doubt he dares  
To joy at his foolhappie oversight <sup>neglect</sup>  
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares  
The dreadlesse corage of this Elia I night.  
Having escript so sad ensamples in his sight

II

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed  
His fayre Dresse had forst him leave behind,  
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare deede,  
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind

Yet cryme in her could never creature find,  
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,  
She waudred from one to other land,  
Him for to seeke, he ever would forsake,  
Till her unware the fierie Sansloy did overtake

III

Who, after Arlunmagous fowle desert,  
Led her away into a forest wilde,  
And, turning wrathfull fire to hostill heat,  
With beasly thought her to have desilde,  
And made the wile of his pleasures vild  
Yet first he cast by treche and by traynes  
Her to perswade that stubborne sort to vild  
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,  
That workes it to his will, then he thit it con-  
straines

IV

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,  
And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,  
Here constant hart did tempt with diuerse guile  
But wordes, and looks, and sighes she did  
As rock of Diamond stedfast evermore [abhorre;  
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,  
He snatcht the veile that hong her face before  
Then gan her heantie shyne as brightest skye,  
And burnt his beauly hart t<sup>e</sup>fforce her chas-  
tity e

*compel*

So when he saw his flatt'ring arties to fayle,  
And subtile engines bett from batteree,  
With greedy force he gun the fort assaile,  
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,  
And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee  
Ah heauen! that doe this hideous act behold,  
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,  
How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,  
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Pay-  
num bold?

VI

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,  
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shriek-  
ing cries,  
The last vaine helpe of womens great distresse,  
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes  
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes,  
And Phœbus, thing so most shamefull sight,  
His blushing face in foggy cloud implies  
And hydes for shame What witt of mortal  
wight [plight?

Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a  
providence heavenly, howe  
wondering thought.

Eternall providence, exceeding thought,  
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way  
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,  
From Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray  
Her shrill outeryes and shrieks so loud did bray,  
That all the woodcs and forestes did resound  
A troupe of Funnies and Satyres far away  
Within the wood were dawning in a rownd,  
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber  
soud

VIII

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained  
In haste forsooke their rurill merriment, [voies,  
And ran towards the far rebownded noyee,  
To weet what wight so loudly did lament, 10  
Unto the place they come incourtment  
Whom when the raging Surzaun espyde,  
A rude, mis-shapen, monstrous rablement, 15  
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,  
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan  
ryde.

IX

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,  
There lund the virgin, doolfull, desolate, *Swoll*  
With ruffled rayments, and sayre blubbred face, 4  
As her outrageous foe had left her late, [hate  
And trembling yet through feare of former  
All stand amazed at so uncoutly sight,  
And gun to pittie her unhappie state  
All stand astounded at her beautie bright,  
In their rude eyes new orthue of so wofull plight

X

She, more amazd, in double dread doth  
dwell,  
And every tender part for feare does shake  
As when a greedy Wolfe, through longer fell,  
A seely Lamb far from the flock does take, *fell*  
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make, *feast*  
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,  
The innocent pryy in hast he does forsake,  
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every  
lim *limb* [grim.  
With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so

XI

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart,  
Ne word to speake, ne joy ut to move, she had,  
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,  
And read her sorrow, in her count'nance, and  
Their frowning browes, with rough holmes  
And rustick horror, all aside doe lay, [clad,  
And, gently greunning shew a semblance glad  
To comfort her, and, feare to put away,  
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly  
to obay *like a foote*  
*leaping* XII

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ  
Her single person to their barbarous truth, *and*  
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,  
Late leund what harme to hasty trust ensu'th  
They, in compassion of her tender youth,  
And wonder of her beautie so erayne,  
Are wonne with pity and unwoynted rnth,  
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,  
Doe kisse her feeles, and fawne on her with  
count'nanee sayne

XIII

Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble  
And vieldes her to extempite of time [guise,  
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,  
And walketh forth without suspect of crime,  
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous Pryme,  
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing  
round,  
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ry me,

And with greene branches strowing all the  
ground,  
Do worship her as Queene with olve girtonil  
cround

*sign of peace*

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound  
That all the woods with dumbl'd Echoo ring,  
And with their lurned feet doe weare the  
ground *herring ee words*  
Leaping like wanton kuls in pleasant Spring  
So towards old Syluanus they her bring.  
Who, with the noise awaked, commeth out  
To weet the cause his weake steps governing  
And aged limbs on ex p'sse stidle stout,  
And with an i're twyne his waste is girt about.

*the lady's selfe of love vs. by the 10*

Tar off he wonder what then makes so glad  
Or Bacchus merry fruit thes did intent,  
Or Cybele's frinticke rites have made them mad  
They, drawing nigh, unto their God present  
That flowre of sith and beauty excellent,  
The God himselfe, viewing that without rare  
Stood long amaze, and burnt in his iugent face  
His owne fayre Dryape now he thynke not faire  
And Phoebe fowle, when her to this he doth  
compare *a creation of the world*

The woodborne people fall before her flat  
And worship her as Goddess of the wood  
And old Syluanus selfe be thynkes not what  
To thinke of might so fayre, but gazing stood  
In doubt to de me her borne of earthly brood  
Sometimes dme Venus selfe he seemes to see,  
But Venus never had so sober mood  
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,  
But misseth bow and shaftes, and bushins to  
her knee.

XV

By view of her he ginneth to revie  
His ancient love and dearest Cyprisse,  
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,  
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this,  
And how he shew with glumene dart amisse  
A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy  
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse,  
For griefe whereof the lad could after joy  
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild  
annoy

*myselfe's comming to the wood*  
The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadrydes  
Her to behold do thither runne apace  
And all the troupe of light-foot Nymphes  
Flocke all about to see her lovely face,

*nymphs of fresh water (the Naiades)*

But, when they viewed have her heavenly grice,  
They envy her in their malicious mind,  
And fly as far steepe of fawle disgrace  
But all the Satyres scorne their woody land,  
And henceforth nothing laire but her on earth  
they find.

XVI

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucke mayd  
Did her content to picke their scabbie eyes,  
And long time with that saluage people staid,  
To gather breath in many mycres  
During which time her gentle wit she plyes  
To teach them truth, which worship her in  
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes, yvaine,  
But when their bootlesse zeale she did re-tryne  
From her own worship, they her as she would  
worship sayn

XVII

It fortuned, a noble warlike knight  
By just occasion to that Forrest came  
To seeke his kindred and the hynage right  
From whence he tooke his wel-deserv'd name  
He had in armes abroad wanne much ell fame,  
And told far landes with glory of his might  
True, faithfull, true and cunny of shame  
And ever lov'd to fight for Iades right  
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

XVIII

A Satyre soune borne in Forrest wyld,  
By strange adventure as it did leryde,  
And there begotten of a lady myld,  
Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde,  
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde  
To Theron, a looe naturally swaine  
Who had more joy to raunge the Forrest wyde,  
And chuse the saluage best with base payne,  
Then serve his Ladies love, and waste in  
'asures vaine

XIX

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing  
burne  
And could not lase her lovers company,  
But to the woods she goes to seek her turne,  
And seek her spouse that from her still does fly,  
And follows ether game and yenges  
A Satyre chynast her wandring for to smyle,  
And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye  
The loy all lukes of wedlocke did unbind  
And made her per-on thrill unto his beastly  
kind

XX

So long in secret cabin there he held  
Her captive to his sensuall desyre,  
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,  
And bore a boy unto that saluage syre

Then home he suffred her for to retyre,  
For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe,  
Whom, till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,  
He noursed up in life and manners wilde,  
Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes  
of men exilde

## XXIV

For all he taught the tender ympe was but  
To banish cowardize and bastarde feare  
His trembling hand he would him foree to put  
Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare, [teare,  
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to  
And eke wylde roving Buls he would him make  
To tame, and ryde their backes, not made to  
beare,  
And the Robnokes in flight to overtake, [quake  
That everie beast for feare of him did fly, and

## XXV

Thereby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,  
That his own syre, and maister of his guise,  
Did often tremble at his terrible frow,  
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise  
The angry beastes not rashly to despise,  
Nor too much to provoke, for he would learne  
The Lyon stoupe to him in lowly wise, [leopards  
(A lesson hard) and make the Labhard sterne  
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did  
come.

## XXVI

And for to make his powre approved more,  
Wylde beastes in yron yokes he would compell  
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,  
The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell  
The Antelope, and Wolfe both fiers and fell,  
And them constraîne in equall tyme to draw  
Such joy he had their stubborn hartes to quell,  
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,  
That his beheast they feared as a tyrans law

## XXVII

His loving mother came upon a day  
Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne,  
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,  
After his sportes and cruell pastime donne,  
When after him a Lyonsesse did runne,  
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere  
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne  
The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,  
And lull in rugged armes withouten childeish  
feare

## XXVIII

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,  
And turning backe gan fast to fly away,  
Untill, with love, she was from vaine affright,  
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,

And then to him these womanish words gan  
'Ah Satyrane, my dearing and my joy, [say  
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play,  
To dally thus with death is no fit toy.  
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own  
sweet boy'

## XXIX

In these and like delights of bloody game  
He trayned was, till ryper yeaes he raght, [all  
And there abode, whylst any beast of name  
Walkt in that Forrest, whom he had not taught  
To feare his force and then his courage  
haught high, [off  
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,  
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought,  
In which his might was never overthrowne,  
But through al Faery lond his famous worth  
was blawn. [blawed.

## XXX

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,  
After long labours and adventures spent,  
Unto those native woodes for to repaire  
To see his syre and ofspring auncient  
And now he thither came for like intent, [where  
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,  
Straunge Lady in so straunge habilment,  
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,  
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did  
redound.

## XXXI

Wondered at her wisdoms heavenly rare,  
Whose like in womens witt he never knew,  
And, when her courteous deeds he did compare,  
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rev,  
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles thren,  
And joyd to make prooffe of her cruelty  
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew  
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,  
And learned her discipline of faith and verity  
teaching

## XXXII

But she, all vowe unto the Redcrosse Knight,  
His wandring perill closely did lament,  
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,  
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,  
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,  
How to escape At last in privy wise  
To Satyrane she shewed her intent,  
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,  
How with that pensive Maid he best might  
thence gase. [depart

## XXXIII

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone  
To do their servise to Sylvanus old,  
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,  
He led away with eourage stont and bold



Too late it was to Satyrus to be told,  
Or ever hope recover her againe  
In vaine he seeks that having cannot hold  
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,  
That they the woods are past, and come now  
to the plaine

XXXX

The better part now of the lingring day  
They trauell had, whenas they far espide  
A viary wight ioyndring by the way, *straying*  
And towards him they gan in haste to ride  
To weete of newes that did abroad betide,  
Or tidings of her knight of the Redersse,  
But he them spying gan to turne aside  
For ferre, is second, or for some feigned losse  
More greedy they of newes fast towards him  
do crosse

XXXX

*followed*

A siltie man, in simple weeds forworne,  
And soild with dust of the long dried way,  
His countenances were with toile some travell tome,  
And free all land with scorching sunny ray,  
As he had trauell'd many a summers day  
Through boiling sands of Arabye and Inde,  
And in his hand a Jacob's staffe, to stay  
His weary limbs upon, and cle behind  
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he  
did bind

XXXX

The knight, approaching nigh of him inquired  
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new  
But warres, nor new adventures none he herd  
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew  
Or heard abroad of that her champion treu  
That in his armour bare a crescent reu?  
Ay me! Deere dame, (quoth he) 'well may  
I reu

To tell the sad sight which mine eyes haue rell,  
These eyes did see that knight both living and  
eke ded'

XXXX

That cruell word her tender hart so thirld,  
That sudden cold did ronne through euer  
And stony horror all her senses filld  
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine,  
The knight her highly reared up againe, *quell*  
And comforted with courteous kind reliefe  
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen  
plaine *the further debates as yett untold*  
The further processe of her hidden griefe  
The lesser pings can beere who hath endur'd  
the chere

XXXX

Then gan the Pilgrim thus 'I chaunst the day  
This triall day that shall I ever reu, [day,  
To see two knights, in travell on my way,  
(A sory sight) arraung'd in battell new,

both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull  
hon  
My fearful flesh did tremble at their strife,  
To see their blades so greedily imbreu.  
Thar, dronke with blood, yet thirsted after life  
What more? the Redersse knight was slau  
with Paynyn kniue'

XXXX

'Ah! dearest Lord, (quoth she) 'how might  
that bee,  
And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne?  
'Ah! dearest dame (quoth hee) 'how might I  
see  
The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?  
'Where is, (said Satyrus) 'that Paynyns  
sonne,  
That him of life, and us of joy hath reue?  
'Do not say so, (quoth he) 'he hence doth wonne,  
In a fontaine, where I late him lefte  
Washing his bloody wound, that through the  
stele were clef'

XI

Therewith the knight thence marched forth  
in hast,  
Whiles I na, with huge heavie so oppress,  
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast  
And soone he came as he the place had past  
Whereas that Pa, an proud him selfe did rest  
In secret shrowl by a fontaine side  
I then he it was, that erst would have suppress  
Iure Una, whom when Satyrus espide,  
With foule reprochfull words he boldly him  
deside

XII

And said, 'Arise thou cursed Miscreant  
That hast with knighthood guilt, and treach-  
erous train  
Pure knighthood fowly shamed, and dost  
That good knight of the Redersse to have slau  
Arise, and with like treason now maintain  
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield'  
The barzin thus heering, rose againe, *reels*  
And catching up in hand his three-quire shield  
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the  
field

XIII

And, drawing nigh him, said 'O miscreant  
In euill houre thy foes thee hither sent  
I life,  
Another wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe  
Yet ill thou blunest me for having blent  
My name with guile and traitorous intent  
That Redersse knight, perdue, I never slow,  
But had he beene where erst his armes were  
lent,

*alluding to the last scene  
of the first book*

Th' enchaunter vane his errour should not rewe,  
But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven  
trew

XLIII

Therewith they gau, both furious and fell,  
To thunder blowes, and hersly to assaile  
Each other, bent his enmy to quell, *hall*  
That with their force they perst both plate  
and maile,

And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,  
That it would pitty any living eie *fraile*  
Large floods of blood adorne their sides did  
But floods of blood could not them salue  
Both hongred after death, both chose to win,  
or die

*finded their recoveries*  
XLIV *death & billow*

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,  
That, fainting, each themselves to breathe left  
And, ofte refreshed, battell oft reune  
As when two Bores, with ranceling malice met,  
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,  
Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,  
Where foming wrath their cruell snkes they  
whett,

And trample th' earth, the whales they may  
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and  
eure

*fully restored*  
XLV *one recovered breath*

So sersly, when these knights had breathed  
once,

They gan to fight retourne, increasung more  
Their pussant force, and cruell rage atonce,  
With heaped strokes more hugely then before,  
That with their diery wonds, and bloody gore,  
They both, deformed, scarcely could be known  
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,

Led with their noise which through the aire  
was thrown, [had sown  
Arriv'd wher they in erth their fruitles blood

XLVI

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin  
Espide, he gan revive the memory  
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin,  
And leste the doubtfull battell hastily,  
To catch her, newly offed to his eie,  
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,  
And sternely bad him other busnesse ple  
Then hunt the steps of pure unspecked Maid  
Wherewith he al eniag'd these bitter speaches  
said

XLVII

O foolish faeries soune! what fury mad  
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?  
Were it not better I that Lady had  
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?  
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,  
To love another! Lo! then, for thine yd,  
Here take thy loves token on thy pate,  
So they to fight, the whales the royall Mayd  
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore  
afraid

XLVIII

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasung  
Beung in deed old Archmage, did stay [told,  
In secret shadow all this to behold,  
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray  
But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,  
He left his stond, and her pursu'd apace,  
In hope to bring her to her last decay.  
But for to tell her lamentable case, [place  
And eke this battels end, will need another

## CANTO VII

The Rederosse knight is captive made  
By Gyaunt proud oppress  
Prince Arthure meets with Una great-  
ly with those newes distrust

I

WHAT man so wise, what earthly, with so warr,  
As to discey the crafty cunning trane,  
By which decept doth maske in visoun faire,  
And cast her conlours, died deepe in graine, *way*  
To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can  
faine,  
And fitting gestres to her purpose frame, *way*  
The guiltesse man with guile to enterpaine?  
Great maistrasse of her art was that false Dame,  
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

II

Who when, returning from the dreiy Night,  
She fownd not in that perious hon of Pryde,  
Where she had left the noble Rederosse knight,  
After hoped pray, she would no longer byde,  
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide  
Ere long she fownd, whereas he weane sate  
reste him selfe foreby a fountaine syde,  
Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate,  
And by his side his steed the grassy forage  
ate

104  
III  
Hee lyes upon the cooling shade, and hys  
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind  
Which through the trembling leaues full  
gently playes

Wherein the chearefull birds of sundre kind  
Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd  
The witch approaching gaue him fauour greet  
And with reproch of cruellenes unkind  
Upheld, for leauing her in place unmet,  
With fowle words tempting faire, pure gall  
with hony sweet.

IV  
Unkindnesse past, they gaue of solace treat,  
And bailed in plesance of the ioyous shade  
Which shielded them agaynst the boynng heat  
And with greene boughes deckt a gloomy  
glade

About the fountaine like a girlond made  
Whose bubbling wave did euer freshly well  
Ne euer would through fierient summer fade  
The sacred Nymph which therein wont to  
dwel

Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell

V  
The cruse was this one day, when Phoebe sayre  
With all her hand was following the chace  
This nymph quite tryd with heat of scorching  
Satt downe to rest in middlest of the cruse  
The goddess wroth gaue fault her disgrace  
And bidd the water, which from her did flow  
Be such as she her selfe was then in place  
Thenceforth her water waxed dull and slow  
And all that drinke thereof do faunt and feeble  
grow

VI  
Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,  
And lying downe upon the sandie graile  
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as cristall  
Etsoones his manly force gan to fayle  
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile  
His changed poweres at first them selves not  
Till called told his corage gan aenle, felt,  
And cheereful blood in fountains chull did melt,  
Which like a fever fit through all his bodie  
swell

VII  
Yet goodly court he made still to his Dime,  
Poured out in loosenesse on the grassy ground,  
Both careless of his health, and of his fame,  
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd  
Which through the wood loud bellowing did  
rehownd,  
That all the earth for terror seemd to shrike  
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith  
astownd,

Upstart lightly from his looser make,  
And his unready weapon-gan in hand to take

VIII  
But ere he could his armour on him dight,  
Or gett his shield, his monstrous canny  
With sturle steps came stralking in his sight  
An hideous Gaunt horrible and hie.  
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the  
The ground eke pruned under him for dread  
His living like saw never living ere  
Nedurst behold his stature did exceed  
The height of three the tallest sonnes of mortall

IX  
The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,  
And blustering Folke his boisted eye  
Who with his breath, which through the world  
doth pas,  
Her hollow womb did secretly in pye,  
And hid her hidden eyes with storme yre,  
That she conceit'd and tribling the new time  
In which the wombs of women doe expire,  
Brought forth this monstrous man of earthy  
Iyme, full crime  
Pust up with emptie wind, and filld with crime

X  
So grown great through arrogant delight  
Of th high descent whereof he was borne,  
And through presumption of his matchlesse  
might  
All oyl or powres and nighthood he did scorne  
Such now he macheth to this man forlorn,  
And left to losse his stralking steps are stayde  
Upon a sugar Oke, which he haild borne  
Out of his mother bowelles and in midde  
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he  
dismaide

XI  
That, when the knight he spyde, he gan ad-  
vaunce  
With huge force and insupportable myrne,  
And towrdes him with dreadfull fury prounce,  
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse all in yune  
Did to him prce and battaile to darryne  
Disarmd disgrace, and inwardly dismayde,  
And eke so fust in every joint and iune  
Throuh that smile sonar in which him feeble  
made  
That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse

XII  
The Gaunt strooke so manly mercilesse  
That could have overthrowne a stony towre,  
And were not herenly grice that did him  
blesse.  
He had bene quadded all as thun as flowre

But he was wary of that deadly stowre,  
And lightly leapt from underneath the blow.  
Yet so exceeding was the velleins powre,  
That with the winde it did him overthrow,  
And all his senecs stound that still he lay full  
low

## XIII

As when that diuclish yron Engin, wrought  
In deepest Hell, and fram'd by furies all,  
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,  
And ramd with bollet round, ordaind to kill,  
Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill  
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth  
choke,  
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,  
Through smouldry cloud of dusky stinking  
smoke, [escapt the stroke  
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath  
power

## XIV

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,  
His heave hand he heaved up on hye,  
And him to dust thought to have battred  
quight,  
Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye,  
'O great Orgoglio' greatest under skye,  
O' hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,  
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,  
But vanquisht thine eternal bondslave make,  
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Lemman  
take

## XV

He hearkned, and did stay from further  
harmes,  
To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake  
So willingly she came into his armes,  
Wio her as willingly to grace did take,  
And was possessed of his new found make  
Then up he tooke the slombred senelesse  
corse,  
And ere he could out of his swowne awake,  
Him to his castle brought with hastie forke,  
And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without  
remorse

## XVI

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,  
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye  
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,  
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,  
And her endowd with roy all majesty  
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,  
And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,  
A monstrous beast bred in filthy fen  
He chose, which he had kept long time in dark-  
some den

## XVII

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake  
Which great Aleides in Stremona slew,  
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake  
Whose many heades, out budding ever new,  
Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew  
But this same Monster much more ngly was,  
For seven great heids out of his body grew,  
An yron brest, and back of sealy bras,  
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine  
as glas

## XVIII

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous  
length,  
That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught  
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd  
strength, The everburning lamps from thence it brought,  
And proudly threw to ground, as things of  
naught,  
And underneath his filthy feet did tread  
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes fore-  
taught

Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head  
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and  
dread

The wofull Dwarf, which saw his maisters  
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,  
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,  
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed,  
His mightie Armour, missing most at need,  
His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse,  
His bow and arrowe that many made to bleed,  
The rueful monuments of heavinesse,  
And with them all departes to tell his great  
distresse

## XX

He had not travaild long, when on the way  
He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,  
Fast slyng from thir Pryums greedy pray,  
Whilste Satyrane him from pursuit did let  
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,  
And saw the signes that deadly tynges spake,  
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,  
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake,  
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to prync  
and quike

## XXI

The messenger of so unhappie newes  
Would faine have dyde dead was his hart  
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes  
At last, recovering hart, he does begun



*softly* *rough*  
 His bright Helmet, horrid all with gold,  
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour;  
 For all the crest a Dragon did unfold [bredd  
 With greedie pawes, and ouer all did spredd  
 His golden winges *in streyfull hidden hed*  
 Close couched on the beuer, seemd to throw  
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery redd,  
 That suddene horror to fuint hartes did shew,  
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back  
 full low.

XXVI

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,  
 A bounche of heares discoloured diuersly,  
 With sprinkled pearle and gold full richly  
 drest,  
 Did shake, and seemd to dance for jollity,  
 Like to an almond tree ymounted hye  
 On top of greene Selmus ell alone,  
 With blossoms brave bedecked dumtily,  
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one  
 At euerie little breath that under heaven is  
 blowne

XXVII

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,  
 Ne might of mortall eye be ever scene,  
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bris,  
 Such carthly mettals soon consumed beene,  
 But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene  
 It framed was, one massy entire mould,  
 Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines  
 keene  
 That point of speare it never perein could,  
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance  
 would

XXVIII

The same to wight he neuer wout disclose,  
 But when monsters huge he wout dismay,  
 Or daunt inegnall armies of his foes,  
 Or when the flying heavens he woud affray,  
 For so exceeding shame his glistering say,  
 That Phoebus golden free it did affray,  
 As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay,  
 And silver Cynthia waxed pale and fawnt,  
 As when her face is stayd with magike arts  
 constraint.

XXIX

No magike arts hereof had any might,  
 Nor bloody wordes of bold Furies call,  
 But all that was not such as seemd in sight  
 Before that sheild did fade, and suddene fall  
 And when him list the rashall routes appall,  
 Men into stones therewith he could transforme,  
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all,  
 And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,  
 He woud them gazing blind, or turne to other  
 hew.

XXXI

Ne let it seeme that credence this excee'des;  
 For he that made the same was knowne right  
 well

To have done much more admirable deedes  
 It Merlins was, which whylome did excell  
 All living wightes in might of magike spell  
 Both shield and sword, and armour all he  
 wrought

For this young Prince, when first to armes he  
 fell, *Excellt his craft*  
 But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought  
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be scene, if  
 sought *as in the register*

XXXII

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire, *id.*  
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,  
 Whose harmefull head, thirse heated in the fire,  
 Had riven many a brest with pikehead square  
 A goodly person, and could meynge faire  
 His stubborne steed with embred cygnon bitt,  
 Who under him did trample as the auro,  
 And chaunt that any on his backe should sit  
 The yron rowels into frothy founte he bitt.

XXXIII

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,  
 With lovely court he gan her entaune;  
 But, when he heard her answers loth, he knew  
 Some secret sorrow did her heart disturne,  
 Which to allyn, and eke her storming paine,  
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,  
 And for her humor fitting purpose faune,  
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray,  
 Wherewith enmoed, these bleeding words she  
 gan to say.

XXXIV

'What worlds delight, or joy of living speach,  
 Can hart, so plunged in sea of sorowes deep,  
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach  
 The earfull eall becommeth for to creep,  
 And in my heart his yron arrow steep,  
 Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale  
 Such helplesse harmes yis better hidden keep,  
 Then rip up griefe where it may not availe  
 My last left comfort is my wots to weep and  
 waile'

XL

'Ah Lady deare,' quoth then the gentle knight,  
 'Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous  
 great, *for* wondrous great griefe groweth in my  
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorowes treat  
 But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete,  
 For to unfold the anguish of your hart  
 Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,

And counsell mitigates the greatest smart  
Founte never help who never would his hurts  
impart

XLI

'O, but,' (quoth she) 'great griefe will not be  
tould,

And can more easily be thought then said

'Right so,' (quoth he) 'but he that never would  
Could never will to might, lives greatest ail'

But griefe' (quoth she) 'does greater grow dis-  
plead,

If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire'

'Despaire breeds not,' (quoth he) 'where faith is  
stead'

'No faith so fast,' (quoth she) 'but flesh does  
'Flesh may empaire,' (quoth he) 'but fission can  
repure'

XLII

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,  
So deepe did settle in her precious thought,

Thru her perswaded to disclose the breach  
Which love and fortune in her heart had  
wrought,

And said, 'Faith Sir, I hope good hap hath  
You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,

Or that your wisdome will direct my thought,  
Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe

Then, heare the story sad, which I shall tell you  
brieve.

XLIII

'The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes have  
scene

The langling stocke of fortunes mockeries,  
Am th' only daughter of a King and Queene

Whose parents deare whiles equal destinies  
Did runne about and their felicities

The favourable heavens did not envy,  
Did spread their rule through all the territories

Which Phœnix and Luperates sloweth by, ally  
And glorious golden wives doe wash continu-

XLIV

Till that their cruell cursed enemy  
An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,

Bred in the loathly lals of Tartary,  
With murtherous raine, and devouring might,

Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted  
might

Themselves for ferre into his jaws to fall,  
He first to castle strong to take their flight,

Where, fast emburd in mighty brisen wall,  
He has them now fowre yeats besieged to make  
them-thrall

XLV

'Full many knights, adventurous and stout,  
Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdue

From every coast that heaven walks about  
Have thither come the noble Martiall crew,

That famous harde achievements still pursue,  
Yet never my could that gairland win,  
But all still shrouke, and still he greater grew  
All they, for want of futh, or guilt of sin,  
The piteous pray of his fiers crueltie have but

XLVI

'At last, yled with far reported praise, spread  
Which flyinge fame throughout the world had

Of doughty knights, whom farry land did raise,  
That noble order light of misdeed,

Worthwith to court of Gloriana I sped  
Of Gloriana, great Queene of glory bright,

Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is said  
Thre to obtaine some such redoubted knight,

That Parents cleare from tyrants powre deliver  
might

XLVII

'Yt was my chunee (my chunee was fate  
and good)

There for to find a fresh unproved knight  
Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guilty blood

Had never beene, ne ever by his might  
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right

Yet of his prowess proofe he since hath made  
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight,

The groning ghosts of many one demande  
Have silt the bitter hum of his wenging blade.

XLVIII

'And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,  
His biting sword, and his devouring speare,

Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,  
Can speake his prowess that dider you deare,

And well could rule, now he hath left you  
To be the record of his ruffull losse,

And of my dolefull disadventurous deere,  
'O' heaveie record of the good Rederosse,

Where have yee left your lord that could so  
well you tosse'

XLIX

'Well hoped I and sure beginnings had,  
That he my captive languor should redeeme

Till, all unweeting, in Luckrenter bail  
His sense abus'd, and made him to misleeme

My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,  
That rather death desire then such des-pight.

Be judge ye heavens, that all things right  
esteeme

How I him lov'd, and love with all my might  
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought  
right.

L

'Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke  
To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,

And other by wyes he himselve betooke,  
Where never foote of livinge wight did tread,

That brought not backe the balefull body dead  
In which him chanced false Duesse meete,  
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,  
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming  
sweete,

Inyigled him to follow, her desires unmeete

*At last, by subtle sleights she him betrayd*  
Unto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,  
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismayd,

Unwares surpris'd, and with night's mall  
The monster merciesse him made to fall,  
Whose fall did never foe before behold

And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched  
thrall,

Remediesse for aie he doth him hold  
'This is my cause of griefe, more great then  
may be told'

LII

Ere she had ended all she gan to saie  
But he her comforted, and tane bespake  
'Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint,  
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to  
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take,  
For till I have acquitt your captive knight, ye  
Assure your selfe I will you not forsake  
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse  
spright, [ever right  
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding

## CANTO VIII

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,  
Brings Arthure to the fight  
Who slayes the Gyant, wounds the best,  
And strips Duesse quight

Ar me! how many perils doe enfold  
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,  
Were not that hevenly grace doth him uphold,  
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.  
Her love is firme, her care continuall,  
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride,  
Or weaknes, is to sinfull hands made thrall  
His should this Rederosse knight in bands have  
dyde, [thither guyd  
For whose deliverance she this Prince doth

II

They sadly traveld thus, untill they came  
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye  
Then cryde the Dwarfe, 'Lo! yonder is the  
same,  
In which my Lord my hege, doth lucklessely  
Thrall to that Gyants hatefull tyranny  
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay  
The noble knight alighted by, and by  
From losie sted, and bridd the Ladie stay,  
To see what end of fight should him befall that  
day

III

So with his Squirr, th' admire of his might,  
He marched forth towards that castle wall,  
Whose gates he found fast shutt, ne living  
wight  
To warde the same nor answer comers call  
Then took that Squirr an horse of little skill,  
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold  
And tasselles gay Wyde wonders over all

Of that same homes great virtues weren told,  
Which had approv'd bene in uses manifold

IV

Was never wight that heard that shrilling  
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine  
Three miles it might be eare heard arownd,  
And hee hoës three munsword it selfe againe  
No false enchantment, nor deceitfull traine,  
Might once abide the terror of that blast,  
But presently was void and wholly vaine  
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,  
But with that percing noise flew open quite,  
or brast

V

The same before the Geant's gate he blew,  
That all the castle quaked from the ground,  
And every dore of freewill open flew  
The Gyant selfe, dismayd with that sound,  
And he with his Duesse dalliance found,  
In first came rushing forth from inner bowre,  
With staving countenance sterne, as one  
astownd, [stowe  
And staggering steps, to weet what sudden  
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd  
his dredded powre

VI

And after him the proud Duesse came,  
High mounted on her many herded beast,  
And every head with fyre tongue did flame,  
And every herd was crowned on his crest,  
And bloody mouthed with ripe cruell fast

E



That when the knight beheld, his mightie shield  
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest, *adrest*  
And at him fierly flew, with corage filld,  
And eger greenhuesse through every member  
thrild

VII

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,  
Inflam'd with scornfull wrath and high dis-  
daine,  
And lifting up his dreifull club on lught, *aloft*  
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knotte  
grune, *scor'd*  
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine  
But wise and wary was that noble Pere,  
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous mame,  
Did save avoide the violence him nere  
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts  
to beare

VIII

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous  
might, *that it had reach'd him*  
The vile stroke, enforcing furious way,  
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,  
Dill fall to ground, and with his heavy sway  
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,  
Thrit three yardes deepe a furrow up did  
throw  
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,  
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,  
And trembling with strange feare did like an  
ertquake show

IX

As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood,  
To wreake the guilt of mortall sinis bent,  
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly  
wood *ferre*  
Enrol'd in flames, and smouldring dremment,  
Through riven cloudes and molten tirmament  
The fiers threeforked enqui, making way,  
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,  
And all that might his angry passage stay,  
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mound  
of clay *ougly, stop*

His strong club, so buried in the ground,  
He could not retren up neyne so high,  
But that the Knight him it advantage townd  
And, whiles he strove his combrell clubbe to  
quight

Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright  
He smot off his left arme which like a block  
Did fall to ground depriv'd of native might  
Large streames of blood out of the trucked  
stock *brunell*  
Forth gashed, like fresh water streames from  
even rocke

XI

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,  
And eke imprinted of unwonted payne,  
He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sound,  
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe  
As grent a noise, as when in Cymbrian plaine  
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth  
strug, *scatled paine*  
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,  
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing  
The neighbor woods around with hollow mur-  
mur ring

XII

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw  
The evil ground that danger'd her estate,  
Unto his aide she hastily did draw [of late,  
Her dreadfull beast, who, swolne with blood  
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous  
gate,  
And thirtned all his heades like flaming  
brudes  
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,  
Uncomtning fiers with single sword in hand,  
And twist him and his Lord did like a bul-  
warko stand

XIII

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,  
And hers disdaine to be affronted so,  
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,  
Thrit stop out of the way to overthrow, *on him*  
Scorning the let of so unequal foe *about*  
But nevertheless would thrit corageous swyre  
To her yeeld passage gainst his Lord to goe,  
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,  
And with his body bard the way atwixt them  
twaine

XIV

Then tooke the rugie witch her golden cup,  
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes,  
Death and despayre did man thereof sup,  
And secret poyson through their inner partes,  
Thrit eternall bite of hellish venom'd fittes in  
Which, after charmes and some enchaunt-  
ments said  
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes  
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayed,  
And all his senses were with sudden dread  
dismayd

XV

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,  
Who on his neck his bloody claws did seize,  
That his migh crusht out of his panting brest  
No poyre he had to stirre, nor will to rise  
That when the careful Knight gan well avise,  
He mightly left the foe with whom he fought,  
And to the beast gan turne his enterpryse,

For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,  
To see his loved Squyre into such thralldom  
brought

XXI

And, high advancing his blood-thurstie blade,  
Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,  
That of his püssancee proud example made  
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,  
And that misformed shape misshaped more  
A sea of blood gushit from the gaping wound,  
That her gay garments staynd with filthy  
And overflowed all the field around, [gore,  
That over shoes in blood he waded on the  
grownd

XXII

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine, [bred,  
That to have heard great horror would have  
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long  
trayne, *unstable to cut in*  
Through great impatience of his grieved head,  
His gorgeons ryder from her loftie sted fell  
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty  
myre,  
Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured,  
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre  
Came hurtling in full siers, and forst the knight  
retyre

XXIII

The force, which wout in two to be disperst,  
In one alone left hand he now unites,  
Which is through rage more strong then both  
were erst,  
With which his hideous club aloft he dyes,  
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,  
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow  
The stroke upon his shield so heaue lites,  
That to the ground it doubleth him full low  
What mortall might could ever beare so mon-  
strous blow?

XXIV

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,  
Did loose his vele by chance, and open was.  
The light wherof, that heavens light did pas,  
Sneh blazing brightnesse through the ayer  
threw,

That eye mote not the same endure to view  
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring  
eye,  
He downe let fall his arme and soft withdrew  
His weapon hnge, that heaved was on hye  
For to have slain the man, that on the ground  
did lye

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, *man*  
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,  
Became stark blind, and all his senses dazd,  
That downe he tumbled on the durty field,

And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield  
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to  
fall,

Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,  
Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call, [all'  
'O' helpe, Orgogho, helpe' or els we perish

XXV

At her so piteous cry was much amoo'd  
Her champion stont, and for to ayde his friend,  
Againe his wonted angry weapon prov'd, *but*  
But all in vaine, for he has redd his end  
In that bright shield and all theirfores spend  
Them selves in vaine for, since that glancing  
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend [sight,  
As where th' Almightyes lightnng loud does  
light,  
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the sen-  
[ces thought

XXVI

Whom when the Prince, to battell new ad-  
drest [ee,  
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did  
His sparding blade about his head he blest.  
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,  
That downe he tumbled, as an aged tree,  
High growing on the top of ioeky clift,  
Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh  
hewen be,

The mightie trunk, halfe rent with ragged rift,  
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with feare-  
[full drift. *over*

XXVII

Or as a Castle, reared high and round,  
By subtile engins and malitious slight  
Is undermined from the lowest ground,  
And her foundation forst, and feebleight,  
At last downe falles, and with her heaped  
light

Her hasty rime does more heaue make,  
And yelds it selfe unto the victours might  
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake  
The steilfast globe of earth, as it for scare did  
quake.

XXVIII

The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,  
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,  
That headlesse his unweldy booke lay,  
All wallow in his owne fowle bloody gore,  
Which flowed from, his wounds in wondrous  
store

But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,  
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,  
Was vanish quite, and of that mon-trous mas  
was nothing left, but like an emptie blader  
was.

E 2

XXX

Whose grievous fall when false Duesa spyde,  
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,  
And crowned mitre rudely threw aside  
Such piercing griefe her stubborne hart did

wound,  
That she could not endure thit dolefull stound  
But leaving all behind her fled awaie  
The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd

around  
And, by hard meynes enforcing her to stay,  
So brought unto his Lord as he deserved pray

XXXX

The roiall Virgin a huch beheld from farre,  
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie warre,  
The whole achievement of this doubtfull  
Came running fast to greet his victorie.

With sober gladnesse and mild modestie,  
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus be-  
spoke

'I've brunnish of noblesse, slowe of chivalrie  
Thit with your worth the world amazed make,  
How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my  
erke'

XXXX

'And you, fresh build of vertue springing fast,  
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto death's  
dore,

What hath poore Virgin for such perill past  
Wherewith you to reward? Accept thereof  
My simple selfe and service evermore  
And he that high does sit, and all things see  
With equall eye their merites to restore,  
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,  
And what I cannot quite requite with usure

XXXX

But sith the heavens, and your sure hande-  
ling, *transformation*

Have made you master of the field this day,  
A your torune maister eke with governing  
And well begonne, end all so well I pray  
Ne let that wicked woman scape away,  
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,  
My dearest Lord and deepe in dongeon lay  
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all  
O heare, how piteous he to you for aye does  
call'

XXXX

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire  
That scerlot a hore to keepe carefully  
Why he himselfe with great desire  
Into the castle cutted furiously  
When, by my ere there none he did espye  
Then gan he laudly through the house to call  
But no man car'd to answere to his crye

There raignd a sademne silence o'er all,  
Nor voice was heard, nor sight was seene in  
bowre or hall

XXXX

At last, with creeping creaked pree forth came  
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,  
That on a stasse his feeble steps did frame  
And gazed his warrie gate both too and fro,  
For his eye sight him fayled long ago,  
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,  
The which *unlocked* did o'ergron *first*  
Those were the keyes of every inner dore  
But he could not them use, but kept them still  
in store

XXXX

But very uncomly sight was to behold,  
How he did fashion his uncomly pree,  
For as he forward movd his footing old,  
So backward still was turnd his uncomly pree.  
Unlike to men, who ever, as they tract, *walk*  
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead  
This was the ancient keeper of that place,  
And foster father of the Gyrant deale,  
His name *Ignoro* did his nature right ahead

XXXX

His reverend heares and holy graces  
The sight much howard, as he seemed well,  
And gently askt, who he all the people here,  
Which in that stately building wont to dwell  
Who movd him full oft he could not tell  
Again he askt where that young knight was layd,  
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell  
Had made his captive thrall, same he cryde,  
He could not tell, he ever other answers made.

XXXX

Then asked he, which way he might pass  
He could not tell againe he answered  
Therent the courteous knight displeased was,  
And said, 'Old are thy senses thou hast not  
How all it sits with thit - my silver head, I feel  
In time to mucke, or mucke in time to bee  
But it thou be, as thou art purg'd of  
With witte's pen *un* *er* grave degree,  
And in graver wise what I demand of thee'

XXXX

His answer likewise was, he could not tell  
Whose simple speech, and *that* ignorance,  
When is the wode Prince had warked well,  
He lost his nature by his countenance,  
And should his wrath with goodly temperance  
Then to him stopping, from his arme did reach  
Those keyes, and in thim selfe free entrance  
Each dore he opened without any lock,  
There was no barre to stop, nor for him to  
empeach

hurdy

riches of

XXXV

There all within full rich arayd he found,  
With royall arras, and resplendent gold,  
And did with store of every thing abound,  
That greatest Princes presence might behold  
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)  
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents  
trew, [fold,

Which there were slaine as sheepe out of the  
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to view,  
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

XXXVI

And there beside of marble stone was built  
An Altare, carv'd with cunning masonry,  
On which ten Christians blood was often spilt,  
And holy Martyrs often doen to dye  
With cruell malice and strong tyranny  
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the  
stone,  
To God for vengeance cryde continually,  
And with great grieve were often heard to  
grone, [piteous mone  
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their

XXXVII

Through every rowme he sought, and everie  
bowr,  
But no where could he find that wofull thrall  
At last he came unto an yron dore,  
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all  
Amongst that bonnie to open it withall,  
But in the same a litle grate was pight,  
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd  
did call  
With all his powre, to weepe if living might  
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen  
might.

XXXVIII

Therewithan hollow dreary, murmuring voyce  
These piteous plaintes and dolours did re-  
sound [choyce  
'O' who is that, which bringes me happy  
Of death, that here lye dying every sould,  
Yet live perforce in balesfull darkenesse bound?  
For now three Moones have changed thrice  
their hew, [ground,  
And have been thrice had underneath the  
Smece I the heavens chearefull face did view  
'O' welcome thou, that doest of death bring  
tydings trew'

XXXIX

Which when that Champion heard, with  
percing point  
Of pity deare his hart was thrilled sore  
And trembling horror ran through every joynt,  
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore

Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore  
With furious force and indignation fell,  
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,  
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,  
That breathed ever forth a filthy banefull smell

XL

But nether darknesse fowle, nor filthy bands,  
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,  
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)  
But that with constant zeale and courage bold,  
After long paines and labors manifold  
He found the menies that Prisoner up to reare,  
Whose feeble tuches, unable to uphold [beare,  
His pined corse, him searse to light could  
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreare.

XLI

His sad dull eyes, deepe sunck in hollow pits,  
Could not endure th' unopted smue to view,  
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,  
And empty sides deceiv'd of their dew,  
Could make a stony hart his hap to rev,  
His ruybone armes, whose mighty brayned  
bowrs [hew,  
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets  
Were cleene consum'd, and all his itall poures  
Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered  
flowres

XLII

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran  
With hasty joy to see him made her glad,  
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,  
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad  
Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,  
She said, 'Ah dearest Lord' what evil starre  
On you hath frownd, and pouerd his influence  
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed are, [bad,  
And this misseeming hen your manly looks  
doth marre?

XLIII

'But welcome now, my Lord in wele or woe,  
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day  
And he on fortune, mine avoyd for alay,  
Whose wretched wickets them selves doe now  
And for these wronges shall treble penance pay  
Of treble good good groves of evils priefe  
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,  
Had no delight to trearen of his grieve,  
His long entured famine needed more reliefe

XLIV

'Faure Lady,' then said that victorious  
knight,  
'The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,  
Them to renew, I vowe, breeds no delight,  
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare

But th' only good that growes of pained seue  
Is to be wise, and ware of like again  
This doles example hath this lesson deare  
Deepe written in my hart with weeping pain,  
That blesse may not stude in state of mortall  
men

*As the glory of  
the lesson*

'Henceforth Sir knight, take to you wanted  
strength,  
And master these mishaps with patient might  
Loe! where your foe lies trecht in monstrous  
length,  
And loe! that wicked woman in your sight,  
The roote of all your care and wretched plight  
Now in your power, to let her live or die  
'To doe her die, (quoth Lora) were death,  
And shame to ~~make~~ so wake an enemy  
But spone her of her scarlet robe, and let her  
fly

XVII

So, as she bad that witch they disarnd  
And robd of rubell robes, and purple pall,  
And ornaments that richly were displnd,  
Ne spared they to strip her naked all  
Then, when they had despoild her tye, and ~~all~~  
Such as she was their eyes might fier behold,  
That her misshapen parts did them appall  
A louthly, wrinkled hag, ill favoured, old,  
Whose secret filth good manners buldeth not  
be told

XVIII

Her crafty head was altogether bald,  
And, as in hate of honorable old,  
Was overgrown with scurf and filthy scald  
Her teeth out of her rotten gummee were sold  
And her soure breath abhominably smeld  
Her dried dugs, like bladders lucking wind,  
Houg downe, and filthy matter from them  
weld,

Her wrinkled skin, as rough as maple rind,  
So scabbin was that would have forth all  
vornant and

XIX

Her mother parts, the shame of all her kind,  
My chaster bluse for shame doth blush to  
write,  
But at her romps she growne, had behind  
A tace, a tace, with dong all towly drit  
And eke her feet most in monstrous use in sight;  
For one of them was like an eagle's talon,  
With gripping talons armed to preyed flight,  
The other like a be in women's pain,  
Vornangly shape with ver hyngers nature new

XX

Which when the knight beheld an red the  
were,  
And woulde at so fayle deformed we let  
Such then, (said Lora) as she seeneth here,  
Such is the type of fal hood, such the tye  
Of foule Duress, when her bottom is by lit  
Is kind in ay, and counterfeite in name  
Thus when they had the watchch red of knight,  
And all her filthy features open shewen  
They let her goe at will, and wand'ring wales  
unknowne

Shew, dyng fast from heuens hated face  
And from the world that her dis covered wide,  
Fled to the wastfull wilderness capere,  
From living ceas her open shame to hide  
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unspide  
But that two crew of Larches and Elm sure,  
Did in that cisth and rware's shide  
To rest them chide, and very poweres repaire,  
When store they found of d that fainty was  
and ran

## CANTO IX

His loves and lignage Arthur telle  
The knights knitt friendly tande  
Sir Trekean flies from Despayre  
Whom Redcrosse knight withstan to

*in company*

II

O GOODRY golden chayne, wherewith I fere  
Thou virtues linked are in lovely vize,  
And noble mindes of vore allyed were  
In braye pourmitt of chevalrous emprise,  
That none did others safely despize,  
Nor and envy to him in need that stands,  
But friendly each did others praise devize,  
How to advaunce with favourable hands,  
As this good Prince redeemed the Redcrosse  
knight from bands

Who when their poweres, empryal through  
libor long  
With dew repist they had recured well,  
And that wake captive wight now wexed  
strong,  
Theat list no longer there at leasure dwell,  
But forward fare as their adventures fell  
But, ere they parted, Lora sure laught  
That straunge knight his name and nation  
tell,

Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,  
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles  
thought.

III

'Faere virgin,' (said the Prince,) 'yee me  
require

A thing without the compas of my wit,  
For both the liguage, and the certein Sire,  
From which I sprong, from mee me lidden yitt,  
For all so soone as life did me admitt  
Into this world, and shewed hevens light,  
From mothers pip I taken was unfit,  
And streight deliver'd to a Faery knight,  
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall  
might *manuscript of 1596*

'Unto Old Timon he me brought brive, *quick*  
Old Timon, who in youthly yeeres liath beene  
In warlike feries th' expertest man alive,  
And is the wisest now on earth I weene  
His dwelling is low in a valley greene, *now*  
Under the foot of Rannan moor, *now*  
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,  
His tomling billowes rolls with gentle rore,  
There all my daies he traund mee up in ver-  
tuous lore.

V

'Thither the great magician Merlin came,  
As was his use, oftentimes to visitt mee,  
For he had charge my discipline to frame,  
And Tutors nouriture to oversee *little*  
Him oft and oft I askt in privy, *by my*  
Of what lones and what liguage I did spring,  
Whose answers bad me still assured bee,  
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,  
As time in her *just* term the truth to light  
should bring' *fulnes, due*

VI

'Well worthy impe,' said then the Lady gent,  
'And Pupill fitt for such a Tutors hand'  
But what adventure, or what lugh intent,  
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,  
Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of Martiall  
brud ?'

'Full hard it is,' (quoth he) 'to read aright  
The course of heavenly can-e, or understand  
The secret meaning of th' eternall might,  
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts  
of living wight

VII

'For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,  
Me hither sent for cause to me unghest,  
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day  
and night  
Whulome doth ranele in my riven brest,

With forced fury following his behest,  
Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,  
You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet hest'  
'Ah' counteas Knight,' (quoth she) 'what  
seeret wound [ground ?]  
Could ever find to guere the gentlest hart on

VIII

'Dear Dame,' (quoth he) 'you sleeping sparkes  
awake, [grow]  
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will  
Ne ever will then fervent fury slake,  
I'll living may sture into smoke do flow,  
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low  
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,  
But told, it flames, and, lidden, it does glow,  
I'll revele what ye so much desire  
Al' Love' lay down thy bow, the whules I  
may respyre

IX

It was in freshest flowe of youthly yeares,  
When courage first does creepe in manly chist  
Then first the cole of kindly heat appeares  
To kindle love in every living brest  
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,  
Those creeeping flames by reason to subdow,  
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,  
As miserable lovis use to sew, [weeth new  
Which still wax old in woe, whules wo stil

X

'That ydle name of love, and lovers life,  
As losse of time, and vertues enemy,  
I ever scorn'd, and joyd to stirre up strife,  
In midst of their mournfull Tragedy,  
Ay wont to laugh when them I heard to cry,  
And blow the fire which them to ashes brent  
Their God himselfe, grieved at my libertie,  
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent,  
But I them warded all with wary government

XI

'But all in vaine no fort can be so strong,  
Ne fleshy brest can armed be so sownd,  
But will at last be wonne with battre long, *Li*  
Or unawares at disadvantage sownd *awake*  
Nothing is sure that groves on earthly ground,  
And who most trustes in arme of fleshy might,  
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,  
And yeldes his caytive neck to vicious most  
-lespight

XII

'Ensample make of him your haplesse joy,  
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see, *Ca*  
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy  
Did soone pluck downe, and curb'd my libertie

For on a day, prickt forth with iollitee  
Of looser lute and heat of hardiment,  
Ranning the forest wide on courser free,  
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one  
consent, [intent  
Did seeme to laugh on me, and fauour mine

## VIII

'Forweaned with my sportes, I did alight  
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd,  
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,  
And pillow was my helmett for displayd,  
Whiles euer sence the humant sweet embayd,  
And slombing soft my hart did steale away,  
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd  
Her dantie limbes full softly downe did lay  
So fayre creature yet saw neuer sunny day

'Most goodly, glee and lovelie blandishment  
She to me made, and briht me love her deere,  
For deerely sure her love was to me bent,  
As when just time expired, should appeare  
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,  
Was neuer hart so rayshit with delight,  
No living man hke wordes did ever heare,  
As she to me delivered all that night,  
And at her parting said, She Queene of  
Faeries light *was called*

'When I awoke, and found her place deuyd,  
And nought but pressed gras where she had  
I sorrowed all so much as erst I joyd, [then,  
And washed all her place with watry even  
From that day forth I lov'd that face diuine  
From that day forth I cast my careful mynd,  
To seek her out with labor and long tyme,  
And neuer woud to rest till her I find  
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet nill that  
yon unbrnd'

## IX

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,  
And change of hien great passion did bewray,  
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,  
And hule the smoke that did his fire display,  
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say  
'O happy Queene of Faeries' that hast found  
Mongst many, one that with his proresse may  
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound  
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow  
on ground'

## X

'Thine, O! then,' said the gentle Roderosse  
knight, *alligiance*.  
'Next to that Ladies love, shall be the place,  
O fayrest virgin full of heavenly light,  
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly rice,

Was firmest first in mine extremest case  
And you, my Lord, the Patience of my life,  
Of that great Queene may well grune worthe  
grace,

For onely worthe you through pious priese,  
If living man mote worthe be to be her hese,  
*prole, a reference to the story of the*  
*inheritance to the crown of the*

So diversly discourting of their loves,  
The golden Sunne his glistring heid gan shew,  
And sad remembrance now the Prince amov'd,  
With fresh desire his voyage to pursue  
As Una curd her travell to renew [hond,  
Then the two knights, fast friendship for to  
And love establish each to other tren,  
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,  
And eke, as pledges firme right hands together  
Joyn'd

## XI

Prince Arthur gave a booke of Diamond syre,  
Lambord with gold and gorgeous ornament,  
Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,  
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,  
That any wound could heale incontinant [gave  
Which to requite, the Roderosse knight him  
A booke, wherein his Saviour's testament  
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave  
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soule  
to save. *The N-Testament, a*  
*xx following gift*

Thus beene they parted, Arthur on his way  
To seeke his love and th' other for to fight  
With Tunes foe, that all her r shame did pray  
But she, now weighing the deerv'd plight  
And shrunken synners of her chosen knight,  
Would not a while her forward course pise  
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,  
Till he recovered had his former luy, [I new  
For him to be yet neke and weerie well shu

## XII

So as they travell'd, lo! they gan espie  
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,  
That seemed from some fured foe to flye,  
Or other griesly thing that him aght  
Still as he fled his eye was backward cast,  
As if his fere still followed him behynd  
As flew his steed as he his bandes had brast,  
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind  
As he had beene a sole of Peganus his kynd

## XIII

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head  
To bee unarm'd and curll uncombed heares  
Upstaring stiff, dismaid with uncooth dread  
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,

Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,  
In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fauie deice,  
About his neck an hempen rope he weanes,  
That with his ghstring armes does ill agree,  
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree

## XXIII

The Rederosse knight toward him crossed fast,  
To weet what mister wight was so dismayd  
There him he findes all senselesse and aghast,  
That of him selfe he seemd to be afraid,  
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,  
Till he these wordes to him deliue might  
'Sir knight, aread who hath y e thus ayd,  
And eke from whom make y e this hasty flight'  
For neuer knight I saw in such misseeming  
phght'

## XXIV

He answerd nought at all, but adding new  
Feare to his first amirment, staring wyde  
With stony eyes and haplesse hollow liew,  
Astomast stood, as one that had aspyde  
Infernall furies with their chaines unt yd,  
Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake  
The gentle knight, who nought to him replyd,  
But, trembling every joynt, did only quake,  
And foltring tongue, at last, these words seemd  
forth to shake,

## XXV

'For Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe me not  
stay,  
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee'  
Lest looking baek would same have runne away,  
But he him fast to stay, and tellen fice  
The secrete cause of his perplexitie  
Yet nathemore by his bold hantie speech  
Could his blood frozen hart emboldened bee,  
But through his boldnes rather ferre did reach,  
Yett, forst, at last he made through silence  
sudden breach

## XXVI

'And am I now in safetie sure,' (quoth he)  
'From him that would have forced me to dye'  
And is the point of death now tynnd fro mee,  
That I may tell this haplesse history?' [nye  
'Fear nought,' (quoth he) 'no danger now is  
'Then shall I yon recount a ruefull cee,'  
(Said he) 'the which with this unlueky eye  
I late beheld, and, had not greater grace  
Me rest from it, had bene paytaker of the place,  
In his precipitacion of mind he decaies  
of a hartlesse & feeble without  
'I lately exhaust (Would I had never  
exhaust!)

With a fayre knight to keeopen compines,  
Sir Terwin lught, that well himselfe advaunst  
In all affayres, and was both bold and free,

But not so happy as mote happy bee  
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,  
That him againe lov'd in the least degree,  
For she was proud, and of too high intent,  
And joyd to see her lover languish and lament

## XXVIII

From whom retourning sad and eomfortlesse,  
As on the way together we did fere,  
We met that villen, (God from him me blese!)  
That emisd wight, from whom I seupt wh le-  
are, a while before, not a  
A man of hell that calls himselfe Despayre  
Who first us greets, and after fayre agreees  
Of tydinges strange, and of adventures rare  
So creeping close, as Snake in ludden weedes,  
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly  
deedes

## XXIX

'Which when he knew, and felt our feeble  
beset harts  
Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,  
Which love had launched with his deadly  
darts,  
With wounding words, and termes of soule  
reprefe, reprefe  
He pluekt from us all hope of dew rehesse,  
That earst us held in love of hnging life,  
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the running  
thiefe  
Perswade us dy e, to stant all further strife  
To me he lent this rope, to lunn a rusty knife  
wileward.

## XXX

'With which sad instrument of hasty death,  
That wofull lover, loathing leuger light,  
A wyde way made to let forth living breath  
But I, more tearefull or more lueky wight,  
Disnayd with that deformed dismall sight,  
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying  
feare, feare of death  
Ne yet assur'd of life by yon, Sir knight,  
Whose like inhmity like chaunce may beare,  
But God yon never let his charmed speeches  
heare'

## XXXI

'How may a man,' (said he) 'with idle spech  
Be wounne to spoyle the Castle of his health?  
'I wote,' (quoth he) 'whom try all late did  
teach, fere  
That like would not for all this worldes wealth,  
His subtle tong like droppung honny mealt'h  
Into the heart, and searcheth every vane,  
That ere one be aware, by seeret stealth  
His powre is rest, and weaknes doth remaine  
O! never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traune'



## XXXII

'Certes,' (sayd he) 'hence shall I never rest,  
Till I that treacherous hart have heard and tryde,  
And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I re-  
Of grace do me unto his cabin gurde.' I quest,  
'I, that hight Trevisan,' (quoth he) 'will ryde  
Agiinst my liking backe to doe you grace  
But nor for gold nor glee will I abide  
By you, when ye arrive in that same place,  
For leter had I die then see his deadly face'

## XXXIII

Ere long they come where that same wicked  
wight  
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,  
For underneath a craggy cliff yight,  
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,  
That still for carrion carcasses doth crye  
On top whereof as dwelt the ghastly Owle,  
Shrieking his vilefull note, which ever drave  
Far from that haunt all other cherrefull soules,  
And all about it wandring ghostes did wyle  
and howle

## XXXIV

And all about old stocks and stubs of trees,  
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,  
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees,  
On which had many wretches hanged beene,  
Whose carcasses were scattered on the greene,  
And throwne about the cliff. Arrived there,  
That bare head knight, for dread and dolefull  
teene,  
Would faine have fled, he durst approchen nere,  
But th' other forst him stye, and comforted  
in feare

## XXXV

That dolesome cave they enter, where they  
find  
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,  
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind  
His greivous lockes, long grown and unbound,  
Disordred hong about his shoulkers round,  
And hid his face, through which his hollow  
eyne  
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound,  
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and  
paine,  
Were shrunke into his jawes, as he did never

## XXXVI

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,  
With thornes together pind and patched was,  
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts,  
And him beside there lay upon the grasse  
A dreary corse whose life away did passe,  
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,  
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!

In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,  
And made an open passage for the gushing blood

## XXXVII

Which piteous spectacle approving trow  
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,  
Whenas the gentle Rederosse knight did ven,  
With fire zeale he burnt in courage bold  
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,  
And to the villain said, 'Thou damnell wight,  
The author of this fiet we here behold,  
What justice can but judge against thee right,  
With thine own blood to price his blood, here  
shed in sight?'

*fit of frensy*

'What franticke fit,' (quoth he) 'hath thus  
distrayght

Thee, foolish man, so rash to daine to give?  
What justice ever other judgement taught,  
That he should dye who merites not to live?  
None els to death this man despayring drive  
But his owne guilte maul, deserving death,  
Is then unjust to ench his dew to give?  
Or let him dye, that longeth living breath,  
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here wretched?

*out of care*

## XXXVIII

Who travails by the verrie wandring way,  
To come unto his wished home in haste,  
And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,  
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,  
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?  
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours  
good,  
And foud, that joyest in the woe thou hast!  
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath  
stood  
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pise the

## XL

'He there does now enjoy eternall rest  
And happy ease, which thou doest want and  
crys  
And further from it daily wanderest  
What is some little payne the passage have,  
That makes fryle flesh to ferre the bitter  
wave,  
Is not short payne well borne, that brings  
And lyes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?  
Sleepe after toyle, port after storme seas,  
Ease after warrre, death after life, does greatly  
please

## XLI

The knight much wondred at his suddaine wit,  
And said, 'The terme of life is limited,  
Ye may not man prolong nor shorten it  
The souldier is not more from watchfull sted,

Nor leave his stand untill his Captaine bed,  
 'Who life did limit by almightie doome,  
 (Quoth he) 'knowes best the termes esta-  
 blished,  
 And he, that points the Centonell his roome,  
 Doth lense him depart at sound of morning  
 doome.

XLII

'Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne  
 In heaven and earth? Did not he all create  
 To doo againe? - All ends that was begonne  
 Their times up his eternall booke of fate  
 Are written sure, and have then certein date  
 Who then can strive with strong necessitie,  
 That holds the world in his still chaunging  
 state,  
 Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?  
 When houre of death is come, let none aske  
 whence, nor why

XLIII

'The lenger life, I wote, tho greater sin,  
 The greater sin, the greater punishment  
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to  
 win  
 Through strife, and blood-shed, and avenge-  
 Now prayd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent,  
 For life must life, and blood must blood, repay,  
 Is not enough thy evill life forespent?  
 For he that once hath missed the right way,  
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth  
 stray

XLIV

'Then doe no further goe, no further stray,  
 But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,  
 Th' ill to prevent, that life enseven may,  
 For what hath life that may it loved make,  
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake?  
 Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,  
 Payne, hunger, cold that makes the hart to  
 quake,  
 And ever fickle fortune rageth  
 All which, and thousands mo, do make a loath-  
 some life

XLV

'Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest  
 need,  
 If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state,  
 For never knight, that dard warlike deed,  
 More luckless dissaventures did amate  
 Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late  
 Thy life shunt up for death so oft did call,  
 And though good lucke prolonged hath thy  
 date,  
 Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,  
 Into the which hereafter thou maist happen  
 all

XLVI

'Why then doest thou, O man of sin! desie  
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?  
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull life  
 High heaped up with huge iniquitee,  
 Against the day of wrath to burden thee?  
 Is not enough, that to this Lady mild  
 Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjurie,  
 And sold thy selfe to serv o Dnessa wild,  
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe

XLVII

'Is not he just, that all this doth behold  
 From highest heaven, and beares an equall eye?  
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,  
 And guilty be of thine impietie?  
 Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die, [donne,  
 He shall all flesh? What then must needs be  
 Is it not better to doe willinghe,  
 Then linger till the glas be all out runne?  
 Death is the end of woes die soone, O speries  
 sonne!

XLVIII

The knight was much enmowed with his speech,  
 That as a sword's poynt through his hart did  
 perse,  
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach,  
 Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,  
 And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse  
 The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,  
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,  
 As he were charmed with enchanted times,  
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted often-  
 times

XLIX

In which amazement when the Mercant  
 Perceivd him to waver, weake and faine,  
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience  
 And helshish anguish did his soule assaile,  
 To drive him to despaire, and quite to quale,  
 Hee shewd him, painted in a table plaine,  
 The damned ghosts that doe in torments wile,  
 And thousand feends that doe them endlesse  
 paine  
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall

L

The sight whereof so throughly him dismayd,  
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,  
 And ever burning wrath before him laid,  
 By righteous sentence of th' Almighties lay,  
 Then gan the villen him to overcaw,  
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison,  
 And all that might him to perdition draw,  
 And bad him choose what death he would de-  
 sire,  
 For death was dew to him that had provokt

II

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,  
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,  
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,  
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin Greene,  
And troubled blood through his pale face was  
scene

To come and goe with tidings from the heart,  
As it a running messenger had bene.  
At last, resolv'd to work his small smart,  
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did  
start

LII

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine  
The cruddled cold ran to her well of life, *brings back to life*  
As in a sworne lunt, soone reli'd againe,  
Out of his hand she snatched the cur'd knife,  
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,  
And to him said, 'I is, sie faint hearted Knight!  
What meuest thou by this reprochfull strife?  
Is this the battaile which thou vuntst to  
fight

With that bre-monthed Dragon, horrible and  
bright? *an attribute of the*  
*not from the*

LIII

'Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshy wight,  
Ne let vaine words beutich thy minde hirt,  
Ne dicheish thoughts dismay thy constant  
spright

In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?  
Why shouldst thou then despaire, that chosen  
art?

Where Justice growes, there grows the greater  
grace,  
The which doth quench the brim of helthsh  
smart,

And that needst hand-writing doth deface  
Arise, sir Knight, arise, and leave this cursed  
place

So up he rose, and thence amounted straight  
Which when the earle beheld and saw his guest  
Would safe depart for all his subtle sleight,  
He chose no halter from among the rest,  
And with it hong him selfe, unbid, unblest  
But death he could not worke himselfe therein,  
For thence and times he so him selfe had dreest,  
Yet unlesse it could not doe him die,  
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally

## CANTO X

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings  
To house of Holme: e  
Where he is taught repentance, and  
The way to heavenly blesse

I

*how foolish*  
Which man is he, that boasts of fleshy  
And vaine assurance of mortality, might  
Which, all so soone as it doth come to light  
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,  
Or from the fildes most cowardly doth fly  
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,  
That thorough grace hath gained victory  
If any strength we have, it is to ill [will]  
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke

II

By that which lately hapned Una saw  
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint  
And all his sinewes ~~were~~ *were* weak and raw,  
Through long imprisonment, and hard con-  
straint, *the constraint of long imprisonment*  
Which he endured in his late restraint,  
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight.  
Therefore, to cherish him with diets daint,  
She cast to bring him where he cheerer might,  
Till he recovered had his late deer'd plight,  
*again hope & cheer*

III

There was an auncient house nor far away,  
Renowned throughout the world for sacred lore  
And pure unspecked lite so well, they say,  
It governd wise and guid'd evermore,  
Through wisdom of monarchs and here,  
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes  
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore  
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,  
And all the day in doing good and godly  
deedes

IV

Dame Celra men did her call, as thought  
From hence to come, or thither to arise,  
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought  
In goodly wayes, and godly exercise  
The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,  
Lidella and Speranza, virgins were,  
Though sponed, yet wanting wedlocks solace  
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere  
Was linked, and by him had many pledges  
*charity*

## V

Arrived there, the doore they find fast lockt,  
For it was warily watched night and day,  
For feare of many foes, but, when they knoeckt,  
The Porter opened unto them straight way  
He was an aged syre, all hoiy gray,  
With lookes full lowly east, and gait full slow,  
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,  
Hight Humild. They passe in, stouping low,  
For straight and narrow was the way which  
he did show

## VI

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin,  
But entred in, a spaciouse court they see,  
Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in,  
Where then they doo meete a figneklyn faure and  
free,  
And entertaines with comely countenons glee,  
His name was Zele, that him right well became  
For in his speeches and behauiour hee  
Did labour hily to expresse the same,  
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall  
they came

## VII

There fayrely them receiues a gentle Squyre,  
Of myld demeanour and rare courtesee,  
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre,  
In word and dede that shewd great modestee,  
And knew his good to all of each degree,  
Hight Reuerence. He them with speeches  
meete  
Does faure entreat, no countynge meete,  
But simple, true, and eke unfained sweet,  
As might become a Squyre so great persons to  
greet.

## VIII

And afterwaides them to his Dame he leades,  
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place,  
Who all this while was busy at her beades,  
Which doon, she up arose with seemely grace,  
And toward them full matronely did pree  
Where, when that finest Una she beheld,  
Whom well she knew to spring from heuently  
race,  
Her heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,  
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eide.

## IX

And, her embracing, said, 'O happy earth,  
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!  
Most vertuous virgin, borne of heuently berth,  
That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head,  
From tyrauns rage and ever-dyng dread,  
Hast wandred through the world now long a  
day,  
Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead,

What grace hath thee now hither brought this  
way?

Or doen thy feeble feet my meeting hither stray?

'Strange thing it is an eriant knight to see  
Here in this place, or any other wight,  
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,  
That chose the narrow path, or seek the right,  
All keepe the broad hugh way, and take delight  
With many rather for to goe astray,  
And be partakers of their evill plight,  
Then with a few to walke the lightest way.  
O foolish men! why hast ye to your own decay?'

## XI

'Thy selfe to see, and tryed limbes to rest,  
O matrone sage,' (quoth she) 'Hither came,  
And thus good knight his way with me addrest,  
Ledd with thy prayes, and broad-blazed fame,  
That up to heaven is blowne' Tho auncient  
Dame

Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,  
And enterdynd them both, as best became,  
With all the court'sies that she could devise,  
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise

Thus as they gan of sondrie things devise,  
Loe! two most goodly virgins came in place,  
Yoked ayme in arme in lovely wise

With countenance demure, and modest grace,  
They numbed even steps and equall pace,  
Of which the eldest, that Fideia hight,  
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face  
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,  
And round about her head did shune like hev'ens  
light

## XIII

She was aiaed all in lilly white,  
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
With wine and water fild up to the light,  
In which a Serpent did himselfe entold,  
That honour made to all that did behold,  
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant  
mood  
And in her other hand she fast did hold  
A booke, that was both-signe and seald with  
blood, of christ.

Wherein daik things were writt, hard to be  
understood  
Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,  
Was clad in blew, thit her becomed well  
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,  
As was her sister whether dreid did dwell

Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell  
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,  
Whereon she leanned ever, as befall,  
And ever up to heven, as she did pray [way  
Her stedfast eyes were bent ne worried other

XX

They, seeing Una, towards her gan wend,  
Who them encounters with like courtesee,  
Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,  
And greithly joy each other for to see  
Then to the knight with shamesfast modestie  
They turne themselves, at Unas meeke re-  
quest,

And him salute with well beseeching glee  
Who saure them quites, as him beseeined best  
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest  
*deed, advent*

XXI

Then Una thus 'But she, your sister deare,  
The deare Charissa where is she become? *gone*  
Or wants she health or busie is elsewhere  
'Ah! no,' said they, 'but forth she is not  
For she of late is lightened of her wombe, [come,  
And hath encreast the world with one sonne  
more,

That her to see should be but trouble-some'  
'Indeed,' (quoth she) 'that should her trouble  
sore [more"  
But thynkt be God, and her encrease so ever-

XXII

Then said the aged Celia 'Deare dame,  
And you, good Sir I wote that of yonre toyle  
And labors long, through which ye lither  
came,

Ye both forwarned be therefore, a while  
I read you rest and to your bowres *regale*  
Then called she a Groom, that forth him led  
Into a goodly lodge and gan de-poile *undress*  
Of puissant armes, and laid in eisie bedd  
His name was meeke Obedience, rightfully  
aredd

XXIII

Now when their weime lumbes with kinde  
rest,  
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,  
Favre Una gan Fidelia favre request,  
To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,  
That of her heavenly learning, he might taste,  
And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine  
She granted, and that knight so much  
*waste, showed grace to, favored*  
That she him taught celestiall discipline,  
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in  
them shine

XXIV

And that her sacred Booke, with blood writt,  
That none could reade except she did them  
She unto him disclosed every whitt, [teach,  
And heavenly documents thierout did preach,  
That wele or witt of man could never reieh,  
Of God, of grice, of justice, of free-will,  
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach  
For she was lible with her wordes to kill,  
And raise agune to life the hart that she did  
thrill *piece*

XXV

And, when she list poure out her larger  
spright,  
She would comm und the hasty Sunne to stay,  
Or backward turne his course from heavens  
light [may,  
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dis-  
Dry-shod to prise she parts the fouds in tway,  
And the huge mountaines from their native  
seat [away,  
She would commund themselves to beare  
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.  
Almightie God her gave such poure and pun-  
sance great. *stung*

XXVI

The faithfull knight now grew in litle space.  
By heiring her, and by her sister-lore,  
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,  
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,  
And moit all life gan loath as thung sofore,  
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,  
And priekt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,  
That he de-sire to end his watched dayes  
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dis-  
maye

XXVII

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,  
And taught him how to take assured hold  
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet,  
Ls had his sinnes, so great and manifold,  
Made him forget all that Fidelia told  
In this distressed doubtfull agony,  
When him his dearest Una did behold  
Disdayning hie desiring leave to dye,  
She found her self assaild with great per-  
plexity,

XXVIII

And came to Celia to declare her smart,  
Who, well acquainted with that commune  
philit  
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,  
With goodly counsell and advisement right,  
And straightway sent with careful diligence,  
To fetch a Leech, the which had great insight

*could suffer*

In that disease of grieved conscience, [*Patience*.  
And well could cure the same His name was

Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,  
For well she wist his cryme could els be never  
cleare *clear, washed qu*

## LXIV

Who, comming to that sowle-diseased knight,  
 Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief  
 Which knowne, and all that ~~poed~~ his heave  
 spright *hush, Cyndell*  
 Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief  
 Of salves and medicines, which had passing  
 grief, *supposed* *cellence*  
 And thereto added wordes of wondrous might  
 By which to ease he him recured brief, *enough*  
 And much aswaid the passion of his plight,  
 That he his paine endurd, as seeming now  
 more light

## XSV

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,  
Inward corruption and infected sin,  
Not purg'd nor heal'd, behind remained still,  
And festring sore did rinkle jett within,  
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin  
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily *as before*  
Down in a darksome lowly place far in,  
Whereas he meant his *corruptions* to apply,  
And with streight diet tame his stubborn  
malady *rest his illness, and*

## X XVI

In ashes and sackcloth he did array  
His dantie corse, proud humors to abato,  
And dieted with fasting every day,  
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate,  
And made him pray both earely and eke late  
And eue, as superfluous flesh did rot,  
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,  
To pluck it out with pincers fyre whott,  
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted  
rott

## LXVIII

And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,  
Was wont him once to disple every day *disple*  
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and mpy,  
That drops of blood thence like a well did play  
And sad Repentance used to embay *ears of*  
His blamefull body in salt water soie,  
The filthy blottes of sin to wash away  
So in short space they did to health restore  
The man that would not live, but erst lay at  
deathes dore

## XXVIII

In which his torment often was so great,  
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,  
And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat  
His owne deare Unn, hearing evermore  
His ruefull shriekes and gnoanings, often tore  
Her quittance garments and her golden heare,  
For pity of his payne and anguish sore

## XVIX

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience  
And true Repentaunce, they to Una brought,  
Who, joyous of his cured conscience,  
Him dearly list, and fayrely eke besonght  
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought  
To put away out of his carefull brest  
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,  
Was woxen strong, and left her frutfull nest  
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted  
Guest.

## XXV

She was a woman in her freshest age,  
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,  
With goodly grace and comely personage,  
That was on earth not easie to compare,  
Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare,  
As hell she hated, chaste in worke and will,  
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,  
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their  
fill,  
The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still

## 2571

A multitude of babes about her long,  
 Playing their sportes, that joyd her to behold,  
 Whom still she fed w<sup>th</sup> milke they were weake and  
 young,  
 But thrust them forth still as they waxed old  
 And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,  
 Adorn'd with gemmes and o<sup>th</sup>er wondrous  
 fayre,  
 Whose passing price un<sup>der</sup>neath was to be told  
 And by her syde there sate a gentle payre,  
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chayre

## XXVII

The knight and Una entring fayrelier greet,  
And bid her joy of that her happy brood,  
Who them requites with count'nes seeming  
And enter they with friendly chearefull mood  
Then Una her besonght, to be so good  
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,  
Now after all his torment well withstood  
In thit sad house of Penance, where his  
spright

## XXVII

She was right joyous of her just request,  
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,  
Gan him instruct in euerie good behest,  
Of love, and righteousness, and well to donne,

And wrath and hatred warily to shew  
That drew on men to his hate and his wrath  
And many soules in dolours had for him  
In which when him she well instructed hath,  
From thence to heaven she terecheth him the  
ready path

XXVII

Wherein his weker wandering steps to guide,  
An ancient matrone she to her does call,  
Whose sober looks her wisdom well de-  
scribe

XXVIII

Her name was Meres, well knowne over all  
To be both gracions and the his will  
To whom the carfull charge of him she gave  
To leade right, that he should never fall  
In all his waies through this wide world's  
uave,

That Meres in the end his righteous soule  
might save

XXIX

The godly Matrone by the hand him be-  
torth from her presence, by a narrow way  
Scattered with bushy thornes and ragged briers,  
Which still before him she removed away.  
That nothing might like richly passe stay  
And ever when his feet encompured were  
Or gan to shunle or from the right to stray  
She held him fast and firmly did upbide,  
As carfull Nourice her child from falling off  
does reide

XXXI

It soones unto an holy Hos-pitall,  
That was fore by the way, she did him bring  
In which seven Brd-men, that had loved all  
Their life to service of high heavens King,  
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing  
Their gates to all were open evermore  
That by the wearie way were travelling,  
And one sate wayting ever them before,  
To call in comers by that needy were and

passing by there to be care

XXXII

The first of them that eldest was and best  
Of all the house had charge and government,  
As Guardian and Steward of the rest  
His office was to give entertainment  
And lodging unto all that came and went,  
Not unto such as could him feast name,  
And double quite for that he on them spent  
But such as want of harbour did constraime  
Those for Gods sake he usenly was to entring

XXXIII

The second was as Almoner of the place  
His office was the hungry for to feed  
And thirsty give to drinke, a viall of grace  
He feared not once him self to be in need,

No ear'd to heerd for those whom he did breake  
The grace of God he laid up still in store,  
Which is a stake he left unto his treasore;  
He had enough what need him care for more?  
And had he less yet wote he would give to the  
poore

XXXIV

The third had of their wardrobe custody  
In which were not rich ryes, nor garments gay,  
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanity,  
But cloth's meet to keepe Ierem cold away,  
And naked nature stremply to arrey;  
With which his ratched lights he darts did clay,  
The images of God in earthly clay  
And that no spare clothes to give he had,  
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute  
glad

XL

The fourth appointed by his office was  
Poore prisoners to release with gracions ayd  
And captives to redeeme with price of bread  
From Iulus and Sarazins, which them had  
And though they faultly were yet well he wayd,  
That fast to us for ought they were sayd,  
Much more then that they in hands were  
And he, that harrowd hell with heavy stowe,  
The faulty soules from thence brought to his  
heavenly bowe

XLI

The fift had charge, sick per one to attend,  
And comfort the in point of death which lay,  
For them most rich comfort in the end,  
When sin and hell, and all the most dymy  
The feeble soule departing home away  
All is but lost, that living we bestow,  
If not will ended our day.  
A man's have mind of that last bitter throw,  
For as the tree does fall so lives it ever low

XLII

The sixt had charge of them now being dead  
In such sort their corse to grave  
And deck with dainty flowers their brydall bed.  
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and  
save  
That might upen when he their soules shall  
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne  
mould  
Whose face he made all bestes to face and gay  
All in his hand even as we honour should  
Ah, deare God, me graunt, I deul be not  
defould

XLIII

The seventh now after death and buriall done,  
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead  
And widowes yd lest they should be milde  
In face of judgement he their right would yde  
before the judgement seat.

Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread  
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee  
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread,  
And, when they stood in most necessitee,  
He did supply their want, and gave them ever  
free

XLV

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,  
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care  
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas.  
Wher seeming Mercie, that his steps uphure  
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare  
He humbly louted in meeke lowliness,  
And seemely welcome for her did prepare  
For of their order she was Patronesse,  
Albe Charissa were their chiefest foundresse

XLV

There she awhile him staves himselfe to rest,  
That to the rest more hable he might bee,  
During which time in every good behest,  
And godly worke of Almes and charitee  
Shed him instructed with great industrie  
Shortly therein so perfect he became,  
That, from the first unto the last degree,  
His mortall life he learned had to frame  
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or  
blame.

XLVI

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas  
Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hy.  
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,  
And eke a hile Hermitage thereby,  
Wherin an aged holy man did he,  
That day and night said his devotion,  
No other worldly busines did apply  
His name was hevenly Contemplation,  
Of God and goodnes was his meditation

XLVII *proceed*

Great grace that old man to him given had,  
For God he often saw from heavens light  
All were his earthly cien both blint and bail  
And through great age had lost their kindly  
sight, [spright.  
Yet wondrous quick and per-aunt was he  
As Eagles eye that can behold the sunne  
That hill that steepe with all their powre and  
might [knight  
That his fraile Hughes, high wear and forlonne,  
Gan saile. but by her helpe the top at last he  
wonne

XLVIII

There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,  
With snowe lockes adowne his shoulders shed,  
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire  
The mossy branches of an Oke halfe ded

Each bone might through his body well he red  
And every sinew seene, through his long fist  
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed,  
His mind was full of spiritual repast [chast.  
And pynd his flesh to keepe his body low and  
*smothered*

XLIX

Who, when these two approaching he aspede,  
At their first presenee grew agrieved sore,  
That forst him lay his hevenly thoughts aside,  
And hal he not that Daine respected more,  
Whom highly he did reverence and adole,  
He would not once have moved for the knight  
They him saluted, standing far afore,  
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,  
And asked to what end they clomb that  
tedious lught

L

'What end,' (quoth he) 'should cause us  
take such paine,  
But that same end, which every living wight  
Should make his markeligh heaven to attaine?  
Is not from hence the way, that kureth right  
To that most glorious house, that glisteth  
bright  
With burning starres and everliving fire,  
Whereof the keys are to thy hand beighten  
By wise Ideia? Shee doth thee requie,  
To shew it to this knight, recording his desire'

LII

'Thise happy man' said then the futher  
grave, [wey.  
Whose slugging steps thy seide hand doth  
lead,  
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save  
Who better can the way to heaven ared  
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and  
bred  
In hevenly throne, where thousand Angel-  
spine  
Hout dost the prayers of the nightcons send  
Present before the majesty divine,  
And his avenging wrath to chunene incline

LIII

'Yet, since thou hast, thy persue - h  
donne.  
Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,  
That never yet was scene of Iernes come,  
That never leads the traveler astray,  
But after labors long and sad delay,  
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis  
But first thou must a season fast and pray,  
Till from her hands the spright assailed is,  
And have her strength recnd from fraile in-  
firmities'

F



LIII

'That done, he leads him to the highest Mount, *top of the mountain.*

Such one as that same mighty man of God,  
That blood-red billowes, like a walled front,  
On either side disparted with his rod,  
Till that his army dri-foot through them wold,  
Dwelt forty daies upon, where, writt in stone  
With blood letters by the hand of God,  
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone  
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him  
shone

LIV

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hue,  
Adorn'd with fruitfull Olives all around,  
Is, as it were for endles-e memory  
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,  
For ever with a flowering girlond crown'd  
Or like that pleasant Mount, that is for us  
Through famous Poets verse each where re-  
nown'd, *of which, we have heard of*  
On which the three learned Ladies play  
Their heavenly notes and make full many a  
lovely lay

LV

From thence, far off he unto him did shew  
A little path that was both steepe and long;  
Which to a goodly City led his view  
Whose walls and towres were builded high  
and strong

Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tongue  
cannot decribe nor wit of man can tell  
Too high a duty for my simple song  
The City of the grate king might it well,  
Wherem eternall peace and happinesse doth  
dwell

LVI

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see  
The blessed Angels to and fro descend  
From highest heven in gladsome companee,  
And with great joy into that City wend,  
As commonly as frend does with his frend  
Whereat he wondred much, and grin enquire,  
What stately building durst so high extend  
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,  
And what unknown nation there empeopled  
were?

LVII

'Faire Knight,' (quoth he) 'Hierusalem that  
The new Hierusalem, that God has built [is,  
For those to dwell in that are chosen his,  
His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt  
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt  
On cur'd tree, of that unspotted lam,  
That for the sinnes of all the world was kilt

Now are they Saints all in that City sam,  
More deare unto their God then younglings to  
their dam'

LVIII

'Till now,' said then the knight, 'I weened  
well,  
That great Cleopoli, where I have beene,  
In which that fairest I aery Queene doth dwell,  
The fairest city was that might be seene,  
And that bright towre all built of christall  
elene,  
Panther, seemd the brightest thing that was,  
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene.  
For this great City that does far surpass,  
And this bright Angels towre quite him, that  
towre of Glas'

LIX

'Most trew,' then said the holy aged man,  
'Net is Cleopoli, for earthly frame,  
The fairest peere that eye beholden can  
And well besemes all knights of noble name  
That covett in th' immortal booke of fame  
To be eternized, that came to hunt,  
And doen their service to that evergreen Dime,  
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt  
For she is hevenly borne, and heaven may  
justly runnt *in*  
*place*

LX

'And thou, faire my, sprong out from  
English race, *accursed, come*  
How ever now accounted thus some-*be*  
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,  
To aule a virgin desolate, foredonne,  
But when thou famous victory first wonne,  
And high amongst all knights hast hong thy  
shield,  
Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest  
shonne,  
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloods field  
For blood can nought hut sin, and wars but  
sorrows vield

LXI

'Then seek this path that I to thee presage,  
Which after all to heaven shall thee send,  
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage  
To vnder same Hierusalem doe bend,  
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end  
For thou amongst those Saints whom thou  
doest see,  
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend  
And Patrone thou Saint George shalt called  
bee,  
Saint George of mery England, the signe of  
victoree'

*wretch (that I am) must be thy*  
 LXII  
 'Unworthy wretch,' (quoth he) 'of so great  
 grace,

How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?'  
 'These, that have it attaynd, were in like  
 case,

As wretched men, and lived in like paine.'  
 'But deeds of armes must I at last be faine  
 And Ladies love to leave, so dearly bought?'  
 'What need of armes, where peace doth ay  
 remaine,'  
 (Said he) 'and bitter battailes all are fought?  
 As for loose loves, they are vaine, and vanish  
 into nought'

LXIII

'O' let me not,' (quoth he) 'then turne a-  
 grune  
 Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse  
 are,

But let me heere for aie in peace remaine,  
 Or straightway on that last long voyage fare,  
 That nothing may my present hope empare.'  
 'That may not be,' (said he) 'we must thou  
 yitt

Forgoe that roval maides bequeathed care,  
 Who did her cause into thy hand committ,  
 Till from her cur-ed foe thou have her free  
 quit

LXIV

'Then shall I soone,' (quoth he) 'so God me  
 Abett that virgins cause disconsolate, [grace.  
 And shortly backe returne unto this place,  
 To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.  
 But now are id. old father, why of late  
 Didst thou beghit me borne of English blood,  
 Whom all a l aeries sonne doen nominate?'  
 'That word shall I,' (said he) 'arouehen good,  
 Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy  
 blood.

LXV

'For, well I wote, thou springst from ancient  
 race  
 Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,  
 And many bloods battailes fought in face, in  
 ligh reard their roy all throne in Britans land,

And vanquisht them, unable to withstand  
 From thence a Faery thee unwetting rest,  
 There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,  
 And her base Elhn brood there for thee left  
 Spch, men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd  
 by Faeries theft.

LXVI

'Thence she thee brought into this Faery  
 lond,  
 And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,  
 Where thee a Ploughman all unwetting fond.  
 As he his toyesome teme that way did gvyde.  
 And brought thee up in ploughmans state, to  
 by de, *sharp from*  
 Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name, *sharp*  
 Till prekt with courage, and thy forces pryde.  
 To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame,  
 And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee  
 best became'

LXVII

'O holy Sire' (quoth he) 'how shall I quight  
 The many favours I with thee have found,  
 That hast my name and nation redd aright,  
 That taught the way that does, to heave  
 This saide, adowne he looked to the ground  
 To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne  
 Through passing brightnes, which did quite  
 confound

His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne  
 So darke are earthly thinges compar'd to thungs-  
 divine

LXVIII

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,  
 To Una back he cam him to retyre,  
 Who him awaited still with pensive mynd  
 Grent thanks, and goodly meed, to that goo  
 syre

He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre  
 So came to Una, who him joyd to see,  
 And, after litle rest, gan him desyre  
 Of her adventure myndfull for to bee  
 So leave they tke of Celia and her daugh  
 ters three.

## CANTO XI

The knight with that old Dragon fights  
Two days in ceaselessly  
The third him overthrowes, and gayns  
Most glorious victory

I

Hight time now gan it wax for Una sayre  
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare.  
And their forwasted kingdom to repaire  
Whereto whenas they now approchid neare,  
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to  
cheare.

And in her modest manner thus bespake [deare,  
Deare knight as deare as ever knight was  
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake  
High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me  
take!

II

'Now are we come unto my native soyle,  
And to the place where all our perilles dwell,  
Here hunteth thit fiend, and does his daily  
spoyl,  
Therefore, henceforth, be at your keeping well  
And ever ready for your foeman fell  
The sparke of noble courage now awake  
And strive your excellent selfe to excell  
That shall ye evermore renowned make [take  
Above all knights on earth, that battell under

III

And pointing forth Lo' vnder is,' (said she)  
The brasen towre, in which my parents deare  
For dread of that huge feend emprisoned be,  
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare  
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly  
And on the top of all I do espie [cheare  
The watchmen waiting to ding glad to heare,  
That, (O my Parents!) might I happily  
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery "

IV

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound  
That all the ayre with terror filled round  
And seemed uneth to shake the steadfast ground  
It seemed that dreadful Dragon they espide,  
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side  
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill  
But, all so soone as he from far descried  
Those glistering armes that heaven with light  
did fill,  
He roused himselfe full blith, and hastned them

to 70

Then bidd the knight his Lady yede aloof,  
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde,  
From whence she might behold that battaille-  
proof,

And eke be safe from daunger far deseryde  
She him obeyd, and turned a little asyde  
Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned Dame  
In re vmp of Phoebus and his aged bryde,  
The Course of time and everlasting fame,  
That warlike handes ennoble with immortall  
name

VI

O! gently come into my feeble brest,  
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage,  
Wherewith the martiall troupe thou dost  
infest

And battell of great Heroes dost enrage,  
That nought their killed courage may avange  
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe began to sound,  
The God of warre with his ter equipage  
Thou dost awake - sleepe never he so sound  
And scired nations dost with horroi sterne  
toward

VII

Fayre Goddesse lay that furious fitt asyde  
Full of warre and bloody Warre doe sing,  
And Briton fieldes with many blood bodyde  
Twixt that great rary Quene and Prym  
king

It hit with their horror heaven and earth did ring  
A worke of labour long and endlesse pryse  
But now I while liff downe that haughtie  
traine

And to my tune, thy second tenor raise,  
That I this man of God his godly armes may  
blaze

VIII

By this the dreadful Beast drew nigh to  
hind

His flying and halfe footing in his haste,  
That with his largenesse measured much land,  
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,  
As mount vne doth the valley overeate  
Approaching nigh he reared high afore  
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste,

Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,  
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with  
bloody gore,

And ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> all with brasen scales was armd,  
Lake plated cote of steele, so couched heare  
That nought mote peere, ne might his corse  
bee harmd

With dint of sward, nor push of pointed speare  
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare, <sup>hufflee</sup>  
His aey plumes doth rounze, full rudely dight,  
So shakd he, that horror was to heare  
For as the clasling of an Armor bright,  
Such noise his rouzed scales did send unto the  
knight. <sup>raned through</sup>

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,  
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow  
wind

Is gathered full, and witheth speed; was <sup>formed</sup>  
And eke the ~~pinnes~~ <sup>feathers</sup>, that did his pineons bynd,  
Were like mayne-yardest with flying canvas  
lynd,

With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,  
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,  
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,  
And all the heuens stood still amazed with his  
threat <sup>the terrible flames of his wings</sup>

His huge long tayle, wound up in hundred  
folds,

Does overspred his long bias-seely back,  
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he un-  
folds,

And thuck entangled knots adown does slaek,  
Bespotted as with shueldes of red and blaek,  
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,  
And of three furlongs does but litle laeke,  
And at the point two stinges in fixed arre,  
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele ex-  
ceeden farre

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed  
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending claws  
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,  
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,  
Or what within his reach he ever diaves  
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell  
Does tremble, for his deepe devouring jawes  
Wyd gaping, like the griesly mouth of hell,  
Through which into his daikely see all rayns  
fell

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw  
Three rankes of yron teeth emanaged were,  
In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets ran,  
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,

That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare,  
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,  
A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure  
seare, <sup>burning</sup>  
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,  
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench  
did fill

XIV

His blazing eyes, like two bright shuning  
shields,  
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living  
fyre

As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,  
Send forth their flames far off to every shire,  
And warning gave that enemies couspyre  
With fire and sword the region to invade  
So flam'd his eyen with rage and rancorous ire,  
But far within, as in a hollow glade, <sup>secret</sup>  
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a  
dreadfull shade.

XV

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,  
Forehisting up a-loft his speckled brest,  
And often bounding on the bruised gas,  
As for great joyance of his new come guest  
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,  
As chafed Bore his bristles doth upreare,  
And stoke his scales to battaile ready drest,  
That made the Rederosse knight nigh quake  
for feare,

As bidding bold defiance to his foeman  
neare

XVI

The knight gan fayrely coueh his steady speare,  
And fierelly ran at him with rigorous might  
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,  
His hyden hyde would nether peere nor  
light,

But, glaucing by, forth 'passed forward right  
Yet sore moved with so pussaunt push,  
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,  
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush  
With his long tayle, that horse and man to  
ground did rush

XVII

Both horse and man up lightly rose agayne,  
And fresh encounter towards him addrest,  
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,  
And found no place his deadly point to rest  
Exceeding rage inflam'd the furious Brest,  
To be avenged of so great <sup>the pain</sup> ~~despight~~  
For never felt his imperceable brest  
So wondrous force from hand of living night,  
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a pus-  
sant knight.

## XVIII

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,  
Himselfe up hugh he lifted from the ground,  
And with strong flight did forcibly dryde  
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble sound  
Her sitting parts, and element unsound,  
To beare so great a weight he, cutting way  
With his broad sayles, about him soared round,  
At last, low stopping with unweldy swar,  
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them  
quite awar

## XIX

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,  
So far as Erythen bow a shaft may send,  
Till struggling strong did him at last constrain  
To let them downe before his flightes end  
As Agatank, presuming to contend,  
With hardy fowle above his hable might,  
His yeaue pounces all in vaine doth spend  
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight,  
Which, coming down to ground, does free it  
selfe by night

He so disarmed of his gryping grosse,  
The knight his thrillant speare againe assavd  
In his bras-plated body to embosse,  
And three mens strength unto the stroke he  
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affraid  
And glauncing from his scaly necke did glide  
Close under his left wing, then broad displaid  
The percing steele there wrought a wound full  
wyde,  
That with the uncouth smart the Monster

## XXI

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore  
When wintry storms his wrathful wreck does  
threat,

The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,  
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,  
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat  
His neighbour element in his revenge  
Then gin the blustering foren boldly threat  
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,  
And boystrous battails make, each other to  
avenge.

## XXII

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,  
Till with his cruell claws he snatcht the wood,  
And quite a sunder broke Forth flowed fresh  
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,  
That drowned all the land whereon he stood  
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill  
Treble augmented was his furious mood  
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,  
That flames of fire he threw forth from his  
large nosethril

## XXIII

His hideous taylor then hurled he about,  
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes  
Of his froth-somy steed, whose courage stout  
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyed,  
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implies,  
That to the ground he is perforce constraind  
To throw his ryder, who can quickly ryse  
From off the earth, with durt, blood distaynd,  
For that reprochfull fall right sowly he disaynd,

## XXIV

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,  
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,  
That nothing seemd the puissance could with-  
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell, stand  
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,  
That deeper dint therein it would not make,  
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,  
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,  
But when he saw them cyme he did them still  
forsake.

## XXV

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyl'd,  
And smot againe with more outrageous might,  
But backe againe the spardling steele recoyl'd,  
And lest not any marke where it did light,  
As if in Adamant rocke it had beene pight.  
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound  
And of so fierce and forcible despight, ground;  
Thought with his wingers to rise above the  
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found

## XXVI

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,  
He lowdly braved, that like was never heard  
And from his wide devouring open sent  
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beards  
Him all amazed, and almost made affraid.  
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,  
And through his armour all his body seard,  
That he could not endure so cruell case,  
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet  
to unlace

## XXVII

Not that great Champion of the antique world,  
Whom famous Poets verse so much doth  
vaunt,  
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,  
So many furies and sharpe sits did haunt,  
When him the poisoned garment did enchaunt,  
When Centaures blood and bloody verses  
charmd  
As did this knight twelve thousand delours  
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him  
armd,  
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all  
him harmd.

XXXIII *re-acted*

Faynt, wearie, soie, embroyled, grieved, brent,  
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and  
inward fire,

That neuer man such mischiefes did torment  
Death better were, death did he oft desire,  
But death will neuer come when needes require  
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,  
He cast to suffer him no more respire, *re-acted*  
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,  
And him so strongly strooke, that to the ground  
him feld

XXXIV *re-acted*

It fortun'd, (as fayne it then befell)  
Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he stood,  
Of auncient time there was a springing well,  
From which faine trickled forth a siluer flood,  
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good  
Why lome, before that cursed Dragon got  
That happy land, and all with innocent blood,  
Defyld those sacred waves, it right hot *re-acted*  
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had  
forgot

XXXV

For unto life the dead it could restore,  
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away,  
Those that with sickness were infected sore  
It could recure, and aged long decay  
Renew, as one were borne that very day  
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,  
And th' English Bath, and eke the German  
Span, *re-acted*  
Ne can Cepheise, nor Helius, match this well  
Into the same the knight back overthrowen  
fell

XXXVI

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe  
His fierie face in billowes of the west,  
And his faint steedes wated in Ocean deepe,  
Whiles from their iournall labours they did  
rest, *re-acted*

When that infernall Monster, having kest  
His wearie foe into that living well,  
Gan high aduance his broad discoloured brest  
Above his wouted pitch, with countenance fell,  
And elapt his yron wings as he did  
dwell *re-acted*

XXXVII

Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,  
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,  
As weening that the sad end of the warre, *re-acted*  
And gan to highest God entirely pray  
That feared chance from her to turne away  
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,  
All night shee watcht, ne once adowne would  
lay

Her dainty limbs in her sad dreiment,  
But praying still did wake, and waking did  
lament *re-acted*

XXXVIII

The morrow next gan earely to appeare,  
That Titan rose to runne his daily race,  
But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare  
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,  
Rose the gentle virgin from her place,  
And looked all about, if she might spy  
Her loved knight to move his minly pace  
For she had great doubt of his safety,  
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy

XXXIX

At last she saw where he upstart brave  
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay  
As Eagle, fiesh out of the ocean wave,  
Where he hath left his plumes all hory gray,  
And deekt himself with fethers youthly gay,  
Toke Eras hank up mounts unto the skies, *re-acted*  
His newly-budded pineons to assay,  
And marvels at himselfe stil as he flies  
So new this new-borne knight to battell new  
did rise

XL

Whom when the danc'd feend so fiesh did  
No wonder if he wond'rd at the sight, [spy  
And doubted whether his late enemy *re-acted*  
It were, or other new supplied knight  
He nay, to prove his late renewed might,  
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning  
blade,

Upon his crested seale so sore did smite,  
That to the eill a yawning wound it made  
The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismayd

XLI

I wote not whether the revenging steele  
Were hardned with that holy water dew  
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,  
Or his baptized hands now greater grew, *re-acted*  
Or other secret vertue did ensue,  
His never could the force of fleshly arme,  
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew,  
For till that stownd could never wight him  
harne [chaime

By subtilty, nor sight, nor might, nor mighty

XLII

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,  
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine,  
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to roie,  
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraime  
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched tiane,  
And therewith scourge the buxome aires so sore,  
That to his force to yelden it was faine,

No oight his sturdy strok es might stand afore,  
That high trees overthrow, and rocks in peeces  
tore

*And he* XXXVIII  
The same advancing high above his head  
With sharpe intended sting o'ru'd him smott  
That to the earth him drov, as strolc'd he did  
No living wright would have him life be-hott  
The mortall sting his charg'd molle short  
Quile through his shuld, and in his shoulder  
as red,

Where fast it stucke he would th' reme't begott  
The griefe therof him wondrous sore shew'd  
No might his rancoring paine with patience be  
appeal

XXXIX  
But yet more min full of his honour dar'd  
Then of the grievous smart which him did  
wring

I rom both'd soule he can him li'lty retye  
And strove to loose the tar mived sting,  
Which when he saw he made with strugg-  
ling, *frequentative*

Inflam'd with wrath his raging blode he left,  
And strooke so strongly that the knotty string  
Of his huge taile he quite a sonder cleve,  
Live joints thereof he hew'd and but the stump  
him left

XLI  
Nurt cannot thinke what outrage and what  
cries, *And he* *And he*

With foule embroil'd smoke and flashing fire  
The hell bred beast threw forth unto the skie  
That all was covered with darkness dire,  
Then from th'it with rancore and enygned fire  
He cast at once him to avenge for all  
And gathering up himselfe out of the mire  
With his negren wings did needely tall  
Upon his sunne bright shield and gript in  
fast withall

XLI  
Much was the man embroil'd with his hold  
In feere to lose his weapon in his paw,  
No wist yett how his talants to unfold,  
Nor harder was from Cerberus growly jaw  
To pinche a bone, then from his cruell clasp  
To reave by strength the grasp'd piece away  
Thise he assay'd it from his foot to draw,  
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay  
It boot'd nought to thinke to robbe him of his  
pry

XLI  
Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,  
His trusty sword he call'd to his last aid,  
Wherewith he herselfe did his foe assaile  
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,

That glorie, fire, and of the very paine  
As spurr'd him from the Ardelle to the daine  
When he saw hamper'd as they were  
Therewith at first he first him to untye  
One of his goryng fowls him to deliv-  
th'right

*And he* XLII  
The other he first need on his shuld,  
Whence no strength there strikes into him con-  
stream

In those, to see the world place to be left,  
He smiteth it with all his might and might  
That it might in his hands put a might  
sustain  
Upon the place that the *And he* *And he*  
And made such a might the head it quate  
to woe

The prey he miss'd not his might  
But he still on the world, as it at first was  
figne

XLIII  
For griefe thereof and muchish despaire,  
From his misfall so great a fire he thre  
Huge flames that dim'd all the light  
I wold in dustich on the and brimstone blow  
As burning, Arctur from his boyl as  
Dull black on flames, and rotes in pure  
faint

And rage, d rith a mountaine n chun new,  
In ript in embolded echons and allys smote,  
That of the land wash stretch and broken with  
honor chok

XLIV  
The more herod, and for still gentleness,  
For him mov'd, *And he* *And he*  
With full ward in his best defence,  
To save his body from the seething fire

Which he seen bellish entrub did expre  
It chaunst, *And he* *And he*  
As he needed he to ward in the fire  
This much he wored to ble to the fire  
And down he fell with dread of shame  
terrible

XLV  
There grew a goodly tree him faye he wold,  
Loadn with fruit and ripe his rest wold  
As thus in pure vermillion had been did  
Wherof grew in virtues over-all were said  
For happy life to all which thereon feld,  
And his life ever young did befall  
For at first it planted in that blessed steed  
With his Arm, his hand and did it call  
The tree of life, the crone of our first father  
fall

## XLVII

In all the world like was not to be found,  
Save in that soile, where all good things did  
grow, *then*  
And freely sprong out of the frutfull ground,  
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,  
Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow  
Another like faunc tree eke grew therebv,  
Whereof whose did eat, eftsoones did know  
Both good and ill O mournfull memory!  
That tree through one mans fault hath doen  
us all to dy

## XLVIII

From that first tice forth flowd, as from a  
well,  
A trickling streamo of Balme, most soveraine  
And dainty deare, which on the ground still  
fell, *then, in the*  
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,  
As it had deawed bene with tunely raine  
Life and long health that gracious ointment  
gave, *[again]*  
And deadly wounds *could heale and reare*  
The senelesse corse *promitted for the grave*  
Into that same he fell, which did from death  
him save.

## XLIX

For nigh thereto the ever damned *Port last*  
Durst not approach, for he was de~~lit~~ made,  
And al that life preserv'd did detest,  
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade  
By this the drouping day-light gun to fade,  
And yeld his rowme to sad succeeding night,  
Who with her sable mantle gun to shade  
The face of earth and wayes of living right,  
And hugh her burning torch set up in heaven  
bright *under*.

## L

When gentle Una saw the second fall  
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight  
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not  
at all,  
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,  
Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous  
might  
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat away,  
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,  
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,  
And watch the noyous night, and wait for  
joyous day

## LI

The joyous day gan early to appeare,  
And layre Aurora from the deav bed  
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare  
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red

Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed  
About her cares, when Una her did marke  
Climbe to her chairet, all with flowers spred,  
From heven high to chase the chearelesse  
darke, *[Clarke]*  
With mery note her lowd saintes the mounting

## LII

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,  
All healed of his hants and woundes wide,  
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight,  
Whose early foe awaiting him beside  
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,  
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,  
As if late fight had nought him dampnyde,  
He woxe dismayd, and gan his fate to feare  
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advanced  
neare

## LIII

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,  
He thought atonce him to have swallowd  
quight,  
And rush upon him with outrageous pryde,  
Who him rencounting herce, as hanks in  
flight,  
Perforce rebunted backe. The weapon bright,  
Taking advantage of his open jaw, [might,  
Ran through his mouth with so importune  
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,  
And, backe retrayd, his life blood forth with all  
did draw *scattered backe*.

## LIV

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,  
That vanish into smoke and cloudes swift,  
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath  
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift,  
So downe he fell, as an huge rocke chist, [away,  
Whose ~~faile~~ foundation *waves* have washt  
With dreadfull poyses from themavneland rift,  
And rolling downe great Neptune doth disnav  
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine  
lay

## LV

The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall,  
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd,  
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,  
Durst not approach for dread which she mis-  
deemd,  
But yet at last, whenas the ducfull seend  
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright  
She nigher drev, and saw that joyous end  
Then God she prayd, and thank't her faithfull  
knight,  
That had atelnevde so great a conquest by his  
might



## CANTO XII

Fayre Unto the Rederosse Knight  
 Betrouthd is with yoy  
 Though false Dues-a it to barre,  
 Her false slaughtes doe imploy

1  
 Behoord' I see the haven nigh at hand  
 To which I meene my weare course to bend,  
 Vere the maine shete, and beere up with the  
 land, *direct for course to*  
 The which afore is farrly to be hemil, *in which*  
 And seemeth safe from storms that may offend  
 There thus fayre virgin weenie of her way  
 Unto landed bee, now at her journeyes end,  
 There eke my feeble burke while may stay,  
 Till merv wind and weather call her thence  
 away

II *pleasing*

Scarcely had Phoebus in the glooming East  
 Lett burnessed his syrie-footed reeme,  
 Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,  
 When the first deadly smoke aloft did steeme,  
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme  
 Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,  
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme.  
 And to his Lord and Lady loud gan call,  
 To tell how he had scene the Dragons fatall fall

*that the weaknes of flight*  
 III *age pursued*

Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,  
 That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land;  
 And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed  
 Those tidings were, as he did understand  
 Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,  
 He bad to open yre his brisen gate,  
 Which long time had beene shut, and out of hand  
 Proclaimd joy and pence to rough all his state;  
 For dead now was their foe, in which they forrayd  
 late

IV *navies*

Then gan triumphnt Trompets sound on hye,  
 That sent to heven the echoed report  
 Of their new joy, and happie victory  
 Gunst him, that had them long opprest with  
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort [tort]  
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,  
 To linn assembled with one full consent,  
 Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,  
 From whose eternall bondage now they were  
 releast.

Forth came that auucient Lord, and aged  
 Queene,  
 Arayd in antique robes downe to the gownd,  
 And sad habiliments right well becene *beene*  
 A noble crew about them waited rownd  
 Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd,  
 Whom far before did march a goodly band  
 Of tall young men, all hable armes to sound  
 But now they laurrell brannches bore in hand,  
 Glad signe of victory and peace in all their  
 land

V

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,  
 And him before themselves prostrating lon,  
 Their Lord and Patrone loud did him pro-  
 claime,  
 And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw  
 Soone after them, all dauncing on a row.  
 The comely virgin came, with Lirlands dight  
 As fresh as flowres in meadow greene sloe grow  
 When morning dean upon their leaves doth  
 [on hight] And in their haudes sweet Timbrels all uphehl

VI *crowd*

And them before the fry of children yong  
 Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did  
 play, *the use of*  
 And to the Maydens sounding tymbrels song  
 In well attuned notes a joyous lay,  
 And made delightfull musick all the way,  
 Untill they came where that faire virgin stood  
 As fayre Diana in fresh summers day  
 Beholdes her nymphes enraungd in shady wood,  
 Some wrestle some do run, some bathe in  
 cristall flood

VII

So she beheld those maydens meriment  
 With cherrefull yew who, when to her they  
 came, *with a voice*  
 Themselves to ground with gracious humble-  
 se And her ador'd by honorable name, [bent]

Lifting to heven her everlasting fame  
Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,  
And crowned her with earnest and trix  
game *as a game of love*  
Who, in her self resemblance well besene,  
Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden  
Queene

IX

And after all the rashall many ran,  
Heaped together in rude rabblement,  
To see the face of that victorior man,  
Whom all admired as from heaven sent,  
And gazd upon with gaping wonderment,  
But when they came where that dead Dragon  
lay, *[tent,*  
Streight on the ground in monstrous large ex-  
The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,  
No durst approach him nigh to touch, or once  
assay.

X

Some feard, and fledd, some feard, and well  
it faynd, *clerly disarmed*  
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,  
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd  
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,  
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest  
Of many Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede  
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest  
Yet sparkling fyre, and badd thereof take  
heed;  
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed

XI

One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld  
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,  
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe re-  
vlyd *neighbour, crosses on*  
And to her gossips gan in counsell say,  
'How can I tell, but that his talants may  
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?'  
So diversly them selves in vaine they fray,  
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh  
stand,  
To prove how many aeres he did spred of land

XII

Thus flockd all the folke him rownd about,  
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,  
Being arrived where that chamption stout -  
After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,  
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne  
With princely gifts of yvory and gold, [paine  
And thousand thanks him yeldes for all his  
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,  
Her dearly doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold  
*rejoice*

XIII

And after to his Pallace he them bringes,  
With shauimes, and trompets, and with Clarion-  
sweet, *clarionels*  
And all the way the jovous people singes,  
And with their garments strowes the paved  
street, *[met*  
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce  
Of all, that royall Princes court became,  
And all the floore was underneath their feet  
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name, *cl*  
On which they lowly sitt, and sitting purpose  
frame

XIV

What needes me tell their first and goodly  
guize, *manners*  
In which was nothing rotious nor vaine,  
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,  
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?  
My narrow leaves cannot in them containe  
The large discourse of roiall Princes state  
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne,  
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did  
hate *[late*  
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but

XV

Then, when with meates and drinckes of ever  
kinde  
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,  
That auncient Lord gan sit occasion inde,  
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad  
Which in his travell him befallen had,  
For to demand of his renowned guest [sad,  
Who then with utterance grave, and count'nance  
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,  
Discourt his voyage long, according his re-  
quest  
*from great Captaine*

XVI

Great pleasure, mixt with pittifull regard, *aff*  
That godly King and Queene did passionate, *de*  
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard,  
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,  
And often blame the too importune fate  
That heaped on him so many wrathfull weakes,  
For never gentle knight, as he of late,  
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes  
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the  
bearers cheeks

XVII

Then sayd that royall Pere in sober wise,  
'Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye  
bore  
From first to last in your late enterprise,  
That I note whether praise or pity more,  
*he wold know not*

For never living man I weene, so sore  
In sea of deadly daungers was distract  
But since now safe ye are, I live the more,  
And well arrived are, (high God be blest)  
Let us devise of ease and everlasting rest.

XXIII

'Ah dearest Lord!' said then that doughty  
knight  
'O ease or rest I may not yet devise, <sup>pleaseth</sup>  
For by the truth which I to armes live plight,  
I bownden in straight att' after this amprise,  
As that your daughter can so well advise,  
Bieke to retourne to that great laery Queene  
And her to serve sixe years in warlike wise,  
Gunt that proud Pyrrhus king that works her  
teene  
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have

XXIV

'Unhappy falls that hard necessity,  
(Quoth he) 'the troubler of my happy peace,  
And vowed foe of my felicity,  
Ne I against the same can justly prece  
But since that bond ye cannot now release,  
Nor doen undo, (for voves may not be sayne)  
Soone as the terme of those sixe yeeres shall  
cease  
Ye then shall hither backe retourne againe,  
The marriage to accomplish you'd becom' you  
twyne

XXV

'Which, for my part, I covet to performe  
In sort as through the world I did proclume,  
That who-so kild that monster most deforme  
And him in hardy batt'le overcome <sup>captiv</sup>  
Shoulde have mine onely daughter to his Dame  
And of my kingdome hezre apparant bee  
Therefore since now to thee perternes the same  
By dew desert of noble chevalree, [to thee]  
Both daughter and eke kingdome lo! I yield

XXVI

Then forth he called that his daughter sive  
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,  
His onely daughter and his onely heire  
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheere,  
As bright as doth the morning starre appeere  
Out of the East, with flaming lockes beaight,  
To tell that dawning day is dawning neare  
As if the world does bring long-wished light  
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe in  
sight

XXVII

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May,  
For she had laid her mournefull stole aside,  
And widow-like sad wimple throwne awry,  
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,

Whiles on her wearie journey she did rule,  
And on her now a garment she did weare <sup>gay</sup>  
All lilly white withouten spot or pride, <sup>new</sup>  
That seemd like silke and silver woven <sup>fine</sup>  
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare

XXVIII

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties blame,  
And glorious light of her shining free,  
To tell were as to strive against the streame  
My ragged rimes are all too rude and brice  
Her heavenly lincments for to exhaire <sup>fit</sup>  
As proper for her own deare loved kin, <sup>fit</sup>  
All with <sup>fit</sup> fully with him-eke in place, <sup>fit</sup>  
Did wonder much at her celestial sight  
Oft had he seen her faire, but never so faire

XXIX

So surely dight when she in presence came,  
She to his Sire made humble reverence,  
And bowed low, that her right well became,  
And added grace unto her excellencie  
Who with great wisdom and grace eloquence  
Thus gan to say—But, ere he thus had said,  
With his speede and seeming great <sup>fit</sup>  
Came running in, much like a man dismayd  
A Messenger with letter, which his mes-  
sage

XXX

All in the open hall amazed stood  
At suddennesse of that myrry sight,  
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood  
Unt he for nought would stay his passage right,  
Full fast before the king he did alight  
Whereof all that great humblesse he did make,  
And kist the ground whereon his foot was right,  
Then to his handes that writt he did beake  
Which he disclosing read thus, as the paper  
spoke <sup>unfolds</sup>

XXXI

'To thee, most mighty king of Iden fyre,  
Her greeting send in these said lines adrest  
The wofull daughter and for-aken heire  
Of that great Emperour of all the West  
And bid thee be advized for the best  
I see thou thine daughter lack in holy band  
Of wellocke to that new unknown guest  
For he already plighted his right hand  
Unto another love, and to another land

XXXII

To me, sad mayd or rather widow sad,  
He was my need long time before, <sup>well</sup>  
And sacred pledge he both gave and had  
Like errant knight, infamous, and forswore  
Witness the burning Altars, which he swore,  
And guilty heavens of his bold perjury,  
Which though he hath polluted oft of ore,

Yet I to them for judgement just doe fly,  
And them conjure t' avenge this shamefull  
injury.

## XXIII

'Therefore, since mine he is, or free or bond,  
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,  
Withhold, O soverayne Prince, your hasty hond  
From knitting league with him, I you alead,  
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to  
tread,  
Through weaknesse of my widowhed or woe,  
For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead  
And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe  
So bids thee well to fare Thy neither friend  
nor foe, *Fidessa*'

## XXIX

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,  
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,  
That still he sate long time astonish'd  
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake  
At last his solemn silenece thus he brake,  
With doubtfull eyes fast fix'd on his guest,  
'Redoubted knight that for myne only sake  
This life and honor late adventarest [pres-  
Let nought be hid from me that ought to be ex-

## XXX

'What meane these bloody voves and idle  
threats,  
Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?  
What hevens? what altars? what enraged  
heates,  
Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd,  
My conscience cleare with guilty bandes would  
bynd?

High God be witnesse that I guiltlesse ame,  
But if y ourselfe, Sir knight, ye faultis fynd  
Or wrapp'd be in loyes of former Dame,  
With evylme doe not it cover, but disclose the  
same' *criminally, do not*

## XXXI

To whom the Redcrosse knight this answer  
sent  
'My Lord my king be nought hereat dismayd,  
Till well ye wote by my grave commendmēt,  
What woman, and wherfore, doth me upbrave  
With breach of love and loyalty betrayd  
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward  
I lately travell'd that unware I strayd  
Out of my way, through perils straunge and  
hard  
That day should faile me ere I had them all

## XXXII

'There doe I find, or rather I was fownd  
Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,  
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on grownd,  
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,  
as richly as a royal personage.

That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight  
Who by her wicked arts and wy he skill,  
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,  
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,  
And to my foe betrayd when least I feared ill'

## XXIII

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,  
And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,  
With sober countenance thus to him sayd  
'O pardon me, my soveraine Lord to sheow  
The secret treasons, which of late I know  
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse  
Shée, onely she it is, that earst did throw  
This gentle knight into so great distresse,  
That death him did awaite in daily wretched-  
nesse

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath  
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,  
To worke new woe and improvidd seath.  
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine,  
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine  
Of this false footman, elokt with simplenesse,  
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,  
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse [lesse]  
The falsest man alive who tries, shall find no

## XXXV

The king was greatly moved at her speach,  
And, all with sudden indignation fraught,  
Bad on that Messenger ride hands to reach  
Eftsoones the Gard, wlich on his state did wait,  
Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait,  
Who seeming sorely chauff'd at his band,  
As chafed beare whom cruel dogs doe bait,  
With wilde force did tume them to withstand  
And often semblaunce made to seape out of  
their hand

## XXXVI

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,  
And bound him hand and foote with iron chaims,  
And with continuall watch did warely keepe.  
Who then would thinke that by his subtile  
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?  
Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacified,  
He gan renew the late forbidden baine,  
And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde  
With sacred rites and voves for ever to abyde

## XXXVII

His owne two hands the holly knotts did knytt,  
That none but death for ever can divide,  
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,  
The housling fire did kindle and provide,

And holy water thereon sprinkled wide,  
At which the bush Teade a groome did light,  
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hid,  
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,  
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright

## XXVIII

Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with  
wine,  
And made great feast to solemnize that day  
They all perfume with frankincense divine,  
And precious odours fetcht from far away,  
That all the house did sweat with great array  
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply  
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,  
To drive away the dull Melancholy,  
The whiles one sung a song of love and gallies

## XXIX

During the which there was an heavenly noise  
Heard sound through all the Pallace pleasantly,  
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice  
Singing before th' eternall majesty,  
In their trimall triplicities on hye  
Yett wist no creature whence that heavenly  
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly sweet  
Himselfe thereby rest of his senses meet,  
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite

## XL

Great joy was made that day of young and  
old,  
And solenne feast proclaymd throughout the  
land,

That their exceeding merth may not be told  
Suffice it heare by signes to understand  
The usuall joyes at knitting of loyes band  
Thrise happy man the lught himselfe did  
hold,

Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand,  
And ever, when his eye did her behold,  
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures mani-  
fold

## XLI

Her joyous presence, and sweet company,  
In full content he there did long enjoy,  
No wicked envy, ne vile jealousy,  
His deare delights were liable to annoy  
Yet, swimming in that sea of blisfull joy,  
He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,  
In case he could that monstrous beast de-  
stroy,

Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne,  
The which he shortly did, and Una left to  
mourne

## XLII

Non, strike your sailes, yee jolly Mariners,  
For we be come unto a quiet rode,  
Where we must land some of our passengers,  
And light this weary vessell of her lode  
Here she a while may make her safe abode,  
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,  
And wants supplide, And then againe abroad  
On the long voyage whereto she is bent  
Well may she speede, and surely blissh her  
intent

THE SECOND BOOK  
OF  
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPLAUNCE

## I

Right well I wote, most mighty Sovereaine,  
That all this famous antique history  
Of some th' abundance of an ydle braine  
Will judged be, and painted forgery,  
Rather then matter of just memory,  
Sith none that breatheth living are does know  
Where is that happy land of Faery,  
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where  
show,  
But vouch antiquities, which no body can  
know

## II

But let that man with better sence advize,  
That of the world least part to us is red,  
And daily how through hardy enterprize  
Many great Regions are discovered,  
Which to late age were never mentioned  
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?  
Or who in venturous vessell measured  
The Amazon huge river, now found trew?  
Or fruitfulest Virginia who did ever see?

## III

Yet all these were, when no man did them  
know,  
Yet live from wisest ages hidden beene,  
And later times things more unknowne shall  
show  
Why then should witlesse man so much mis-  
weene,

That nothing is but that which he hath seene?  
What if within the Moones fayre shining  
spheare,  
What if in every other starre unseene  
Of other worldes he happily should heare,  
He wonder would much more, yet such to  
some appeare

## IV

Of faery lond yet if he more inquire,  
By certein signes, here sett in sondrie place,  
He may it fynd, ne let him then admyre,  
But yeld his sence to bee too blunt and bace,  
That no'te without an hound true footing trace  
And thou, O fayrest Princesse under sky!  
In this fayre murrhour maist behold thy face,  
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,  
And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry

## V

The which O' pardon me thus to enfold  
In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,  
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,  
Which ells could not endure those beames  
bright,  
But would bee dazled with exceeding light  
O' pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare  
The brave adventures of this faery knight,  
The good Sir Guyon, graciously to heare,  
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly  
doth appeare

## CANTO I

Gnyon by Archimago abusd,  
The Rederosse I night awayes  
Fades Vordant and Amavil's due  
With pleasures poisoned baytes

THAT coming Architect of earned guile,  
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,  
For falsed letters and suborned wile,  
Soone as the Rederosse knight he understands  
To bene departed out of Eden landes,  
To serve againe his soveraine Lillin Qucene,  
His wiles he moves and out of caitives handes  
Himselfe he frees by secret meynes unseene,  
His shrikes empire left, himselfe escaped  
clene

## II

And forth he fares full of malicious mynd,  
To worken mischief, and avenging woe,  
Where ever he that godly knight may find  
His onely hart-sore and his onely foe,  
Sith this na non he alwayes must forgoe,  
Whom his victorious handes did erst restore  
To native crown and kingdom late ygoe  
Where he enjoys sure peace for evermore,  
As wetherbeaten ship arriv'd on happy shore

## III

Him therefore now the object of his spight  
And deadly food he makes him to offend  
By forged treason or by open light  
He seekes, of all his drifts the vniuersal end  
There to his subtil engines he does bend,  
His practick witt and his fauour flyed tongue  
With thousand other deghtes for well he kend  
His credit now in doubt all ballance hong  
For hardly could bee hurt who was already  
strong

## IV

Still as he went he crasse stales did lay,  
With enning trauerses him to entrap nywares,  
And iuxta spials plast in all his way, {fares,  
To weete what course he takes and how he  
To ketch him at a vantage in his snares  
But now so wise and wary was the knight  
By tryall of his former harmes and cares  
That he deseryde and shonned still his slight  
The fish that once was caught with bait wil  
hardly bite.

Nath'lesse th' Enchaunter would not spare  
In hope to win occasion to his will, {his prayne,  
Which when he long awated had in vayne,  
He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill,  
For to all good he enemy was still  
Upon the way him fortun'd to meete  
Layre marching underneath a shady hill,  
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harnesse meete  
That from his head no place appeared to his  
feete

## VI

His carriage was full comely and upright  
His countenance demure and temperate,  
But yet so sterne and terrible in sight,  
That cheard his frendes and did his foes amate  
He was in this borne of noble state  
And mekle worship in his native land,  
Well could he tourney, and in hys thilate  
And kinthhood toke of good Sir Huns hand,  
When with king Oberon he came to Faery land

## VII

Him his accompani'd upon the way  
A counsell Palmer, clad in black attyre  
Of rypst vares and heares all hoare gray,  
That with a staffe his feeble steps did styre,  
I erst his long way his aged lumbes should tre  
And if he looks one way the mynd wend,  
He seemd to be a sage and sober squire,  
And ever with slow pace the knight did leade,  
Who taught his trumpling steed with equall  
steps to tread

## VIII

Such whenas Archimago them did view,  
He werned well to worke some unchaunce wyle  
Eltsoones outwising his deceptfull clew,  
He gan to weave a web of wicked guile,  
And with faire countenance and flattering stile  
To them approuching, thus the knight bespake,  
'I wote some of Mars that seeke with warlike  
spoke, {make,  
And greit richelues ments great your selfe to  
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers  
salut

IX

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,  
And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt  
Who feignyng then in every limb to quake  
Through inward feare, and seemyng pale and  
faynt, [paynt  
With piteous mone his percing speach gan  
'Deare Lady! how shall I declare thy cace,  
Whom late I left in languorous constraynt'  
Would God! thy selfe now present were in  
place [thee grace  
To tell this ruefull tale thy sight could win

X

'Or rather would, O! would it so had chaunst,  
That you, most noble Sir, had present beene  
When that lewd rybould, with vyle lust  
advauust,  
Laid first his filthy hands on virgin cleue,  
To spoyle her dainty corps, so faire and sheene  
As on the earth, great mother of us all,  
With his my eye more fayre was never seene  
Of chastity and honour virginall [did call  
Witnes, ye heauens, whom she in vaine to help

XI

'How may it be,' sayd then the knight halfe  
wroth, [shent?  
'That knight should knighthood ever so have  
'None but that saw,' (quoth he) 'would weene  
for troth,  
How shamefully that Mayd he did torment  
Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent, [swoyd  
And drew her on the ground, and his shaipe  
Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,  
And threatned death with many a bloodie  
word [abhor'd  
Tounge hates to tell the rest that eye to see

XII

Therewith amov'd from his sober mood,  
'And lives he yet,' (said he) 'that wrought  
this act?  
And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?'  
'He lives,' (quoth he) 'and boasteth of the fact,  
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt'  
Where may that treachour then,' (sayd he)  
'be found,  
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?'  
'That shall I shew,' (sayd he) 'as sure as  
hound [ing wound  
The stricken Deare doth challenge by the bleed-

XIII

He stayd not leager talke, but with fierce yre  
And zealous haste away is quickly gone  
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty  
Squyre  
Suppos'd to be They do arrive anone

Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,  
With garments rent, and heare dischevel'd,  
Wringing her handes, and making piteous  
mone  
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,  
And her faire face with teares was fowly  
blubbered

XIV

The knight, approachyng nigh, thus to her  
said  
'Fayre Lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,  
Great pity is to see you thus dismayd,  
And marre the blossom of your beauty bright  
For thy appease your griefe and heavy plight,  
And tell the cause of your conceard payne,  
For, if he live that hath you doen despight,  
He shall you do dew recompence agayne,  
Or els his wrong with greater puiissance main-  
taine'

XV

Which when she heard, as in despyghtfull wise  
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,  
And offred hope of comfort did despise  
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,  
And seratcht her face with ghastly dreriment,  
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,  
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,  
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,  
As if her hart with sorrow had transfix'd  
beene

XVI

Till her that Squyre bespake 'Madame, my  
hefe,  
For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,  
But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,  
The which good fortune doth to you present  
For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment  
When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,  
And the weake minde with double woe tor-  
ment?' [appease  
When she her Squyre heard speake, she gan  
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease

XVII

Eftsoone she said, 'Ah! gentle trustie  
Squyre,  
What comfort can I, wofull wretch, conceive?  
Or why should ever I henceforth desyre  
To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,  
Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave.'  
'False traytour certes,' (saide the Faerie  
knight)  
'I read the man, that ever would deceave  
A gentle Lady, or her wrong through might  
Death were too litle paine for such a fowle  
despyght



## XVIII

'But now, fayre Lady, comfort to you make,  
And read who hath ye wrought thus shameful  
pight,  
That short revenge the man may overtake,  
Where-so he be, and soone upon him light.'  
'Certes,' (saide she) 'I wote not how he light,  
But under him a gray steede he did wield,  
Who-e sides with dappled circles weren dight,  
I pright he rode, and in his silver sheld [held]  
He bore a bloodie Crosse that quartred all the

## XIX

'Now by my head,' (saide Guyon) 'much I  
muse,  
How that same knight should doe so fowle  
(Or ever gentle Damzell so abuse  
For may I boldly say, he surely is  
A right good knight, and true of word was  
I pre-ent was, and can it witnesse well, [pris  
When armes he wore, and streight did enter-  
The adventure of the Errant damozell,  
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I  
heare tell

## XX

'Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,  
And surely quit him of th' imputed blame,  
His be ye sure, he dearely shall abyde,  
Or make you good amendment for the same  
All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of  
shame  
Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,  
And see the saving of your blotted name'  
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine,  
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine

## XXI

Her purpose was not such as she did faine,  
Nor yet her person such as it was scene  
But under simple shew, and semblant plaine,  
Lurkt false Dnessa secretly unscene,  
As a chaste Virgin that had wronged beene  
So had false Archimago her disguised,  
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene,  
And eke himselfe had craftily devised  
To be her Squire, and do her service well  
aguisd.

## XXII

Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found  
Where she did wander in waste wilderness,  
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,  
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse  
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,  
With her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments  
And borrowd beauty spoyld. Her nathlesse  
The enchanter finding fit for his intents  
Did thus reveat, and deckt with dew habili-  
ments

## XXIII

For all he did was to deceive good knights,  
And draw them from pursuit of praise and  
fame  
To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,  
And end their daies with irrenowned shame  
And now exceeding grieft him overcame,  
To see the Redcrosse thus advanced here,  
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,  
Against his praise to stirre up enmive  
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

## XXIV

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way  
Through woods and mountaines, till they came  
at last  
Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay  
Betwixt two hills, whose high heads overlapt.  
The valley did with coole shade overcast  
Through midst thereof a little river rold,  
By which there sate a knight with helme  
unlaste,  
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,  
After his travell long and labours manifold.

## XXV

'Lo! yonder he,' cryde Archmage aloud  
'That wrought the shameful fact which I did  
shew,  
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,  
To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew  
But vaine, for ye shall dearely do him rew,  
So God ye speed and send you good successse,  
Which we far off will here abide to ven'  
So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,  
That streight against that knight his speare  
he did addresse

## XXVI

Who, seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,  
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,  
And in the rest his ready speare did sticke  
Tho, when as still he saw him towards pace,  
He gan encounter him in equall race.  
They bene y mett, both ready to affray,  
When suddenly that warrior gan abace  
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap,  
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap.

## XXVII

And cryde, 'Mercie, Sir knight' and mercie,  
Lord,  
For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,  
That had almost committed crime abhorrd,  
And with reprochfull shame mine honour  
shent,  
Whiles cursed steale against that badge I bent,

The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,  
Which on your shield is set for ornament!  
But his pierce foe his steed could stay nought.  
Who, pierct with courage kene, did cruell  
battell meath.

## XXVIII

But, when he heard him speake, straight way  
he knew  
His erour, and, himselfe molyng, sayd,  
'Ah! deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth you,  
But me behoeth rather to upbraid,  
Whose hastie hand so far from reason strayd,  
That almost it did laynous violence  
On that fayre ymage of that heavenly Mayd,  
That decks and armes your shield with faire  
defence [offence]  
Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew

## XXIX

So beene they both at one, and doen upreare  
Their bevers bright each other for to greet,  
Goodly comportance each to other beare,  
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet  
Then said the Rederosse knight, 'Now mote  
I weet,

Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saluance,  
And fell intent, ye did it erst me meet,  
For sith I know your goodly governance,  
Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some un-  
couth chauce'

## XXX

'Certes,' (said he) 'well mote I shame to tell  
The fond encheason that me hither led.  
A false infamous traitour late befell  
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,  
And playd of grievous outrage, which he red  
A knight had wrought against a Ladie gent,  
Which to avenge he to this place me led,  
Where you he made the marke of his intent,  
And now is fled: foule shame him follow wher  
he went!'

## XXXI

So can he turne his earnest unto game,  
Through goodly handling and wise tem-  
perance  
By this his aged Guide in presence came,  
Who, soone as on that knight his eye did  
glance,  
If-sones of him had perfect cognizance,  
Sith him in luery court he late avizd,  
And sayd, 'Fayre somme, God give you happy  
chauce,  
And that deare Crosse upon your shield devizd,  
Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme  
gaurd!

## XXXII

'Joy may you have, and everlasting fame.  
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne.  
For which enrolled is your glorious name  
In heavenly Regesters above the Sunne,  
Where you a Saut with Saints your seat have  
wonne

But wretched we, wherewith have left your marke,  
Must now anew begin like race to runne  
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke  
And to the wished haven bring thy weary  
barke!'

## XXXIII

'Palmer,' him answered the Rederosse knight  
'His be the praise that this atchiev'ment  
wrought,  
Who made my hand the organ of his might  
More then goodwill to me attribute nought  
For all I did, I did but as I ought  
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensue-  
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish you  
thought,  
That home ye may report thise happy newes.  
For well ye worthy bent for worth and gentle  
thiewes.'

## XXXIV

So courteous conge both did give and take,  
With right hands plighted, pledges of good  
will.  
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make  
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still  
Still he him guided over dale and hill,  
And with his steedy staffe did point his way,  
His pace with reason, and with words his will,  
From fowle intemperance he ofte did stay,  
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to  
stay

## XXXV

In this faire wize they traveld long yfere,  
Through many hard assays, which did betide,  
Of which he honour still away did bere,  
And spied his glory through all countreys wide.  
At last, as chaunst them by a forest side  
To passe, for succour from the scorching rive  
They heard a meek voice, that dearly cride  
With piercing shriekes and many dolefull lay,  
Which to attend awhile their forward steps  
they stay

## XXXVI

'But if that carlesse heaven,' (quoth she)  
'despise  
The doome of just revenge, and take delight  
To see sad pageants of mas murther,  
As bound by them to live in lives despight,  
Yet can they not warne death from wretched  
wight

Come, then, come soone, come sweetest  
 death, to me,  
 And take away this long lent loathed light  
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medi-  
 cines be, [dome free  
 That long captivd soules from weary thral-

## XXXXII

'But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning  
 froward fate  
 Hath made sad witness of thy fithers fall,  
 Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living state.  
 Long maust thou live, and better thrive withall  
 Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall  
 Live thou, and to thy mother dead attest  
 That cleare she dide from blemish criminall  
 Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest  
 Loe! I for pledges leave So give me leave  
 to rest'

## XXXXIII

With that a deadly shriekeshe forth did throw  
 That through the wood re-echoed againe,  
 And after gave a grone so deepe and low  
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,  
 Or thrid with point of thorough-piercing  
 paine  
 As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell Steele  
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does  
 rane, [feele,  
 Whiles the sad pang approching shee does  
 Braies out her latest breath, and up her eyes  
 doth seele.

## XXXXIV

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting  
 stract  
 From his tall steed, he rusht into the thiek,  
 And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict  
 Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe  
 quiek  
 In whose white alabaster brest did stick  
 A cruell knife that made a griesly wound,  
 From which forth gusht a stream of gore blood  
 thiek,  
 That all her goodly garments staid arond,  
 And into a deepe sanguine dide the grass  
 grownd

## XLV

Pitfull spectaele of deadly smart,  
 Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,  
 Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,  
 And the cleane waves with purple gore did  
 rav  
 Als in her lap a lovely babe did play  
 His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew,  
 For in her streaming blood he did embay  
 His litle hands, and tender joints embrew  
 Pitfull spectacle as ever eie did see!

## XLI

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras  
 The dead corse of an armed knight was sprud,  
 Whose armour all-with blood besprineled was,  
 His rudd lips did smyle, and rosy red  
 Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded,  
 Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,  
 Now in his freshest flowre of lusty-hed,  
 Fitt to inflame faire Lad, with loves rage,  
 But that fiers fate did erop the blossome of his  
 age.

## XLII

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,  
 His hart gan wepe as starke as marble stone.  
 And his fresh blood did freeze with fearefull  
 cold,  
 That all his senees seemd berefte attone  
 At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,  
 As Lion, grudging in his great disdaine,  
 Mournes inwardly, and makes to him selfe  
 mone,  
 Til ruth and fraile affection did constraene  
 His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his in-  
 ward paine.

## XLIII

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel  
 He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop  
 With his faire garment, then gan softly feel  
 Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop  
 Of living blood yet in her venes did hop  
 Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire  
 To eall baekelife to her forsaken shop  
 So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,  
 That at the last shee gan to breath out living  
 aire.

## XLIV

Which he perceiving greatly gan rejoyce,  
 And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart  
 Is meetest med'cine, tempered with sweete voice  
 'Ave me' deare Lady, which the ymage art  
 Of ruefull pittie and impatient smart,  
 What direfull chauce, armd with avenging fate,  
 Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,  
 Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date?  
 Speake, O deni Lady, speake! help never comes  
 too late'

## XLV

Therewith her dim eie-lid, she up gan reare,  
 On which the drey death did sitt as sad  
 As lump of lead, and made drie clouds appeare  
 But when as lum all in bright armour clad,  
 Before her standing she espied had,  
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,  
 She weakly started, yet she nothing drad  
 Streight downe againe herselfe, in great des-  
 pight, [and light  
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating life

## XLVI

The gentle knight her soone with carefull prync  
 Uphight hight, and softly did uphold  
 Thise he her reard, and thrise she sunek agayne,  
 Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,  
 And to her said, 'Yet if the stony cold  
 Have not all seized on your frozen hart,  
 Let one word fall that may your grief unfold,  
 And tell the secrete of your mortall smart  
 He oft finds present helpe who does his griefe  
 impart.'

## XLVII

Then, casting up a deadly looke, full low  
 Shee sight from bottome of her wounded brest,  
 And after, many bitter throbs did throw,  
 With lips full pale and foltring tong opprest,  
 These words she breathed forth from riven chest  
 'Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight thou bee,  
 To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,  
 And trouble dyng soules tranquilltee,  
 Take not away, now got, which none would  
 give to me.'

## XLVIII

'Ah! far be it,' (said he) 'Deme dame, from mee,  
 To hinder soule from hei desired rest,  
 Or hold sad life in long captivitee,  
 For all I seeke is but to have redrest  
 The bitter pangs that doth your heart infest  
 Tell then, O Lady! tell what fatall priefe  
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest,  
 That I may cast to compas your reliefe [griefe]  
 Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your

## XLIX

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,  
 As he en accusyng guilty of her death,  
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,  
 In these sad wordes shespent her utmost breath  
 'Heare then, O man! the sorrowes that unseath  
 My tong can tell, so far all sence they pas  
 Loe! this dead corpe, that lies here underneath,  
 The gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras  
 Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir  
 Mortdant was

## L

'Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now!)  
 My Lord, my love, my deare Lord, my deare  
 love!  
 So long as hevrens just with equall brow  
 Vouchsafed to behold us from above  
 One day, when him high courage did emmove,  
 As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde,  
 He pricked forth his pmissant force to prove  
 Me then he left enwombed of this childe,  
 This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with  
 blood defild.

## LI

'Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)  
 To come, where vile Acrasia does wonne,  
 Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,  
 That many errant knightes hath fowle fordonne,  
 Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne  
 And stray in perious gulfe, her dwelling is  
 Fayre Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne  
 The cursed land where many wend amis,  
 And know it by the name it hight the *Bowre*  
*of blis*

## LII

'Her blis is all in pleasure, and delight,  
 Wherewith she makes her lovers drunken mad,  
 And then with words, and weedes, of wondrous  
 might,  
 On them she workes her will to uses bad  
 My hestest Lord she thus beguiled had,  
 For he was flesh (all flesh doth fraylie breed)  
 Whom when I heerd to beene so ill bestad,  
 Weake wretch, I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed,  
 And cast to seek him forth through danger and  
 great dread

## LIII

'Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes  
 Full measured three quarters of hei yeare,  
 And thise three tymes had hid her crooked  
 hornes,  
 Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear  
 And bad me call Lueina to me neare  
 Lueina came, a manchild forth I brought  
 The woods, the nymphes, my bowes, my mid-  
 wives, weare  
 Hard help at need! So deare thee, babe, I bought,  
 Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare  
 I sought.

## LIV

'Him so I sought, and so at last I fownd,  
 Where him that witch had thrall'd to hei will,  
 In chaimes of lust and lewde desyes ybownd,  
 And so transformed from his former skill,  
 That me he knew not, nether his owne ill,  
 Till, through wise handling and faire govern-  
 I him renerd to a better will, [aunce,  
 Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce  
 Then meanes I gan devise for his deliveraunce

## LV

'Which when the vile Enchaunteresse per-  
 ceiv'd,  
 How that my Lord from hei I would reprove,  
 With cup this childe him parting she deceiv'd,  
 "Sad verse, gave death to him that death does  
 "And losse of love to her that loves to live, [give,  
 "So soone as Breche with the Nymphs does  
 So parted we, and on our journey drive, [hneke!'

Till, coming to this well, he stoupt to drinke  
The charme fullid, dead suddainly he downe  
did sincke

III

'Which when I, wretch!'—Not one word more  
she sayd,  
But breaking off the end for want of breath,  
And shding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,  
And ended all her woe in quiet death  
That seeing, good Sir Guyon could meent  
from terns abstayne, for griefe his hart did  
grate,  
And from so heauie sight his head did wrent,  
Accensing fortune, and too cruell fate,  
Which plunged had saure I ad in so wretched  
state

III

Then turning to his Palmer said, 'Old syre,  
Behold the ymage of mortallitie,  
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshy tyre  
When raging passion with herce tyrannus  
Roobs reason of her dew regalitic,  
And makes it seruant to her bruest part,  
The strong it weakens with inbrutic,  
And with bold fure armes the weakest hart  
The strong through pleasure sooneest falles, the  
weake through smart'

III

'But temperance' (said he) 'with golden  
squire  
Betwext them both can measure out a meere,  
Neither to melt in pleasures whott desire  
Nor frive in hartlesse griefe and dolefull tene  
Thirse happy man, who fares them both  
atweene'  
But sith this wretched woman overcome  
Of augur-h, rather then of crime, hath bene,

Rescues her cause to her eternall doome,  
And, in the meane, vouchsafe her honorabile  
toombe'

III

'Palmer,' quoth he, 'death is an equall doome  
To good and bad, the common In of rest  
But after death the triall is to come,  
When best shall bee to them that liued best,  
But both alike, when death hath both suppress,  
Religious reverence doth buriall teene,  
Which whose wants, wants so much of his rest  
For all a great shame after death I weene,  
As selfe to liuen bad, unburied bad to beene.'

III

So both agree their bodies to engrave  
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,  
And with sad Cypress seemly it engrave,  
Then, covering with a clad their closed eye,  
They lay therein their corpes tenderly,  
And both them sleepe in everlasting pece  
But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,  
Sir Guyon, more affection to merence release  
By nempt a sacred vow, which none should as

III

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he  
drew,  
With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,  
Which meddling with their blood and earth he  
threw  
Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare,  
'Such and such evil Gail on Guyon reare,  
And worse and worse, young Orphane, be thy  
payne,  
If I, or thou, dew vengeance doe forbeare,  
Till guiltie blood her gnerdon doe obtaine'  
So sheidding many terres they closed the earth  
againe

## CANTO II

Babes bloody hands may not be clensd  
The face of golden Meane  
Her sisters two Extremities,  
Strive her to banish cleane

I

Thus when Sir Guyon with his faithfull guide  
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament  
The end of their sad Tragedie uptide,  
The litle babe up in his armes he hent,  
Who with sweet plearaunce, and bold blan-  
dishment,  
Gainsayle on them, that rather ought to weepe,  
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent  
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced sleepe  
In that knights hart, and wordes with bitter  
teares did steepe

II

'Ah' lucklesse babe, borne under cruell  
starre,  
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,  
Full litle weenest thou what sorrowes are  
Lest thee for poreion of thy liuelyed,  
Poore Orphane' in the wild world scattered,  
As budding braunel rent from the native  
tree,  
And thrown forth, till it be withered  
Such is the state of men Thus enter we  
Into this life with woe, and end with miserie'

## III

Then, soft himselfe melting on his knee  
Downe to that well, dild in the water weene  
(So love does loath disdainfull meete)  
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene  
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they  
beene

For all his washing clearer Still he strove,  
Yet still the hile hands were bloody seene  
The which him into great amazement drove,  
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder  
dove

## IV

He wist not whether blott of fowle offence  
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;  
Or that high God, in hie of innocence,  
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,  
To shew how sore bloodguiltinesse he hat'h,  
Or that the charite and veneme which they  
dronck,

Their blood with seeret filth infected hath,  
Being dislused through the senceless tronck,  
That through the great contagion direfull  
deadly stonck.

## V

Whom thus at gaze the Palmer gan to bodd  
With goodly reason, and thus saue bespake,  
'Ye bene right hard annated, gracions Lord,  
And of your ignorances great mercell make,  
Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake  
But know, that seeret vertues are infused  
In every fountaine and in everie lake, [clud,  
Which who hath skill them rightly to have  
To prooffe of passing wonders hath full often  
usd -

## VI

'Of those, some were so from their source in-  
dewd [pap  
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull  
Their welheads spring and are with moisture  
dewd

Which feedes each living plant with liquid sap,  
And fillis with slowes faire Flores painted  
But other some, by guiste of later grace, [lap  
Or by good prayers, or by other lap,  
Had vertue pourd into their waters baec,  
And thenceforth were renoumd and sought  
from place to place

## VII

'Such is this well, wrought by occasion  
strange,  
Which to her Nymph befell Upon a day,  
As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did  
range,  
The hartlesse Hand and Robucke to dismay,

'Dan Fainns channst to meet her by the way  
And, kimpling she at her faire-burning eye,  
Inflamed was to follow beauties play,  
And chased her that fast from him did fly,  
As hynd from her, so she fled from her enemy

## VIII

'At last, when sayling breath began to faint,  
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame asrayd,  
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint,  
And to Diana calling lowd for ayde,  
Her deare besought to let her die & mayd  
The goddesse heard, and suddaine, where she  
sate [mayd

Welling out streames of teares, and quite dis-  
With stony feare of that rude rustie mate,  
Transformed her to a stone from stedfast vi-  
gins state.

## IX

'Lo! now she is that stone, from whose two  
heads, [flow  
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do  
Yet eolde through feare and old conceived  
dreads,

And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,  
Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her know  
And yet her vertues in her water byde,  
For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,  
Ne lets her waves with any filth bechide, [tride.  
But ever like herselfe, unstained hath beene

## X

'From thence it comes, that this habes bloods  
hand  
May not be densed with water of this well  
Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand  
But let them still be blood, as befell,  
That they his motheris innocencie may tell,  
As she bequeathil in her last testament,  
That, as a sacred Symbole, it may dwell  
In her sonnes flesh, to mindes engement, [ment'  
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse moni-

## XI

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe  
Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to beare,  
But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,  
An heave load, himselfe dul lightly reare,  
And turning to that place, in which whyleare  
He left his lustie steed with golden sell [there  
And goodly gorgeons hatbe, him found not  
By other accident, that enist befell, [not tell  
He is conaide, but how, or where, here fits

## XII

Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were he wioth,  
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appese,  
And farely fare on foot how ever loth  
His double burden did him sore disease

So long they traveled with litle ease,  
Till that at last they to a Castle came,  
Built on a rocke adjoining to the sea;  
It was an annient worke of antique fame,  
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skill-  
full frame

## XIII

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,  
The children of one sire by mothers three,  
Who dying why linné did divide this fort  
To them by equall shares in equall fee  
But stry full mind and diverse qualtee  
Drew them in partes and each in denteries foe  
Still did they strive and daily disagree,  
The eldest did against the yongest goe, [voc.  
And both against the middest meent to worken

## XIV

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right  
well  
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,  
Of second sister, who did far excell  
The other two Medina was her name  
A sober sad and comely courteous Dame,  
Who rich array'd, and yet in modest guise,  
In goodly garments that her well became,  
Fare marching forth in honorable wize,  
Him at the threshold mett, and well did en-  
terprize

## XV

She led him up into a goodly bowre,  
And comely courted with meet modestie,  
Ne in her spend, ne in her havour,  
Was lightnesse scene or looser vanitie,  
But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,  
Above the reason of her youthly verres  
Her golden lockes she roundly did upke  
In breadd tramels, that no longer heares  
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares

## XVI

Whilist she her selfe thus busily did frame  
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,  
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,  
Who all this while were at her wanton rest  
Accounting each her friend with lavishfest  
They were two knights of perelless pmissaunce,  
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,  
Which to these Ladies love did countenance,  
And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to  
advance

## XVII

He that made love unto the eldest Dame,  
Was light Sir Huddibras, an hardy man,  
Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,  
Which he by many rash adventures wan,

Since errant armes to sew he first began  
More huge in strength then wise in workes he  
And reason with foole-hardize over ran, [was,  
Sterne melancholy did his courage pass,  
And was, for terrour more, all mind in shyning  
bras

## XVIII

But he that lov'd the yongest was Sansloy,  
He, that faire Una late fowle outraged,  
The most unruly and the boldest boy  
That ever warlike weapons menagell,  
And all to lawlesse lust encouraged [might,  
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse  
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged  
By tortious wrong, or whom he rears'd of right  
He, now this Ladies Champion, chose for love  
to fight

## XIX

These two gay knights, vowe to so diverse  
loves,  
Each other does envy with deadly hate,  
And daily warre against his foeman moves,  
In hope to win more favour with his mate,  
And th' others pleasing service to abate,  
So magnifie his owne But when they heard  
How in that place straunge knight arriv'd late,  
Both knightes and ladies forth right angry far'd,  
And fiercely unto battell sterne themselves  
prepar'd

## XX

But ere they could proceede unto the place  
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,  
And cruell combat joind in muddle space  
With horrible assaunt, and fury fell,  
They heipt huge strikes the scorned life to  
quell,  
That all on upore from her settled seat,  
The house was ravis'd, and all that in did dwell  
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement  
great [fouldring heat,  
Did rend the rattling skyes with finnes of

## XXI

The noise thereof cald forth that stranger  
knight,  
To weet what dreadful thing was therein hand,  
Where whereas two brave knightes in bloody  
fight  
With deadly rancon he enraunged find,  
His sunbrord shield about his wrest he bond.  
And shyning blade unsheatht, with which he  
ran  
Unto that stead, their strife to understand,  
And at his first arrivall them began  
With goodly meemes to pacifie, well as he can

## XXII

But they, him spying, both with greedy force  
Attonee upon him ran, and him beset  
With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,  
And on his sheld like yron sledges bet  
As when a Beare and Tygre, being met  
In cruell fight on Lybcke Ocean wide,  
Espye a traveler with feet surbet,  
Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,  
They stint their strife and him assaile on  
everie side

## XXIII

But he, not like a weary travelere,  
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,  
And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,  
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put  
Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englit,  
Against themselves turning their wrathfull  
spight, [ent,  
Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and  
But still, when Guyon came to part their fight,  
With heave load on him they freshly gan to  
smight

## XXIV

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,  
Whom raging windes, threatning to make the  
pry  
Of the rough rockes, doe diversly disease,  
Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,  
That her on either side doe sore assay,  
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave,  
Shee, scorning both their spights, does make  
wide way,  
And with her brest breaking the fomy wave,  
Does rule on both their backs, and faire her  
self doth save

## XXV

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth  
Betweene them both by conduct of his blade  
Wondrous great prowess and heroicke worth  
He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,  
When two so mighty warriors he dismayed  
Attonee he wards and strikes, he takes and  
paines,  
Now first to yield, now forcing to invade,  
Before, behind, and round about him laies,  
So double was his paines, so double be his  
praise

## XXVI

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights  
to see  
Three combates joine in one, and to darraigne  
A triple warre with triple enmittee,  
All for their Ladies froward love to game,

Which gotten was but hate. So love does raine  
In stoutest minde, and maketh monstrous  
warre,  
He maketh waire, he maketh peace againe,  
And yett his peace is but continual jarre  
O miserable men that to him subject are!

## XXVII

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious  
armes,  
The faire Medina, with her tresses torne  
And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,  
Emongst them ran, and, falling them before,  
Besought them by the womb which them had  
born, [deare,  
And by the loves which were to them most  
And by the knighthood which they sure had  
sworn,  
Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,  
And to her just conditions of faire peace to  
heare

## XXVIII

But her two other sisters, standing by,  
Her lowd gainsaid, and both their champons  
Pursew the end of their strong enmitie, [bad  
As ever of their loves they would be glad  
Yet she with pittie words, and counsell sad,  
Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke,  
That at the last, suppressing fury mad,  
They gan abstaine from dint of irefull stroke,  
And hearken to the sober speaches which she  
spoke

## XXIX

'Ah, püssaunt Lords' what cursed evil  
Or fell Errynys, in your noble harts [Spight,  
Her hellish brood hath kindled with despight,  
And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?  
Is this the joy of armes? be these the parts  
Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,  
And not regard dew right and just desarts?  
Vaine is the vaunt, and victorie unjust,  
That more to mighty hands then rightfull cause  
doth trust.

## XXX

'And were there rightfull cause of difference,  
Yet were not better faire it to accord  
Then with bloodguiltinesse to heape offence,  
And mortal vengeance joyne to crime abhord?  
O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefast Lord!  
Sad be the sights, and bitter frutes of warre,  
And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword,  
Ne ought the praise of prowess more doth  
marre  
Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious  
jarre



So  
 But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,  
 Dathi nonrish virtue, and fast friendship breeds,  
 Weakeshe makes strong, and strong thing does  
 increase,

Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds  
 Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,  
 By which she triumphes over yre and pride,  
 And winnes an Olive garland for her needs  
 Be therefore, O my deare Lords' prudence,  
 And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,  
 And suncke so deepe into their boyling breasts,  
 That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,  
 And lowly did abase their lofty crests  
 To her faire presence and discrete beliest  
 Then she began a treaty to procure,  
 And establish terms betwixt both their requests,  
 That as a law for ever should endure,  
 Which to observe in word of knights they  
 did assure.

Whence to confirme, and fast to bind their  
 leys, ue,  
 After their weary sweat and bloody toils,  
 Came them besought, during their quiet tregne,  
 Into her lodging to repaire awhile,  
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile  
 They soone consent soforth with her they fare  
 Where they are well received, and made to spoile  
 Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare  
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to  
 dainty fare

And those two froward sisters, their faire  
 loves, [loth,  
 Came with them eke, all were they wondrous  
 And fumed chere, as for the time behoves,  
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,  
 But that their natures bad appeared in both,  
 For both did at their second sister grutch  
 And mly grieve, as doth an hidden moth  
 The inner garment frett, not th' utter touch  
 One thought her chere too litle, th' other  
 thought too much

Chissa (so the eldest light) did deeme  
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,  
 Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme  
 As discontent for want of merrh or meat  
 No voice could her Paramour intrent  
 Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliance  
 But with bent lowring brooves, as she would  
 threat,

She scould, and frownd with froward countenance,  
 Unworthy of faire Ladies comely governance

But young Perissa was of other mynd,  
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,  
 And quite contrary to her sisters kynd,  
 No measure in her mood no rule of right,  
 But poured out in pleasure and delight  
 In wine and meats she flowd above the banck,  
 And in excess exceeded her owne might  
 In sumptuous tye she joyd her selfe to prance,  
 But of her love too lavish (litle have she  
 thank'd)

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,  
 Fitt mate for such a mincing minacon  
 Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding joy,  
 Might not be found a franker framon,  
 Of her lewd parts to make companion  
 But Huddibras, more like a Malecontent,  
 Did see and grieve at his bold fashion,  
 Hardly could he endure his hardmyns,  
 Yett still he satt, and mly did him selfe forment

Between them both the faire Medina sate  
 With sober grace and goodly carriage  
 With equal measure she did moderate  
 The strong extremities of their outrage  
 That forward pure she ever would aswage,  
 When they would strive dew reason to exceed,  
 But that same froward twaine would accorage,  
 And of her plenty adile unto their need  
 So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed

Thus fairely shee attemperd her feast  
 And pleasd them all with meete satiety  
 At last when lust of meat and drinke was  
 She Gay on deare be-ought of curtesie [ceast,  
 To tell from whence he came through jeopardy,  
 And whither now on new adventure bownd  
 Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,  
 Drawing to him the eyes of all around  
 From lofty siege began these words aloud to  
 sound

This thus demand O Lady doth revive  
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,  
 Great and most glorious virgin Queene alive,  
 That with her soveraine power, and scepter  
 All leery land does peaceably sustene [shene,  
 In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,  
 That over all the earth it may be scene,

As morning Sunne her beames dispredden  
 cleare, [appeare. Eftsoones deuid redresse for such annoyces  
 And in her face saue pecee and merey doth Me, all unfit for so great purpose, she em-  
 ploies

## XLI

In her the riches of all heavenly grace  
 In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye  
 And all, that els this worlds enclosure bace  
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,  
 Adornes the person of her Majestye,  
 That men, beholding so great excellence  
 And rare perfection in mortaltie,  
 Doe her adore with sacred reverence,  
 As th' Idole of her makers great magnificence

## XLII

'To her I homage and my service owe,  
 In number of the noblest knightes on ground,  
 Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe  
 Order of Maidenhead, the most renownd  
 That may this day in all the world be found  
 An yearly solemne feast she wontes to hold,  
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around,  
 To which all knightes of worth and courage bold  
 Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be  
 told

## XLIII

'There this old Palmer shewd himselfe that  
 day,  
 And to thit mighty Princesse did complaine  
 Of grievous mischefes which a wicked Fayr  
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly  
 paine,  
 Whereof he crav'd redresse My Sovereine,  
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joye  
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,

## XLIV

'Now hath faire Phebe with her silver face  
 Thrice scene the shadowes of the neather  
 Sith last I left that honorable place, [world,  
 In which her roiall presenece is enrold,  
 No ever shall I rest in house nor hold,  
 Till I that false Acrasus have wonne,  
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told,  
 I wnesse am, and thus their wretched sonne,  
 Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly for-  
 donne'

## XLV

'Tell on, fayre Sir,' said she, 'that dolefull  
 tale, [restraine,  
 From which sad ruth does seeme you to  
 That we may pittie such unhappie bale,  
 And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaune  
 Ill by ensample good doth often gavne'  
 Then forward he his purpose gan pursue,  
 And told the story of the mortall payne,  
 Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,  
 As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately rew

## XLVI

Night was far spent, and now in Ocean deep  
 Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,  
 His flaming head did hasten for to steep,  
 When of his pitteous tale he end did make  
 Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake  
 Those guesstes, beguiled did beguile their eyes  
 Of kindle sleepe that did them overtake  
 At last, when they had markt the chaunged  
 skyes, [to rest him hies  
 They wist their houre was spent, then each

## CANTO III

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guy-  
 ous horse, is made the scorn  
 Of knighthood trew, and is of fayre  
 Belphoebe fowle forlorne

## I

Soone as the morrow shyneth with purple beames  
 Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,  
 And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,  
 Gan cleare the dewy ayre with springing light,  
 Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow & plight,  
 Uprose from drowsie couch, and him address  
 Unto the journey which he had beghit  
 His purasant armes about his noble brest,  
 And many-folded shield he bound about his  
 wrest.

## II

Then, taking Conge of that virgin pure,  
 The bloody-handed babe unto her truth  
 Did earnestly committ, and her conyure  
 In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,  
 And all that gentle noriture ensu'th,  
 And that, so soone as ryper yeares he raught,  
 He might, for memory of that daves ruth,  
 Be called Ruddy mane, and thereby taught  
 To avenge his Parents death on them that had  
 it wrought

## III

So forth he far d, as now befell, on foot,  
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone,  
Patience perforce helpless what may it boot  
To frett for anger, or for grieue to mone  
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone.  
So fortune wrought, as under greene woodes

ryde  
He lately heard that diuing Lady grone,  
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,  
And rushed in on foot to ad her ere she dyde

## IV

The whyles a lo-ell wandring by the way  
One that to bonnie never cast his mynd,  
Se thought of honour ever did assy  
His briser brest, but in his kestrell kynd  
A pleasing vaine of glory he did frind,  
To which his flowing tounge and troublous  
spright [elynd  
Gave him great ayd, and made him more in-  
He, that brave steed there finding ready dight,  
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away  
full light.

Now gan his hart all swell in jollity,  
And of him selfe great hope and help conceiv d,  
That puffd up with smoke of vanity,  
And with selfe-loved personage deceiv d,  
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd [bee  
For such as he him thought, or faine would  
But for in court gav portance he perceiv'd,  
And gallant shew to be in grestest gree,  
Eftsoones to court he cast t' aduancee his first  
degree

## V

And by the way he chanced to espy  
One sitting ydle on aunny bench,  
To him auanting in great bravery. [praneh,  
As Peacocks that his painted plumes doh  
He smote his courser in the trembling flank,  
And to him threatned his hart thrilling speare  
The seely man seeing him ryde so rinch,  
And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for feare,  
And crying, 'Mercy' loud, his pitious handes  
gan reare.

## VII

Thereat the Searcrow wexed wondrous poud,  
Through fortune of his first adventure sayre,  
And with bigthundering voice reu'd him lond  
'Vile Captive, vassall of dread and despayre,  
Unworthe of the commune breathed ayre,  
Why liest thou, dead dog a lenger day,  
And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre?  
Dy, or thyselfe my captive yeld for ay  
Great favour I thee graunt for annswere thus  
to slay'

## VIII

'Hold, O deare Lord' hold your dead-doeing  
hand,  
Then loud he cryde, 'I am your humble  
'As wretch,' (quoth he) 'thy destines withstand  
My wrathfull will, and doe for merey call  
I gve thee life therefore prostrated fall,  
And kisse my stirrup, that thy homage bee'  
The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offall,  
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,  
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him  
in fee

## IX

So happy peace they made and faire accord  
Eftsoone this hegeman gan to weve more  
bold,  
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,  
In his owne kind he gan him selfe unfold,  
For he was wile witted, and growne old  
In eunning sleighes and practick knavery  
From that day forth he cast for to uphold  
His ydle humour with fine flattery  
And blow the bellows to his swelling vanity

## X

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio,  
To serue at court in view of vaunting eye  
Vaine-glorious man when fluttering wind does  
blow  
In his light wynges, is lifted up to skye,  
The scorn of knighthood and traw cheualrye,  
To thinke, without desert of gentle de d  
And noble worth, to be aduanced hie  
Such prays is shame, but honour, vertues  
meed, [seed  
Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable

## XI

So forth they pas, a well consorted payre  
Till that at length with Archmage they meet  
Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,  
On goodly courser thondring with his feet,  
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet  
Of his revenge to make the instrument,  
For since the Rederosse knight he erst did meet  
To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,  
The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon  
ment

## XII

And coming close to Trompart gan inquire  
Of him, what mightie warriour that mote bee,  
That rode in golden sell with single spere,  
But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee?  
'He is a great adienturer,' (said he) [gone,  
'That hath his sword through hard assay for-  
And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee

Of that despyght, never to wearen none  
That speare is him enough to doen a thousand  
grone.'

XIII

Th' enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,  
And weened well ere long his will to win,  
And both his foes with equall force to daunt.  
Tho to him louting lowly did begin  
To plaime of wronges, which had committed bin  
By Gynon, and by that false Rederosse knight,  
Which two, through treason and deceitfull gm,  
Had slayne Sir Mordant and his Lady bright  
That mote him honour win to wreak so foule  
despyght

XIV

Therewith all suddenly he seemd enragd,  
And threatend death with dreadfull counten-  
aunce,  
As if their lives had in his hand beene gagd,  
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,  
To let him weat his doughtie valiaunce.  
Thus said Old man great sure shal be thy  
meed, [geaunce  
If, where those knights for feare of dew v en-  
Doe lurke, thou certainly to mee areed,  
That I may wreake on them their hainous  
hatefull deed'

XV

'Certes, my Lord,' (said he) 'that shall I  
soone,  
And give you eke good helpe to their decay.  
But mote I wisely v on advise to doon,  
Give no ods to your foes, but doe purray  
Your selle of sword before that bloody day,  
For they be two the prowrest knights on ground,  
And oft approv'd in many hard assav,  
And eke of surest steele that may be fownd,  
Do arme your self against that day, them to  
confownd'

XVI

'Dotard,' (said he) 'let be thy deepe advise  
Seemes that through many yeaes thy wits  
thee faile,  
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,  
Els never should thy judgement be so frayle  
To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.  
Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,  
Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quyle?  
Thou htle wotest what this right-hand can  
Speake they which have beheld the battailes  
which it wan'

XVII

The man was much abashed at his boast,  
Yet well he wist that whoso would contend  
With either of those knightes on even coast,  
Should neede of all his armes him to defend,

Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,  
When Braggadochio saide, 'Once I did  
swaere, [to end,  
When with one sword seven knightes I brought  
Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,  
But it were that which noblest knight on earth  
doth weare.'

XVIII

'Perdy, Sir knight,' saide then th' enchaunter  
blive,  
'That shall I shortly purchase to your hond,  
For now the best and noblest knight alive  
Prince Arthur is, that w onnes in Faerie lond  
He hath a sword that flames like burning brond  
The same by my devlee I undertake  
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond'  
At which hold word that boaster gan to quake,  
And wondred in his minde what mote that  
Monster make

XIX

He stayd not for more bidding, but away  
Was sudden vanished out of his sight [play  
The Northerne winde his wings did broad dis-  
At his command, and reared him up light  
From off the earth to take his aerie flight  
They lookt about, but nowhere could espye  
Tract of his foot then dead through great af-  
fright  
They both nigh were, and each bad other flye  
Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned eye,

XX

Till that they come unto a forrest greene,  
In which they shrowd themselves from cause-  
les feare, [beene  
Yet scare them followes still where so they  
Each trembling in leafe and whistling wind they  
heare,  
As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare  
Yet both doe strive their fearefulnesse to faine  
At last they heird a horne that shrilled cleare  
Throughout the wood that eechoed againe,  
And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in  
twaine.

XXI

Est through the thicke they heard one rudely  
rush,  
With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed  
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,  
To hide his coward head from dyng dreed  
But Trompart stontly staid to taken heed  
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped  
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed, [foorth  
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,  
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly  
birth.

## XXII

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,  
But heu enly pourtrayd of bright Angels hon,  
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,  
Through goodly mixture of complexions den,  
And in her cheekes the vermill red did shew  
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,  
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,  
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,  
Hable to heale the sick, and to reuive the ded.

## XXIII

In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,  
Kindled above at th' heu enly makers light,  
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,  
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,  
That quite berear'd the rash beholders sight  
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre  
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might,  
For, with dredd Majestic and awfull ire,  
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace  
desyre.

## XXIV

Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,  
Like a broad table did it selfe disprede,  
For Love his lustie triumphes to engrave,  
And write the battailes of his great godhead  
All good and honour might therein be red,  
For there their dwelling was And, when she  
spake, [she] Sweete wordes like droppung honny she did  
And twixt the perles and rubins softly bruke  
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd  
to make.

## XXV

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,  
Under the shadow of her even browes,  
Working belgardes and amorous retrate,  
And euerie one her with a grace endowes,  
And euerie one with meekenesse to her bowes  
So glorious mirrour of celestia grace,  
And soveraine moniment of mortall ones,  
How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,  
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to  
disgrace?

## XXVI

So faire, and thousand thousand times more  
faire,  
She seemd, when she presented was to sight,  
And was clad, for heat of scorching aire,  
All in a silken Camus lilly waight,  
Purified upon with many a folded plight,  
Which all above besprinkled was throughout  
With golden agulets, that glistred bright  
Like twinkling starres, and all the skurt  
Was hemd with golden fringe. [about]

## XXVII

Below her ham her weed did somenhat trayne,  
And her streight legs most bravely were em-  
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwayne, [bayld  
All hard with golden bendes, which were  
entayld  
With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld  
Before, they fastned were under her knees  
In a rich jewell, and therein entrayld  
The ends of all the knots, that none might see  
How they within their foundings close en-  
wrapped bee

## XXVIII

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,  
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,  
Whom all the people decke with gurlands  
And honour in their festiual resort, [greene,  
Those same with stately grace and princely  
port [grace.  
She taught to tread, when she herselfe would  
But with the woody Nymphes when she did  
play,  
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,  
She could them nimbly move, and after fly  
apace

## XXIX

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she  
held,  
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,  
Stuft with Steele-headed dartes, wherewith she  
quaid  
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,  
Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay  
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide  
Her daintie paps, which, like young fruit in  
Now little gan to swell, and being tude [May,  
Through her thin weed their places only sig-  
nified.

## XXX

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,  
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,  
And, when the winde amongst them did in-  
They waved like a penon wyde disprede, [spyre,  
And low behinde her backe were scattered  
And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,  
As through the flouing Forrest rash she fled,  
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves  
did lap, [did enwrap.  
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes

## XXXI

Such as Diana by the sandy shore  
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene, [lore,  
Where all the Nymphes have her unwaies for-  
Wandresth alone with bow and arrowes keene,

To seeke her game Or as that famous Queene  
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,  
The day that first of Pname she was seene,  
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant joy,  
To senceour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

## XXXII

Sneh when as hartlesse Triompart her did  
see,  
He was dismayed in his eowail minde,  
And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,  
Or fly away, or bide alone behinde,  
Both feare and hope he in her face did finde  
When she at last him spying thus bespake  
'Hayle, Gieome' didst not thou see a bleeding  
Hynde, [strake]  
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow  
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her over  
take'

## XXXIII

Wherewith reuiv'd, thus answerd forth he  
threw  
'O Goddess, (for such I thee take to bee)  
For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,  
Nor voice sound mortall, I avow to thee,  
Such wounded beast as that I did not see,  
Sith earst into this Forrest wild I came  
But mote thy goodly hed forgive it mee,  
To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,  
That unto thee dew worship I may rightly  
frame'

## XXXIV

To whom she thus—but ere her words ensowd,  
Unto the bush her eye did suddenn glance,  
In which vaine Braggadoechuo was mowd,  
And saw it stirre she leste her pereing launce  
And towards gan a deadly shafte aduance,  
In mind to marke the beast At which sad  
stone  
Triompart forth stept to stay the mortall  
chance,  
Out crying, 'O' what ever heavenly powre,  
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly  
howre.

## XXXV

'O' stay thy hand, for yonder is no game  
For thy fiers arrows, them to eue eize, [name]  
But loe! my Lord, my hege, whose warlike  
Is far renowned through many bold enprize,  
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies',  
She stand with that he erand out of his nest,  
Forth creeping on his captive hands and thies,  
And, standing stoutly up, his lofty crest  
Did fiercely shake, and rowze as coming late  
from rest

## XXXVI

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave  
For dread of soring hauke her selfe hath hid,  
Nor caring how, her silly life to save,  
She her gay painted plumes disorderd,  
Seeming at last her selfe from danger ril,  
Peepes forth, and soone renews her native  
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured [hide]  
Prowdly to prune, and sett on every side,  
She shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she  
did her lude

## XXXVII

So when her goodly visage he beheld  
He gan himselfe to vaunt but, when he viewed  
Those deadly toole, which in her hand she  
Soone into other fitts he was transmewd, [held,  
Till she to him her gracious speech renewd  
'All haile, Sir knight' and well may thee be-  
tall,  
As all the like, which honor have pursewd  
Through deeds of armes and prowess martiall  
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of  
all'

## XXXVIII

To whom he thus 'O fairest under skie'  
Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,  
That warlike feats doest highest glorifie  
Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,  
And many battailes fought and many fimes  
Throughout the world, wher-so they might be  
Endeavouring my dredded name to raise [found,  
Above the Moone, that fame may it resound  
In her eternall tromp, with launell gnlond  
cround

## XXXIX

'But what art thou, O Lady' which doest  
raunge  
In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,  
And doest not it for ioyous court exchange,  
Amongst thine equall pees, where happy blis  
And all delight does raigne, much more then  
this?  
There thou maist love and dearly loved be,  
And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest  
mis [see  
There maist thou best be seene, and best maist  
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for  
thee'

## XL

'Who-so in pompe of prowdestate' (quoth she)  
'Does swim, and bathes him selfe in courtly  
blis,  
Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,  
And in oblivion ever buried is,  
Where ease abounds v'seath to doe amiss  
But wholus limbs with labours, and his myad  
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis

Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,  
Who seeks with painfull toyle shall honor  
soonest fynd

## XLI

'In woods, in waves, in warres, she woult to dwell,  
And wil be found with perill and with paine;  
No can the man that moulds in idle cell  
Unto her happy mansion attaine  
Before her gate high God did Sweate ordaine,  
And wakefull watches ever to abide,  
But easy is the way and passage plaine  
To pleasures purlace it may soone be spide,  
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide

## XLII

'In Princes court'—the rest she would have sayd,  
But that the foolish man, filld with delight  
Of her sweete words that all his sence dismayd,  
And with her wondrous beauty ravishd quight,  
Gan burne in filthy lust, and, leaping light,  
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace  
With that she, swaring backe, her Javelin bright  
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace  
So turned her about, and fled away apace

## XLIII

Which when the Peasant saw, amazd he stood,  
And grieved at her flight, yet durst he nott  
Pursen her steps through wil unknown wood  
Besides he fear'd her wrath, and threatned shott,  
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yett forgott  
Ne ear'd he greatly for her presence wayne,  
But turning said to Trompart, 'What fowle  
blott

Is this to knight, that Lady should awayne  
Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud  
disdayne'

## XLIV

'Perdy,' (said Trompart) 'lett her pas at will,  
Least by her presence daunger mote betall,  
for who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)  
But that shee is some powre celestiall?  
I or whiles she spake her great words did appall,  
My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,  
That yet a quake and tremble over-all'  
'And I,' (said Braggadocchio) 'thought no lesse,  
When first I heard her horn sound with such  
ghastlinesse

## XLV

'For from my mothers wombe this grace I  
Me given by eternall destiny, [have]  
That earthly thing may not my corage brave  
Dismay with feare, or raise one foot to flye,  
But either hellish seeds, or powres on hye  
Which was the cause, when earst that horne I  
heard,  
Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,  
I had my selfe from it as one affraid,  
But, when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard

## XLVI

'But now, for feare of worse that may betide,  
Let us soone hence depart' They soone agree  
So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride  
As one unfit therefore, that ill might see  
He had not trayned bene in chevalree  
Which well that valiant courser did discernie,  
For he despid to tread in dew degree,  
But chaufin and som'd with corage fierie and  
sterne,  
And to be easd of that base burden still did

## CANTO IV

Guy on doe Furor blind in chaires,  
And stops occasion  
Delivers Phaon, and therefore  
By strife is rayld upon

## I

In brave poursuitt of honorable deed,  
There is I know not (what) great difference  
Betwene the vulgar and the noble seed,  
Which unto things of valorous pretence  
Seemes to be borne by native influence,  
As feates of armes, and love to entertaine  
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science  
Proper to gentle blood some others faine  
To menage steeds, as did thus saunter, but in  
vaine.

## II

But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,  
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,  
The wukes on foot was forced for to reede  
With that blake Palmer, his most trusty  
gu de,  
Who suffred not his wandring fecte to slide,  
But when strong passion, or weake fleshli-  
nesse,  
Would from the right way seeke to draw him  
wide,

He would, through temperaunce and steadfastnesse,  
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the  
strong suppress

## III

It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,  
He saw from far, or seemed for to see,  
Some troublous uprore or contentions fray,  
Where to he drew in hast it to agree  
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,  
Drew by the heare along upon the ground  
A handsom stripling with great crueltee,  
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a  
wound,  
That cheekes with teares, and sjs des with blood,  
did all abownd.

## IV

And him behynd a wiked Hag did stalke,  
In ragged robes and filthy disaray,  
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,  
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay  
Her lockes, that loathly weie and hoarie gray,  
Grew all afore, and loosely hong unrold,  
But all behinde was bald, and worne away,  
That none thereof could ever taken hold,  
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinckles  
old

## V

And ever as she went her tounge did walke  
In fowle reproch, and termes of vile despight,  
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,  
To heape more vengeance on that wretched  
wight  
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherewith to  
smite,  
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg  
were,  
Withouten which she could not goe upright,  
Ne any evill meanes she did forbear,  
That might him move to wrath, and indigna-  
tion reare

## VI

The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,  
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away,  
And after, adding more impetuous forse,  
His mighty hands did on the madman lay,  
And pluckt him backe, who, all on fire streight  
way,  
Against him turning all his fell intent,  
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,  
And smott, and butt, and kicht, and scratcht,  
and rent,  
And did he wist not what in his avengement.

## VII

And sure he was a man of mickle might,  
Had he had governaunce it well to guyde,  
But, when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,  
His force was vaine, and strooke more often  
wyde,  
Then at the aymed marke whuch he had eyde  
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,  
Why lest reason, blent through passion, nought  
deservde,  
But, as a blindfold Bull, at randon fares,  
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom  
he hurts nought cares.

## VIII

His rude assault and rugged handelng  
Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with  
foe  
In sayre defence and goodly menaging  
Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe  
Was he abashed now, not fighting so,  
But more enterched through his currish play,  
Him sternly grypt, and hailing to and fro,  
To overthrow him strongly did assay,  
But overthrew him selfe unwares, and lower  
lay

## IX

And being downe the villicin soie did bente  
And bruze with clownish fistes his inanly  
face,  
And eke the Hag, with many a bitter threat,  
Still cald upon to kill him in the place.  
With whose reproch, and odious menae,  
The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart  
Knutt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace  
His grasping hold so lightly did upstart,  
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his  
part.

## X

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly  
cryde,  
'Not so, O Guyon! never thinke that so  
That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:  
He is not, ah! he is not such a foe,  
As steele can wound, or strength can over-  
throo  
That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,  
That unto knighthood workes much shame  
and woe,  
And that same Hag, his aged mother, lught  
Occasion, the roote of all wrath and despight

## XI

'With her, whose will raging Furor tame,  
Must first begin, and well her amenance  
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame  
And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage



Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage,  
Then, when she is withdrawn or strong with-  
stood,

It's eath his ryle fury to asuage,  
And calmes the tempest of his passion wood  
The banks are overflowne when stopped is the  
flood.'

## XII

Therewith Sir Guy on left his first emprise,  
And, turning to that woman, fast her hent  
By the hoare lockes tht hong before her eyes,  
And to the ground her threw yet nould she  
stent

Her bitter raving and foule revilement,  
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her  
wrong,

But nathelesse he did her still torment,  
And, catching hold of her ungratious tonge  
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and  
strong

## XIII

Then, whenas use of speach was from her rest,  
With her two crooked handes she signes did  
make,

And beckned him, the last help she had left,  
But he that last left helpe away did take,  
And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,  
That she note stirre Then gan her sonne to  
flye

Full fast away, and did her quite forsake,  
But Guy on alter him in hast did bye,  
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

## XIV

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,  
Who him gausstriving nought at all prevailsd,  
For all his power was utterly defaste,  
And furious fitts at earst quite were quaild  
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces swild,  
Yet vield he would not, nor his rancor slack  
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely havid,  
And both his hands fast bound behind his  
briake,

And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

## XV

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,  
And hundred knots, that did him sore con-  
straine,

Yet his great yron teeth he still did grand  
And grimly gnash, threatening revenge mine  
His burning eyes, whom bloody streakes did  
same

Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of  
And more for rancor dispyght then for great  
paine,

Shakt his long locks colourd like copper-wire,  
And hitt his tawny beard to shew his raging  
yre.

## XVI

Thus when as Guy on Furor had captivd,  
Turning about he saw that wretched Squire,  
Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,  
Lying on ground, all soild with blood and  
myre

Whom whenas he perceived to respyre,  
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.  
Being at last recured, he gan inquire [tresse,  
What hard mishap him brought to such dis-  
And made that caytives thrall, the thrall of  
wretchednesse

## XVII

With hart then throbbing, and with watry  
eyes, [the hap,  
'Fayre sir' (quoeth he) 'what man can shun  
That hidden lyes unware him to surpryse?  
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap  
The man most wary in her whelming lap  
So me werke wretch, of many weakest one,  
Unweeting and unware of such mishap,  
She brought to mischief through Occasion,  
Where this same wicked villen did me light  
upon.

## XVIII

'It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the sourse  
Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,  
With whom from tender day of communnourse  
Attonee I was upbrought, and est, when yeaeres  
More ype us reason lent to chose our Peares,  
Our selves in league of loved love wee knitt,  
In which we long time, without jealous feares  
Or faultie thoughts, contynewd as was fitt,  
And for my part, I now, dissembled not a whit.

## XIX

'It was my fortune, commune to that age,  
To love a Lady fayre of great degree,  
The which was borne of noble parentage,  
And set in highest seat of dignitee,  
Yet seemd no lesse to love then lov'd to bee  
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,  
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree.  
Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one  
will, [fulfill  
Laeh strove to please, and others pleasure to

## XX

'My friend, light Philemon, I did partake  
Of all my love and all my privacie,  
Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,  
And gracious to that Lady as to mee,

Ne ever night that mote so welcome bee  
As he to her, withouten blott or blame,  
Ne ever thing that she could think or see,  
But unto him she would impart the same  
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle  
Dame!

XXX

'At last such grace I found, and merces I  
wrought,  
That I that Lady to my spouse had woune,  
Accord of friendes, consent of Parents sought,  
Affeance made, my happinesse begonne,  
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,  
Which marriage make that day too farre did  
seeme  
Most joyous man, on whom the shining Sunne  
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,  
And that my falsen friend did no less joyons  
decume

XXXI

'But ear that wished day his beaune dislosed,  
He, either envying me toward good,  
Or of him selfe to treason ill disposd,  
One day unto me came in friendly mood,  
And told for secret, how he understood  
That Lady, whom I had to me assynd,  
Had both distard her honorable blood,  
And eke the futh which she to me did bynd,  
And therefore wisht me stay till I more truth  
should fynd

XXXII

'The gnawing anguish, and sharp gelysy,  
Which his sad speech infixed in my brest,  
Rackled so sore, and festerd inwardly,  
That my engreved mynd could fud no rest,  
Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest,  
And him besought, by that same sacred band  
Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best  
He then with solemne oath and plightd hand  
Assurd, ere long the truth to let me understand

XXXIII

'Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,  
Saying, he now had boulded all the floure,  
And that it was a grooms of base degree,  
Which of my love was pirtener Paramoure  
Who used in a darkesome inner bowre  
Her oft to meete which better to approve,  
He promised to bring me at that howre,  
When I should see that would me nearer move,  
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love

XXXIV

'This gracelesse man, for furtheraunce of his  
guile,  
Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,  
Who, glad t' embosome his affection vile,  
Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.

One day, to worke her to his will more neare,  
He woo'd her thus Pryene, (so she hight,)  
What great despite doth fortune to thee beare,  
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,  
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

XXXV

'But if sho had her least helpe to theow lent,  
T' adorne thy forme according thy desart,  
Then blazing pride thou wouldest soono have  
blent, [part,  
And stayd their prayes with thy least good  
Ne should faile Claribell with all her art,  
Tho' she thy Lady be approach thee neare  
For prooffe thercof, this evening, as thou art,  
Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,  
That I may more delight in thy embracement  
deare

XXXVI

'The Mayden, proud through praise and mad  
through love,  
Hun hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd,  
The winkles to me the trenehous did remove  
His craftie engyn, and, as he had sayd,  
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,  
The sad spectatour of my 'Tragedie' [playd,  
Where left, he went, and his owne false part  
Disguised like that grooms of base degree,  
Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my love to  
bee

XXXVII

'Eft-soones he came unto th' appointed place  
And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd,  
In Claribellas clothes Her proper face  
I not discerned in that darkesome shade,  
But wend it was my love with whom he playd  
Ah God! what horror and tormenting guete  
My hart, my brnde, mine eyes, and all assayd!  
Me hieser were ten thousand deathes priefo  
Then wounde of gealous worne, and shame of  
such repleise

XXXVIII

'I home retouning, flaught with fowle  
despight,  
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,  
Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,  
With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent,  
That after soone I dearely did lament,  
For, when the cause of that outrageous deede  
Demaunded, I made plaine and evident,  
Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did  
breede, [her weede  
Confest how Philemon her wrought to chaunge

XXXIX

'Which when I heard, with horrible affright  
And bellish fury all enragd, I sought  
Upon myselfe that vengeable despight

H 2

To punish yet it better first I thought  
To weake my wrnth on him that first it  
wrought

To Phulemon, false faytour Phulemon,  
I cast to pay that I so dearely bought.  
Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,  
And washt away his guilt with guilty potion

XXXX

'Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on  
griefe,

To losse of love adjoining losse of frend,  
I meant to purge both with a thurd miseluse,  
And in my woes beginner it to end  
That was Pryene, she did first offend,  
She last should smart with which cruell  
intent,

When I at her my murderous blade did bend,  
She fled away with ghastly dreriment,  
And I, pursuenng my full purpose, after went

XXXX

'Teare gave her winges, and rage enforst my  
sight,

Through woods and plaines so long I did her  
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might  
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space  
As I her, so he me poursew'd apiece,  
And shortly overtooke I, breathing yre,  
Sore chaffed at my stay in such a cace,  
And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre,  
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage  
inspyre.

XXXX

'Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,  
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne  
handelng,

That death were better then such agony  
As griefe and fury unto me did bring  
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,  
That during life will never be appeas'd'  
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,  
Said Guyon, 'Squire, sore have ye beene  
diseas'd,  
But all your hurts may soone through tempe-

XXXX

Then gan the Palmer thus, 'Most wretched  
man,

That to affections does the bridle lend'  
In their beginning they are weake and wan,  
But soone through suffrance growe to flourefull  
end

Whiles they are weake, betimes with them con-  
For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,  
Strong warres they make, and cruell battay  
bend

Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow  
Wrath, gelosy, griefe, love, this Squire have  
laide thus low.

XXXX

'Writh, gerlosie, griefe, love, do thus expell  
Wrath is a fire, and gerlosie a weede,  
Griefe is a flood, and love a monster fell,  
The fire of sparkes, the weede of litle seede,  
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede.  
But sparkes, weede, drops, and filth, do thus delay,  
The sparkes soone quench, the springing seede  
outweede,

The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away  
So shall writh, gelosy, griefe, love, die and  
decay'

XXXX

'Unlucky Squire,' (saide Guyon) 'sith thou  
hast

I rne into miseluse through intemperance,  
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast  
past,

And guide thy wyes with warte governance,  
Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.  
But read how art thou wam'd, and of what kin?'  
Plumon I light, (quoth he) 'and do aduance  
Mine ancesstry from famous Coradin,  
Who first to raise our house to honour did  
begin'

XXXX

Thus as he spake, lo! hur way they spyde  
A varlet running towards hastily,  
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,  
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,  
Which mingled all with warte, did dim his eye  
He soone approached panting, breathlesse, w hot,  
And all so cold that none could him deser-  
His countenance was bold and bashed not  
For Guyons lookes, but scornfull eyeglance  
at him shot

XXXX

Behind his breke he bore a brisen sheld,  
On which was drawn faire, in colours sit,  
A flaming fire in midst of bloodie hild,  
And round about the wreath this word was  
writ,

Burnt I doe burne Right well besecmed it  
To be the sheld of some redoubted knight,  
And in his hild two daries, exceeding hit  
And deadly shrip, he held, whose heads were  
dight

In poison and in blood of malice and despyght

XXXX

When he in presence came, to Guyon first  
He boldly spake, 'Sir knight, if knight thou  
Abandon this forestalled place at erst, [see,  
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,

Or bide the chauce at thine owne jeoparddee.  
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,  
And, though he scord his ydle vantee,  
Yet mildly him to purpose answered,  
For not to grow of nought he it conjectured

## XL

'Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,  
Yielded by him that held it forcibly  
But whence should come that harme, which  
thou dost seeme  
To threat to him that mindes his chauce  
t' alve'

'Perdy,' (sayd he) 'here comes, and is hard by,  
A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,  
That never yet encountred enemy  
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay,  
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence  
stay'

## XLI.

'How hight he then,' (sayd Guyon) 'and  
from whence?'

'Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre  
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,  
Full oft approv'd in many a cruell warre,  
The brother of Cymochles, both which arre  
The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight,  
Acrates, sonne of Phlegeton and Jarre,  
But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night,  
But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight

## XLII

'So from immortall race he does procede,  
That mortall hands may not withstand his  
might,

Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed,  
For all in blood and spoile is his delight  
His am I Atin, his in wrong and right,  
That matter make for him to worke upon,  
And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.  
Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,  
Least thy foolharduze worke thy sad confusion'

## XLIII

'His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,'  
(Sayd he) 'but whither with such hasty flight'

Art thou now bound? for well mote I discerne  
Great cause, that carries thee so swifte and  
light'

'My Lord,' (quoth he) 'me sent, and strenght  
To seeke Occasion where so she bee [behight  
For he is all dispos'd to bloody fight,  
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee  
Hard is his hap that first falls in his jeoparddee'

## XLIV

'Mad man,' (said then the Palmer) 'that does  
seeke

Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife  
Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.  
Happy ' who can abstaine, when Rancor rise  
Kindles Rerenge, and threats his rusty knife.  
Woe never wants where every cause is caught  
And rash Occasion makes unquiet hfe'

'Then loe! wher bound she sits, whom thou  
hast sought,' [brought'  
Said Guyon 'let that message to thy Lord be

## XLV

That when the varlett heard and saw, strenght  
way [knight,  
He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, 'Vile  
That knights and knighthood doest with shame  
upbray,

And shewst th'ensample of thy childshemight,  
With silly weake old woman that did fight'  
Great glory and gay spoile, sure hast thou gott,  
And stoutly prov'd thy pussaunce here in sight  
That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,  
And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott.

## XLVI

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,  
Headed with yre and vengeable despight  
The quivering steele his aymed end wel knew,  
And to his brest it selfe intended right  
But he was wary, and, ere it empight  
In the meane marke, advaunst his shield atweene,  
On which it seizing no way enter might,  
But backe rebownding left the forehead keene  
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be  
seene.

## CANTO V

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,  
And Farors chaunge nuytes,  
Who him sore wounds whyles Atin to  
Cymochles for ayd fyes

I

Who ever doth to temperaunce apply  
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,  
Trust me, shal find no greater enemy  
Then stubborne perturbation to the same,  
To which right wel the wise doe give that name,  
For it the goodly perce of sturied maides  
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclaim  
His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,  
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes

II

After that varlets flight, it was not long  
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide  
One in bright armes embattelled full strong,  
That, as the Sunny beames do glawnee and glide  
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright  
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire  
That seemd him to enflame on every side  
His steed was bloody red, and fomed ire,  
When with the maistring spur he did him  
roughly stire.

III

Approching nigh, he never staid to greet,  
Ne chaffar words, proude corage to provoke,  
But priekt so fiers, that underneath his feet  
The smouldring dust did rownd about him  
smoke,  
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke  
And fayrly couching his steeleheaded speare,  
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke  
It booted nought Sir Guyon, comming neere,  
To thincke such hideous puissance on foot to  
beare,

IV

But lightly shunned it, and, passing by,  
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,  
That the sharpe steele, arriving forcibly  
On his broad shield, bitt not, but glauncing fell  
On his horse necke before the quilted sell,  
And from the head the body sundred quight.  
So him dismounted low he did compell  
On foot with him to matchen equall fight  
The trunchead beast fast bleeding did him  
fowly dight.

V

Sore bruized with the fall he slow arose,  
And all enraged thus him loudly shent,  
'Disleall Knight, whose coward corage chose  
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent.  
And shund the marke at which it should be  
ment, [fray]  
Therby thine armes seem strong but manhood  
'So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent,  
But litle may such guile thee now avail, [fay]  
If wonted force and fortune doe me not much

VI

With that he drew his flaming sword, and  
strooke

At him so hercelv that the upper marge  
Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,  
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large  
And open gash therein were not his targe  
That broke the violence of his intent, [charge,  
The weary sowle from thence it would dis-  
Nathelasse so sore a buff to him it lent, [bent.  
That made him reel, and to his brest his bever

VII

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,  
And much ashamed that stroke of living arme  
Should him dismay, and make him stoup and low.  
Though otherwise it did him litle harme  
Tho, hurling high his iron braced arme,  
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,  
That all his left side it did quite disarm,  
Yet there the steel staid not, but only bite  
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red  
floodgate.

VIII

Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint  
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre,  
Yet furthermore did it his fury stint,  
But added flame unto his former fire,  
That wel nigh melt his hart in raging ire  
Ne thenceforth his approved skill to ward,  
Or strike, or lurtle rownd in warlike gyre,  
Remembered he, ne car'd for his safeguard,  
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell tygre far'd

IX

He hewd, and lasht, and sovnd, and thondred  
blowes,

And every way did seeke into his life, [throwes,  
Ne plate, ne male, could ward so might  
But yelded passage to his cruell knife  
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,  
Was wary wise and closely did awaite  
At amight, whilost his foe did rage most rife  
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him  
strait, [and bayt  
And falsed oft his blowes t illule him with

X

Like as a Lyon, whose imperall powre  
A proud rebellious Unicorn defies,  
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre  
Of his fiers foe him to a tree applies, [spyes,  
And when him running in full course he  
He slips aside, the whiles that furious beast  
His precious horne, sought of his enmyes,  
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,  
But to the nighty victor yelds a bounteous  
feast

XI

With such sure sleight him Guyon often  
sawd

Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,  
Him spring, with fresh onset he assayd,  
And kindling new his courage seemung quaint,  
Strooke him so longely, that through great con-  
straint

He made him stonp perforce unto his knee,  
And doe unwilling worship to the Saint,  
That on his shield depainted he did see. [hee  
Such homage till that instant never learned

XII

Whom Guyon seeing strayd, poursewed fast  
The present offer of sure victory,  
And soone his dreadfull blade about he east,  
Wherewith he smote his taughtly crest so hie,  
That straight on growne made him full low to  
ke,

Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust.  
With that he cryde, 'Merely' doe me not dye,  
Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome unjust,  
That hath (mangre her spight) thus low me  
laid in dust'

XIII

Utsouones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayd,  
Tempring the passion with advizement slow,  
And maistring might on enmy dismayd,  
For th' equald die of warre he well did know  
Then to him said, 'Live, and alleagaunce owe  
To him that gives thee life and libertie,  
And henceforth by this dues ensample traw,

That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,  
Doe breede repentance late, and lasting in-  
famy'

XIV

So up he let him rise, who, with grim looke  
And countenance sterne, upstanding, gan to  
grind

His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke  
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,  
Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind  
That he in ods of armes was conquered  
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,  
That him so noble knight had mastered,  
Whose bonny more then might, yet both, he  
wondered.

XV

Which Guyon marking said, 'Be nought  
agrieved,  
Sir knight, that thus ye now subdued are  
Was never man, whomost conquestes atchiev'd,  
But sometimes had the wise, and lost by warre,  
Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre  
Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe,  
But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre  
Both loosers lott, and victours playse alsoe  
Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth over-  
throw

XVI

'Fly, O Pyrochles' sa the dreadfull warre  
That in thy selfe thy lesser partes do move,  
Ontrageous anger, and woe-working jarre,  
Direfull impietee, and hart-murdering love  
Those, those thy foes, those warours far  
remove,  
Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead  
But sith in might thou didst my merie prove,  
Of courtesie to mee the cause read [dread  
That thee against me drew with so impetuous

XVII

'Dreadlesse,' (said he) 'that shall I soone  
declare [tort

It was complaind that thou hadst done great  
Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,  
And thralld her in chaines with strong effort,  
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort,  
That ill beseeemes thee, such as I thee see,  
To worke such shame Therefore, I thee exhort  
To chaunge thy will, and set Occasion free,  
And to her captive sonne veld his first libertee'

XVIII

Thereat Sir Guyon smilde, 'And is that all,  
(Said he) 'that thee so sore displeased hath?  
Great merie, sure, for to enlarge a thrall,  
Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest  
seathl

Nath'lesse now quench thy whott emboyling  
 wrath  
 Loel there they bee, to thee I yield them free.  
 Theret' he, wondrous glad, out of the path  
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,  
 And gan to breake the bands of their captiuee

## XX

Soone as Occasion felt her selfe untide,  
 Before her sonne could well asoyled bee,  
 She to her use returnd, and streight deſide  
 Both Guyon and Pyrochles, th' one (and  
 shee)

Because he wonne, the other, because hee  
 Was wonne. So matter did she make of  
 nought,  
 To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree  
 But, soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought  
 To kinde his quencht fyre, and thousand causes  
 wrought

## XXI

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so  
 That he would nigates with Pyrochles fight,  
 And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,  
 Because he had not well mainteind his right,  
 But yielded had to that same straunger knight  
 Now gan Pyrochles wax as wood as hee,  
 And him affronted with impatient might  
 So both together fiers engrasped hee,  
 Whyles Guyon standing by their uncooth strife  
 does see

## XXII

Him all that while Occasion did provoke  
 Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd  
 Upon the old, him stirring to be wroke  
 Of his late wronges, in which she oft him  
 blamd

For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,  
 And him disabled quyte. But he was wise,  
 Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd,  
 Yet others she more urgent did devise,  
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise

## XXIII

Their fell contention still increased more,  
 And more thereby increased Furors might,  
 That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,  
 And lum in blood and durt deformed quight  
 His mother eke, more to augment his spight,  
 Now brought to him a flaming fyre broad,  
 Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning  
 bright,  
 Had kindled that she gave into his hand,  
 That armd with fire more hardly he mote him  
 withstood

## XXIII

The gan that vilain wax so fiers and strong,  
 That nothing might sustaine his furious forse.  
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along  
 Drew him through durt and myre without  
 remorse,  
 And souly battered his comely corse,  
 That Guyon much disdelgnd so loathly sight  
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce,  
 'Help, O Sir Guyon' helpe, most noble knight,  
 To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish  
 wight'

## XXIV

The knight was greathly moved at his playnt,  
 And gan him dight to succour his distress,  
 Till that the Palmer, by his grave restraynt,  
 Him staid from yielding pittifull redresse,  
 And said, 'Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth  
 represse,  
 Ne let thy stont hart melt in pittie rayne  
 He that his sorrow sought through wisfalsnesse,  
 And his foe fettred would release agayne,  
 Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented  
 payne.'

## XXV

Guyon obeyd. So him away he drew  
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight  
 Already fought, his voyage to pursue  
 But rash Pyrochles varlett, Atin light,  
 When late he saw his Lord in heauie plight  
 Under Sir Guyons pulsaunt stroke to fall,  
 Him deeming dead as then he seemd in sight,  
 Fledd fast away to tell his funerall  
 Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did

## XXVI

He was a man of rare redoubted might,  
 Famous throughout the world for warlike  
 prayse,  
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perillous fight.  
 Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes  
 Had doen to death subdende in equall frayes  
 Whose earhaeces, for terrour of his name,  
 Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous  
 prayes,  
 And hong their conquerd armes, for more de-  
 fame,  
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame

## XXVII

His dearest Damsie that Fuchrunteresse,  
 The vile Acrasia, that with vaine delights,  
 And vdie pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,  
 Does charmo her lovers, and the feeble sprights

Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes,  
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous  
heues,  
And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,  
Captiv'd eternally in yron meves [shewes  
And darksom dens, where Titan his face never

## XXVIII

There Atin fownd Cymoehles sojourning,  
To serve his Lemans love for he by kynd  
Was given all to lust and loose living,  
When ever his fiers handes he free mote fynd.  
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd  
In daintie delices, and lavish joyes,  
Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,  
And flowes in pleasres and vaine pleasing  
toy es,  
Mingled amongst loose Ladies and lascivious  
boyes

## XXIX

And over him art, stryving to compayre  
With nature, did an Arber greene disprede,  
Framed of wanton Yvie, flouing fayre,  
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did  
sprede  
His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,  
Which dantie odours round about them threw  
And all within with flowres was garnished,  
That, when myld Zephyrus amongst them blew,  
[colors shew  
Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted

## XXX

And fast beside there trickled softly downe  
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did  
play  
Amongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,  
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay  
The wearie Traveler, wandring that way,  
Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,  
And then by it his wearie limbes displyd,  
Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget  
His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom  
sweat

## XXXI

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove  
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree  
That dedicated is t' Olympick Jove,  
And to his sonne Aleides, whenas hee  
In Nemus gyned goodly vioree  
Therein the mery birdes of every sorte  
Chaunted alovd their chearefull harmonie,  
And made amongst them selves a sweete con-  
sort,  
That quickned the dull spright with musieall  
comfort

## XXXII

There he him found all carelesly displaid,  
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,  
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,  
Amidst a flock of Damzelles fresh and gay,  
That rownd about him dissolute did play  
Their wanton folhes and light meriments  
Every of which did loosely disaray  
Her upper partes of meet habihments,  
And shewd them naked, deekt with many  
ornaments

## XXXIII

And every of them strove with most delights  
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew  
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening  
lights,  
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew,  
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew  
The sugred heour through his melting lips  
One boasts her beautie, and does yield to ew  
Her danty lmbes above her tender hips,  
Another hei out boasts, and all for tryall  
strips

## XXXIV

He, like an Adder lurking in the weedes,  
His wandring thought in deepe desire does  
steepe,  
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes  
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,  
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do  
peepe  
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,  
Whereby close fire into his heart does eereepe  
So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceipt,  
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous  
receipt.

## XXXV

Atin, arriving there, when him he spyde  
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,  
Fiercly appoehing to him lowdly eryde,  
'Cymoehles, oh! no, but Cymoehles shide,  
In which that manly person late did fade  
What is become of great Aerates sonne?  
Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,  
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?  
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

## XXXVI

Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed  
dart, [knight  
He saide, 'Up, up' thou womanish weake  
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,  
Unmindfull of thy praise and provest might,  
And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight,  
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on senelesse ground,  
And groneth out his utmost grudging spright



Through many a stroke and many a streaming  
wound,  
Calling thy help in vaine that here in joyes art  
dround

## XXXVII

Suddenly out of his delightfull dreame  
The man awoke, and would have questiond  
more,  
But he would not endure that wofull theame  
For to dilate at large, but urged sore,  
With percing wordes and pittifull implore,  
Him hasty to arise. As one affright  
With hellish feends, or Furies made upore,

He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,  
And called for his armes, for he would algates  
fight

## XXXVIII

They benebrought, he quickly does him dight,  
And lightly mounted passeth on his way,  
Ne Ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might  
Appease his hert, or hastie passage stay,  
For he has vowd to beenc avengd that day  
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long)  
On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay  
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,  
And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame  
and wrong

## CANTO VI

Guyon is of immodest Merth  
Led into loose desire,  
Fights with Cymochles, whyles his bro  
ther burns in furious fyre

## I

A HARDER lesseon to learne Continence  
In joyous pleasure then in grievous paine,  
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence  
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine  
From that which feeble nature covets faine  
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies  
And foes of life, she better can abstaine  
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,  
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly mar-  
stries

## II

Whom bold Cymochles traveling to finde,  
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him  
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,  
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim  
Waiting to passe, he saw whereas did swim  
Along the shore, as swift as glunee of cre,  
A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim  
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,  
That like a litle Forrest seemed outwardly

## III

And therein sate a Lady fresh and fyre,  
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone  
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in tyre,  
Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope Jone,  
Yet was there not with her else any one,  
That to her might move cause of meriment  
Matter of merth enough, though there were  
none,  
She could devise, and thousand waies invent  
To feede her foolish humour and vaine joll-  
ment

## IV

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,  
He lowdly cald to such as were aboard  
The litle barge unto the shore to draw,  
And lum to ferry over that deepe ford  
The merry mariner unto his word [way  
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote straight-  
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike  
She in receiv'd, but Atin by no way [Lord  
She would admit, albe the knight her much  
did pray

## V

Estsoones her shallow ship away did slide,  
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,  
Withouten care or Pilot it to guide,  
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly  
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by  
It cut away upon the yielding wave,  
Ne cared she her course for to apply, [have  
For it was taught the way which she would  
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could  
wisely save

## VI

And all the way the wanton Damsell found  
New merth her passenger to entertaine,  
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,  
And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,  
Of which a store-house did with her remaine  
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became,  
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter  
vaine,  
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,  
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing  
game.

## VII

And other whiles vaine toyes she would deuize,  
As her fantastike wit did most delight  
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize  
With gaudy grlonds, or, fresh flowrets dight  
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight  
Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay  
To laugh at shaking of the leaues light  
Or to behold the water worke and play  
About her litle frigot, therein making way

## VIII

Her light behaviour and loose dalhaunce  
Gave wondrous great contentment to the  
knight,  
That of his way he had no sovernaunce,  
Nor care of row'd reuenge and cruell fight,  
But to weake wench did yield his martiall  
might  
So easie was to queneh his flamed minde  
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight.  
So easie is t'appease the stormy winde [kind  
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt woman

## IX

Diverse discourses in their way they spent,  
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned  
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,  
Which in her cott she daily praetized?  
'Vaine man,' (saide she) 'that wouldest be  
reckoned  
A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt  
Of Phædria, (for so my name is red)  
Of Phædria, thine owne fellow seruaunt,  
For thou to serve Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt

## X

'In this wide Inland sea, that lught by name  
The Idle lake, my wandring ship I row,  
That knowes her port, and thither styles by  
ayme,  
Ne care, ne feare I how the wind do blow,  
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow  
Both slow and swift alike doserue my tourne,  
Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd thundring Iove  
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever  
mourne [bourne  
My litle boat can safely passe this perillous

## XI

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she  
toyd,  
They were far past the passage which he spake,  
And come unto an Island waste and royd,  
That floted in the midst of that great lake,  
There her small Gondelay her port did make,

And that gay payre, issewing on the shore,  
Disburnd her Their way they forward take  
Into the land that lay them faire before,  
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plenta-  
full great store.

## XII

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,  
Emongst wide waues sett, like a litle nest,  
As if it had by Natures cunning hand  
Bene choicely picked out from all the rest,  
And laid forth for ensample of the best:  
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on  
grownd,  
No arboret with painted blossomes drest  
And smelling sweete, but there it might be  
fownd [al arownd  
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels

## XIII

No tree whose braunches did not bravely  
spring,  
No braunch whereon a fine bird did not sitt,  
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely sing,  
No song but did containe a lovely ditt  
Trees, branches, birds, and songs, were framed  
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease [fitt  
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake  
witt  
Was overcome of thing that did him please,  
So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire ap-  
pease

## XIV

Thus when shee had his eyes and sences fed  
With false delights, and filld with pleasures  
Into a shady dale she soft him led, [vayn,  
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn,  
And her sweete selfe without dred or disdain  
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd  
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,  
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd  
The whiles with a love she thus him sweetly  
charm'd

## XV

'Behold, O man! that toilesome paines doest  
take, [grows,  
The flours, the fields, and all that pleasaunt  
How they them selves doe thine ensample make,  
Whiles nothing envious nature them forth  
throws  
Out of her fruitfull lap, how no man knowes,  
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh  
and faire, [showes,  
And decke the world with their rich pompous  
Yet no man for them taketh pines or care,  
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines  
compare

## CII

'The lilly, Lady of the flowing field,  
The flowre-de-luce, her lovely Paramoure,  
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,  
And soone leave off this toy some weary stoure  
Loe, loe! how brave she decks her bounteous  
boure,  
With silken curtens and golde coverletts,  
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure.  
Let nether spinnes nor carls, ne cares nor  
fretts,  
But to her mother Nature all her care she

## CIII

'Why then doest thou, O man! that of them  
Art Lord and eke of nature Sovraigne, [all  
Willfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,  
And waste thy joyous howres in needlesse  
paine,  
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?  
What bootes it al to have, and nothing use?  
Who shall him rewe that swimming in the  
maine  
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?  
Refuse such fruitlesse toyle, and present pleasures  
chuse.'

## CIV

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,  
That of no worldly thing he care did take  
Then she with liquor strong his eyes did sleepe.  
That nothing should him hastily awake  
So she him left, and did her selfe betake  
Unto her boat again, with which she left  
The slouthfull waye of that great gressy like  
Soone shee that Island far behind her left  
And now is come to that same place where  
first she wette.

## CV

By this time was the worthy Guy on brought  
Unto the other side of that wide strond  
Where she was rowing and for passage sought  
Him needed not long call shee coone to hound  
Her ferry brought, where him she byding found  
With his sad guide him selfe she tooke aboard  
But the Blaque Palmer suffraill still to stand,  
Ne would for price or prayers once afford  
To ferry that old man over the perious foord

## CVI

Guyon was loth to leave his guide behind,  
Yet being entred might not breake retire,  
For the flitt burke, obaying to her mind,  
Forth launched quickly as she did desire,  
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire  
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course  
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled  
mire,

Whom nether wind out of their seat could force  
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish  
source.

## CVII

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,  
Her mery sitt shee freshly gan to revive,  
And did of joy and jollity devise  
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheere  
The knight was courteous, and did not forbeare  
Her honest merrith mid pleasure to partake,  
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,  
And passe the bonds of modest mermaike,  
Her dalliance he despis'd, and follies did for-  
saake.

## CVIII

Yet she still followed her former style,  
And said and did all that mote him delight,  
Till they arrived in that pleasant Ile,  
Where sleeping late she left her other knight.  
But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,  
He wist him selfe amysse, and angry said,  
'Ah, Dame! perdy ye have not doen me right,  
Thus to mislead mee, whyles I you obaid  
Me litle needed from my right way to have  
straid'

## CIX

'Pure Sir, (quoth she) benot displeas'd at all  
Who fares on sea may not command his way  
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call  
The sea is wide, and eery for to stray,  
The wind untable, and doth never stay  
But here a while ye may in safety rest,  
Till sea-on serve new passage to assay  
Better safe port then be in fear distress'  
I herewith she laugh, and did her earnest end  
in jest.

## CX

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelesse  
Himselfe appease, and rowed forth on shore;  
The joyes whereof and happy fruitfulnessse,  
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,  
And all, though pleasauit, yet she made much  
more [spring.  
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly  
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore,  
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing  
And told that gardins pleasures in their  
caroling

## CXI

And she, more sweete then any bird on  
bough,  
Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,  
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)  
Their native musicke by her skilful art  
So did she all that might his constant hart  
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,  
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,

Where noise of armes, or view of martiall guize,  
Might not revive desire of knightly oexercize

## XXXI

But he was wise, and wary of her will,  
And ever held his hand upon his hart,  
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thened ill,  
As to despise so curteous seeming part  
That gentle Lady did to him impart  
But, fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,  
And ever her desired to depart  
She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,  
And ever bad him stay till time the tide  
renewd

## XXXII

And now by this Cymochles howre was spent,  
That he awoke out of his ydle dreame,  
And, shaking off his drowsy dreriment,  
Gan him avize, howe ill did him beseme  
In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,  
And quench the brond of his conceived yre  
Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,  
Ne staid for his Damsell to inquire,  
But marched to the Strond there passage to  
require

## XXXIII

And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,  
Accompanyde with Phædria the faire  
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly frett,  
Crying, 'Let be that Lady debonaire,  
Thou recreant knight, and soone thyselfe  
prepara

To battaile, if thou meane her love to gayn  
Loe, loe! already how the fowles in aere  
Doe floeke, awaiting shortly to obtayn  
Thy cares for their pray, the guerdon of thy  
payn'

## XXXIV

And therewithall he fiersly at him flew,  
And with importune outrage him assayld,  
Who, soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth  
drew,  
And him with equall vawle countervayld  
Their mightie strokes their habergeons dis-  
mayld,  
And naked made each others manly spalles,  
The mortall steele despiteously entayld  
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron  
walles,  
That a large purple streame adowne their  
grambeux failles.

## XXXV

Cymochles, that had never mett before  
So pussant foe, with envious despight  
His prowd presumed force increased more,  
Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.

Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might  
As those unknightly raylinges which he spoke,  
With wrathfull fire his eorage kindled bright,  
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,  
And doubling all his powres redoubled every  
stroke.

## XXXVI

Both of them high attonce their handes en-  
haunst, [sway  
And both attonce their huge blowes down did  
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,  
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away,  
But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play  
On th' others helmet, which as Titan shone,  
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,  
And bared all his head unto the bone,  
Wherewith astonisht, still he stood as sence-  
lesse stone

## XXXVII

Still as he stood, fayre Phædria, that beheld  
That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran,  
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,  
Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance  
wan,  
'Ah, well away! most noble Lords, how can  
Your cruel eyes endure so pitteous sight,  
To shed your lives on ground? Wo worth the  
man,  
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight  
In his owne flesh, and make way to the living  
spright'

## XXXVIII

'If ever love of Lady did empierce  
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,  
Withhold your bloody handes from battaill  
therce,  
And, sith for me ye fight, to me this grace  
Both yeld, to stay your deadly stryfe a space'  
They staid a while, and forth she gan pro-  
ceede  
'Most wretched woman and of wicked race,  
That am the authour of this harmous deed,  
And cause of death betwene two doughtie  
knights do breed!

## XXXIX

'But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,  
Not this rude kind of battaill, nor these armes  
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,  
And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes  
Such cruell game my searmoges disarmes  
Another warre, and other weapons, I  
Doe love, where love does give his sweet  
Alarmes  
Without bloodshed, and where the enemy  
Does yeld unto his foe a pleasaunt victory

## XXV

'Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity,  
The famous name of knight hood fowly shend,  
But lovely peace, and gentle amity;  
And in Amours the passing how res to spend,  
The mightie martiall handes doe most com-  
Of love they over greater glory bore [mend  
Then of their armes, Mars is Cupidoes friend,  
And is for Venus loves renown med more  
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did  
of yore'

## XXVI

Therewith shesweetly smild. They, though  
full bent

To prove extremities of bloody fight,  
Let at her spech their rages gan relent,  
And calmed the sea of their tempestuous spight  
Such powre have pleasing wordes such is the  
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart [might  
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight  
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,  
And yield him ready passage to that other part

## XXVII

She no lesse glad then he desirous was  
Of his departure thence, for of her joy  
And aine delight she saw he light did pas,  
A toe of folly and unmodest toy,  
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,  
Delighting all in urnes and cruell warre,  
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,  
Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,  
That she well pleased was thence to amove him  
farre

## XXVIII

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote  
Forthwith directed to that further strand,  
The which on the dull waves did lightly float,  
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,  
Where gladsome Guy on saled forth to land,  
And to that Damzell thanks gave for reward  
Upon that shore he spied Atin stand,  
There by his maister left, when late he far'd  
In Phadrias flitt barch over that perious shard

## XXIX

Well could he him remember, sith of late  
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made  
Streight can he him revyle, and bitter rate,  
As Shepheurdes curre, that in darke eveninges  
shade

Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade  
'Vile Miscreant,' (said he) wuther dost thou  
flye [invade?

The shame and death, which will thee soone  
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,  
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enemy?

## XL

With that he stiffly shooke his steelhead dart  
But sober Guy on, hearing him so rayle,  
Though somewhat moved in his nightie hart,  
Yet with strong reason maistered passion  
fraile,

And passed sayrely forth He, turning taile,  
Back to the strand retr'd, and there still stay'd,  
Awaiting passage which him late did faile,  
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton may'd  
The hasty heat of his avowed revenge delay'd

## XLI

Why lest there the varlet stood, he saw from  
furre

An armed knight that towards him fast ran,  
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre  
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan  
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,  
And all his armour pranked was with blood,  
And soild with durty gore, that no man can  
Discerne the hew thereof He never stood,  
But bent his hastie course towards the ylle  
flood.

## XLII

The varlett saw, when to the flood he came,  
How without stop or stay he fierly lept,  
And deepe him selfe beducked in the same,  
That in the lake his loftie crent was stept,  
Ne of his asfetic seemed ere he kept,  
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht  
The waves about, and all his armour swept,  
That all the blood and filth away was washt,  
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes  
dasht

## XLIII

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee,  
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight  
Whom should he but his owne deare Lord  
there see,  
His owne deare Lord Pyrochles in sad plight,  
Ready to drowne him selfe for fell despight  
'Harrow now out and well away' he cryde,  
'What dismall day hath lent this cursed light  
To see my Lord so deadly damnsed?  
Pyrochles, O Pyrochles' what is thee betyde?'

## XLIV

'I burne, I burne, I burne' then lowd he  
cryde,  
'O' how I burne with implacable fyre,  
Yet nought can quench mine only flammings dyde,  
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre  
Nothing but death can doe me to respire'  
'Ah! be it,' (said he) 'from Pyrochles farro  
After pursewing death once to requyre,

Or think, that ought those puissant hands  
may marre [starre'  
Death is for wretches borne under unhappy

## XLV

'Perdye, then is it fitt for me,' (said he)  
'That am, I weene, most wretched man alive,  
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,  
And dying dayly, dayly yet revive  
O Atin' helpe to me last death to give'  
The varlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,  
That his deepe wounded hart in two did rive,  
And, his owne health remembering now no more,  
Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

## XLVI

Into the lake he leapt his Lord to ayd,  
(So Love the dread of daunger doth despise)  
And of him catching hold him strongly stayd  
From drowning. But more happy he then wise,  
Of that seas nature did him not avise  
The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,  
Engrost with mud which did them fowle agrise,  
That every weighty thing they did upheare,  
Ne ought mote ever swick downe to the  
bottom there.

## XLVII

Whyles thus they strugled in that ydle wave,  
And strove in vaine, the one him selfe to  
drowne,  
The other both from drowning for to save,  
Lo' to that shore one in an aunient gowne,  
Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,  
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,  
By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne  
Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull  
ford [Lord.  
The carefull servaunt stryving with his raging

## XLVIII

Him Atin spying knew right well of yore,  
And lowdly cald, 'Help, helpe' O Archimage'  
To save my Lord in wretched phght foilore,  
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage

Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in  
age'

Him when the old man saw, he wondrous sore  
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage,  
Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more  
Then pitty, he in hast approached to the shore,

## XLIX

And cald, 'Pyrochles' what is this I see?  
What bellish fury hath at earst thee hent?  
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,  
Yet never in this straunge astonishment'  
'These flames, these flames' (he cryde) 'doe  
me torment' [see  
'Whia flames,' (quoth he), when I thee present  
In daunger rather to be drent then brent?'  
'Harrow! tho flames which me consume,'  
(said hee) [bee  
'Ne can be queneht, within my secret bowelles

## L

'That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,  
Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight  
His deadly woundes within my liver swell,  
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles  
bright,  
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,  
Sith late with him I battell vaine would boste,  
That now, I weene, Joves dreaded thunder light  
Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned  
ghoste  
In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste.'

## LI

Which when as Archimago heard, his griefe  
He knew right well, and him attonce disarm'd,  
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a  
prieto  
Of every place that was with bruizing harmd,  
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd  
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto  
apply de,  
And evermore with mightie spels them charmd,  
That in short space he has them qualify de,  
And him restord to helth that would have  
algates dy de

## CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delve  
 Sunning his treasure here,  
 Is by him tempted, and led downe  
 To see his secret store

I

As Pilot well expert in perillous wave,  
 That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,  
 When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have  
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe y blent,  
 And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,  
 Upon his card and compas turnes his eye,  
 The masters of his long experiment,  
 And to them does the steddly helme apply,  
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly

II

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,  
 Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceeds  
 Yet on his way, of none accompanyde,  
 And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes  
 Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes  
 So, long he rode, yet no adventure found,  
 Which fame of his shrill trumpet worthily reedes,  
 For still he traveld through wide wastfull  
 ground, [around  
 That nought but desert wilderness shewed all

III

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,  
 Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens  
 light,  
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade  
 An uncouth, salvage, and unevile night,  
 Of grisly hew and fowle ill favour'd sight,  
 His face with smoke was tann'd, and eyes were  
 bearded,  
 His heid and beard with soot were ill bedight,  
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben  
 seard [clawes appeared  
 In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like

IV

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,  
 Was underneath enveloped with gold. [dust,  
 Whose glistring glosse, darkned with blithy  
 Well yet appeared to have bene of old  
 A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,  
 Woven with antickes and wild vmagery,  
 And in his lap a masse of coine he told,  
 And turned upside downe, to feede his eye  
 And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

V

And round about him lay on every side  
 Great heapes of gold that never could be spent,  
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide  
 Of Mulcibers devouring element,  
 Some others were new driven, and distent  
 Into great Ingoves and to wedges square,  
 Some in round plates withouten monument,  
 But most were stampd, and in their metal bare  
 The antique shapes of kings and kesars  
 strange and rare

VI

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright  
 And haste he rose for to remove aside [sight,  
 Those pretious hils from stranger's envious  
 And downe them poured through an hole full  
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide. [wide  
 But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, staid  
 His hand that trembled as one terrifde,  
 And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,  
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubt-  
 full sayd

VII

'What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art)  
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,  
 And these rich hils of welth dost hide apart  
 From the worldes eye, and from her right  
 usance?'  
 Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,  
 In great disdaune he answerd 'Hardy Elf,  
 That drest view my dreffull countenaunce,  
 I read thee rash and heedlesse of thy selfe,  
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pre-  
 tious pelfe.

VIII

'God of the world and worldlings I mo call,  
 Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,  
 That of my plenty poure out unto all,  
 And unto none my graces do envye  
 Riches, renowne, and principaity,  
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,  
 For which men swinke and sweat incessantly,  
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,  
 And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood

## IX

'Wherefore, if me thou deigne to serve and seve,  
At thy command lo! all these mountaines bee  
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,  
All these may not suffice, there shall to thee  
Ten times so much be nombred francke and  
free'

[vaine,  
'Mammon,' (saide he) 'thy godheads vaunt is  
And idle offers of thy golden fee,  
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine  
Proffer thy giftes, and fittes servants enter-  
taine

## X

'Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes  
And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,  
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing  
charmes,

With which weakemen thou witchest, to attend,  
Regard of worldly mneke doth fowly blend,  
And low abase the high heioreke spright,  
That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to con-  
tend

[delight,  
Faure shields, gay steedes, bright aimes be my  
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.'

## XI

'Vaine glorious Elfe,' (saide he) 'doest not thou  
weet,  
That money can thy wantes at will supply?  
Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for  
thee meet,

It can purvey in twinkling of an eye,  
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply  
Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne  
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,  
And him that raignd into his rowme thrust  
downe, [renowne?  
And whom I lust do heape with glory and

## XII

'All otherwise' (saide he) 'I riches read,  
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse,  
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with  
dread,

And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,  
Leaving behind them grieve and heavynesse  
Infinite mischiefs of them doe arise,  
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness,  
Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetize,  
That noble heart as great dishonour doth despize

## XIII

'Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine,  
But realmes and ruleis thou doest both con-  
found,  
And lo! all truth to treason doest incline  
Witness the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on  
ground,

The crowned often slaine, the slayer croud,  
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,  
And purple robe gored with many a wound,  
Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent  
So miak'st thou kings, and gay nest wrongfull  
government

## XIV

'Long were to tell the troublous stormes that  
tosse

The private state, and make the life unsweet  
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth  
crosse,

And in fraye wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,  
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet'  
Then Mammon waxing wroth, 'And why then,'  
sayd,

'Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet  
So evil thing to seeke unto their ayd,  
And having not complaine, and having it up-  
braid?'

## XV

'Indeede,' (quoth he) 'through fowle intem-  
perance,

Fraye men are oft captiv'd to covetise,  
But would they thinke with how small allow-  
ance

Untoabled Nature doth her selfe suffice,  
Such superfluities they would despise,  
Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes  
At the well-head the purest streames arise,  
But mucky filth his braunching armes runnes,  
And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave  
aeoleys

## XVI

'The antique world, in his first flowing youth,  
Fownd no defect in his Creators grace,  
But with glail thanks, and unreprieved truth,  
The gifts of soveraine bounty did embrace  
Like Angels life was then mens happy case,  
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,  
Abusd her plenty, and fat swolne encrease  
To all licentious last, and gan exceed  
The measure of her meane and naturall first  
need

## XVII

'Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe  
Of his great Grandmother with Steele to wound,  
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe  
With Saerledge to dig Therein he sownd  
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,  
Of which the matter of his huge desire  
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compownd.  
Then avarice gan through his veins inspiro  
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring  
fire'



## XVIII

'Sonne,' (said he then) 'lett beth bitter scorne,  
And leaue the rudenesse of that rutique nge  
To them that li'd therein in state forlorne  
Thou, that doest liue in later times, must wage  
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage  
If then thee list my offred grace to use,  
Take what thou please of all this surplussage,  
If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse  
But thing refused doe not afterward accuse'

## XIX

'Me list not' (said the Elfin knight) 'receaue  
Thing offred, till I know it well be gott,  
Ne note I but thou didst these goods bereaue  
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,  
Or that bloodguiltinesse or guile them blott'  
'Perke' (quoth he) 'yet nei'er ere did see,  
Ne tong did tell ne hand these handled not,  
But sife I haue them kept in secret men  
From heuens sight and powre of al which  
them pour-ew'

## XX

'What secret place' (quoth he) 'can safely hold  
So huge a masse, and hide from heuens eye?  
Or where hast thou this wonne that so much  
gold

Thou canst preserve from wroug and robbery?  
'Come thou,' (quoth he) 'and see' So by and by  
Through that thicke covert he him led, and  
found

A darkesome way, which no man could descry,  
That deep descended through the hollow  
ground, [inround,  
And was with dread and horror compassed]

## XXI

At length they came into a larger spce,  
That stretcht it selfe into an ample playne,  
Through which a beuten broad high way did  
trce,

That straight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne  
By that wayes side there sate internall Payne,  
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife  
The one in hand an yron hie did straine,  
The other branchshd in bloody knife,  
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did  
threaten life

## XXII

On thother side in one consort there sate  
Cruell Reuenge, and rancorous Despight,  
Disloyall Treason and hart-burning Hate,  
But growning Gealous hart of their sight  
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,  
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,  
And found no place wher sife he shroud him  
might

Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lie, [eye  
And shame his ugly face did hide from living]

## XXIII

And over them sad horror with grim hew  
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings,  
And after him Owles and Night-ravens flew,  
The hatefull messengers of heauy things,  
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings,  
Whilles sad Celena, sitting on a chise,  
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,  
That hart of flint wonder could haue riste;  
Which having ended after him she flyeth  
swifte,

## XXIV

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,  
By whom they passing spake unto them  
nought,  
But the Elfin knight with wonder all the way  
Did feed his eye, and hid his inner thought  
At first him to a litle dore he brought,  
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,  
Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought  
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,  
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth  
diuide

## XXV

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,  
Day and night keeping warr witch and ward  
For feare lest Force or Fraud should unaware  
Breake in and spoile the treasure there in gard  
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thitherward  
Approch albe his drowns den were next,  
For next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd,  
Therefore his house is unto his annex  
Here Sleep, that Richesse, and Hel gate them  
both betwext

## XXVI

So soon as Minution there arrivd, the dore  
To him did open and afforded way  
Him followed the Sir Guy on evermore,  
Ne darkenesse him, ne danger might dismay,  
Soone as he entred was, the dore straight way  
Did shutt, and from behind it forth there leapt  
An ugly feend, more fowle then dismal day,  
The which with monstrous stalke behind him  
stept, [kept  
And ever as he went den watch upon him]

## XXVII

Well hoped hee, ere long that lurk guest,  
If ever covetous hand or lustfull eye,  
Or hps he had on thing that likt him best,  
Or ever sleepe his eye-strings did untie,  
Should be his pray And therefore still on hye  
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,  
Threatning with greedie grape to doe him dye,

And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,  
If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes

## XXVIII

That houses forme within was rude and  
strong,

Like an huge cave hewne out of loeky elifte,  
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches  
hong

Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,  
And with rich metall loaded every rifte,  
That heavy rime they did seeme to threat,  
And over them Arachne high did lifte  
Her cunning web, and spred her subtil net,  
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more  
black then Jett

## XXIX

Both rooffe, and floore, and walls, were all of  
gold,

But overgrowne with dust and old decay,  
And hid in darkenes, that none could behold  
The hew thereof, for vew of cherefull day  
Did never in that house it selfe display,  
But a faint shadow of uncertein light  
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,  
Or as the Moone, cloathed with cloudy night,  
Does show to him that walkes in feare and sad  
affright

## XXX

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene  
But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,  
All bard with double bends, that none could  
Them to efforce by violence or wrong [weene  
On every side they placed were along,  
But all the grownd with seuls was scattered,  
And dead mens bones, which round about were  
flong,  
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there wereshed,  
And their vile carcases now left unburied

## XXXI

They forward passe, ne Guyon yet spoke  
Till that they came unto an yron dore, [word,  
Which to them opened of his owne accord,  
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,  
As eie of man did never see before,  
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,  
Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore,  
Could gathered bethrough all the world arownd,  
And that above were added to that under  
grownd

## XXXII

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright  
Commandned was, who thereby did attend,  
And warily awaited day and night,  
From other covetous feends it to defend,

Who it to rob and ransacke did intend  
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said,  
'Loe' here the worldes blis loe' here the end,  
To which al men doe ayme, rich to be made  
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid'

## XXXIII

'Certes,' (sayd he) 'I n'll thine offred grace,  
Ne to be made so happy doe intend  
Another blis before mine eyes I place,  
Another happines, another end  
To them that list these base regards I lend,  
But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,  
Do rather choose my fitting homes to spend,  
And to be Lord of those that riches have,  
Then them to have my selfe, and be their ser-  
vile slave'

## XXXIV

Therewith the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,  
And griev'd so long to laeke his greedie pray,  
For well he weened that so glorious bayte  
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay  
Had he so doen, he had him snateht away,  
More light then Culver in the Fauleons fist  
Eternall God thee save from such decay'  
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,  
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

## XXXV

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly  
brought

Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright  
To him did open, as it had bene taught  
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,  
And hundred founnaes all burning bright  
By every founnae many feendes did hyde,  
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,  
And every feend his busie paines applyde  
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde

## XXXVI

One with great bellows gathered filng ayre,  
And with foist wnd the fewell did inflame,  
Another did the dying bronds repayre  
With yron tongs, and sprinkled offe the same  
With liquid waves, hers Vuleans rage to tame,  
Who, may string them, renewd his former heat  
Some seum'd the drosse that from the metall  
came,  
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great,  
And every one did swinke, and every one did  
sweat

## XXXVII

But, when an earthly wight they present saw  
Glistring in armes and battailous aray,

From their whot work they dnt themselves  
withdraw

To wonder at the sight, for till that day  
They never creature saw that eam thit way  
Their staring eyes sparchling with feryent fyre  
And ugly shapies did nigh the man dismay,  
That, were it not for shame, he would retyre,  
Till that him thus bespake their sovaine  
Lord and syre,

XXXX

'Behold, thou Faeries sonne with mortall  
Thut living eye before dnt never see {eye,  
The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,  
To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by  
Proceeded, lo! now is revealed to thee {mee  
Here is the fontaine of the worldes good  
Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,  
As is thee well, and change thy wilfull mood,  
Lest thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be  
withstood'

XXXX

'Suffice it then, thou Money God,' (quoth hee)  
'That all thine ylle offers I refuse  
All that I need I have what needeth mee  
To covet more then I have cause to use?  
With such yne shewes thy worldliages ylle  
abuse,  
But give me leave to follow nune emprise'  
Mammon was much displeas'd, yet no he chynce,  
But beere the rigour of his bold mesprise  
And thence him forward led him farther to  
entice

XL

He brought him, through a darke-som narrow  
strait,  
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold  
The gate was open, but therein did wayt  
A sturdy vilien, striding stiffe and bold,  
As if the highest God selfe he would  
In his right hand an yron club he held  
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,  
Yet had both life and sence, and well could  
weld {quell  
That cur-ed weapon, when his cruell foes he

XII

Disdayne he calld was, and did disdayne  
To be so calld, and who so did him call  
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomache  
vayne,

His portuaunce terrible, and stature tall  
Far passing th' lught of men terrestriall,  
Like an huge Giant of the Titans race, {small  
Thut made him seeme all creatures great and  
And with his pride all others powre desee  
More sitt amongst black fiendes then men to  
have his place.

XLII

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,  
That with their brightnesse made that dark-  
nes light,

His harmefull club he gan to harte hie,  
And threthen battell to the Faery knight,  
Who likewise gan himselfe to battell light,  
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,  
And counseled him abstaine from perillous fight,  
For nothing might abash the vilien bohl,  
Nemortall sterle emperce his mis-created mould.

XLIII

So having him with reason pacified,  
And that hers Carle commaunding to forkeare,  
He brought him in. The rowme was large  
and wyde,

As it some sayld or solemne Temple were  
Many great golden pillours did upbeare  
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne,  
And every pillour decked was full dore  
With crownes and Diademes, and titles yane,  
Which mortall Princes wore whiles they on  
earth did ravne

XLIV

A route of people there assembled were  
Of every sort and nation under skye,  
Which with great uppre preceid to draw nere  
To th' upper part where was advanced hie  
A statelie siege of sovaine majesty  
And thereon sitt a woman, gorgeous gay  
And richly cladd in robes of rovaltye,  
That never earthly Prince in such array  
His glory did enhance, nill pompous pryde  
display

XLV

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to  
bee, {threw  
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes  
Through the dum shade, that all men might  
it see

Yet was not that same her owne native hew,  
But wrought by art and counterfettid shew,  
Thereby more lovers nista her to call  
Nath'lesse most hevenly sure in deed and vew  
She by creation was, till she did fall  
Thenceforth she sought for helpe to cloke her  
crime withall.

XLVI

There, as in ghastlyng glory she did sitt,  
She held a great gold chaine y llaeked well  
Whose upper end to highest heven was knitt,  
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell,  
And all that preceid did rownd about her swell  
To catch a hold of that long chaine, thereby  
To climbe aloft, and others to exceil

That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,  
And every linck thereof a step of dignity

## XLI

Some thought to raise themselves to high  
By riches and unrighteous reward, [degree  
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree,  
Others through friendes, others for base regard,  
And all by wrong waies for themselves pie-  
paid

Those that were up themselves kept others low,  
Those that were low themselves held others  
hard,

No suffred them to rise or greater grow,  
But every one did strive his fellow downe to  
throw

## XLVIII

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,  
What meant that preace about that Ladies  
throne,

And what she was that did so high aspyre?  
Him Mammon answered, 'That goodly one,  
Whom all that folke with such contention  
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is  
Honour and dignity from her alone  
Derived are, and all thus worldes blis,  
For which ye men doe strive, few gett, but  
many mis

## XLIX

'And sayre Philotime she rightly hight  
The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,  
But that this darksome neather world her light  
Doth dim with horror and deformity,  
Worthie of heven and hye felicitie,  
From whence the gods have her for envy  
thrust

But, sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,  
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,  
That she may thee advance for works and  
merits just'

## L

'Gramercy, Mammon,' (said the gentle  
knight)

'For so great grace and offred high estate,  
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,  
Unworthy match for such immortall mate  
My selfe well wote, and mine unequal fate  
And were I not, yet is my trouth yphlight,  
And love avowd to other Lady late,  
That to remove the same I have no might  
To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike  
knight'

## LI

Mammon emmowed was with inward wrath,  
Yet, foreing it to sayne, him forth thence led,  
Through gresly shadowes by a beaten path,  
Into a garden goodly garnished

With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not  
be iedd

Not such as earth out of her fruitfull wombe  
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,  
But dreffull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,  
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the dreary  
toombe.

## LII

There mournfull Cy presse grew in greatest  
store,

And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad,  
Dead sleeping Poppy, and black Hellebore,  
Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad,  
Mortall Sainntis, and Cicuta bad,  
With which th' unjust Atheniens made to dy  
Wise Sociates, who, thereof quaffing glai,  
Pound out his life and last Philosophy  
To the sayre Critias, his dearest Belamy'

## LIII

The Gardin of Proserpina thus hight,  
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,  
With a thuck Arber goodly over-dight,  
In which she often usd from open heat  
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat  
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,  
With braunches broad dispredd and body great,  
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote  
see,  
And loaden all with fruit as thuck as it might  
bee

## LIV

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,  
That goodly was their glory to behold  
On earth like never grew, ne living wight  
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold,  
For those which Hercules, with conquest bold  
Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,  
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold,  
And those with which th' Eubæan young man  
wan

Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out  
ran

## LV

Here also sprong that goodly golden frmt,  
With which Acontius got his lover trew,  
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse  
suit

Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,  
The which amongst the gods false Ate threw,  
For which th' Idean Ladies disagreed,  
Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus dew,  
And had of her sayre Helen for his meed,  
That many noble Greekes and Trojans made  
to bleed.

## LVI

The warlike Ilfe much wondred at this tree,  
So fayre and great that shadowed all the  
ground.

And his broad branches, laden with rich fee,  
Did stretch themselves without the utmost  
bound

Of this great garden, compast with a mound,  
Which over-hanging, they themselves did  
steepe

In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round  
That is the river of Cocytus deepe,  
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle  
and weepe.

## LVII

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,  
And looking downe saw many damned wightes  
In those sad waves, which dreffull deadly  
stancke,

Plonged continually of cruell Sprigites,  
That with their piteous cries, and yelling  
shrigites,

They made the further shore resounden wide.  
Amongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,  
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide, [side  
That drenched lay full deepe under the Garden

## LVIII

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,  
Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke  
Of the cold liquor which he waded in,  
And stretching forth his hand did often thinke  
To reach the fruit which grew upon the  
brincke, [mouth,

But both the fruit from hand, and flood from  
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swinke  
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with  
drouth,

He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen coult.

## LIX

The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,  
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby?  
Who, growning deepe, thus answerd him againe,  
'Most cursed of all creatures under skye,  
Lo' Tantalus, I here tormented lye  
Of whom high Jove wont whylome feasted  
bee,

Lo' here I now for want of food doe dye  
But, if that thou be such as I thee see, [mee'  
Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to

## LX

'Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus,' (quoth he)  
'Abide the fortune of thy present fate,  
And unto all that live in high degree,  
Unsample be of mind intemperate,  
To teach them how to use their present state.'

Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,  
Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate,  
And eke blaspheming he ven bitterly,  
As author of unjustice, there to let him dye

## LXI

He lookt a htle further, and espyde  
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent  
Within the river, which the same did hyde,  
But both his hundes, most filthy seculent,  
Above the water were on high extant,  
And saynd to wash themselves incessantly,  
Yet nothing cleancer were for such intent,  
But rather fowler seemed to the eye,  
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

## LXII

The knight him calling asked who he was?  
Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus;  
'I Pilate am, the falsest Judge, alas!  
And most unjust, that, by unrighteous  
And wicked doome, to Jewes despitous  
Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,  
And did acquite a murderer felonous,  
The whiles my handes I washt in purty,  
The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle in-  
iquity

## LXIII

Infinite moe tormented in like paine  
He there beheld, too long here to be told  
Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,  
For terror of the tortures manifold,  
In which the damned soules he did behold,  
But roughly him hespake 'Thou tearefull soole,  
Why takest not of that same fruite of gold?  
Ne sittest downe on that same siler stoole,  
To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole?'

## LXIV

All which he did to do him deadly fall  
In fraile intemperance through sinfull hayt,  
To which if he inclyned had at all, [wyt,  
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him  
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strait  
But he was wary wile in all his way,  
And well perceived his deceiptfull sleight,  
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray  
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of his pray

## LXV

And now he has so long remained there,  
That vitall powres gan we be both weak and wan  
For want of food and sleepe, which two nphcare,  
Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,  
That none without the same endurean  
For now three dayes of men were full out-  
wrought,  
Since he thus hardy enterprize began

Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought  
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him  
brought

I XVI

The God, though loth, yet was constraynd  
t' obay,  
For lenger time then that no living wight

Below the earth might suffred be to stay  
So backe agunne him brought to living light  
But all so soone as his eniebled spright  
Gan sneke this vitall ayre into his brest,  
As overcome with too exceeding might,  
The life did flit away out of her nest,  
And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest

## CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in swowne, is by  
Acrates sonnes despoild,  
Whom Arthuro soone hathi reskewed,  
And Paynum brethren foyld.

I

AND is there care in heaven? And is there  
love

In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,  
That may compassion of their evils move?

There is else much more wretched were the  
case

[grace

Of men then beasts But O! th' exceeding  
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,  
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed Angels he sends to anil fio, [for  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked

II

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us that succour want!

How oft do they with golden pions cleave  
The fitting skies, like flying Pursuivant,

Against fowle teendes to ayd us militant!  
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,

And then bright Squadrons round about us  
plant,

And, all for love, and nothing for reward  
O! why should heavenly God to men have such

regard?

III

During the while that Guyon did abide  
In Mamons house, the Palmer, whom whyleare

That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,  
By further search had passage found elsewhere,

And, being on his way, approached neare  
Where Guyon lay in traunce, when suddenly

He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,  
'Come hither! hither! O, come hastily!'

That all the fields resounded with the ruefull  
cry

IV

The Palmer lent his eare unto the noyee,  
To weet who called so unportunely

Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,  
That bad him come in haste He by and by

His feeble feet directed to the cry,  
Which to that shadly delvium brought at last,  
Where Mammon earst did sunne his treasury,  
There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast  
In senceles drcame, which sight at first him  
sore aghast

V

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,  
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,

Whose tender bud to blossomie new began,  
And flourish faire above his equall peares

His snowy front, enried with golden heares,  
Like Phœbus face adorn'd with sunny rayes,

Divinely shone, and two shapè winged  
sheares,

Decked with diverse plumes, like painted Jayes,  
Were fix'd at his backe to cut his ayery wayes

VI

Like as Cupido on Idmean hill,  
When having laid his cruel bow away

And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill  
The world with murderous spoiles and bloody

pray,  
With his faire mother he him dights to play,

And with his goodly sisters, Graces three  
The Goddesses, pleased with his wanton play,

Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguiled to bee,  
The whiles the other Ladies mind they mery

glee

VII

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was  
Through fear and wonder that he nought could

say,  
Till him the elude bespoke, 'Long lackt, alas'

Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,  
Whiles deadly hit thy pupill doth dismay

Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend Sire!  
But dread of death and dolor doe away,

For life ere long shall to her home retire,  
And he that breathlesse seems shal corage both

respire.

## VIII

'The charge, which God doth unto me arreft,  
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend,  
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett  
The care thereof my selfe unto the end,  
But euenmore him succome, and defend  
Against his foe and mine watch thou, I pray,  
For evil is at hand him to offend'  
So having said, eftsoones he gan display  
His painted nimble wings, and vauisht quite  
away

## IX

The Palmer seeing his leste empty place,  
And his slow eyes beguiled of their sight,  
Wore sore afraid, and standing still a space  
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight  
At last, him turning to his charge behight,  
With trembling hand his troubled pulso gan  
try,  
Where finding life not yet dislodged nought,  
He much rejoyst, and couerd it tenderly,  
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny

## X

At last he spide where towards him did pace  
Two Paynim knights al armd as bright as  
skie,  
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,  
And far before a light-foote Page did the,  
That breathed strife and troublous euntnie.  
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,  
Who, meeting erst with Archimago elio  
Foreby that idle stroud, of him were told  
That he which erst them combattet was Guy on  
bold

## XI

Which to venge on him they dearily vould,  
Where ever that on ground they mote him  
find  
Falso Archimago provokte their corage prowd,  
And stryful Atin in their stubborne mind  
Coles of contention and what vengeaunce tnd  
Now bene they come whereas the Palmer sate,  
Keeping that slombred corse to him assind  
Well knew they both his person, sith of late  
With him in bloody armes they rashly did  
debate

## XII

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage  
That sure he fowl bespake Thoa dotard vile,  
That with thir brutenesse shendst thy comely  
Abandon soone, I read, the evill spoile [age,  
Of thir same ontest carcas, that crew hile  
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,  
And crown'd his coward crest with knightly  
stile,

Loel where he now inglorious doth lye,  
'To prove he liv'd id that did thus fowly dye'

## XIII

To whom the Palmer fearlesse answered  
'Certe, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,  
Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,  
And with so lo cowardize his carcas shame,  
Whoso living handes immortalizd his name  
Vile is the vengerunce on the ashes cold,  
And envy base to birke at sleeping fame  
Was never wight that treason of him told  
Your self his provesse prov'd, and found him  
siers and bold'

## XIV

Then sayd Cymochles 'Palmer, thou doest  
dote,  
Ne erst of provesse ne of knighthood deeme,  
Save as thou seest or hearst But well I wote,  
That of his puissance trill made extreme  
Yet gold al is not that doth golden seeme,  
Ne all good knights that shake well speare and  
sheld  
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,  
And then dew praise or dew reproch them yeld,  
Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead  
on held'

## XV

'Good or bad,' gan his brother hers reply,  
'What doe I recke, with that ho lido entyre?  
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy  
The greedy hunger of revenging yre, [sure?  
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne de-  
yet since no way is left to vreake my spight,  
I will him reave of armes, the victors lure,  
And of that sheld, more worth of good knight,  
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour  
bright?'

## XVI

'Fay Sir,' said then the Palmer suppliant,  
'For knightoods love doe not so fowle a deed,  
Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vauit  
Of vile revenge To spoile the dead of weed  
Is sacrilege, and doth all summes exceed  
But have these relicks of his living might  
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke  
steed'  
What herce or steed' (said he) 'should he  
But be entombed in the raven or the knight?'

## XVII

With that, rude hand upou his sheld he laud,  
And th' other brother gan his helme unlace,  
Both fiercely bent to have him disarmd,  
Till that they spyde where towards them did  
pace

An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,  
Whose squire bore after him an heben lance  
And covered shield Well kend him so far apace  
Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,  
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to  
prauince,

## XVIII

And to those brethren sayd, 'Rise, rise by liue,  
And unto battell doe your selves addresse;  
For yonder comes the prowtest knight alive,  
Prinsee Arthur, flower of grace and noblesse,  
That hath to Paynym knights wrought gret  
distresse,

And thousand Sarazins fowly donne to dye'  
That word so deepe did in their harts impress,  
That both eftsoones upstart furiously,  
And gan themselves prepare to battell greedily

## XIX

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,  
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,  
And Arclumage besought, him that afford  
Which he had brought for Braggadochio vaine  
'So would I,' (said th' enchaunter) 'glad and  
faine

Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,  
Or ought that els your honour might main-  
taine,  
But that this weapons powre I well have kend  
To be contrary to the worke which ye intend

## XX

'For that same knights owne sword this is,  
of yore  
Which Merlin made by his almightie art  
For that his nourling, when he knighthood  
swore,

Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.  
The metall first he mixt with Medewart,  
That no enchantment from his dint might  
sare,

Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,  
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave  
Of hellish Styx, which ludden vertue to it gave.

## XXI

'The vertue is, that nether steele nor stone  
The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend,  
Ne ever may be used by his fone,  
Ne forst his rightful owner to offend,  
Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend.  
Wherefore *Mordure* it rightfully is hight  
In vaine therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend  
The same to thee, against his lord to fight,  
For sure yt would deceive thy labor and thy  
might.'

## XXII

'Foolish old man,' said then the Pagan wroth,  
'That weenest words or charms may force  
withstond

Soone shalt thou see, and then beleve for troth,  
That I can carve with this inchaunted brond  
His Lords owne flesh.' Therewith out of his  
hond

That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,  
And Guyons shield about his wrest he bond.  
So ready dight fierce battaile to assay,  
And match his brother proude in battalious aray

## XXIII

By this, that straunger knight in presence  
came,

And goodly salued them, who nought againe  
Him answered, as courtesie became, [daine,  
But with sterne lookes, and stomacheous dis-  
Gave signes of grudge and discontentment  
vaine

Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan spy  
Where nt his feet, with sorrowfull demayne  
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,  
In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

## XXIV

Sayd he then to the Palmer 'Reverend Syre,  
What great misfortune hath beidd this knight?  
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,  
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?  
How ever, sure I reu his pitteous plight.'  
'Not one, nor other,' sayd the Palmer grave,  
'Hath him befallne, bnt cloudes of deadly night  
A while his heavy eylds cover'd have, [wave  
And all his senses drowned in deep sencelesse

## XXV

'Which those his cruell foes, that stand here-  
by,

Making advauntage, to revenge their spight,  
Would him disaime and threaten shamefully,  
Unworthie usage of redoubted knight.  
But you, faire Sir, whose honourable sight  
Doth promise hope of helpe and timely graee,  
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,  
And by your powre protect his feeble case?  
First prayse of knighthood is fowle outrage to  
deface.'

## XXVI

'Palmer, (said he) 'no knight so rude, I weene,  
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost,  
Ne was there ever noble corage scene,  
That in advauntage would his puissannce bost  
Honour is least where oddes appereth most  
May bee, that better reason will asuage  
The rash revengers heat Words, well disposd,



Have secrete powre t' appease inflamed rage.  
If not, leave unto me thy knights last patron-  
age.

XXI II

Thou, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke.  
'Ye warlike payvre, whose valorous great might,  
It seemes, just wronges to vengeance doe  
provoke, [knight,  
To wrenke your wrath on this dead seeming  
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,  
And settle patience in so furious heat?  
Not to debate the chaulenge of your right,  
But for his carkas pardon I entreat,  
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest scat.

XXI III

To whom Cymochiles said, 'For what art thou,  
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong  
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me  
now

On this idle body from to wreak my wrong,  
And made his carkas as the outcast dog?  
Why should not that dead carrion satisfye  
The guilt which, if he lived had thus lung,  
His life for dew revenge should deare aby?e?  
The trespass still doth live, albeit the person dy e.

XXI X

'Indeed,' then said the Prince, 'the evill donne  
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave  
But from the grandayre to the Nephewes sonne.  
And all his seede the curse doth often chaite,  
Till vengeance utterly the guilt benigne  
So straightly God doth judge. But gentle  
Knight,

That doth against the dead his hand upheave  
His honour staines with rancour and despight,  
And great disparagment makes to his former  
might.

XXI X

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,  
And to him said 'Now, felon, sure I read,  
How that thou art partaker of his crime  
Therefore, by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead  
With that his hand, more sad then Iomp of  
lead,

Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure,  
His owne good sword Morddure, to cleave his  
head

The faithfull steele such treason no'ld endure  
But, swarring from the marke, his Lordes life  
did assure

XXI X

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,  
That horse and man it made to reele as de  
Nathlesse the Prince would not forsake his sell,  
For well of yore he learned had to ry de,

But full of anger fiercely to him cryde;  
'Kalse traitour! miscreant! thou broken hast  
The law of armes to strike foe undecide  
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste  
Right sowre, and feele the law the which thou  
hast defast.'

XXII

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent  
Against the Pagans brest, and therewith  
thought

His cursed life out of her lodge have rent;  
But ere the point arrived where it ought,  
That seven fold shield, which he from Guyon  
brought,

He cast between to ward the latter stownd:  
Through all those foldes the Steelehead passage  
wrought, [to ground  
And through his shoulder perat, wherewith  
He growching fell, all gored in his gushing  
wound

XXII II

Which when his brother saw, fraught with  
great griefe

And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,  
And fowly saide 'By Mahonne, cursed thiefe,  
That dirfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby  
Then, hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,  
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie cress,  
That from his saddle forced him to fly,  
I is mote it neede downe to his manly brest  
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence  
dispossest

XXII II

Now was the Prince in daungerous distresse,  
Wanting his sword when he on foot should  
fight

His single speare coulde doe him small redresse  
Against two foes of so exceeding might,  
The least of which was match for any knight.  
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,  
Had reard him selfe againe to cruel fight  
Three times more furious and more pulsaunt,  
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignorant.

XXII V

So both attence him charge on either syde  
With hideous strokes and importable powre,  
That forced him his ground to traverse wide,  
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre;  
For in his shield, as thicke as storme showre,  
Their strokes did raine yet did he never  
quaille,

Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast towre,  
Whom foe with double battre, doth assaile,  
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them  
nought availe

## XXVII

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,  
Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,  
His poynant speare he thrust with puissant  
sway [wyde,  
At prond Cymochles, whiles his shield was  
That through his thigh the mortall steele did  
gyde

He, swarving with the force, within his flesh  
Did breake the lance, and let the head abyde  
Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,  
That underneath his feet soone made a purple  
plesh.

## XXVII

Hornbly then he gan to rage and rayle,  
Cursing his Gods, and him selfe damming deepe  
Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle  
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,  
For very fellesse lowd he gan to weepe,  
And said, 'Cay tye, curse on thy cruell hond,  
That twise hath spedd, yet shall it not thice  
keepe

From the thurd brunt of this my fatall brond  
Lo! where the dreadfull Death behynd thy  
backe doth stond.'

## XXVIII

With that he strooke, and thother strooke  
withall, [might  
That nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous  
The one upon his covered shield did fall, [byte,  
And glauncing downe would not his owncr  
But thother did upon his troncheon smyte,  
Which hewing quite asunder, further way  
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,  
The which dividing with importune sway,  
It seizd in his right side, and there the dint  
did stay.

## XXIX

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme  
blood,  
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously,  
That when the Paynym spyde the streaming  
blood,  
Gave him great hart and hope of victory  
On th' other side, in huge perplexity  
The Prince now stood, having his weapon broke,  
Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly  
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke  
Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot  
revoke

## XL

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,  
Sir Guyon's sword he lightly to him raught,  
And said, 'Fayre Sonne, great God thy right  
hand blesse,  
To use that sword so well as he it ought!'

Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage  
fraught,

When as againe he armed felt his hond  
Then like a Lyon, which hath long time saught  
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond  
Amongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth  
wood and yond.

## XLI

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes  
On either side, that neither maylo could hold,  
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes  
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told,  
Eft to Cymochles twise so many fold,  
Then, backe againe turning his busie hond,  
Them both atonce compeld with courage bold  
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond,  
And though they both stood staffe, yet could  
not both withstand

## XLII

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastives  
bayt,  
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,  
Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,  
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,  
Or flings aloft, or treades downe in the flore,  
Beathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,  
That all the forest quakes to heare him rore  
So rag'd Prince Arthur twist his foemen  
twaine, [sustaine,  
That neither cou'd his mightie poussaunce

## XLIII

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,  
(Who Guyon's shield cast ever him before,  
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtraet was  
writt,)

His hand relented and the stroke forbore,  
And his deare hart the picture gan adore,  
Which oft the Paynym sav'd from deadly  
stowe [more,  
But him henceforth the samo cau save no  
For now arrived is his fatall howre, [powre.  
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or

## XLIV

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,  
Which them appeached, priekt with guiltie  
shame

And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approach,  
Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,  
Or dyo with honour and desert of fame,  
And on the hauberg stroke the Prince so sore,  
That quite disparted all the linked frame,  
And pierced to the skin, but bit no more,  
Yet made him twise to reele, that never moov'd  
afore.

## XLV

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,  
He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,  
That it empiert the Pagans burganet,  
And, cleaving the hard Steele, did deepe invade  
Into his head, and cruell passage made  
Quite through his brayne. He, tombing  
downe on ground, [shade  
Breathid out his ghost, which, to th' infernall  
Fast flying, there eternall torment found  
For all the sunnes wherewith his lowd life did  
abound.

## XLVI

Which when his german saw, the stony feare  
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,  
No thenceforth life ne corage did appeare,  
But as a man whom hellish feedes have frayd,  
Long trembling still bestoode at last thus sayd,  
'Traytour, what hast thou doen? flow ever  
may  
Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd  
Against that knight! Harrow and well away!  
After so wicked deede why hr'st thou lenger  
day?'

## XLVII

With that all desperate, as loathing light,  
And with revenge desyring soone to dye,  
Assembling all his force and utmost might,  
With his owne sward he fierce at him did flye,  
And strooke, and soynd, and lasht outrageously,  
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew  
The Prince, with patience and susterance sh  
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew  
Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that batted  
gan renew

## XLVIII

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,  
That nothing may withstand his stormy  
stowe, [flye,  
The cloudes, as thinges affraid, before him  
But all so soone as his outrageous powre  
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre,  
And, as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,  
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure  
So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,  
And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle  
might

## XLIX

At last, when as the Sarazin perceiv'd  
How that straunge sword refusd to serve his  
need, [deceiv'd,  
But when he stroke most strong the dunt  
He slong it from him, and, devoyd of dreed,  
Upon him lightly leaping without heed  
Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,  
Thinking to overthrowe and downe him  
tred

But him in strength and skill the Prince surpass,  
And through his nimble sleight did under him  
down cast.

## L

Nought booted it the Paynum then to strive,  
For as a Buttur in the Eagles clawe,  
That may not hope by flight to scape alive,  
Still waytes for death with dread and trem-  
bling aw,  
So he, now subject to the victours law,  
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,  
For vile disdaune and rancour, which did  
gnaw

His hart in twaine with sad melancholy;  
As one that loathed life, and yet despyd to  
dye.

## LI

But full of princely bounty and great mind,  
The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,  
But casting wronges and all revenge behind,  
More glory thought to give life then decay,  
And sayd, 'Paynum, this is thy dismall day,  
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,  
And my trew hegeman yield thy selfe for ay,  
Lafe will I graunt thee for thy valaunce,  
And all thy wronges will wipe out of my  
sovernaunce'

## LII

'Foole!' (sayd the Pagan) 'I thy gift defye,  
But use thy fortune as it doth befall,  
And say, that I not overcome doe dye,  
But in despite of life for death doe call.'  
Wroth was the Prince, and sorry yet withall,  
That he so wilfully refused grace,  
Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,  
His shining Helmet he gan soone unlace,  
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the  
place

## LIII

By this Sir Guyon from his traunce awakt,  
Lafe having maystered her sencelesse foe,  
And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt  
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe,  
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygue  
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,  
And saide, 'Deare sir, whom wandring to and  
fro

I long have lakt, I joy thy face to vew..  
Firme is thy faith, whom danger never from  
me drew

## LIV

'But read, what wicked hand hath robbed mee  
Of my good sword and shield?' The Palmer,  
glad  
With so fresh hew uprysing him to see,  
Him answered. 'Fayre sonne, be no whit sad

For want of weapons, they shall soone behad  
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,  
Which that straunge knight for him sustained  
had,

And those two Sarazins confounded late,  
Whose carouses on ground were horribly pros-  
trate

## LV

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens  
trew,

His hart with great affection was embayd,  
And to the Prince, bowing with reverence dew  
As to the patron of his life, thus sayd, [ayd  
'My Lord, my hege, by whose most gracious  
I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,

What may suffice to be for meede repayd  
Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,  
But to be ever bound'—

## LVI

To whom the Infant thus, 'Fayre Sir, what  
need

Good turnes be counted as a servile bond  
To bind their doers to receive their meed?  
Are not all knightes by oath bonnd to withstand  
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant  
hond'

Suffise that I have done my dew in place'  
So goodly purpose they together fond  
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace,  
The whiles false Archmage and Atin fled apace

## CANTO IX

The house of Temperance, in which  
Doth sober Alma dwell,  
Besiegd of many foes, whom strau-  
ger knightes to flight compell

## I

Of all Gods workes which doe this worlde  
adorne,

There is no one more faire and excellent  
Then is mans body, both for powre and forme,  
Whiles it is kept in sober government,  
But none then it more fowle and indecent,  
Distempred through misrule and passions  
bace,

It growes a Monster, and incontinent  
Doth loose his dignity and native grace  
Behold, who list, both one and other in this  
place

## II

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,  
The Briton Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,  
And Gyn on his lost sheld, they both yfere  
Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,  
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord  
'Sir knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,  
To weet why on your sheld, so goodly scord,  
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?  
Full lively is the semblant, though the sub-  
stance dead'

## III

'Fayre Sir,' (sayd he) 'if in that picture dead  
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew;  
What mote ye weene, if the tiew lively-head  
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew  
But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,  
That is, her bounty, and imperiall powre,

Thousand times fairer than her mortall hew,  
O' how great wonder would your thoughts  
derome,  
And infinite desue into your spirite poure

## IV

'Shee is the mighty Queene of Faery,  
Whoso faire retiaint I in my shield doe beare,  
Shee is the slowre of grace and chastity  
Throughout the world, renown med far and neare,  
My hefe, my hege, my Sovereaine, my deare,  
Whose glory shineth as the morning staire,  
And with her hight the earth enlumines  
cleare

Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,  
As well in state of peace, as püssaunee in  
warre'

## V

'Thise happy man,' (said then the Briton  
knight)  
'Whom gracions lott and thy great valaunee  
Have made thee soldier of that Princesse  
bright,

Which with her bounty and glad countenance  
Doth blesse her servants, and them high  
advantage

How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,  
By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,  
Unto such blisse? sufficient were that lure  
For losse of thousand lives, to die at her  
desire.'

## VI

Said Guyon, 'Noble Lord, what meed so  
Or grace of earthly Prince so soveraine, [great,  
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat  
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?  
But were your will her sold to entertaine,  
And numbred be mongst knights of Maiden-  
hed,  
Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,  
And in her favor high bee reckoned,  
As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored'

## VII

'Certes,' (then said the Prince) 'I God avow,  
That sith I armes and knighthood first did  
plight,  
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,  
To serve that Queene with al my powre and  
might [light,  
Seven times the Sunne, with his lamp-burning  
Hath walkte about the world, and I no lesse,  
Sith of that Goddesse I have sought the sight,  
Yet no where can her find such happinesse  
Heven doth to me envy, and fortune favour-  
lesse.'

## VIII

'Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,  
'Seldom,' (said Guyon) 'yields to vertue  
aide, [chance,  
But in her way throwes mischief and mis-  
Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid  
But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismayd,  
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand,  
Which, were it not that I am els delaid  
With hard adventure which I have in hand,  
'labour would to guide you through al Faer  
land'

## IX

'Gramercy Sir,' said he, 'but mote I weete  
What strange adventure doe ye now pur-  
Perhaps my succour or advizement meeto  
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew  
Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew  
Of false Acrasia and her wicked wiles,  
Which to avenge the Palmer him forth drew  
From Faery court. So talked they, the while  
They wasted had much way, and measurd  
many miles

## X

And now faire Phoebus gan decline in haste  
His weary wagon to the Western vale,  
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plasto  
Foreby a river in a pleasant dale,  
Which choosung for that evenings hospitale,  
They thither marcht but when they came in  
sight,  
And from their sweaty Coursers did avale,

They found the gates fast barred long ere night,  
And every loup fast lockt, as fearing tooe des-  
pight.

## XI

Which when they saw, they weened fowle  
reproch  
Was to them doen, their entraunce to forestall,  
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approach,  
And wind his horne under the castle wall,  
That with the noise it shooke as it would fall.  
Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire  
The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call,  
To wete what they so rudely did require?  
Who gently answered, They entraunce did  
desire.

## XII

'Fly fly, good knights,' (said he) 'fly fast  
away,  
If that your lives ye love, as meeto ye should;  
Fly fast, and save your selves from neare de-  
cay, [would.  
Here may ye not have entraunce, though we  
We would, and would againe, if that we  
But thousand enemies about us rave, [could.  
And with long siege us in the castle hold.  
Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,  
And many good knights slaine that have us  
sought to save'

## XIII

Thus as he spoke, loe' with outrageous cry,  
A thousand villains round about them swarmed  
Out of the rockes and caves adjoining nye,  
Vile captive wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,  
All threatening death, all in strange manner  
armed, [speares,  
Some with unweldy clubs, some with long  
Some rusty knifes, some staves in fier warmed;  
Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed  
steares,  
Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe upstanding  
heares

## XIV

Fierly at first those knights they did assayle,  
And drove them to recoile, but when againe  
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to  
[liable their encounter to sustaine, [fayle,  
For with such puissance and impetuous maine  
Those Champions broke on them, that first  
them fly [swaine  
Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepherds  
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye, [forest nye  
With greedy pace forth rushing from the

## XV

A while they fled, but soone retourned againe  
With greater fury then before was fownd,

And evermore their cruell Capitaine [rownd,  
Sought with his raskall routs t'eneloso them  
And, o'erronne, to tread them to the grownd  
But soone the knights with their bright burn-  
ing blades [fownd,  
Broke their rude troupes and orders did con-  
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades,  
For though they bodies seem, yet substancee  
from them fades

## XVI

As when a swarme of Gnats at eventide  
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise, [wide,  
Their murmuring small trompetts sownden  
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,  
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies,  
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast  
For their sharpe wounds and noyous injuries,  
Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustering  
blast [cast  
Doth blow them quite away, and in the Ocean

## XVII

Thus when they had that troublous rout  
disperst,  
Unto the castle gate they come againe,  
And entraunce crav'd which was denied erst  
Now when report of that their perious paine,  
And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,  
Came to the Ladies eare which there did dwell,  
Shée forth isseued with a goodly traine  
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,  
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

## XVIII

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,  
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage,  
Yet was shée woo'd of many a gentle knight,  
And many a Lord of noble parentage,  
That sought with her to lincke in marriage  
For shée was faire as faire mote ever bee,  
And in the flowre now of her freshest age,  
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee, [see  
That even heven joyced her sweete face to

## XIX

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,  
That from her shoulder to her heele downe  
raught,  
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,  
Braunched with gold and perle most richly  
wrought, [taught  
And borne of two faire Damsels which were  
That service well Her yellow golden beare  
Was truly woyen and in tresses wrought,  
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,  
But crowned with a garland of sweete Rosiers.

## XX

Goodly shée entertained those noble knights,  
And brought them up into her castle hall,  
Where gentle court and gracious delight  
Shée to them made, with mildnesse virginal,  
Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall  
Then, when they rested had a season dew,  
They her besought of favour speciall  
Of that faire Castle to afford them vew  
Shée graunted, and, them leading forth, the  
same did shew

## XXI

First she them led up to the Castle wall,  
That was so high as foe might not it clime,  
And all so faire and sensible withall,  
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,  
But of thing like to that Egyptian slime,  
Whereof king Nane whilome built Babel towre.  
But O great pitty! that no lenger time  
So goodly workmanship should not endure  
Soone it must turne to earth, no earthly thing  
is sure

## XXII

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,  
And part triangulare, O worke divine!  
Those two the first and last proportions are,  
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine,  
Th' other immortal, perfect, masculine,  
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,  
Proportiond equally by seven and nine,  
Nine was the circle sett in heavens place  
All which compacted made a goodly Diapase.

## XXIII

Therein two gates were placed seemly well  
The one before, by which all in did pas,  
Did th' other far in workmanship excell,  
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,  
But of more worthy substancee fram'd it was  
Doubly disparied, it did looke and close,  
That when it lock'd none might thorough pas,  
And when it opened, no man might it close,  
Still onen to then friends, and closed to their  
foes.

## XXIV

Of hewen stone the porell was fayrely wrought,  
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and  
fine,  
Then Jett or Marble far from Ireland brought,  
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,  
Enchaced with a wanton vine twine,  
And over it a fayre Portcullis hong,  
Which to the gate directly did incline  
With comely compasse and compacture strong,  
Neither unseemly short, nor yet exceeding  
long

XXV

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,  
Day and night dually keeping watch and ward,  
Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate,  
But in good order, nnd with dew regard,  
Utters of secrets he from thence debar'd,  
Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme.  
His Inrumbell might lowd and tryde be hard  
When cause requyr'd, but never out of time;  
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime

XXVI

And rownd about the porch on every syde  
Twiso sxlteene warders satt, all armed bright  
In ghystrng steels, and strongly fortifyde  
Tail yeomen seemed they and of great might,  
And were enraunged reahly still for fight.  
By them as Alma passed with her gwestes,  
They did obeysaunce, as beseeemed right,  
And then againe retourned to their restes  
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble  
gestes.

XXVII

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,  
Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,  
Amid ready dight with drapets festynall,  
Against the rianundes should be minstred  
At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red  
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,  
That in his hand a white rod menaged  
He Steward was, hight Diet. rype of age,  
And in demennure sober, and in counsell sage

XXVIII

And through the Hall there walked to and fro  
A jolly coman, Mnrshall of the same, [fro  
Whose name was Appetite he did beston  
Both gwestes nnd meate, when ever in they  
came,  
And know them how to order without blame,  
As him the Steward badd They both attone  
Did lewty to their Lady, as became,  
Who, passing by, forth ledli her gwestes anone  
Into the kitchin ron me, ne spard for incenesse  
none

XXIX

It was a vnt ybulst for grent dispence,  
With many raunges reard along the wall,  
And ouo great chimney, whoso long tonnell  
thence  
The smoke forth threw And in the midst of nll  
There piced was a caudron wide and tall  
Upon a mightio fornice, burning whott  
More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mongball  
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,  
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott

XXX

But to delay the heat, least by mischance  
It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,  
There added was by goodly ordinaunce [styre  
An huge great payre of bellows, which did  
Continually, nnd cooling breath inspyre  
About the Caudron many Cookes neceyld  
With hookes and lndles, as need did requyre  
The whyles the vlandes in the vessell boyld  
They did about their businesse sweat, and  
sorely toyld

XXXI

The malster Cooke was cald Concoction,  
A carefull man, and full of comely guyse.  
The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,  
Did order all th' Achntes in seemely was,  
Amid set them forth, as well he could devise.  
The rest had severall offices nnynd,  
Some to remove the scum as it did rise,  
Others to beare the same away did mynd,  
And others it to use according to his kynd

XXXII

But all the liquour, which was fowle and  
waste,  
Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,  
They in another grent round vessell plyste.  
Rill by a conduit pipe it thence were brought,  
Amid all the rest, that noyous was and nought,  
By secret wyres, that none might it espyr,  
Was close conveyd, and to the backgate brought,  
That cleyed was Port Esquiline, whereby  
It was aschled quite, and throwne out privily

XXXIII

Which goodly order nnd great workmans skill  
Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight  
And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill,  
For never had they seene so straunge a sight,  
Thence backe againe sure Alma led them right,  
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,  
That was with royall nrras richly dight,  
In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought,  
Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easie to be  
thought

XXXIV

And in the midst thereof upon the floure  
A lovely bery of faire Ladies sate,  
Courtied of many a jolly Paramoure,  
The which them did in modest wise nmate,  
And each one sought his Lady to aggrate  
Amid eke amongst them htle Cupid playd  
His wnton sportes, being retourned late  
I rom his fierce warres, and having from him  
layd  
His ernel bow, wherewith he thousands hath  
dismayd.

XXXX

Diverse delights they fownd they selves to  
 please, [Joy,  
 Some song in sweet consort, some laught for  
 Some plaide with strawes, some dy satt ntease,  
 But other some could not abide to toy,  
 All pleasance was to them grieve and annoy  
 This frownd, that faund, the third for shame  
 did blush,  
 Another seemed envious or coy,  
 Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush,  
 But at these straungers presence every one  
 did hush

XXXX

Soone as the gracious Almy came in place,  
 They all attonce out of their seates arose,  
 And to her homage made with humble grace  
 Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dis-  
 pose  
 Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose  
 The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,  
 That was right faire and fresh as morning  
 rose  
 But somewhat sad and solemne eke in sight,  
 As if some pensive thought constrained her  
 gentle spright

XXXXVII

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold  
 Was fretted all about, she was arrayd,  
 And in her hand a Poplar biauueh did hold  
 To whom the Prince in courteous maner sayd,  
 'Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd  
 And your faire beutie doe with sadness spill?  
 Loves any that you hath thus ill apayd?  
 Or doen you love? or doen you lack your will?  
 What ever bee the cause, it sure besemes you  
 ill'

XXXXVIII

'Faire Sir,' said she, halfe in disdaineful wise,  
 'How is it that this mood in me ye blame,  
 And in your selfe doe not the same advise?  
 Him ill besemes anothers fault to name,  
 That may unwares bee blotted with the same  
 Pensive I yeeld I am, and sild in mind,  
 Through great desire of glory and of fame,  
 Ye ought, I weene, are ye therem behynd,  
 That have three yeares sought one, yet no  
 where ean her find'

XXXX

The Prince was mly moved at her speech,  
 Well weeting trew what she had rashly told,  
 Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hyde the  
 breach,  
 Whieh ehaunge of colour did perforce unfold,  
 Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold  
 Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquyre

What wight she was that Poplar branch did  
 hold?

It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,  
 That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

XL

The whyles the Faery knight did entertayne  
 Another Damsell of thut gentle crew,  
 That was right fayre and modest of demayne,  
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew  
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her gaiment  
 blew,

Close rownd about her neckt with many a plight  
 Upon her fist the bud, which shoneth yew,  
 And keepes in covert close from living wight,  
 Did sitt, as yet ashaund how rude Pan did her  
 dight

XLI

So long as Guyon with her communed,  
 Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,  
 And ever and anon with rosy red  
 The bashfull blood her snowie cheekes did dye,  
 That her became, as polisht ivory  
 Whelcumming Cinfesman hand hath overlaid  
 With faire vermilion or pure Castory  
 Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd  
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently  
 said

XLII

'Faire Damzell, seemeth by your troubled  
 cheare,  
 That either me too bold ye weene, thus wise  
 You to molest, or other ill to feare  
 That in the secret of your hart close lyes,  
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise  
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray,  
 But if ought else that I mote not devyse,  
 I will, if please you it discur, assay  
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may'

XLIII

She answered nought, but more abasht for shame  
 Held downe her head, the whiles her lowely face  
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,  
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,  
 That Guyon mervayld at her uncooth caee,  
 Till Alma him bespake 'Why wonder wee,  
 Faire Sir at that which ye so much embrace?  
 She is the fountaine of your modestee  
 You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes it selfe  
 is shee'

XLIV

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,  
 And turnd his face away, but she the same  
 Dissembled faire, and fawnd to oversee  
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game



Themselves did raise: as he one with his Dame  
Till that great Lady thence away them sought,  
To view her Castle's other wondrous frame  
Up to a stately Turret she them brought,  
Ascending by ten steps of Alabaster wrought

## XIV

That Turrets frame most admirable was,  
Like highest heaven compassed around,  
And lifted high above this earthly mass,  
Which it surcled as hills doon lower ground.  
But not on ground mote like to this be found  
Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome  
built  
In Thelous, which Alexander did confound  
Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly  
guilt, [Greece was spilt,  
From which young Hector's blood by cruel]

## XV

The rooffe hereof was arched over head,  
And deckt with dowers and herbers daintily  
Two goodly Becons, set in watchet strand,  
Therein gave light, and shined continually,  
For they of living fire most subtilly  
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,  
Cover'd with lids devis'd of substance shy,  
That readily they shut and open might  
O! who can tell the prayes of that makers  
might?

## XVI

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell  
This parts greit workmanship and wondrous  
That all this other world's worke doth excell,  
And likest is unto that heavenly towre  
That God hath built for his own blessed boure  
Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages,  
But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,  
In which there dwelt three honorable sages,  
The wisest man, I weene, that lived in their  
ages

## XVII

Not he, whom Greece, the Nourse of all good  
art,  
By Phœbus doome the wisest thought alive  
Might be compar'd to these by many part:  
Nor that sage Pylhan sage, which did survive  
Three ages, such as mortall men contrive  
By whose advise old Prims entrie fell,  
With these in prave of pollicies mote strive  
These three in these three rowmes did somtyme  
dwell,  
And counselled sure Alma how to governe well

## XVIII

The first of them could thing to come foretell  
The next could of things present best advise

The third things past could keep in memory  
So that no time nor season could arise,  
But it in the same could one of these comprise.  
For the first did in the forefront sit,  
That nought mote hinder his quick judgement  
He had a sharpe foresight and working wit  
That never idle was, ne ever would rest a whit

## I

His chamber was decorated all within  
With sundry colours, in the which were writ  
Infinite shap's of thinges dispersed thin;  
Some such as in the world were never yet.  
Ne can I tell be of mortall wit,  
Some daily scene and known by their names,  
Such as in idle fantasies do sit,  
Infantall Hags, Centaurs, serpsents, Hippogrims,  
Apes, Lyons, Eagles, Owles, fowles, lovers,  
children, Dames

## II

And all the chamber filled was with flies  
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound  
That they encomred all mens eares and eyes  
Like many swarms of Bees assembled round  
After their hives with honny do abound  
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,  
Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,  
Shewes, visions, sooth sayes, and prophesies  
And all that fained, as leasings, tales, and lies

## III

Iron, steele, and all yeele which wrought there,  
That might Phantasies by his nature tear,  
A man of yeres yet fresh, as mote appeare,  
Of swarth complexion a bit of crabbed brow,  
That him full of melancholy did shew,  
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,  
That toad or foolish seemed one by his eyes  
Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposed shewes,  
When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of  
agoues

## IV

Whom thus having shewed to her guests,  
Flourie brought them to the second rowme,  
where walls  
Were painted up with memorable gestes  
Of famous Warriors, and with pictures  
Of Magistrates, of counts, of tribunals,  
Of common wealthes, of states, of pollicies,  
Of lawes, of judgments, and of decretals  
All artes all sciences, all Philosophy, (wittily  
And all that in the world was as thought

## V

In this that rowme was full, and them among  
There sat a man of ripe and perfect age  
Who did them meditate all his life long  
That through continuall practice and usage

He now was growne right wise and wondrous  
sage:

Great pleasure had those straunger knightes to  
His goodly reason and grave personage,  
That his disciples both desyrd to bee,  
But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost  
ronne of three.

LV

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,  
And therefore was remoov'd far behind,  
Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,  
Right firme and strong, though somewhat they  
deeknd.

And thereu sat an old old man, halfe bhud,  
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,  
Yet lively vigour rested in his mynd,  
And recompens't them with a better scorse  
Weake body wel is chang'd for mynd's redoub-  
led forse

LVI

This man of infinite remembrance was,  
And things foregone through many ages held,  
Which he recorded still as they did pas,  
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,  
As all things els the which this world doth  
weld,

But laid them up in his immortall serue,  
Where they for ever incorrupt dwell  
The warres he well remembred of King Nue,  
Of old Assaracus, and Inachus diuine

LVII

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,  
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liu'd,  
For he remembred both their infancys  
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd  
Of native strength now that he them suru'd  
His chamber all was hang'd about with rolls  
And old records from auient times deriv'd,

Some made in books, some in long parchement  
scrolls,  
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker  
holes

LVIII

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,  
Tossing and turning them withouten end,  
But for he was unhabile them to sett,  
A kyle boy did on him still attend  
To reach, when ever he for ought did send,  
And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,  
That boy them sought and unto him did lend  
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is,  
And that old man Eumnestes, by their pro-  
pertys

LIX

The knightes there entring did him reverence  
den,  
And wondred at his endlesse exercise  
Then as they gan his Library to view,  
And antique Regesters for to view,  
There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize  
An auient booke, hight Briton monuments,  
That of this lands first conquest did devise,  
And old division into Regiments,  
Till it reduced was to one mans governements

LX

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,  
That hight *Antiquitee of Faery lond*  
In which a heas he greedily did looke,  
Th' offspring of Elies and Faery estherelietond,  
As it delivered was from hond to hond  
Wherent they, burning both with fervent fire  
Their countrys auncestry to understand,  
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sire  
To read those bookes, who gladly graunted  
their desire

## CANTO X

A chronicle of Briton Kings,  
From Brute to Others myue,  
And rolls of Elfin Emperours,  
Till tyme of Gloriane

Wito now shall give unto me words and sound,  
Equall unto this haughty enterprise? [ground,  
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from  
My lowly verse may loftily arise,  
And lift it selfe unto the highest skyes,  
More ample spirit than hitherto was wound  
Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestry es

Of my most dreaded Sovereigne I recount,  
By which all earthly Princes she doth far sur-  
mount

II

Ne under Sunne that shines so wide and faire,  
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,  
Lives ought that to her luage may compare,  
Which though from earth it be derived right

Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to herens light,  
And all the world with wonder overpight.  
A labor huge, exceeding far my might  
How shall trile pen, with feine disparaged,  
Conceive such sovaine glory and great  
bounty hed?

## III

Argument worthy of Maonian quill,  
Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,  
Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,  
And triumphes of Philegrian Iove, he wrote,  
That all the Gods admired his lofty note.  
But if some ritish of that heavenly lay  
His learned daughters would to me report  
To deeke my song withall I would asay  
Thy name O sovaine Queene! to blazon far  
away

## IV

This name, O sovaine Queene! thy reline,  
and race,  
From this renowned Prince derived arise,  
Who mightily upheld that rovall mace {farre  
Which now thou bearest, to thee descended  
From mighty kings and conqueurers in warre,  
Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of old,  
Whose noble deeds above the Northern starre  
Immortall fame for ever hath enroll {fold  
As in that old mans booke they were in order

## V

The land which warlike Britons now possess,  
And therein have their mighty empire rav'd,  
In antique times was call'd age wilderness,  
Unpeopled unmann'd, unprov'd unprais'd,  
No was it land then no was it pay'd  
Amid the ocean waves, no was it sight  
Of merchants farre for profits then: I pray'd,  
But was all desolate, and of some thought  
By sea to have bene from the Calanke mayn-  
land brought

## VI

No did it then deserve a name to have  
Till that the venturous Varner that way  
Learning his ship from thence white rocks to  
save,  
Which all along the Southerne sea coast lay  
Threatning unliecely wrecke and rash decay,  
For safety that same his sea marke made  
And nam'd it ALMON. But later day  
Funding in it fit ports for fishers trade  
Gan more the same frequent, and further to  
invade

## VII

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt  
Of hinkous Grunts, and halfe beastly men,  
That never tasted grace nor goodnes fell,  
But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den

And flying fast as Roebucke through the fen,  
All naked witho it shame or care of cloth,  
In hunting and in spoiling liv'd on  
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,  
That sonnes of men amaz'd their sterminesse to  
behold,

## VIII

But whence they sprang, or how they were  
begott,  
I muth is to assure, underneath the we  
That monstrous error, which doth same asse  
That Disobedient fifty daughters shene  
Into this land by chynure have driven bene.  
Where, comparing with seeds and fishy  
Spright  
Through vaine illusion of that lust unkinde,  
They brought forth Grunts, and such dread  
fil wights

As far exceed'd them in their numerous night

## IX

They kept this land, and with their filthynesse  
Polluted this same gentle soyle long tyme  
That their owne mother loath'd their beastly  
nesse,  
And gan abhorre her broods and milde crime  
All were they borne of her owne native slime.  
Until that Brutus, mightiest deyd  
From rovall stocke of old Ascanus line,  
Driven by fittall error here arriv'd  
And them of their unjust possession d pric'd

## X

But ere he had establish'd his throne  
And spread his empire to the utmost shore,  
He fought gr at battles with his sals age son,  
In which he them defeated evermore  
And many Grunts left on growing floor  
That well can witness yet unto this day  
The western Ho, h besprinkled with the gore  
Of mighty Gormod, whome in stout fray  
Corineus conquer'd, and cruelly did slay

## XI

And eke that ample Pitt yet far renown'd  
For the large leape which Debon did entrapell  
Coulde not make being elight hys of ground  
Into the which returning backe he fell  
But those three monstrous stones doe most  
exceell  
Which that huge sonne of bulcous Albion  
Whose father Heracles in France did quell,  
Great Godmer threw, in these contention  
At bold Canutus, but of him was slaine anon

## XII

In need of these great compests by them  
Corineus had that Province utmost west Coast,

To him assigned for his worthy lott,  
Which of his name and memorable gest  
He called Cornwaile, yet so called best,  
And Debonayre was that is Devonshyre  
But Cannte had his portion from the rest,  
The which he calld Cauntium, for his hyre,  
Now Cantium, which Kent we comenly inqyre

## XIII

Thus Brute this Realme unto his rule sub-  
dewd,  
And reigned long in great feheity,  
Lov'd of his frends and of his foes eschewd  
He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,  
Borne of fayre Inogenie of Italy  
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,  
And Loerne left chiefe Lord of Britany  
At last ripe age bid him surrender late  
His life, and long good fortune, unto small  
fate.

## XIV

Loerne was left the soveraine Lord of all  
But Albanaet had all the Northerne part,  
Which of himselfe Albana he did call,  
And Camber did possesse the Westerne quart.  
Which Severne now from Logris doth depart  
And each his portion peacefully enjoyd,  
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in  
hart,  
That once their quiet government annoyd,  
But each his pynus to others profit still em-  
ployd

## XV

Untill a nation strange, with visage swart,  
And courage herce that all men did asray,  
Which through the world then swarmed in  
every part,  
And oversflowd all countries far away,  
Like Noes great flood, with their importun  
This land invad with like violence [sway,  
And did themselves through all the North dis-  
play  
Untill that Loerne for his Realms defence,  
Did head against them make and strong muni-  
ficeuce

## XVI

He them encountred, a confused rout,  
Foreby the River that whylome was light  
The ancient Abns, where with courage stout  
He them defeated in victorious fight,  
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,  
That forst their chieftain, for his safeties sake,  
(Their Chieftain Humber named was aright,) [  
Unto the mighty streame him to betake,  
Where he an end of battell and of life did  
make,

## XVII

The king retourned prond of victory,  
And insolent wax through unwonted ease,  
That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,  
Which in his land he lately did appense,  
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease  
He lov'd faire Ladie Estrild, lendly lov'd,  
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did  
please,  
That quite his hart from Gwendolene remov'd,  
From Gwendolene his wife, though alwaies  
faithfull prov'd

## XVIII

The noble daughter of Cornwens  
Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,  
But, gathering force and courage valorous,  
Encountred him in battell well ordand,  
In which him vanquishd she to fly constraind  
But she so fast pur-sued, that him she tooke  
And threw in bnd, where he till death re-  
mound,  
Als his faire Leman flying through a brooke  
She overhent, nought moved with her piteous  
looke,

## XIX

But both herselfe, and eke her daughter deare,  
Regotten by her kingly Paramoure,  
The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,  
She there attached, far from all succoure,  
The one she slew upon the present floure,  
But the sad virgin, unnoent of all,  
Adowne the rolling river she did poure,  
Which of her name now Severne men do call  
Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall

## XX

Then for her sonne, which she to Loern bore,  
Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,  
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,  
Till ryper years he raught and stronger st ay,  
During which time her powre she did display  
Through all this Realme the glory of her sex,  
And first taught men a woman to obey  
But, when her sonne to mans estate did wax,  
She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger  
vex,

## XXI

Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race,  
For with all shame that sacred throne he hid  
Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,  
In which being consorted with Mmild,  
For thirst of single kingdom him he kild  
But Ebranek saved both their infamies  
With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild  
In Hemannt, where yet of his victories  
Brave monuments remaine, which yet that land  
envies

XXII

An happy man in his first dayes he was,  
 And happy father of faire progeny  
 For all so many weekes as the yere las,  
 So many children he did multiply  
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply  
 Their mundes to prayse and chivalrous desyre  
 Those germans did subdue all Germany,  
 Of whom it light, but in the end their Syre  
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to  
 relyre

XXIII

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,  
 The second Brute, the second both in name  
 And eke in semblance of his puissance great,  
 Right well reeur'd, and did awy that blame  
 With recompence of everlasting fame  
 He with his victour sword first opened  
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,  
 And taught her first how to be conquered,  
 Since which, with sondrie spoiles she hath been  
 ransacked

XXIV

Let Sceldis tell, and let tell Hamra,  
 And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,  
 What colour were their waters that same day,  
 And all the moore twixt Thersham and Dell,  
 With blood of Henauls which therein fell.  
 How oft that day did sad Brunelldis see  
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermill?  
 That not *Scuth quirdh* it mote seeme to bee,  
 But rather *y scuth gogh*, signe of sad crueltee

XXV

His sonne, king Leill, by fathers labour long,  
 Enjoy'd an heritage of lasting peere,  
 And built Carleill, and built Carleon strong  
 Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,  
 But taught the land from wearis wars to cease  
 Whose footsteps Bladuil following, in artes  
 Excelld at Athens all the learned prece,  
 From whence he brought them to these salvage  
 parts,  
 And with sweet science mollified their stub-  
 borne hartes

XXVI

Ensamble of his wondrous freults,  
 Behold the boiling battles at Carhadon,  
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,  
 And in their entrailles, full of quiek Brimston,  
 Nourish the flames which they are warm  
 upon,  
 That to their people wealth they forth do well,  
 And health to every forreyne nation  
 Yet he at last, contending to exceed  
 The reach of men, through flight into fond  
 mischance fell

XXVII

Next him king Leir in happie peace long  
 raynil,  
 But had no issue male him to succeed,  
 But three faire daughters, which were well  
 uptraind  
 In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed  
 Amongst whom his realme he equally decreed  
 To have divided Tho, when feeble age  
 Nigh to his utmost dte he saw proceed,  
 He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage  
 Inquir'd, which of them most did love her  
 parentage?

XXVIII

The eldest, Gonorill, gan to protest [lov'd,  
 That she much more than her owne life him  
 And Regan greater love to him y rofest  
 Then all the world, when ever it were proof'd,  
 But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoov'd  
 Whose simple answer, wanting colours fayre  
 To print it forth, him to displeasance mov'd,  
 That in his crown he counted her no havre,  
 But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole  
 did share

XXIX

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scotte,  
 And thother to the king of Cambria, [lottes,  
 And twixt them shar'd his realme by equal  
 But without dowre the wise Cordeilia  
 Was sent to Agrippa, of Celtia  
 Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,  
 A private life led in Albama  
 With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,  
 That nought him griev'd to beerne from rule  
 deposed downe.

XXX

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,  
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne awy  
 So, when he had resign'd his regiment,  
 His daughter gan despise his chauncing day,  
 And weare wry of his continuall stay  
 Tho to his daughter Regan he repair'd,  
 Who him at first well used every way,  
 But when of his departure she despar'd,  
 Her bounties he abated, and his cheere enpair'd.

XXXI

The wretched man gan then arise too late,  
 That love is not where most it is profest,  
 Too truchly tryde in his extremest state  
 At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,  
 He to Cordelia him selfe addrest,  
 Who with entyre affection him receiv'd,  
 As for her Syre and king her seem'd best,  
 And after all an army strong she leav'd,  
 To war on those which him had of his realme  
 bereav'd

## XXVII

So to his crowne she him restord againe,  
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,  
And after wold it should to her remaine,  
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,  
And all mens harts in dew obedience held,  
Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,  
Through proud ambition against her rebeld  
And overcommen kept in prison long, [hong  
Till weary of that wretched life her selfe she

## XXVIII

Then gan the bloody brethiren both to raine,  
But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy  
His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdaine  
To have a pere in part of soveranty,  
And kindling coles of cruell enmity,  
Raisd warre, and him in battell overthrew  
Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,  
Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him  
slew  
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall  
knew

## XXIX

His sonne Ryall' his dead rowme did supply,  
In whose sad time blood did from heaven rayne  
Next great Gurgustus, then faire Cæcily,  
In constant peace their kingdomes did contayne  
After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,  
And Gorbogud, till far in years he grew  
Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne  
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew,  
Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex him in prison  
threw

## XXX

But O<sup>1</sup> the greedy thirst of royall crowne,  
That knowes no kinned, nor regards no right,  
Stird Porrex up to put his brother downe,  
Who, unto him assembling soveraigne might,  
Made warre on him, and fell him selfe in fight  
Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercesse,  
Most mercesse of women, Wyden hight,  
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,  
And with most cruell hand him murdered  
pittlesse

## XXXI

Here ended Brutus sacred progeny, [borne  
Which had seven hundred y cares thus scepter  
With high renowme and great felicity • [borne  
The noble branch from th' antique stocke was  
Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne  
Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,  
Whilest each of Brutus boasted to be borne,  
That in the end was left no monument  
Of Brutus, nor of Britons glorie auncient

## XXXII

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,  
And wondrous wit to menage high assayres,  
Who, stird with pity of the stressed plight  
Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres  
By such as claymd themselves Brutes right-  
full hayres,  
Gathered the Princes of the people loose  
To taken consell of their common cares,  
Who, with his wisdom won, him streight did  
choose [loose.  
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or

## XXXIII

Then made he head against his enemies,  
And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate,  
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allyes,  
This of Albany newly nominate,  
And that of Cambry king confirmed late,  
He overthrew through his owne valhaunce,  
Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,  
And shortly brought to civile governaunce,  
Now one, which earst were many made through  
variance.

## XXXIV

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men  
Were unto him reveald in vision, [say  
By which he freed the Travellers high-way,  
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,  
Restraining stealth and strong extortion,  
The gracious Numa of great Britany,  
For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion  
By strength was wielded without pollicy  
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for  
dignity.

## XL

Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)  
And left two sonnes, of pearlesse prowess  
both,  
That sacked Rome too dearly did assay,  
The recompence of their perjured oth,  
And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they  
were wroth,  
Besides subjected France and Germany,  
Which yet their praises speake, all be they  
And mly tremble at the memory [loth,  
Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

## XLI

Next them did Gurgunt, great Belmus sonne,  
In rule succede, and eke in fathers praise,  
He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,  
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,  
The which was dew in his dead fathers daies  
He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,  
Whom he at sea found wandring from their  
waies,

A sent to Ireland safely to remayne,  
Which they should hold of him, as subject to  
Britayne.

## XLII

After him raigned Guitheline his hayre,  
The justest man and trest in his daies,  
Who had to wife Dame Mertin the fayre,  
A woman worthy of immortal praise, [lives,  
Whom for this Realme found many goodly  
And wholesome Statutes to her husband  
brought.

Her many deemes to have bene of the Fynes,  
As was Agerie that Numa taught  
Those yet of her be Mertin lawes both nam'd  
and thought

## XLIII

Her sonne Sisillus after her did ravne,  
And then Kimarus, and then Danus  
Next whom Morlind did the crowne sustayne,  
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous  
And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous  
And mightie deedes, should match'd have  
the best.  
As well in that same field victorious  
Against the forreine Morand, he exprest,  
Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in  
rest.

## XLIV

Five sonnes he left, begotten of one wife,  
All which successively by turnes did ravne  
First Gordoman, a man of vertuous life  
Next Archigald, who for his proud chidavne  
Deposed was from principome soverayne,  
And pittious Elidure put in his sted,  
Who shortly it to him restor'd agayne,  
Till by his death he it recovered  
But Peridure and Vigent him dethronized.

## XLV

In wretched prison long he did remaine,  
Till they outraign'd had their utmost date,  
And then therein roseized was againe,  
And ruled long with honorable state,  
Till he surrendered Realme and life to fate.  
Then all the sonnes of these five brethren ravnd  
By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late,  
Even thirte eleven descents the crowne retavnd,  
Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd

## XLVI

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,  
Left of his life most famous memory,  
And endless monuments of his great good  
The run'd wals he did reedifye  
Of Troynovant, gainst force of enemy,  
And built that gate which of his name is hight,  
By which he lyes entomb'd solemnly

He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,  
Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might

## XLVII

Whilst they were young, Cassablane, their  
Was by the people chosen in their sted, [kine,  
Who on him tooke the rouall Diademe,  
And goodly well long time it governed,  
Till the provide Romanae him disquieted,  
And warlike Caesar, tempted with the name  
Of this sweet Island never conquered,  
And envying the Britons blazed fame,  
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

## XLVIII

Yet wise they were repuls'd backe againe,  
And twice rensor'd backe to their ships to fly,  
The whiles with blood they all the shore did  
staine,  
And the gray Ocean into purple dy  
Ne had they footing found at last, perdie,  
Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,  
And covous of Uncles soveraintie,  
Betray'd his countrey unto forreine voyle.  
Nought els but treason from the first this land  
did soyle.

## XLIX

So by him Caesar got the victory,  
Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,  
In which himselfe was charged heavily  
Of bar Iv Nennius, whom he yet did slay,  
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.  
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made  
T'ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,  
Till Arthur all that reckoning desfrayd -  
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly  
swayd.

## L

Next him Tenantius raign'd, then Kimbeline,  
What time th' eternall Lord in fleshy slime  
Enwomb'd was, from wretched Adams linc  
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime.  
O joyous memorie of happy time,  
That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd!  
(O too high ditty for my simple rime!)  
Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd,  
For that their tribute he refus'd to let be payd

## LI

Good Claudius, that next was Emperour,  
An arm brought, and with him batteile fought,  
In which the king was by a Treachetour  
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought;  
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;  
For Arvirage his brothers place supplide  
Both in his armes and crowne, and by that  
draught

Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,  
That they to peace agreed. So all was paci-  
fyde

## LII

Was never king more highly magnified,  
Nor dredd of Romanes, then was Arrage,  
For which the Emperour to him alhede  
His daughter Genuiss' in marriage  
Yet shortly he renounst the vassallage  
Of Rome againe, who hither hastily sent  
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage  
Forwasted all, till Genussa gent  
Persuaded him to ceasse, and her lord to relent

## LIII

He dide, and him succeeded Marius,  
Who joyd his dayes in great tranquility.  
Then Coyll, and after him good Lueus,  
That first receivd Christianity,  
The sacred pledge of Christes Evangely  
Yet true it is, that long before that day  
Hither came Joseph of Arimathy, [say,  
Who brought with him the holy grayle, they  
And preachd the trnth, but since it greatly  
did decay

## LIV

This good king shortly without issew dide,  
Whereof great tronble in the kingdome grew,  
That did her selfe in sondry parts divide,  
And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew.  
Whilste Romanes daily did the weake subdew  
Which seeing, stout Brinduca up arose,  
And taking armes the Britons to her drew,  
With whom she marchd streight against her  
foes, [close  
And them unwaies besides the Severne did en-

## LV

There she with them a ernell battell tryde,  
Not with so good successe as shee deserv'd,  
By reason that the Capitaines on her syde,  
Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerv'd  
Yet, such as were through former fight pre-  
serv'd  
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,  
And with fresh corage on the victor serv'd  
But being all defeated, save a few, [slew.  
Rather then fly, or be captiv'd, her selfe she

## LVI

O famous monument of womens prayse!  
Matchable either to Semiramis,  
Whom antique history so high doth raise,  
Or to Hypsipyl', or to Thomyris  
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is,  
Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,  
Triumphed off against her enemies,

And yet, though overcome in haplesse fight,  
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies des-pight.

## LVII

Her rehques Fulgent having gathered,  
Fought with Severus, and him overthrowd,  
Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled,  
So made them victors whome he did subdew  
Then gan Carausius tyrannize anew,  
And gaunst the Romanes bent their proper  
powre,  
But him Allectus treacherously slew,  
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure  
Nath lesse the same enjoyed but short happy  
howre

## LVIII

For Aselepiodate him overcame,  
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,  
Without or robe or rag to lude his shame  
Then afterwards he in his stead did rage,  
But shortly was by Coyll in battell slaine  
Who after long debate, since Lucies try me,  
Was of the Britons first crownd Sovereine  
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime  
He of his name Coylehester built of stone and  
lime.

## LIX

Which when the Romanes heard, they hither  
sent  
Constantius, a man of mickle might,  
With whome king Coyll made an agrement,  
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,  
Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight,  
Who in all godly thewes and goodly praise  
Did far excell, but was most famous light  
For skil in Musicke of all in her daies,  
As well in curious instruments as enning  
laies

## LX

Of whom he did great Constantine begett,  
Who afterward was Emperour of Rome,  
To whom whiles absent he his mind did sett,  
Octavius here lept into his roome,  
And it usurped by unrighteous doome  
But he his title justifie by might,  
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome  
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight  
So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd  
his right.

## LXI

But wanting ysew male, his daughter deire  
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,  
And him with her made of his kingdome heire,  
Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,  
Till murdered by the freends of Gratian [land,  
Then gan the Hunnes and Piets invade this  
During the raigne of Maximian,



Who dyng left none helpe them to withstand,  
But that they overru all parts with east  
land.

## I X I I

The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth  
Was by Maximian lately led away,  
With wretched miseries and woefull ruth,  
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,  
And daily spectacle of sad decay  
Whome Romane warres, which now four  
hundred yeares  
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay,  
Till, by consent of Commons and of Peares,  
They crownd the second Constantine with  
joyous teares.

## I X I I I

Who having oft in battell vanquished  
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easter-  
lings,  
Long time in pence his realme established,  
Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordrings,  
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings  
With which the world did in those daies  
abound  
Which to outbarre, with painefull pronyngs  
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,  
Which from Alelund to Panwelt did that border  
bound

## I X I V

Three sones he dyng left, all under age,  
By meenes whereof their uncle Vortigere  
Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage,  
Which th' Infants tutors gathering to feare,  
Them closely into Armorick did beare  
For dread of whom, and for those Picts an-  
noyes,  
He sent to Germany strange aid to renre  
From whence eftsouones arrived here three  
hues  
Of Saxons, whom he for his safety employes

## I X I V

Two brethren were their Captaynes, which  
light  
Hengist and Horsa, well approv'd in warre,  
And both of them men of renommed might,  
Who making vantage of their evile jarre,  
And of those forreyners which came from  
farre,  
Grew great, and got large portions of land,  
That in the Realme ere long they stronger  
arre [hand,  
Then they which sought at first their helping  
And Vortiger have forst the kingdome to  
nband

## I X I I

But by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,  
He is againe unto his rule restord,  
And Hengist, seeming sad for that was donne,  
Received is to grace and new account, [word  
Through his faire daughters face and flatterng  
Soone after which three hundred Lords he slew  
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord,  
Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,  
Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonheng  
sew

## I X I I I

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,  
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne,  
And, here arriving, strongly challenged  
The crowne which Vortiger did long detain  
Who, strug from his guilt, by them was  
slayne, [death  
And Hengist eke soon brought to shamefull  
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rene,  
Till that through poison stopped was his breath,  
So now entombed lies at Stonheng by the  
heath

## I X I I I I

After him Uther, which Pendragon light,  
Succeeding—There abruptly it did end,  
Without full point, or other Censure right,  
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,  
Or th' Author selfe could not at least attend  
To finish it that so untimely breach  
The Prince him selfe halfe seemed to offend,  
Yet secret pleasure did offence emperch,  
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speech

## I X I V

At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare  
The royall Offspring of his native land,  
Crye out Deare countrey! O! how dearely  
deare  
Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band  
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand  
Did common breath and nouriture receive  
How brutish is it not to understand  
How much to her we owe, that all us gave,  
That gave unto us all what ever good we have

## I X I V

But Given all this while his booke shd read,  
Ne yet has ended, for it was a great  
And ample volume, that doth far exceed  
My leasure so long leaves here to repeat  
It told how first Prometheus did create  
A man, of many parts from beasts deriv'd,  
And then stole fire from heven to animate  
His worke, for which he was by Jove depry'd  
Of life him self, and hart-strings of an Aegle  
rev'd,

## LXXI

That man so made he called Elfe, to weet  
Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd,  
Who, wandring through the world with wearene  
feet,

Did in the gardins of Adonis find  
A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd  
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,  
Or Angell, th' authour of all woman kynd,  
Therefore a Fry he her according hight,  
Of whom all faeryes spring, and fetch their  
hignage right

## LXXII

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,  
And puissant kinges which all the world  
warryd

And to them selves all Nations did subden  
The first and eldest, winch that scepter swayd,  
Was Lissin, hum all India obayd,  
And all that now America men call  
Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid  
Cleopols foundation first of all  
But Elsilune enclosed it with a golden wall

## LXXIII

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame  
The wicked Gobbelmes in bloody field,  
But Elfant was of most renowned fame,  
Who all of Christall did Panthea build  
Then Elsar, who two brethren gyantes kild,  
The one of which had two heades, th' other  
three  
Then Elfinor, who was in magick skild,  
He built by art upon the glassy See  
A bridge of bris, whose sound heuens thunder  
seem'd to bee.

## LXXIV

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,  
And all their Offspring, in their dew descents,

Even seven hundred Princes, which maintaynd  
With mightie deedes their soudry govern-  
ments,

That were too long their infinite contents  
Here to record, ne much materiall.  
Yet should they be most famous monuments,  
And brave en-ample, both of martiall  
And civil rule, to kinges and states imperall.

## LXXV

After all these Elfelees did rayne,  
The wise Elhelees, in great Majestie,  
Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,  
And with rich spoyle and famous victorie  
Did high aduance the crowne of Faery  
He left two sonnes, of which saure Elseron,  
The eldest brother, did untimely dy,  
Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon  
Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion

## LXXVI

Great was his power and glorie over all  
Which, him before, that sacred seate did fill,  
That yet remaines his wide memorill  
He dying left the fairest Tanquill,  
Hum to succeede therein, by his last will  
Fairer and nobler liveth none thus howre,  
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill,  
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre  
Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and  
great powre

## LXXVII

Begynld thus with delight of novelties,  
And naturall desire of countryes state,  
So long they redd in those antiquities,  
That how the time was fled they quite forgate,  
Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,  
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought  
To thinke how supper did them long awate  
So halfe unwilling from their bookes them  
brought,  
And sayrely feasted as so noble knightes sh

## CANTO XI

The enlmes of Temperaunce  
Beslege her dwelling place  
Prince Arthure them repelles, and fowle  
Malerger doth deface

## I

What warre so cruel, or what sieg so sore,  
As that which strong affections doe apply  
Against the sorte of reason evermore,  
To bring the sowle into captivity?

Their force is fiercer through infirmity  
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,  
And exereise most bitter tyrann  
Upon the partes brought into their bondage  
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull velleuage

## II

But in a body which doth freely yeld  
His partes to reasons rule obedient,  
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,  
All happy peace and goodly government  
Is settled there in sure establishment  
There Alma, like a virgin Queene most bright  
Doth flourish in all beantie excellent  
And to her guesstes doth bounteous banquet light,  
Attempted goodly well for health and for  
delight.

## III

Early, before the Morne with cremosin ray  
The windowes of bright heaven opened had,  
Through which into the world the dawning  
day  
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,  
Uprose Sir Guyon, in bright armour clad,  
And to his purpos'd journey him prepar'd  
With him the Palmer eke in habit sad  
Him selfe address to that adventure hard  
So to the rivers syde they both together far'd

## IV

Where them awaited ready at the ford  
The Ferriman, as Alma had beLIGHT,  
With his well rigged bote They goe aboard,  
And he eftsouones gan launch his barke forth-  
right.  
Fre long they rowed were quite out of sight,  
And fast the land behynd them fled away  
But let them pass, whiles wind and wether  
right  
Does serve their turnes here I a while must stay,  
To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this  
day

## V

For all so soone as Guyon thence was gon  
Upon his voyage with his trustie guide,  
That wicked band of villemes fre-h begon  
That castle to assaile on every side,  
And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.  
So huge and infinite their numbers were,  
That all the land they under them did hyle,  
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding ferre  
Their visages imprest when they approached  
neare.

## VI

Them in twelve troupes their Captem did  
dispart,  
And round about in fittest steades did place,  
Where each might best offend his proper part,  
And his contrary object most deface  
As every one seem'd meetest in that cace  
Seven of the same against the Castle gate  
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,

Which with incessant force and endlesse hate  
They battred day and night, and entraunce  
did awate.

## VII

The other five five sondry wayes he sett  
Against the five great Bulwarke of that py le,  
And unto each a Bulwarke did arrett,  
To assayle with open force or hidden guile,  
In hope thereof to win victorions spoile  
They all that charge did fervently apply  
With greedie malice and importune twyle,  
And planted there their huge artillery,  
With which they daily made most dreadfull  
battery

## VIII

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement  
Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some  
were  
Headed like Owles, with beekes uncomely bent,  
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,  
And some had wings, and some had clawes to  
terre  
And every one of them had Lynces eyes,  
And every one did bow and arrowes beare  
All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt envyes,  
And covetous aspects, all cruell enemies

## IX

Those came against the bulwarke of the Sight  
Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,  
Ne once did yiehl it respite day nor night,  
But soone as Titon gan his head exault,  
And soone againe as he his light withdraught,  
Their wicked engins they against it bent  
That is, each thing by which the eyes may  
faulst  
But two then all more huge and violent,  
Beaute and Money, they that Bulwarke sorely  
rent

## X

The second Bulwarke was the Hearing sence,  
Gainst which the second troupe assignment  
makes,  
Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,  
Some having heads like Harts, some like to  
Snakes {brakes  
Some like wilde Bores late ronzil out of the  
Slaunders reproches, and fowle infamies  
Lersinges, backbitinges, and vain-glorious  
crakes,  
Had counsels, prayes, and false flatteries  
All those against that fort did benil their  
bateries.

## XI

I likewise that same third Fort, that is the  
Smell,  
Of that third troupe was cruell assayd,

Whoe hideous shapes were like to feedes of  
 hell, [dismayd  
 Some like to houndes, some like to Apes,  
 Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arrayd,  
 All shap'd according their conditions  
 1 or by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd  
 Foolish delights, and fond abusions,  
 Which doe that sence besiege with light  
 illusions.

## VII

And that fourth band which cruell brutry  
 bent  
 Against the fourth Bulwarke that is the Taste,  
 Was, as the rest, a grisly rablement. [faste  
 Some mouth'd like greedy Ostriges, some  
 Like loathly Tordes, some fashioned in the  
 Like swine, for so deform'd is luxury, [waste  
 Surfeit misdiect, and unthrifue waste,  
 Vaine festes, and ydle superflinty  
 All those thus sences Fort assaile incessantly

## VIII

But the fift troupe, most horrible of hien  
 And ferece of fore, is dreadfull to report,  
 For some like Snails, some did like spiders  
 shew,  
 And some like ugly Urchins thick and short.  
 Cruelly they assayed that fift Fort,  
 Armed with darts of sensuall Delight,  
 With stunges of carnall lust, and strong effort  
 Of seeking pleasure, with which day and night  
 Against that same fift Bulwarke they continued  
 fight

## IX

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull  
 pueruance  
 Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,  
 And evermore their hideous Ordinaunce  
 Upon the Bulwarke cruelly did play.  
 That now it gan to threaten decay  
 And evermore their wicked Capitayn  
 Provok'd them the breaches to assay.  
 Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope  
 of gayn, [stayn  
 Which by the ransack of that peece they should

## X

On th' other side, the assieged Castles ward  
 Their steadfast stonds did mightily maintaine,  
 And manye bold repulse and many hard  
 Atchivement wrought, with perill and with  
 payne,  
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine  
 And those two brethren Gaintes did defend  
 The walles so stoutly with their turke mayne,  
 That never entrance any durst pretend,  
 Bat they to direfull death their growning ghostes  
 did send

## XVI

The noble Virgin, Ladie of the Place,  
 Was much dismayed with that dreadfull sight,  
 For never was she in so evill case,  
 Till that the Prince, seeing her wofull plight,  
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,  
 Offring his service, and his dearest life  
 For her defence against that Carle to fight,  
 Which was their chiefe and th' authour of that  
 strife  
 She him remerci'd as the Patrone of her life

## XVII

Esprones himselfe in glitterand armes he  
 dight  
 And his well proved weapons to him hent,  
 So, taking courteous congé, he belight  
 Those gates to be mard and forth he went  
 Layre mote he thee, the provest and most  
 gent,  
 That ever brandish'd bright steele on hie  
 Whome soone as that unruly rablement  
 With his gay Squier revewing did espie, [cry  
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling

## XVIII

And therewithall atonce at him let fly [snow,  
 Their flutting arrowes, thicke as flakes of  
 And round about him flocke impetuously,  
 Like a great water flood that tomling low  
 From the high mountaines, threatens to over-  
 flow  
 With sudden fury all the fertile playne,  
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth  
 throw [vayne,  
 Adowne the streame, and all his voves make  
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may  
 sustayne

## XIX

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,  
 And with his sword disperst the raskall  
 flockes,  
 Which fled a-order, and him fell before,  
 As withered leaves drop from their dried  
 stockes, [locks  
 When the wroth Western wind does reave their  
 And underneath him his courageous steed  
 The fierce Spumador, trode them downe like  
 docks.  
 The fierce Spumador, borne of heavenly seed,  
 Such as Laomedon of Phabus ree did breed

## XX

Which suddaine horror and confus'd cry  
 When as their Captaine heard in haste he rode  
 The cause to wee, and fault to remedy  
 Upon a Tigre swift and herce he rode,

That as the winde ran underneath his lode,  
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the  
ground.

Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,  
But of such subtille substance and unsound,  
That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-  
clothes were unbound.

## XXI

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,  
And many arrowes under his right side,  
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,  
Hended with flint, and fethers bloody hide,  
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide  
Those could he well direct and streight as line,  
And bid them strike the marke which he had  
eye,

Ne was there sike, ne was there medecine,  
That mote recure their wounds, so nly they  
dill tunc

## XXII

As pale and wan as ashes was his look,  
His body leane and meagre as a rake,  
And skul all withered like a dried rooke,  
Thereto as cold and drev as a snike,  
That seemd to tremble evermore and quike,  
All in a cany as him he was bedight,  
And girded with a belt of twisted brke  
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,  
Maile of a dead mans skull, that seemd  
ghastly sight.

## XXIII

Moleger was his name, and after him  
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,  
With horry lookes all loose and visage grim  
Their feet unshod, their buskes wrapt in rags,  
And both as swift on foot as chived Stags,  
And yet the one her other legges had lame,  
Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags  
She dill support, and Impotence her name  
But th other was Impatience, arm'd with  
raging flame

## XXIV

Soone as the Carle from far the Prince espide  
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,  
His Beast he fellly prickt on either side,  
And his mischievous bow full readie bent  
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent  
But he was wrie, and it warded well  
Upon his shield, that it no further went,  
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell  
Then he another and another dill expell

## XXV

Which to prevent the Prince his mortall speare  
Soone to him raught, and herce at him dill  
ride,

To be avenged of that shot why leare,  
But he was not so hardy to abide  
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside  
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare  
Whom to pourse the Infant after hide  
So fast as his good Courser could him beare,  
But labour lost it was to weene approach him  
neare

## XXVI

For as the winged wind his Tygre fled,  
That yen of eye could scarce him overtake,  
Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread  
Through hils and dales he speedy way dill  
make,  
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,  
And in his sight the villem turn'd his face  
(As nonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,  
Whennas the Russian him in sight does chace)  
Unto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace

## XXVII

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,  
Still as the greely knight nigh to him drew,  
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,  
That him his foe more fiercely should pour-  
sen  
But when his uncount manner he did see,  
He gan avize to follow him no more.  
But keepe his standing, and his shiffes eschew,  
Untill he quite had spent his perlonous store,  
And then assaye le him fresh, ere he could shift  
for more

## XXVIII

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strow  
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,  
And to him brought, fresh battell to renew,  
Which he espyn east her to re-traine  
From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine.  
And her attaching thought her hands to tye,  
But soone as him dismounted on the plaine  
That other Hag dill far away espye  
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily,

## XXIX

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,  
Him brackenard overthrew, and slowne him  
styll  
With their rude handes and gryckly grapple-  
ment,  
Till that the villem, comming to their ayll,  
Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd  
Full litle wanted but he had him slaine  
And of the battell bilefull end had made  
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his princ,  
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter  
bane.

XXV

So greatest and most glorious thing on  
ground  
May often need the helpe of weaker hand,  
So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,  
That in assurance it may never stand,  
Till it dissolue be from earthly band  
Prooue be thou, Princee, the prouest man al ye,  
And noblest borne of all in Britayne land,  
Yet thee herce Fortune did so nearely drive,  
That, had not grace thee blest, thou shouldst  
not suruiue

XXXI

The Squire arriving fiercely in his armes  
Snateht frst the one, and then the other Jade,  
His chiefest letts and anthers of his harmes,  
And them perforce withheld with threatned  
blade,  
Least that his Lord they should behinde invade,  
The whiles the Princee, prickt with reprochful  
shame,  
As one awake out of long slombring shade,  
Revuyng thought of glory and of fame,  
United all his powres to purge him selfe from  
blame.

XXXII

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave  
Hath long bene underkept and down suppress,  
With murmurous disdayne doth only rage,  
And grudge in so streight prison to be prest,  
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,  
And strives to mount unto his native seat.  
All that did earst it hinder and molest, [heat,  
Yt now deuoures with flames and seorching,  
And carries into smoake with rage and horror  
great

XXXIII

So mightely the Briton Princee him rouza  
Out of his holde, and broke his caytiue bands,  
And as a Beare, whom angry curres haue touzld,  
Hauing off-shakht them and escapt their hands,  
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands  
Treads down and overthrowes Now had the  
Carle

Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands  
Discharged of his bow and deadly quarle,  
To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle

XXXIV

Which now him turnd to disauantage deare,  
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,  
But trust unto his strength and manhood  
meare,

Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,  
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme  
The knight, yet rothfull for his late disgrace,  
Fiercely aduunst his valorous right arme,

And him so sore smott with his yron mace,  
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild  
his place

XXXV

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,  
And all his labor brought to happy end,  
When sudden up the villeine overthrowne  
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,  
And gan him selfe to second battaill bend,  
As hurt he had not beene Thereby there lay  
An huge great stone, which stood upon one  
end,  
And had not bene removed many a day;  
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of  
sundry way

XXXVI

The same he snateht, and with exceeding  
sway  
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware  
To shonne the engin of his meant deuar,  
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,  
But grownd he gawe, and lightly lept areare  
Est fierce retourning, as a fauleon sayre,  
That once hath failed of her souse full noare,  
Remounts againe into the open ayre,  
And unto better fortune doth her selfe pre-  
payre

XXXVII

So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade  
He to the Carle him selfe agayn addrest,  
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made  
An open passage through his riven brest,  
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest,  
Which drawing backe, he looked evermore  
When the hart blood should gush out of his  
chest,

O! his dead corse should fall upon the fere,  
But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathe-  
more

XXXVIII

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,  
All were the wound so wide awl wonderous  
That through his carcas one might playnly  
see

Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,  
And halfe in rage to becluded thus,  
Again through both the sides he strooke him  
quight,  
That made his spright to grone full piteous,  
Yet nathemore furth fled his groning spright,  
But freshly, as at first, preparad himselfe to  
fight.

XXXIX

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,  
And trembling terror did his hart apall,  
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,  
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all

He doubted least it were some magick  
Illusion that did beguile his sense,  
Or wandering ghost that wanted funerall,  
Or nery spirits under false pretence,  
Or hellich feend rayed up through diuinel  
science

xi

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,  
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,  
And oft of error did himselfe appeach  
Flesh without blood, a person without spirit,  
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,  
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed  
bee,

That could not die, yet seemed a mortall wight  
That was most strong in most infirmitee,  
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see

xii

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,  
Yet would he not for all his great dismay  
Give over to effect his first intent,  
And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,  
Or th' utmost yeeue of his owne decay  
His owne good sword Mordure, that neuer  
fauld

At need till now, he lightly threw away,  
And his bright shield that nought him moun  
arrayd

And with his naked hands him forcibly assauld

xiii

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he  
swicht,

And crusht his carcas so against his brest  
That the disdainfull soule he thence dispartt,  
And eke ylle breath all utterly exprest  
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest  
The lumpish corse unto the seneclesse ground  
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wreat,  
That backe againe it did nyste rebound,  
And gaue against his mother earth a grone-  
full sound

xiv

As when Joves Irisse bearing Bird from  
hye

Stoupes at a flying heron with proud displayne,  
The stone dead quarres falls so forcibly  
That it reboundes against the lowly playne,  
A second fall redoubting brake agayne  
Then thought the Prince all peril sure was  
past,

And that he victor onely shd remaine,  
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast  
Can heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down  
was cast.

xv

Nigh his wits end then wore th' amazed  
knight,

And thought his labour lost, and travell vayne,  
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight  
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighte mayne,  
That, while he marvelld still, did tell him  
payne;

Forthly he gan coun other wayes advise  
How to take life from that dead living  
swayne,

Whom still he marked frechly to arise  
From th' earth, and from her womb new spirits  
to reize.

xvi

He then remembered well, that had bene said  
How th' Earth his mother was, and first him  
bore,

She eke, so often as his life decayd,  
Did life with nurse to him restore  
And rayed him up much stronger then he ere,  
So soon as he unto her wombe did fall  
Therefore to grownd he would him cast no  
more,

Ne him commit to grise torn trail  
But heare him farre from looke of succour  
usuall

xvii

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant  
hands

And having scrud out of his curtain robe  
The lathfull life now loose from sinfull bands,  
Upon his shoulders carried him perforce  
Above three furlonges, taking his full course  
Until he came unto a standing lake  
Him therto he threw without remorse  
Ne stir, till hope of life did him forsake  
So end of that Carles dayes, and his owne  
paynes did make.

xviii

Which when those wicked Hags from far did  
spye

Like two mad dogs they ran about the lumps,  
And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling  
crye

Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,  
And having quencht her burning her brands,  
Hedlong her selfe shd cast into that lake  
But impotence with her owne willfull hands  
One of Malecours cursed darts did talc  
So rayd her trembling hurt, and wicked end  
did make.

xix

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines  
Tho, coming to his Squire that kept his steed,

Thought to have mounted, but his feeble  
 vaines  
 Him faild thereto, and serued not his need,  
 Through losse of blood which from his wounds  
 did bleed,  
 That he began to faint, and life decay  
 But his good Squire, him helping up with  
 speed,  
 With steadfast hand upon his horse did stay,  
 And led him to the Castle by the beaten  
 way.

XIIX  
 Where many Groomes and Squyres ready were  
 To take him from his steed full tenderly,  
 And eke the fayrest Alma mett him there  
 With balme, and wine, and costely speery,  
 To comfort him in his infirmitie  
 Esteemes shee caused him up to be conuayd,  
 And of his armes despoyled easily  
 In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd,  
 And al the while his wounds were dressing by  
 him stayd.

## CANTO XII.

Guyon, by Palmers gouernance,  
 Passing through perilles great,  
 Doth overthrow the Bowre of Ills,  
 And Acrasy defeat

I

Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temper-  
 aunce  
 Fairely to rise, and her adorned hed  
 To pricke of highest pryse forth to aduunee,  
 Formerly grounded and fast setteled  
 On firme foundation of true bountyhed  
 And this brave knight, that for this vertue  
 fightes,  
 Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,  
 Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,  
 Mougst thousand dangers, and ten thousand  
 Magick mights

II

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,  
 Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,  
 Ne ought save perill still as he did pas  
 Tho when appeared the thurd Morrow bright  
 Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,  
 An ludeous roring far away they heard,  
 That all their senses filled with affright,  
 And streight they saw the raging surges reard  
 Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made  
 afferrd.

III

Said then the Boteman, 'Palmer, sterc aright,  
 And keepe an even course, for yonder way  
 We needes must pas (God doe us wellacquight)  
 That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,  
 That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray,  
 Which having swallowd up excessus elv,  
 He soone in vomit up againe doth lry,  
 And belcheth forth his superfluty,  
 That all the seas for feare doe seeme awy to fly

IV

'On thother syde an ludeous Rocke is pight  
 Of mightie Magnes stone, whose craggie chift  
 Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,  
 Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,  
 And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift  
 On whoso cometh nigh, yet nigh it drawes  
 All passengers, that none from it can shift  
 For, whilest they fly that Gulses devouring jaws,  
 They on this rock are rent, and sunck in hulples  
 waves'

V

Forward they passe, and strongly lic them  
 rowes,

Untill they nigh unto that Gulfe arriue,  
 Where streame more violent and greedy growes  
 Then he with all his pursuance doth stryue  
 To strike his oares, and mightily doth drive  
 The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave,  
 Which, gaping wide to swallow them alive  
 In th' huge abyse of his engulfling grave,  
 Doth ror at them in vaine, and with great  
 terror rave

VI

They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see  
 Suckling the seas into his entralles deepe,  
 That seemd more horrible then hell to bee,  
 Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe  
 Through which the damned ghosts doen often  
 ereepe  
 Backe to the world, bad liues to torment  
 But nought that fallies into this direfull deepe  
 Ne that approacheth nigh the wyde descent,  
 May backe retourne, but is condemned to be  
 drent.

L



## VII

On thother side they saw that perillous Roche,  
Threatning it selfe on them to rinate,  
On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke,  
And shivered shups, which had bene wrecked,  
Yet stuck with carcases exanimate [late,  
Of such, as having all their substance spent  
In wanton joves and lustes intemperate,  
Died afterwards like shipwreck violent  
Both of their life and fame, for ever fowly blent.

## VIII

Forthy this lught The Roche of vile Reproch,  
A dangerous and detestable place,  
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approch,  
But selling Meaves, with Seagullies hoars and  
    bace,  
And Cormorants, with birds of ravenous race,  
Which still sat waiting on that wastfull chist  
For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,  
After lost credit and consumed thirst,  
At last them driven hath to this despairfull  
    drift

## IX

The Palmer seeing them in safetie past,  
Thus saide, ' Behold th' ensamples in our sight  
Of lustfull luxury and thirstlesse wast  
What now is left of miserable wightes,  
Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,  
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red  
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill  
Let all that live hereby be counselled [plightes?  
To shunne Roche of Reproch, and it as death  
    to dred "

## X

So forth they rowed, and that Ferryman  
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so  
    strong,  
That the hoare waters from his frant ran,  
And the light lubles daunced all along,  
While the salt brine out of the hollowes sprong  
At last fir off they many Islands spy  
On every side floting the floodes among  
Then said the knight ' Lo ! I the land descri,  
Therefore, old Sir, thy course doe thereunto  
    applv

## XI

' That may not bee,' said then the Ferryman,  
' Let's wee unweeting hap to be fordonae  
For those same Islands, seeming now and then,  
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,  
But strigling plots which to and fro doe ronne  
In the wide waters therefore are they light  
The Wandring Islands Therefore doe them  
    shonne [wight  
For they have ofte drawne many a wandring  
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight

## XII

' Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth  
    vew,  
Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispreed  
With grassy greene of delectable hew,  
And the tall trees with leives appareled  
Are deckt with blossoms di do in white and red,  
That mote the passengers thereto allure,  
But whosoever once hath fastened  
His foot thereon, may never it recure,  
But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsure.

## XIII

' As th' Isle of Delos why lone, men report,  
Amid th' Aegean sea long time did stray,  
Ne made for shipping any certein port,  
Till that Latona travailing that way,  
Flying from Junoes wrath and hard assay,  
Of her fayre twins was there delivered.  
Which afterwards did rule the night and day  
Thenceforth it firmly was established,  
And for Apolloes temple highly herried.'

## XIV

They to him hearken, as bescemeth meete,  
And passe on forward so their way does lie,  
That one of those same Islands, which doe  
    fleet  
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,  
Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the  
    eye,  
That it would tempt a man to touchen there  
Upon the banck they sitting did espy  
A daintie damsell dressing of her heare,  
By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

## XV

She them espying, loud to them can call,  
Bidding them mightier draw unto the shore,  
For she had cause to buse them withall,  
And therewith lowdly laught But nathemore  
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore  
Which when she saw, she left her lockes un-  
    dight,  
And running to her boat withouten ore,  
From the departing land it launched light,  
And after them did drive with all her power  
    and might.

## XVI

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort  
Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly  
Now faining dalliancee and wanton sport,  
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly.  
Till that the Palmer gan full luttely  
Her to rebuke for being loose and light  
Which not abiding, but more scornfully

Scoffing at him that did her justly wite,  
She turnd her bote about, and from them  
rowed quite.

## XVII

That was the wanton Phædrin, which late  
Did ferry him over the Idle lake  
Whom nought regarding they kept on their  
gate,

And all her vaine allurements did forsake,  
When then the wary Boteman thus bespake  
'Here now behoveth us well to avyse,  
And of our safety good heede to take,  
For here before a perillous passage lyes,  
Where many Mermaids haunt making false  
melodies

## XVIII

'But by the way there is a great Quicksand,  
And a whirlpooole of hidden jeopardy,  
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand  
For twixt them both the narrow way doth lye  
Scarse had he saide, when hard at hand they  
spy

That quicksand nigh with water covered,  
But by the checked wave they did descrie  
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured  
It called was the quikesand of Unthirsty hed

## XIX

They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see  
Laden from far with precious merchandize,  
And bravely furnished as ship might bee,  
Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,  
Her selfe had runne into that hazardize,  
Whose mariners and merchants with much  
toyle

Labour'd in vaine to have recu'd their prize.  
And the rich wares to save from pittious spoyles;  
But neither toyle nor travaill might her backe  
recouyle.

## XX

On th' other side they see that perillous Poole,  
That called was the Whirlpooole of decay,  
In which full many hail with haplesse doole  
Beene swinke, of whom no memorie did stay  
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,  
Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,  
Did covet, as they passed by that way,  
To draw their bote within the utmost bound  
Of his wide Labyrinth, and then to have them  
drownd

## XXI

But th' heedful Boteman strongly forth did  
stretch  
His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine  
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly  
fetch,  
Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine.

Suddenely they see from midst of all the Main  
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,  
And the great sea, puft up with proud dis-  
daine,

To swell above the measure of his gruse,  
As threatening to devoure all that his powre  
despise.

## XXII

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore  
Outragiously, as they enraged were,  
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before  
His whirling charet for exceeding feare,  
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare,  
That all the three thereat voxe much afrajd,  
Unweeting what such horror straunge did  
reare.

Estsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd  
Of huge Sea monsters, such as living sence  
dismayd

## XXIII

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,  
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,  
Or shame that ever should so fowle defects  
From her most cunning hand escaped bee,  
All dreifull pourtraicts of deformitee  
Spring-headed Hydres, and sea-shouldring  
Whales,

Great whirlpooles which all fishes make to flee,  
Bright Scolopendras arm'd with silver scales,  
Mighty Monoceroses with unmeasured tayles

## XXIV

The dreadful Fish that hath deserv'd the name  
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull  
hew,

The grisly Wasserman, that makes his game  
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursen  
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew  
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,  
Huge Ziffius, whom Mariners eschew  
No lesse then rockes, (as travellers informe)  
And greedy Rosmarines with visages deforme

## XXV

All these, and thousand thousands many more,  
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,  
With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling  
rore

Came rushing, in the fomy waves enroll,  
Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold.  
No wonder, if these did the knight appall,  
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,  
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,  
Compared to the creatures in the seas en-  
trall.

## XXVI

'Feare nought,' then saide the Palmer well  
ariz'd

'For these same Monsters are not these in deed,  
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd  
By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,  
And draw from on this journey to proceed'  
Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hys  
He smote the sea, which calmed was with  
speed,  
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan fixe  
Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden  
lye.

## XXVII

Quit from that danger forth their course they  
kept,

And as they went they heard a ruefull cry  
Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,  
That through the sea resounding plaints did fly  
At last they in an Island did espy  
A seemely Maiden sitting by the shore,  
That with great sorrow and sad agony  
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,  
And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

## XXVIII

Which Guy on hearing streight his Palmer brd  
To sterc the bote towards that dolefull Mayd,  
That he might know and ease her sorrow sad,  
Who, him avizing better, to him sayd  
'Faure Sir, be not displeas'd if disobayd  
For ill it were to hearken to her cry,  
For she is in nothing ill apayd,  
But onely womanish fine forgery' [miti  
Your stubborne hart t affect with fraile infir-

## XXIX

'To which when she your courage hath in-  
clind

Through foolish pitty, then her guilefull bayt  
She will embosome deeper in your mind,  
And for your ruine at the last awayt'  
The Knight was ruled, and the Boteman strait  
Held on his course with staved stedfastnesse,  
Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt  
His tyred armes for toy le-ome wearinesse.  
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wilder-  
nesse.

## XXX

And now they nigh approached to the sted  
Whereas those Mermaids dwelt it was a still  
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered  
With the brode shadow of an hoare hill  
On th' other side an high rocke toured still,  
That twixt them both a pleasant port they  
And did like in halfe Theatre fulfill [made

There those five sister- had continuall trade,  
And used to bath themselves in that decept-  
full shade

## XXXI

They were faure Ladies, till they fondly  
striv'd

With th' Hellicoman maidens for mastery  
Of whom they, over-comen, were depriv'd  
Of their proud beauteie and th' one moorits  
Transformed to fish for their bold surquedry  
But th' upper halfe their hew retained still,  
And their sweet skill in wonted melody:  
Which ever after they abus'd to ill, [did kill  
T allure weake travellers, whom gotten they

## XXXII

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,  
Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus ap-  
'O thou favre sonne of gentle Faery, ply de  
That art in mightie armes most magnific  
Above all knights that ever battell tryde,  
O' turne thy rudder hitherward awhile  
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde,  
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,  
The worldes sweet In from paine and wear-  
some turnovle.'

## XXXIII

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,  
In his big base them sily answered  
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft  
A solemne Meane unto them measured,  
The whales sweet Zephyrus lowd whistled  
His treble a strange kinde of harmony,  
Which Guyons senses softly tickled,  
That he the boteman had row easly [lodv  
And let him hear some part of their rare me-

## XXXIV

But him the Palmer from that vanity  
With temperate advice discoursselled,  
That ther it past, and shortly gan descry  
The land to which their course they leveled,  
When suddenly a grosse fog over-spread  
With his dull vapour all that desert has,  
And heavens chearefull face enveloped,  
That all things one, and one as nothing was,  
And this great Universe seemd one confus-  
mas

## XXXV

Thereat they greatly were dismayd ne wist  
How to direct their way in darkenes wide  
But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,  
For tumbling into mischiefes unespide  
Worse is the danger hidden then descride.  
Suddenly an innumerable flight [crude,  
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering

And with their wicked wings them ofte did  
smight,  
And sore annoy ed, groping in that griesly night.

## XXVI

Even all the nation of unfortunate  
And fatall birds about them flocked were,  
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,  
The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere,  
The hoarse Night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere,  
The lether-winged Batt, dayes enemy,  
The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,  
The whistler shrill, that whose heeres doth dy,  
The hellish Harpyes, prophets of sad destiny

## XXVII

All those, and all that els does horror breed  
About them flew, and fild their sayles with  
fearre  
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,  
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stilly  
steare,  
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,  
And the faire land it selfe did playnly sheow  
Said then the Palmer, 'Lo! where does appeare  
The sacred soile where all our perills grow  
Therefore, Sir knight, your ready arms about  
you throw'

## XXVIII

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,  
The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,  
That with her crooked keele the land she  
Then forth the noble Guy on salted, [strooke  
And his sage Palmer that him governed,  
But th' other by his bote behind did stay  
They marched layrly forth, of nought y died  
Both firmly armed for every hard [warre,  
With constancy and care, gaunst daunger and  
dismay

## XXIX

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing  
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,  
As if that hungers poynt or Venus sting  
Had them enraged with fell surquedry  
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,  
Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,  
Who all at once, gaping full greedily,  
And rearing fiercely their up-taring crests,  
Ran towards to devour those unexpected  
guests

## XL

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,  
The Palmer over them his staffe upheld [fert  
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes de-  
lifesoones their stubborn corages were queld,

And high advauned crests downe meekely  
feld,  
Instead of slaying, they them selves did feare,  
And trembled as them passing they beheld  
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,  
All monsters to subdew to him that did it  
beare.

## XLI

Of that samo wood it fram'd was cunningly,  
Of which Caduceus whilome was made,  
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury, [invade  
With which he wons the Stigian realmes  
Through ghastly horror and eternall shade  
Th' infernall feends with it he can assuage,  
And Orens tame, whome nothing can persuaue,  
And rule the Furies when they most doe rage.  
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer  
sage.

## XLII

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve  
Whereas the Bowre of Bliss was situate,  
A place pickt out by choyce of best allye,  
That natures worke by art can imitate  
In which whatever in this worldly state  
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,  
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggregate,  
Was poured forth with plentiful dispeuce,  
And made there to abound with lavish affluence

## XLIII

Goodly it was enclosed round about,  
As well their entrel guesstes to keep within,  
As those unruly beasts to hold without,  
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin  
Nought feard theyr force that fortilage to win,  
But wisdomes powre, and temperaunces  
might,  
By which the mightiest things efforeed bin  
And eke the gato was wrought of substance  
light,  
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight

## XLIV

Yt framed was of precious ivory  
That seemd a worke of admirable witt,  
And therein all the famous history  
Of Jason and Medea was y writt,  
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving ltt,  
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,  
His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt,  
The wondrous Argo, which in venturous peeco  
First through the Euxine seas bore all the  
flower of Greece

## XLV

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry  
Under the ship as thorough them she went,

That seemd the waves were into yory,  
Or yory into the waves were sent,  
And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent  
With vermill, like the boyes blood therein  
shed,  
A piteous spectre did represent,  
And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkled,  
It seemd thencehaunted flame which did  
Crusned.

## XVII

All this and more might in that goodly gate  
Be red, that ever open stood to all  
Which thither came, but in the Porch there  
A comely personage of stature tall,  
And semblance pleasing, more then naturall,  
That travellers to him seemd to entize  
His looser garment to the ground did fall  
He about his heeles in wanton wize,  
Not itt for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

## XVIII

There in that place him Geunus did call  
Not that celestial powre, to whom the care  
Of life, and generation of all  
That lives, pertemes in charge particulare  
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,  
And strange phantomes doth lett us ofte  
foresee,  
And ofte of secret ill bids us beware  
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,  
Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceive to bee

## XIX

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity  
Did wisely make, and good Agastès call,  
But this same was to th it quite contrary,  
The foe of life, that good enies to all,  
That secretly doth us procure to fall  
Through guilefull semblants which he makes  
He of this Gardin had the governall,  
And Pleasures porter was devised to bee,  
Holding a staffe in hand for mere formaltee

## XX

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,  
And strowed rownd about, and by his side  
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was sett,  
As if it had to him bene sacrifice,  
Wherewith all new-come guests he graty side  
So did he eke Sir Guy on passing by,  
But he his idle curtesie dedide,  
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,  
And broke his staffe with which he charmed  
semblants sly

## L

Thus being entred, they behold round  
A large and spacious plaine, on every side

Strowed with pleasauns, whose fyre grassy  
grownd  
Wanted with greene, and goodly beautifide  
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride  
Wherewith her mother Art as halfe in scorne  
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride  
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,  
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in  
th' early morne

## LI

Thereinth the Heavens alwayes joyfull  
Lookte on them lovly, still in steadfast state  
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,  
Their tender buds or leaves to violate  
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate  
I affect the creatures which therein did dwell,  
But the milde aire with season moderate  
Gently attempted and disposd so well,  
That still it breathed forth sweet spirt and  
holesom smell

## LII

More sweet and holesome then the pleasaunt  
hill  
Of Rhodope, on which the Nymphe that bore  
A gyant babe herselfe for griefe did kill,  
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore  
Kyre Daphne Phœbus hart with love did  
gore,  
Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repayre,  
When ever they their heavenly bowres forelore,  
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses favre;  
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden more com-  
pare

## LIII

Much wondred Guy on at the fyre aspect  
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight  
To synke into his sence, nor mind affect  
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,  
Bryding his will and maystering his might,  
Till that he came unto another gate,  
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight  
With bowes and brunches, which did broad di-  
Their clasping armes in wrynton wreathings  
intricate

## LIV

So fashioned a Porch with rare device  
Arch over head with an embrieng vine,  
Whose boughes hanging downe seemd to en-  
tice  
All passers by to taste their luscious wine,  
And did them selves into their hands incline,  
As freely offering to be gathered,  
Some deepe empurpled as the Hyacinth,  
Some as the Rubine laughing sweetly red  
Some like faire Emeraude, not yet well  
ripened

## I V

And then amongst some were of burnisht  
gold,  
So made by art to beautify the rest,  
Which did themselves amongst the leaves en-  
fold,  
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,  
That the weake boughes, with so rich load  
opprest  
Did bow adowne as overburdened  
Under that Porch a comely dame did rest  
Clad in fyre weedes but fowle disordered,  
And garments loose that seemd unmeet for  
womanhed.

## I V I

In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,  
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,  
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,  
Into her cup she scrud with daintie breach  
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,  
Thit so faire winepresse made the wine more  
sweet  
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,  
Whom passing by she happened to meet  
It was her guise all Strangers goodly so to  
greet.

## I V II

So she to Guyon offred it to tast,  
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,  
The cup to ground did violently cast,  
That all in peeces it was broken sond,  
And with the liquor stained all the lond  
Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,  
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,  
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth,  
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward  
gott.

## I V III

There the most daintie Paradise on ground  
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,  
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,  
And none does others happynesse envye,  
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,  
The dyles for shade, the hilles for breathing  
space,  
The trembling groves, the christall running by,  
And, that which all faire workes doth most  
aggrae, [place]  
The art which all that wrought appeared in no

## I V I X

One would have thought, (so cunningly the  
rude  
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)  
That nature had for wantonnesse ende  
Art, and that Art at nature did repine;

So striving each th' other to undermine,  
Each did the others worke more beautify,  
So differing both in willes agreed in fine  
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,  
Thus Gardin to adorne with all variety

## I V

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,  
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,  
So pure and shyny that the silver flood  
Through every channell running one might  
see,  
Most goodly it with curious ymageree  
Was overwrought, and shapies of naked boyes,  
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee  
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,  
Why lest others did them selves embay in liquid  
joyes

## I V I

And over all of purest gold was spred  
A troyle of yve in his native hew,  
For the rich metall was so colourd,  
That wight who did not well avys'd it rew  
Would surely deeme it to bee yve tiew  
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,  
That themselves dipping in the silver dew  
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,  
Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones  
to weep.

## I V II

Infinite streames continually did well  
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,  
The which into an ample laver fell,  
And shortly grew into so great quantitie,  
That like a hile lake it seemd to bee,  
Whose depth exceeded not threes hundred light,  
That through the waves one might the bottom  
see,  
All pay'd beneath with Jaspas shining bright,  
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle  
upright

## I V III

And all the margent round about was sett  
With shindy Laurell trees, thence to descend  
The sunny beames which on the billowes sett,  
And those which therein bathed mote offend  
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,  
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,  
Which therein bathing seemd to contend  
And wrestle wantonly, ne ear'd to hyde  
Their dainty partes from view of any which  
them eyd

## I V I V

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight  
Above the waters, and then downe againe  
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,  
Where both awhile would covered remaine,

And each the other from to rise restraime,  
The whales their snowy lumbes, as through a  
vele,  
So through the christall waves appeared plaine.  
Then suddenly both wold themselves unhele,  
And th' amarus sweet spoiles to greedy eyes  
revele.

## LXX

As that faire Starre, the messenger of merne  
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare,  
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly borne  
Of th' Ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare  
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare  
Christalline humor dropped downe apace  
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him  
neare,  
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace,  
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to  
embrace

## LXXI

The wanton Maidens, him espying, stood  
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise,  
Then th' one her selfe low ducked in the flood,  
Abasht that her a straunger did avise,  
But thother rather higher did arise,  
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,  
And all that might his melting hart entyce  
To her delights she unto him bewrayd.  
The rest hudd underneath him more desirous  
made

## LXXII

With that the other likewise up arose,  
And her faire lockes, which formerly were  
bound  
Up in one knett, she low adowne did lose,  
Which flowing low and thiek her cloth'd arownd,  
And th' yorie in golden mantle gewnd  
So that faire spectacle from him was rest,  
Yet that which rest it ne lesse faire was fownd  
So hudd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,  
Nought bnt her lovely face she for his looking  
left

## LXXIII

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,  
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,  
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall  
Now when they spyde the knight to strike his  
Them to beheld, and in his sparkling face  
The secreto signes of kindled lust appeare,  
Their wanton merments they did encrease,  
And to him beckned to approach more neare,  
And shewd him many sights that corage cold  
could reare.

## LXXIV

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,  
He much rebuked those wandring eyes of his,

And counseled well him forward thence did  
draw.

Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of blis,  
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis,  
When thus the Palmer 'Now, Sir, well avise,  
For here the end of all our travaill is  
Here wonnes Acrisia, whom we must surprize,  
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

## LXXV

Litsoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
Of all that mote delight a dainty care,  
Such as attence might not on living ground,  
Save in this Paradise, he heard elsew here  
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
To read what manner musicks that mote bee,  
For all that pleasing is to living care  
Was there consorted in one harmonie,  
Birdes, voices, instruments, wundes, waters,  
all agree

## LXXVI

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade  
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet,  
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voices made  
To th' instruments divine responce meet,  
The silver sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmur of the waters fall,  
The waters fall with difference discreet,  
New soft, new loud, unto the wind did call,  
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all

## LXXVII

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to  
bee,  
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing  
With a new I over, whom, through sorcerce  
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither  
bring  
There she had him now laid aslembereing  
In secret shade after long wanten joyes,  
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing  
Many faire Ladies and lascivious boyes,  
That ever next their song with light licentious  
toyes

## LXXVIII

And all that while right over him she hong  
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,  
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,  
Or greedily depasturing delight,  
And oft melting downe, with kisses light  
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,  
And through his humid eyes did sucke his  
spright,  
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd,  
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she  
rewd.

## LXXIV

Tho whiles some one did chaunt this lovely  
lay

Ah! see, whose fayre thing doest faine to see,  
In springing flowre the iunge of thy day  
Ah! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee  
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,  
That fairer seemes the lesse y e see her may.  
Lo! see soone after how more bold and free  
Her bared bosome she doth broad display,  
Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls  
away.

## LXXV

So passeth, in the passing of a day,  
Of mortall life the lease, the bnd, the flowre,  
Ne more doth flourish after first decay, [bowre  
That earst was sought to deck both bed and  
Of many a lady, and many a Paramowre  
Gather therefore the Rose whilst y et is prime,  
For soone comes age that will her pride de-  
flowre,  
Gather the Rose of love whilst y et is time,  
Whilst loving thou may st loved be with equall  
crime

## LXXVI

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes  
Their diuerse notes to attune unto his lay,  
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes  
The constant payre heard all that he did say,  
Yet swarred not, but kept their forward way  
Through many covert groves and thicketts close,  
In which they erequing did at last display  
That wanton Lady with her lover lose, [pose  
Whose sleepe head she in her lap did soft dis-

## LXXVII

Upon a bed of Roses she was layd, [sm,  
As faunt through heat, or dight to pleasant  
And was arrayd, or rather disarrayd,  
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,  
That hid no whit her alablaster skin, [bee  
But rather shewd more white, if more might  
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin,  
Nor the fine nets, which oft we w oven see  
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more  
lightly flee

## LXXVIII

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyl  
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith beild,  
And yet, through languour of her late sweet  
toyle, [tild,  
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth dis-  
That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild,  
And her faire eyes sweet smy ling in delight,  
Moy-tened their fierie beames, with which she  
thrild

Frail harts, y et quenched not, like starry light,  
Which, spareking on the silent waves, does  
seemo more bright.

## LXXIX

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be  
Some goodly swayue of honorable place,  
That certes it great pity was to see  
Him his nobility so fowle deface  
A sweet regard and amiable grace,  
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,  
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,  
And on his tender lips the downy heare  
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blos-  
soms beare

## LXXX

His warlike Armes, the ydle instruments  
Of sleeping praise, were long upon a tree,  
And his brave shield, full of old monuments,  
Was fowly rus't, that none the signes might  
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee, [see  
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend,  
But in lend loves, and wastfull luxurie,  
His dayes, his goods, his bodie, he did spend  
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

## LXXXI

The noble Elfe and carefull Palmer drew  
So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull  
game, [threw  
That sudden forth thoy on them rusht, and  
A subtile net, which only for that saue  
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame  
So held them under fast, the whiles the rest  
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame  
The faire Enchantresse, so manyares oppress,  
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence  
out to wrest.

## LXXXII

And eke her lover stiove, but all in vaine,  
For that same net so cunningly was wound,  
That neither guile nor force might it distraine  
They tooke them both, and both them strongly  
bond [found  
In captive bandes, which there they readie  
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde,  
For nothing else might keepe hei safe and  
sound  
But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,  
And counsell sage in sted thereof to him ap-  
plyde

## LXXXIII

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and Pallace  
brave,  
Gone broke downe with rigour pittlesse,  
Neought their goodly workmanship might save  
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,



But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse  
 Their groves he feld, their gardins did deface,  
 Their arbors spoyle, their Cabinets suppress,  
 Their banket houses burne, their buildings rick;  
 And, of the say rest late, now made the fowlest  
 place.

LXXIX

Then led they her away, and eke that knight  
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad  
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they  
 right,

Till they arriv'd where they lately had  
 Charm'd those wild-beasts that rag'd with  
 furie mad,

Which, now waking, fierce at them gan fly,  
 As in their mistresse reskew whom they lad,  
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify  
 Then Gayon askt, what meant those beasts  
 which there did ly?

LXXX

Sayd he, 'These seeming beasts are men in-  
 deed,

Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed,  
 [thus,] Whylome her lovers which her lustes did feed,  
 Now turned into figures hideous,  
 According to their mindes like monst'rous  
 'Sad end,' (quoth he) 'of life intemperat,

And mourneful meed of joyes delicious'  
 But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,  
 Let them returned be unto their former state.'

LXXXI

Straight way he with his vertuous staffe them  
 strooke,

And straight of beastes they comely men be-  
 Yet being men they did unmanly looke [came,  
 And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,  
 And some for wrath to see their captive Dame  
 But one above the rest in speciall [name,  
 That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by  
 Reprned greatly, and did hun miscall  
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to  
 naturall

LXXXII

Saude Gayon, 'See the mind of beastly man,  
 That hath so soone forgot the excellence  
 Of his creation, when he life began,  
 That now he chooseth with vile difference  
 To be a beast, and lacke intelligence' [kinde  
 To whom the Palmer thus 'The donghill  
 Delights in filth and fowle incontinence  
 Let Grylle be Grylle, and have his hoggish minde,  
 But let us hence depart whilst wether serves  
 and winde'

## THE THIRDE BOOKE

OF

## THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY

I

It falls me here to write of Chastity,  
The fayrest vertue, far above the rest  
For which what needes me fetch from Faery  
Forreine ensamples it to haue exprest?  
Sith it is shroued in my Soveraines brest,  
And formd so lively in each perfect part,  
That to all Ladies, which have it profest,  
Need but behold the/pourtraiet of her hart,  
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art

II

But living art may not least part expresse,  
Nor life-resembling penicill it can paynt  
All were it Zenxis or Praxiteles,  
His daedale hand would faile and greatly faynt,  
And her perfections with his error t ynt  
Ne Poets witt, that passeth Painter farre  
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,  
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,  
For fear, through want of words, her excellence to marie

III

How then shall I, Apprentice to the skill  
That whilome in divinest wits did ryne,  
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?  
Yet now my lukelesse lott doth me coustrayne

Hereto perforce But, O dredd Soverayne!  
Thus far-forth pardon, sith that choicest witt  
Cannot your glorious pourtraiet figure playne,  
That I in colourd shoves may shadow itt,  
And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

IV

But if in living colours, and right hew,  
Thy selfe thou covest to see pictured,  
Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,  
Then that sweete veise, with Neectar sprunge-  
In which a gracious servaunt pictured [eled,  
His Cynthia, his heavens fayrest light?  
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,  
And with the wonder of her beames bright,  
My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

V

But let that same delitious Poet lend  
A litle leave unto a rusticke Muse [mend  
To sing his mistiesse pryse, and let him  
If ought amis her liking may abuse  
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse  
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see,  
But either Gloriana let her chuse,  
Or in Belphebe fashioned to bee, [chastitee  
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare

## CANTO I

Guy on encountreth Britomart  
Favre Florimell is chased  
Dinesses traines and Malecas  
taes champions are defaced

I

The famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,  
After long wayes and perulous paines endur'd,  
Having their weary lumbes to perfect plight  
Restord, and sory wounds right well re-  
cur'd,

Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd  
To make there lenger sojourn and abode,  
But when thereto they might not be allur'd,  
From seeking praise and deeds of armes abroad,  
They courteous couge tooke, and forth together  
yode

II

But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,  
Because of travell long, a nigher way,  
With a strong gaid, all reskew to prevent,  
And her to Faery court safe to convey,  
That her for witness of his hard assay  
Unto his Faery Queene he might present  
But he him selfe tooke another way,  
To make more trill of his hardiment, [went,  
And seek adventures as he with Prince Arthur.

III

Long so they travell'd through wastefull  
wyes, [wonne,  
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did  
To hunt for glory and renowned pryse  
Full many Countreies they did overonne,  
From the uprising to the setting Sunne,  
And many hard adventures did atcheive,  
Of all the which they honour ever wonne  
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve, [grieve  
And to recover right for such as wrong did

IV

At last, as through an open plaine they rode,  
They espied a knight that towards pricked rode,  
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,  
That seemd to couch under his shield three-  
square,  
As if that age badd him that burden spare,  
And yield it those that stouter could it wield,  
He them espying gan him selfe prepare,  
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield  
That bore a Lion passant in a golden field.

V

Which seeing, good Sir Guy on deare beought  
The Prince of grace to let him ronne that turne  
He granted then the Faery quickly taught  
His poynted speare, and sharply gan to spurne  
His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne  
The veriant gras as he thereon did tread,  
Ne did the other bracke his foote returne,  
But fiercely forward came withouten dread.  
And bent his dreadful speare against the  
others head.

VI

They beene ymett, and both theyr points  
arriv'd,  
But Guy on drove so furious and fell, [have arriv'd,  
That seemd both shield and plate it would  
Nathelasse it bore his foe not from his scil,  
But made him stagger, as he were not well  
But Guy on selfe, ere well he was aware,  
Nigh a speares length behind his crowper fell,  
Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare,  
That mischievous mischaunce his life and  
limbs did spare

VII

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke,  
For never yet, with warlike armes he bore  
And shivering speare in bloody hand first shooke,  
He found him selfe dishonored so sore.  
Ah! gentlest knight, that ever armor bore  
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,  
And brought to ground that never wast before,  
For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene  
That speare enchanted was which layd thee  
on the greene.

VIII

But wrenedst thou what might thee over-  
threw,  
Much greater griefe and shamesfull regret  
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldest  
renew,  
That of a single dunnell thou wert mett  
On equal plaine, and there so hard besett  
I ven the famous Britomart it was,  
Whom strange adventure did from Britayne  
sett  
To seeke her lover (love far sought alas!)  
Whose image shee had seene in Venus looking  
glas

IX

Full of disclaimefull wrath he fierce arose  
For to revenge that foul reprochfull shame,  
And snatching his bright sword began to  
close  
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came  
Dye rather would he then endure that same  
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare  
His toward perill, and untoward blame,  
Which by that new encounter he should reare  
For death wate on the point of that enchanted  
spure

X

And hastning towards him gan faire per-  
suade  
Not to provoke un-fortune, nor to weene  
His speares default to mend with cruell blade,  
For by his mightie Science he had seene  
The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,  
That mortall puissance mote not withstand.  
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene  
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,  
To loose long gotten honour with one evill  
bond

XI

By such good meemes he him discoursell'd  
From prosecuting his revenging rage  
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,  
His wrathfull will with reason to aswage,  
And laid the blame not to his carriage,  
But to his starting steed that swarv'd asyde,  
And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,

That had his furnitures not firmly tyde,  
So is his angry corage fawrly pacifyde

## XII

Thus reconclement was betwenee them knytt,  
Through goodly temperaunce and affection  
chaste;

And either vowd with all their power and witt  
To let not others honour be defaste  
Of friend or foe, who ever it embaste,  
Ne armes to beare against the others syde  
In which accord the Prince was also plaste,  
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde  
So goodly all agreed they forth yfere did ryde

## XIII

O' goodly usage of those antique tymes,  
In which the sword was servaunt unto right,  
When not for malice and contentious crimes,  
But all for praysse, and prooffe of manly might,  
The martiall brood accustomed to fight  
Then honour was the meed of victory,  
And yet the vanquished had no de-pight  
Let later age that noble use envy,  
Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry

## XIV

Long they thus traveled in friendly wise,  
Through countreys wiste, and eke well  
chafte,

Seeking adventures hard, to exercise  
Their püssaunce, whylome full dearnly trade  
At length they came into a forest wyde,  
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sounde  
Full griesly seemd Therein they long did  
ryde,

Yet tract of living creature none they fownd,  
Save Beares, Lyons, and Bulls, which romed  
them rownd

## XV

All suddnly out of the thickest brush,  
Upon a milkwite Palfrey all alone,  
A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,  
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Christall  
stone,

And eke, through feare, as white as whales bone  
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,  
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,  
Which fledd so fast that nothing mote him hold,  
And scarce them leasure gave her passing to  
behold

## XVI

Still as she fledd hereye she backward threw,  
As fearing evill that porssewd her fast,  
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,  
Loosely disperst with puff of every blast

All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast  
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dis-  
predd,

At sight whereof the people stand aghast,  
But the sage wisard telles, as he has redd,  
That it importunes death and dolefull dreav-  
hedd.

## XVII

So as they gazed after her a while,  
Lo! where a guesly foster forth did rush,  
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle  
His tyreling Jade he fiersly forth did push  
Through thicke and thin, both over bunck and  
bush,

In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,  
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush  
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,  
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore speare  
he shooke

## XVIII

Which outrage when those gentle knights  
did see,

Full of great env and fell gealosy  
They stayd not to avise who first should be,  
But all spurd after, fast as they mote fly,  
To reskew her from shamefull villany.  
The Prince and Guy on equally bylve  
Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby  
Most goodly meede, the finest Dame alive  
But after the foule foster Timias did strive

## XIX

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant  
mind

Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,  
Ne reekt of Ladies Love, did stay behynd,  
And them awayted there a certaine space,  
To see if they would turne breke to that place,  
But when she saw them gone she forward  
went,

As in her journey, through that perlon's Pace,  
With stedfast corage and stout hardiment  
Ne evill thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment

## XX

At last, as nigh out of the wood she cam,  
A stately Castle far away she spyde,  
To which her steps directly she did frame  
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,  
And plaste for pleasure nigh that Forrest syde.  
But faire before the gate a spacions playne,  
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredde wyde,  
On which she saw six knights, that did dar-  
rayne

Fiers battail against one with cruell might and  
mayne

## XXI

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,  
And sore beset on every side arownd, [maid,  
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dis-  
Ne ever to them yielded foot of ground,  
All had he lost much blood through many a  
wound,

But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,  
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,  
Made them reconle, and fly from dredd decay,  
That none of all the six before him durst assay

## XXII

Like dastard Curres that, having at a bay  
The saly age beast embost in weerie chace,  
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,  
Ne byte before, but come from place to place  
To get a snatch when turned is his face  
In such distresse and doubtfull jeopardy  
When Britomart him saw, she ran in pace  
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry  
Badd thosesame six forbear that single enemy

## XXIII

But to her cry they list not lenden eere,  
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes sur-  
cease

But gathering him rownd about more neare,  
Their dreffull rancour rather did encrease,  
Till that she rushing through the thickest  
preasse

Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,  
And soone compeld to hearken into peace  
Tho gan she my hilly of them to inquy re  
The cause of their dissention and outrageous re-

## XXIV

Whereto that single knight did answer frame  
'These six would me enforce by oddes of might  
To chaunge my hies, and love another Dame,  
That death me hefer were then such despyght,  
So into wrong to yeld my wrested right  
For I love one, the truest one on ground,  
Ne list me chaunge, she th' Errant Damzell  
hight,  
For whose d are sake full many a bitter stownd  
I have endurd, and tasted many a blood  
wound.'

## XXV

'Certes,' (said she) 'then beeyesaxe to blame,  
To weene your wrong by force to justify,  
For knight to leave his Lady were great shame  
That faithfull is, and better were to fly  
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,  
Then losse of love to him that loves but one  
Ne may love be compeld by maistry

For soone as maistry comes sweet Love anon  
Taket hys nimble winges, and soone away is  
gone'

## XXVI

Then spake one of those six, 'There dwelleth  
Within this castle wall a Lady fyre, [here  
Whose soveraine beantie hath no living pere  
Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,  
That never any mote with her compayre.  
She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,  
That every knight which doth this way repayre,  
In case he have no lady nor no love,  
Shall doe unto her service, never to remove

## XXVII

'But if he have a Lady or a Love,  
Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,  
Or els with us by dint of sword approve,  
That she is fairer then our fairest Dame  
As did this knight, before ye hither came'  
'Perdy,' (said Britomart) 'tho chose is hard,  
But what reward had he that overcame?'  
'He should advanced bee to high regard,'  
(Said they) 'and have our Ladies love for his  
reward

## XXVIII

'Therefore aread Sir, if thou have a love'  
'I ove hath I sure' (quoth she) 'but Lady none;  
Yet will I not from mine own love remove,  
Ne to your Lady will I service done,  
But wreake your wronges wrought to this  
knight alone,  
And prove his cause' With that, her mortall  
speere  
She mightily adventured towards one,  
And downe him smot ere well awar howeare,  
Then to the next she rode, and downe the next  
did beare

## XXIX

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd  
That none of them himselfe could reare agayne  
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,  
All were he wearie of his former paine,  
That now there do but two of six remaine  
Which two did yeld before she did them smight.  
'Ah!' (said she then) 'now may ye all see  
plane  
That trath is strong, and trew love most of  
that for his trusty servants doth so strongly  
fight

## XXX

'Too well we see,' (saide they) 'and prove too  
well [might  
Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse  
Fortly, faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,  
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,

And we your hegemmen faith unto you plight  
So underneath her feet their swords they mard,  
And, after, her besought, well as they might,  
To enter in and reape the dew reward  
She graunted, and then in tney all together  
far'd

XXXI

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,  
And stately port of Castle Joyeous,  
(For so that Castle light by commun name)  
Where they were enteraynd with courteous  
And comely glee of many gracious  
Faure Ladies, and of many a gentle knight,  
Who, through a Chamber long and spacious,  
Eftsoones them brought unto their Ladies  
sight,  
That of them cleeped was the Lady of Delight

XXXII

But for to tell the sumptuous aray  
Of that great chamber should be labour lost,  
For living wit, I weene, cannot display  
The roiall riches and exceeding cost  
Of every pillour and of every post,  
Which all of purest bullion framed were, [best;  
And with great perles and pretious stones em-  
That the bright glister of their beames cleare  
Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious dait  
appare.

XXXIII

These stranger knights, through passing,  
forth were led  
Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee  
And rich pur euance might uneth be red  
Mote Princes place be seeme so deekt to bee  
Which stately manner whenas they did see,  
The image of superfluous riotize,  
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,  
They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous  
guize [deize  
Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely

XXXIV

The wals were round about appareiled  
With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure,  
In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed  
The love of Venus and her Paramoure,  
The fayre Adonis turned to a flowre,  
A worke of rare devise and wondrous wit  
First did it shew the bitter balfull towre,  
Which her essayd with many a fervent fit,  
When first her tender hart was with his beaute  
smit.

XXXV

Then with what sleights and sweet allure-  
ments she  
Enty st the Boy, as well that art she knew,

And wooed him her Paramoure to bee,  
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,  
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew,  
Now leading him into a secret shade [ew,  
From his Beauperes, and from bright heavens  
Where him to sleepe she gently would per-  
swade,  
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert  
glade

XXXVI

And whilst he slept she over him would spread  
Her mantle, colour d like the starry skyes,  
And her soft arme lay underneath his head,  
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes,  
And whilst he bath'd with her two crafty spies  
She secretly would search each daintie him,  
And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,  
And fragrant violets, and Pannees trim,  
And ever with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle  
him

XXXVII

So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,  
And joyd his love in secret unespide.  
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,  
To hunt the salvage beast in Forrest wyde,  
Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betide,  
She oft and oft adviz'd him to reframe  
From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish  
pride  
Mote breede him scath unwares but all in  
vaine, [doth ordaine?  
For who can slum the chance that dest'ny

XXXVIII

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,  
Deadly engored of a godd wilde Bore;  
And by his side the Goddesses growling  
Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore  
With her soft garment wipes away the gore  
Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull  
hew:  
But, when she saw no helpe might him restore,  
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmeu,  
Which in that cloth was wrought as if it lively  
grew.

XXXIX

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize.  
And rownd about it many beds were dight,  
As whilome was the antique worldes guize,  
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,  
As pleased them to use that use it might,  
And all was full of Damzels and of Squires,  
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,  
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres,  
And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull  
fyres

## XL

And all the while sweet Musicke did divide  
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony,  
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide  
Their daintie lyes and dulcet melody,  
As caroling of love and jollity,  
That wonder was to heare their trim consort  
Whiche when those knights beheld, with scorn-  
full eye  
They disdaind such lascivious disport,  
And loathd the loose demeanure of that wan-  
ton sort.

## XLI

Thence they were brought to that great  
Ladies view,  
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,  
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,  
As the proud Persia Queene accustomed.  
She seemd a woman of great bountifull,  
And of rare beautie, saving that askance  
Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,  
Dul roll too hightle and too often glaunce.  
Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

## XLII

Long worke it were, and needlesse to devise  
Their goodly entertainment and great glee  
She caused them be led in courteous wize  
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,  
And cheerd well with wine and spicerie  
The Rederose Knight was soon disarmed  
there  
But the brave Mayd would not disarmed bee  
But onely vented up her umbrere,  
And so did let her goodly visage to appere

## XLIII

As when faire Cynthia, in darke some night  
Is in a noyous clond enveloped, [light  
Where she may finde the substance thin and  
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright  
hed  
Discovers to the world discomfited  
Of the poore traveler that went astray  
With thousand blessings she is heried  
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,  
With which faire Britomart gave light unto  
the day

## XLIV

And eke those six, which lately with her  
fought,  
Now were disarmd, and did them selves present  
Unto her ven, and company unsought  
For they all seeme courteous and gent  
And all six brethren borne of one parent  
Which had them traynd in all civillite,  
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament

Now were they liegemen to this Ladie free,  
And her knights service ought, to hold of her  
in fee.

## XLV

The first of them by name Garlante lught,  
A jolly per-on and of comely yew,  
The second was Parlante a bold knight,  
And next to him Jocante did ensue,  
Basciant, did him selfe most courteous shew,  
But fierce Bacciante seemd too fell and keene,  
And yett in armes Noctante greater grew  
All were faire knights, and goodly well becene,  
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes  
beene.

## XLVI

For shee was full of amiable grace  
And manly terror mixed therewithall  
That as the one stird up affections base,  
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,  
And hold them backe that would in error fall  
As hee that hath espide a verneill Rose,  
To which sharp thornes and breres the way  
forfall

Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,  
But wishing it far off his idle wish doth lose.

## XLVII

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wright  
All ignorant of her contrary sex,  
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight)  
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wee  
And with vaine thoughts her falsd fancy vex  
Her sickle hart conceived hasty fyre  
Like sparkes of fire which fall in slender fley  
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,  
And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre

## XLVIII

Fifteenes shee grew to great impatience  
And unto termes of open outrage burst  
That plaine discovered her incontinence;  
Ne reekt shee who her meaning did mistrust  
For she was given all to fleshy lust,  
And poured forth in sensuall delight,  
That all regnard of shame shee had distrust,  
And meet respect of honor putt to flight  
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly  
sight

## XLIX

Faire Ladies, that to love captived arre  
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,  
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre  
Ne blott the bounty of all womankind [and  
Amongst thou-and good one wanton Dime to  
Amongst the Roses grow some wicked weeds.  
For they are not to love, but lust, inclind;

For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous  
deeds,  
And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds

## L

Nought so of love this looser Dame did skill,  
But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,  
Givng the bridle to her wanton will,  
And treading under foote her honest name  
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.  
Still did she rove at her with crafty glaunce  
Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme,  
And told her meaning in her countenance,  
But Britomart dissembled it with ignorance

## LI

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they satt,  
Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,  
Whiles fruitful Ceres and Lyæus fatt  
Poured out their plenty without spight or spare  
Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare,  
And aye the cups their bancks did overflow,  
And aye betwene the cups she did prepare  
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw,  
But Britomart would not such guilfull message  
know

## LII

So, when they slaked had the fervent heat  
Of appetite with meates of every sort,  
The Lady did faire Britomart entreat  
Her to disarm, and with delightfull sport  
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort,  
But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,  
(For shee her sexe under that straunge purport  
Did use to hide, and plaine apparance shonne)  
In playner wise to tell her grievance she  
begonne

## LIII

And all attence discovered her desire [griefe,  
With sighes, and sobs, and plants, and piteous  
The outward sparkes of her inburning fire,  
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her  
briebe,  
That but if she did lend her short reliefe  
And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye  
But the chaste damzell, that had never priefe  
Of such malengue and fine forgerye  
Did easly beleve her strong extremitie

## LIV

Full easy was for her to have beleife,  
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,  
And by long triall of the inward griefe  
Wherewith imperious love her hart did vex,  
Could judge what paines doe loving harts  
perplexe  
Who meanes no guile be guiled soonest shall,  
And to faire semblance doth light faith annexe

The bird that knowes not the false fow lers call,  
Into his hidden nett full easly doth fall

## LV

Forthy she would not in discourteise wise  
Seorne the faire offer of good will profest,  
For great rebuke it is love to despise,  
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request,  
But with faire countenance, as be seemed best,  
Her entertaynd nath'lesse shee mylly deemd  
Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest,  
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd  
That from like inward fire that outward smoke  
had steemd

## LVI

Therewith a while she her flit farey sedd,  
Till she mote winne fit tyme for her desire,  
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledde,  
And through her bones the false instilled fire  
Did spred it selfe, and venime close inspire  
Tho were the tables taken all away,  
And every knight, and every gentle Squire,  
Gan choose his Dame with *Buscimano* gay,  
With whom he went to make his sport and  
courtly play

## LVII

Some fell to dannee, some fel to hazardry,  
Some to make love, some to make mery ment,  
As diverse witts to diverse things apply,  
And all the while faire Malecasta bent  
Her crafty engins to her elose intent  
By this th' eternall lampes, where with high Jove  
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,  
And the most daughters of huge Atlas strove  
Into the Ocean deepe to drive their weary  
drove.

## LVIII

High time it seemed then for everie wight  
Them to betake unto their kindly rest  
Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light  
Unto their bowres to guyden every guest  
Tho, when the Britouesse saw all the rest  
Avoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,  
And safe committ to her soft feathered nest,  
Wher through long watch, and late daies  
weary toile, [quite assoile  
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did

## LIX

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe  
Yshrouded was, and every mortall wight  
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,  
Faure Malecasta, whose engrieved spright  
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,  
Lightly arose out of her weare bed,  
And, under the blacke veile of guilty Night,  
Her with a searlott mantle covered [loped  
That was with gold and Ermines faire enve-



LXI

Then printing softe, and trembling with joy int,  
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,  
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt  
To lodge the warlike maide unwiseely loov'd,  
And, to her bed approching, first she prov'd  
Whether she slept or wak'te with her softe hand  
She softly felt if any member mov'd,  
And lent her wary eare to understand  
If any puffe of breath or signe of sence shee fond

LXI

Which whenas none shee found with easy shifte  
For feare least her unwares she should abrayd  
Th' embroder'd quilt shee lightly up did lifte,  
And by her side her selfe she softly liv'd,  
Of every inest finger touch affraid,  
Ne any noise shee made ne word shee spak,  
But only sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd  
Out of her quiet slomber did awake (take  
And chaung'd her weary side the better ease to

LXII

Where feeling one close couch'd by her side,  
Shee lightly lept out of her filed bedd,  
And to her weapon ran, in munde to gride  
The loth'd leachour. But the Dams, halfe  
deid  
Through sudden feire and ghastly drench'd  
Did shrike a lowd, that through the house it  
rang,  
And the whole family therewith wred'd,  
Rashly out of their round couches rang,  
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did  
throng

LXIII

And the sixe knights that ladies Champions  
And eke the Redersack knight ran to the townd,  
Halfe arm'd and halfe unarm'd, with them  
attens

Where when confus'dly they came, they found  
Their lady lying on the senselesse ground  
On thother side they saw the warlike Mayd  
All in her snow-white smocke, with locks un-  
bownd,  
Threatning the point of her avenging blade,  
That with so troublous terror they were all  
dismay'd,

LXIV

About their Lorde first they flockt aroond,  
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,  
Shortly they reard out of her frozen swoond,  
And afterwarde they giv with fowle reproch  
To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke  
broch  
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,  
None of them rashly durst to her approch.  
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse  
Her succourd of the Champion of the bloody  
Crosse

LXV

But one of those sixe knights, Gardinteight,  
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,  
Which forth he sent, with felonous de pight  
And fell intent, against the virgin dene  
The mortall stele stayd not till it was scene  
To gow her side yet was the wound not deepe.  
But lightly ran her soft silken skin,  
That drops of purple blood then out did weene,  
Which did her lilly smock with staines of ver-  
meil steep

LXVI

Wherewith enrag'd shee fiercely at thim flew,  
And with her flaming sword about him flew,  
That none of them soule mischuck could eschew,  
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dis-  
may'd

Here, there and every where about her sway'd  
Her wrathfull steck, that none mude it aby'd,  
And eke the Redersack knight gave her good  
ayd

As joyning foot to foot, and side to side,  
That in short space their foes they have quite  
terrify'd

LXVII

Tho, whenas all were put to shamesfull flight  
The noble Btomartins her arrayd  
And her bristl'd armes about her body dyd lit  
For nothing would shee hugar there be stayd,  
Where so loose life and so ungentle traid,  
Was used of knyghtes and ladies among gent.  
So fiercely ere the grove Larkes gryes shade  
Was all it purst out of the firmament,  
They took their steeds, and forth upon their  
journey went,

## CANTO II.

The Rederosse knight to Britomart  
 Describeth Artegall  
 The wondrous myrrour, by which she  
 In love with him did fall.

## I

Hence have I cause in men just blame to find,  
 That in their proper praise too partiall bee,  
 And not indifferent to woman kind,  
 To whom no share in armes and chivalree  
 They doe impart, ne maken memoree  
 Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall  
 Scarce do they spare to one, or two, or three,  
 Rowme in their writtes, yet the same writing  
small [glories all  
 Does all their deedes deface, and dims their

## II

But by record of antique times I finde  
 That women wont in warres to beare most sway,  
 And to all great exploits them selves inclind,  
 Of which they etill the garland bore away,  
 Till envious Men, fearing their rules decay,  
 Gan coynne streight lawes to curb their liberty  
 Yet such they warlike armes have laide away,  
 That have exceld in wites and pollicy,  
 That now we foolish men that praysse gincke  
 t'envy.

## III

Of warlike p'f'essance in ages spent.  
 Bethou, faire Britomart, whose praise I wryte,  
 But of all wisdom bee thou precedent,  
 O soveraine Queene! whose prayse I would  
 endyte,  
 Endite I would as dentie doth cryte,  
 But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged are,  
 When in so high an object they do lyte,  
 And, straining it to make, I feare, doe marre.  
 Thy selfe thy prayses tell, and make them  
 knowne farre.

## IV

She, traveling with Gyon, by the way  
 Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,  
 T'abridge their journey long, and lingring day,  
 Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind  
 To aske this Briton Maid, what uncouth wind  
 Brought her into those partes, and what inquest  
 Made her dissemble her disguised kind?  
 Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest  
 But fairest knight alive, when armed was her  
 brest.

## V

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre  
 To speake a while, ne ready answer make,  
 But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitterstowre,  
 As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,  
 And every daintie limbe with horror shake,  
 And ever and anon the rosy red  
 Flisht through her face, as it had beene a flake  
 Of lightn'g through bright heaven fulmined  
 At last, the passion past, she thus him answered

## VI

'Faie Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre  
 I taken was from nurses tender pap,  
 I have been trained up in warlike stowre,  
 To tossen speare and sheld, and to asfrap  
 The warlike rydel to his most mishap  
 Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,  
 As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,  
 To finger the fine needle and nyce thread,  
 Me leier were with point of soemans speare be  
 dead

## VII

'All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,  
 To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,  
 By sea, by land, where so they may be mett,  
 Onely for honour and for high regard,  
 Without respect of riches or reward  
 For such intent into these partes I came,  
 Withouten compasse or withouten card,  
 Far fro my native soyle, that is by name  
 The greater Britannie, here to seek for praise  
 and fame

## VIII

'Fime blazed hath, that here in Faery lond  
 Doe many famous knightes and Ladies wonne,  
 And many straunge adventures to bee foud,  
 Of which great worth and worship may be  
 wonne,  
 Whiche to prove, I this voyage have begonne  
 But mote I weete of you, right courteous  
 knight,  
 Tydings of one that hath unto me donne  
 Late soult dishonour and reprochfull spight,  
 The which I seeke to wreake, and Artegall  
 he hight'

## IX

The worde gone out she brake agayne would  
As her repenting so to have missayd, [call,  
But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,  
Her shortly answered 'Faure martiall Mayd,  
Certes ye misauised beene t' upbrayd  
A gentle knight with so unknaghtly blame,  
For, weete ye well, of all that ever playd  
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,  
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name

## X

'Forthy grent wonder were it, if such shame  
Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,  
Or ever doe that mote deseruen blame  
Tho noble courage neuer weentli ought  
That may unworthy of it selfe be thought.  
Therefore, faure Dymell, be ye well ware,  
Least that too farre ye haue your sorrow sought  
You and your countrey both I wish welfare,  
And honour both, for each of other worthy  
are'

## XI

The royall Maid wote myl wondrous glad,  
To heare her Love so highly magnifyde,  
And joyd that ever she affixed had  
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,  
How erer finely she it faind to hyde  
The loving mother, that nine monethes did  
beare  
In the deere closett of her painefull syde  
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,  
Doth not so much rejoyce as she rejoyced  
theare

## XII

But to occasion him to further talke,  
To feed her humor with his pleasing tale,  
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,  
And thus replyde 'How erer, Sir, ye syle  
Your courteous tongue his prayes to compyle,  
It ill beemes a knight of gentle sort,  
Such as ye haue him boasted, to beguyle  
A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,  
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can  
report

## XIII

'Let bee therefore my vengeance to dissuade,  
And read where I that fy four false may find'  
'Ah' but if reason faure might you persuade  
To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind'  
(Said he) 'perhaps ye should it better find  
For hardie thing it is to weene by might  
That man to hard conditions to bind,  
Or ever hope to match in equall fight,  
Whose prowesse paragone saw never living  
wight

## XIV

'Ne soothlied is it easie for to read  
Where now on earth, or how, he may be fownd,  
For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,  
But restlesse walketh all the world arownd,  
Ay doing thinges that to his fame redownd,  
Defending Ladies eruse and Orphans right,  
Wherso he heares that any doth confownd  
Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might  
So is his soveraine honour raise to hevens  
light.'

## XV

His feeling wordes her fible sence much  
And softly sneek into her molten hart [pleased,  
Hart that is only hurt is greatly eased  
With hope of thing that may allegge his  
smart,  
For pleasing wordes are like to Magick art,  
That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay  
Such secrete erse felt gentle Britomart,  
Yet list the same efforce with faind ganesay,  
So dishord ofte in Musick makes the sweeter  
lay —

## XVI

And sayd, 'Sir knight, these ydle termes  
forbeare,  
And, with it is unerth to finde his haunt,  
Tell me some markes by which he may ap-  
peare  
If chance I him encounter paravunt, [peare,  
For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt  
What shape, what shield, what armes, what  
steed, what steed,  
And what so else his person most may want?'  
All which the Redecrosse knight to point aredd,  
And him in ev ere part before her fashioned

## XVII

Yet him in ev ere part before she knewe,  
Howe'er list her now her knowledge sayne,  
Sith him whylome in Britaue she did seve,  
To her revealed in a mirrour playne,  
Whereof did grow her first engrafed payne,  
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,  
That but the fruit more sweetnes did contayne,  
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,  
And yield the pray of love to lothsome death  
at last.

## XVIII

By straunge occasion she did him behold,  
And much more straungely gan to love his  
sight,  
As it in bookes hath written beene of old  
In Deheubarth, that now South-wales is light,  
What time king Ryence reign'd and dealed  
right,  
The great Magicien Merlin had deviz'd,  
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might,

A looking glasse, right wondrously agauz'd,  
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone  
were solemniz'd

## XXIX

It vertue had to shew in perfect sight  
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,  
Betwixt the lowest earth and heuens lught,  
So that it to the looker appertaynd  
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,  
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,  
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd,  
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,  
Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a world  
of glas.

## XX

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous  
worke?

But who does wonder, that has red the Towre  
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke  
From all mens vew, that none might her dis-  
coure,

Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?  
Great Ptolonree it for his lemans sake  
Ybuided all of glasse, by Magicke powre,  
And also it impregnable did make, [brake  
Yet when his love was false he with a peaze it

## XXI

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,  
And gave unto kung Ryence for his gard,  
That never foes his kingdome might invade,  
But he it knew at home before he hard  
Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd  
It was a famous Present for a Prince,  
And worthy worke of infinite reward,  
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince  
Happy this Realme, had it remayned ever  
since!

## XXII

One day it fortun'd fayre Britomart  
Into her fathers closet to repayre,  
For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,  
Being his onely daughter and his hayre,  
Where when she had espyde that murrhour  
fayre,  
Her selfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine  
Tho, her avizing of the vertues raie  
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe  
Her to bethinke of that mote to her selfe per-  
taine.

## XXIII

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts  
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,  
And tyranizeth in the bitter smarts  
Of them that to him buxome are and prone

So thought this Mayd (as maydens use to  
done)

Whom fortune for her husband would allot  
Not that she lusted after any one,  
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blott,  
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that  
same knot

## XXIV

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye  
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,  
Through whose bright ventayle, lifted up on  
His manly face, that did his foes agrize, [hye,  
And fiends to termes of gentle truce entize,  
Lookt forth, as Phoebus face out of the east  
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth anze  
Portly his person was, and much increast  
Through his Heroicke grace and honorable  
gest.

## XXV

Hiscrest was coverd with a couchant Hownd,  
And all his armour seemd of antique mould,  
But wondrous massy and assured sownd,  
And round about yfretted all with gold,  
In which there written was, with cyphres old,  
*Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win*  
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold  
He bore a crown'd little Ermelin,  
That deckt the azure field with her fayre  
pouidred skin

## XXVI

The Damzell well did vew his Personage  
And likd well, ne further fastned not,  
But went her way, ne her unguilty age  
Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky lot  
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot.  
Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound,  
But the false Archer, which that arrow shot  
So slyly that she did not feele the wound,  
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wo-  
full stound

## XXVII

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,  
Ruffed of love, gan lovly to availe,  
And her proud portance and hei princely gest,  
With which she earst tryumphed, now did  
quaile  
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile,  
She woxe, yet wist she nether how, nor why  
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,  
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy,  
Yet thought it was not love, but some melan-  
choly.

## XXVIII

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew  
Defaste the beaute of the shyning skye,  
And reffe from men the worldes desired vew,  
She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye,

But sleepe full far away from her did fly  
In sterid thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe  
Kept watch and ward about her warily,  
That nought she did but wayle, and oft  
steepe [she did weepe  
Her dainty couch with teares which closely

XXX

And if that any drop of slombring rest  
Did chaunce to still into her weary spright  
When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,  
Streight-way with dremes, and with fantas-  
trek sight  
Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight,  
That oft out of her bed she did astart,  
As one with view of ghastly fends affright  
Tho gan she to renew her former smart, [hart  
And thinke of that fayre visage written in her

XXXI

One night, when she was tost with such un-  
rest, [hight,  
Her aged Nourse, whose name was Glaucé  
Feeling her leape out of her lorthed nest,  
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,  
And downe againe her in her warme bed ight  
'Ah' my deare daughter, ah' my dearest  
dread,  
What uncouth sit, (said she) 'what evill plight  
Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head  
Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made  
thee dead?

XXXII

'For not of nought these sudden ghastly  
All night afflict thy naturall repose, [feares  
And all the day, when as thine equall penes  
Their sit disports with faire delight doe chose,  
Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose,  
No tastest Princes pleasures, no doest spread  
Abroad thy fresh yonths fayrest flowre, but  
lose  
Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,  
As one in wilfull bale for ever buried

XXXIII

'The time that mortall men their weary cares  
Dolay away, and all wilde bestes do rest,  
And every river eke his course forbears,  
Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,  
And rise with thousand throbs thy thrilled  
brest  
Like an huge Aetn' of deepe engulfed gryefe,  
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest, [ryfe,  
Whence soorth it breakes in sighes and anguish  
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused  
stryfe,

XXXIV

'Ay me' how much I feare least love it bee!  
But if that love it be, as sure I read  
By known signes and passions which I see,  
Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,  
Then I avow, by this most sacred head  
Of my deare foster child, to ease thy griefe  
And win thy will Therefore away doe dread,  
For death nor danger from thy dew reliefe  
Shall me debarre tell me therefore, my hestest  
hefe'

XXXV

So having sayd, her twixt her armes to anne  
Shed straightly sturnd, and colled tenderly,  
And every trembling joint and every vaine  
Shed softly felt, and rubbed busily,  
To doe the frozen cold away to fly,  
And her faire dewy eyes with kisses deare  
Shed ofte did bathe and ofte againe did dry,  
And ever her importund not to feare  
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare

XXXVI

The Damzell purd, and then thus fearfully  
'Ah' Nourse, what needeth thee to eke my  
Is not enough that I alone doe dye, [payne  
But it must dashled bee with death of twaine?  
For nought for me but death there doth remaine'  
'O daughter deare' (said she) 'desperre no  
whit,  
For never sore but might a salve obtaine  
That bluded God, which hath ye blindly smut,  
Another arrow hath y our lovers hart to hit'

XXXVII

'But mine is not' (quoth she) 'like other  
wound,  
For which no reason can finde remedy'  
'Was never such but mote the like be found,'  
(Said she) 'and though no reason may apply  
Salve to y our sore, yet love can higher sty  
Then reason reach, and oft hath wonders  
dounne'  
'But neither God of love nor God of sky  
Can doe' (said she) 'that which cannot be  
dounne' [ere begonne,  
'Things ofte impossible' (quoth she) 'seeme,

XXXVIII

'These idle wordes' (said she) 'doe nought  
aswage [breed  
My stubborne smart, but more annoaunce  
For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage  
Yt is, O Nourse' which on my life doth feed,  
And sucks the blood which from my hart doth  
bleed  
But since thy faithful zeale lets me not hyde  
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed

Nor Prince nor peer it is whose love hath gyrd  
My feeble last of late, and launched this  
wound wyde.

## XXXIII

'Nor man it is, nor oyle of Bering wight,  
For thou art hope I might unto me draw,  
But this do shade as I end last of a knight,  
Whose depe or person yet I never saw,  
Hath I subjected to his small law  
This eare, and day, as thou instructest me,  
I in my father's we drawe marriour see,  
And pleased with that see myne poevely see.  
I wares the fiddlers Locke with love I wane  
I wane

## XXXIV

'Sulore it I path infixed faster hold  
Will my bloodg bowells, and so were  
Now rancid this ill some fralle fleshly hold  
That all my enter losse with paine is gone  
And th' where growth day more and more  
Ne can my next in some hole my chole  
Other th' my hard fortune to d'plan  
And to gush, as the love eke from the lace  
Till death yake the end of my doe and  
tolerance!

## XL

'Doe thou' (said she) 'what need ye be day-  
myd?

O my make to such Meeter of toir my d'z?  
Of much more unworth thing I was affraid,  
Of filthy l'it contrarie unto kinde  
But th' affection nothing straine I find  
For I love with reason can you are separate  
To love the semblen it pleasing in it your  
milde  
And will your heart where you cannot see  
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of love.

## XLV

'Not soth' Arabian Merle dide as I for mynd  
Nor sooth' Bibe's eye, as I for paining heart  
But he 'd that native flesh against all kynd,  
As I do for purpose and will and art  
Yet playd Pa-h' of a more innocent part,  
That he 'd a Bibe, and learned a heart to be  
Such shamefull luste who loathes it, which  
depart

From course of nature and of modesty?  
Sweet love, such hardness banke from last sure  
comparat

## XLVI

'But thus, my Deare, (to chafe the heart, my  
deare)  
Though strange beginning I had, yet fixed is  
On on that worthy may perhaps appeare;  
And certes seen as bestowed not and

Jot the roof have thou and eternall bliss!  
With that, uplean on her elbow wicke,  
Her abblaster breast she soft did kis, (quake,  
Which all, it while she felt to paint and  
As if an Earth-quake were at last she thus  
bequake.

## XLVII

'Holds, no your words d'ward no little ease,  
For though my love be not so badly bent  
As these ye blame, yet may it nought appease  
My raging smart, no ought my shame relent,  
But rather doth my helpe lesse griefe augment,  
For th' low ever shame all and mil ind  
Yet did possesser their horrible intent,  
Shut ead of sorrowe that th' erid d'ade,  
So was their fortune good, though wicked were  
th' rinde.

## XLVIII

'But wretched fortune, mine, though munde be  
poor,  
Can have no cure nor hope of my desire,  
But for I on shidence which I die for feed,  
And like a shad me v'se, whole with entire  
Affliction I do languish and spin,  
I for th' then I plot a foolish chylde,  
Who having loved in a frontane of ore  
His face was with the face turned beguylde,  
I forder, love a sh' to the body far eschilde.

## XLIX

'No gh' like' (quoth shee) 'for that same  
wretched day  
Was of love with the velle Paramount,  
Both love and love, without hope of joy,  
For which I faded to a watry flowre  
But better fortune thine, and better flowre  
Which lay at the shadow of a warlike knight,  
No sh'adow but a body hath in powre  
That body where ever that it light, I might  
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magiel e

## L

'But if thou may with reason yet requese  
The growing will, as it strength have gott,  
And thee abandoned woly do possesser,  
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee noll  
Till thou in open t'ilde adewne be smott  
But if the passion master thy frailty might,  
So that needs love or death must be thy lott,  
Then, I as to thee, by wrong or right  
To compass thy desire, and bid that loved  
knight.'

## LXI

Her cheerefull words much cheerd the feeble  
spright  
Of the wick' virgin, that her downe she layd

In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might,  
And the old-woman caretully displayd  
The clothes about her round with busy ayd,  
So that at last a litle creeping sleepe  
Surprised her sence: Shee, therewith well apayd,  
The drunken lamp down in the oyl did sleepe,  
And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to  
weepe.

## XLVIII

Enselv, the morrow next, before that day  
His ioyous face did to the world reveale,  
They both uprose and tooke their ready way  
Unto the Church, their prayers to appeale  
With great devotion, and with little zeale  
For the faire Damzel from the holy herse  
Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale,  
And that old Dame said many an idle verse,  
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to re-  
verse

## XLIX

Retourned home, the roy all Infant fell  
Into her former sitt, for-why no powre  
Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell  
But th' aged Nourse, her calling to her bowre,  
Had gathered Rew and Savine, and the flowre  
Of Camphora, and Calamint, and Dill,  
All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,  
And to the brim with Coltwood did it fill,  
And many drops of milk and blood through it  
did spill.

## L

Then, taking thirse three heares from off her  
head,  
Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,

And round about the Pots mouth bound the  
threadd,

And, after having whispered a spree  
Certain sad words with hollow voice and bree,  
Shee to the virgin sayd, thirse sayd sho itt,  
'Come daughter, come, come, spit upon my  
face,  
Spitt thirse upon me, thirse upon me spitt,  
Th' uneven number for this busines is most  
fitt.'

## LI

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,  
She turned her contrary to the Sunne,  
Thirso she her tarnd contrary, and returnd  
All contrary, for she the right did shunne,  
And ever what she did was streight undonne  
So thought she to undoe her daughters love,  
But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,  
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove  
That well can witnesse who by triall it does  
prove

## LII

No ought it mote the noble Mayd awayle,  
Ne slake the fure of her cruell flame, [wayle,  
But that shee still did waste, and still did  
That, through long languour and hart-burning  
brame,  
She shortly like a pynded ghost became  
Whelch long bath waited by the Stygian strond  
That when old Glauc. saw, for fere least blame  
Of her misenrriage should in her be fond,  
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to with-  
stond

## CANTO III

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart  
The state of Arthegall,  
And shews the famous Progeny,  
Which from them springen shall

## I

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily  
In living brests, kindled first above  
Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,  
And thence poud into men, which men call  
Love! [move  
Not that same which doth base affections  
In brutish munde, and filthy lust inflame,  
But that sweete fit that doth true beauteie love,  
And choseth vertuo for his dearest Dame,  
Whence sprang all noble deedes and never  
dying fame

## II

Well did Antiquity a God thee deeme  
That over mortall munde hast so great might,  
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,  
And all their actions to direct aright  
The fatall purpose of thine foresight  
Thou doest effect in destined descents,  
Through deepe impression of thy secret  
might,  
And stirredst up th' Heroes high intents,  
Whelch the late world admyres for wondrous  
moniments

## III

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph  
more,

Ne braver prooffe in any of thy powre  
Shew'd'st thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,  
Making her seekes an unknowne Paramoure,  
From the worlds end, through many a bitter  
stowe [rayse  
From whose two loynes thou afterwards did  
Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowie,  
Which through the earth have spreadd their  
living prayse,  
That fame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

## IV

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame!  
Daughter of Phoebus and of Memorie,  
That doest ennoble with immortall name  
The warlike Worthies. from antiquitye,  
In thy great volume of Eternitye  
Begin, O Chloë and recount from hence  
My glorious Soveraines goodly auncestrye,  
Till that by dew degrees, and long protense,  
Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excellence

## V

Full many wayes within her troubled mind  
Old Glauce cast to cure this Ladies griefe,  
Full many waies she sought, but none could find,  
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell, that is  
chiefe

And choicest med'cine for sick harts reliefe  
P' thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,  
Least that it should her turne to fowle reprieve  
And sore reproch, when so her father deare  
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune  
heare.

## VI

At last she her avise, that he which made  
That murrour, wherein the sicke Damosell  
So straungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,  
To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell  
Under what coast of heaven the man did dwell,  
And by what means his love might best be  
wrought

For, though beyond the Afrike Ismael  
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought  
Him forth through infinite endeavour to have  
sought.

## VII

Forthwith them selves disguising both in  
straunge

And base atyre, that none might them bewray,  
To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge [way  
Of name Cayr-Merlin cald, they tooke their  
There the wise Merlin wylome wont (they say)  
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,  
In a deepe delve, faine from the vew of day,

That of no living wight he mote be found,  
When so he counsell'd with his sprights encom-  
past round.

## VIII

And, if thou ever happen that same way  
To travell, go to see that dreadful place  
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)  
Under a Rock that lyes a litle space  
From the swift Barry, tumbling downe apace  
Amongst the woody hilles of Dyneowre  
But dare thou not, I charge, in any eace  
To enter into that same balefull Bowre,  
For feare the cruell Feendes should thee un-  
wares devoure

## IX

But standing high aloft low lay thine eare,  
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines  
And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling  
heare, [paines  
Which thousand sprights with long enduring  
Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines,  
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous  
stownds, [straines,  
When too huge toyle and labour them con-  
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing  
sownds [rebownds  
From under that deepe Rock most horribly

## X

The cause, some say, is this A litle while  
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend  
A brasen wall in compas to compyle  
About Carmardin, and did it commend  
Unto these Sprights to bring to perfect end  
During which worke the Lady of the Lake,  
Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send,  
Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake,  
Them bownd till his retourn their labour not  
to slake.

## XI

In the meane time, through that false Ladies  
traue  
He was surpris'd, and buried under beare,  
Ne ever to his worke return'd againe  
Nath'lesse those scends may not their work  
forbeare,  
So greatly his commandement they feare,  
But there doe toyle and travell day and night,  
Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare,  
For Merlin had in Magiek more insight  
Then ever him before, or after, living wight

## XII

For he by wordes could call out of the sky  
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him  
obay,



The Land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,  
And darksome night he else could turne to day  
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,  
And hostes of men of meanest thinges could  
When so him list his enemies to fray, [frame,  
That to this dry, for terror of his time,  
The seedes do quike when any lum to them  
does name

## XIII

And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne  
Of mortall Syre or other thing wight,  
But wondrously begotten, and begonne  
By false illusion of a guilefull Spright  
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight  
Matilda, daughter to Pabidus,  
Who was the lord of Mathiray by right,  
And cooven unto king Ambrosius,  
Whence he indued was with skilfull sorceriours

## XII

They, here arriving, staid awhile without,  
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,  
But of their first intent gan make new shout,  
For dread of daunger which it might portend,  
Untill the hardy Mayd (with love to friend)  
First entering, the dreadfull Mge thers found  
Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,  
And writing straunge characters in the ground,  
With which the stubborn seedes he to his  
service bound

## XI

He nought was moved at their entrance  
bold,

For of their coming well he wist afore,  
Yet list them bid their business to unsol,  
As if ought in this world in secreete store  
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore  
Then Glauce thus 'Let not it thee offend,  
That we thus rashly through thy darksome  
dore

Unwares have prest, for either fitall end,  
Or other mightie cause, us two did hither  
send.'

## XVI

He bad tell on, And then she thus began  
'Now have three Moones with borrowd bro-  
thers light [wan,  
Thrice shined fure, and thrice seemd dim and  
Sith a sore evil, which this virgin bright  
Tormenteth and doth plunge in dolefull plight,  
First rooting tooke, but what thing it mote  
bee,

Or whence it sprong, I can not read aright  
But this I read, that, but if remedee  
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall  
see'

## XVII

Therewith th' Enchaunter softly gan to smile  
At her smooth speeches, weeting, only well  
That she to him dissembled womanish guile,  
And to her said 'Beldame, by that ye tell  
More neede of leech-crafte hath our Damozell,  
Then of my skill, who helpe may have else-  
where,

In vaine seekes wonders out of Magick spell,  
Th' old woman woe half blacke those wordes  
to heere,  
And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine  
appeare,

## XVIII

And to him said 'If any leeches skill,  
Or other learned meanes, could have redrest  
This my deare daughters deepe engrafted ill,  
Certe I should be loth thee to molest,  
But thus end evill, which doth her infect,  
Both course of naturall cause farre exceed,  
And housed is within her hollow brest,  
That either seemes some cursed witchs deed,  
Or evill spright, that in her doth such torment  
breed'

## XIX

The wizard could no longer beere her bord,  
But, brusting forth in laughter, to her said  
'Glance, what needes this colourable word  
To cloke the cause that hath it selfe bewrayd?  
Ne ye, sayre Britomartis, thus arrayd,  
More hidden are then Sunne in cloudy vele,  
Whom the good fortune, having fate abyld,  
Hath hither brought for succour to appple,  
The which the powres to thee are pleased to  
releve'

## XX

The doubtfull Mayd seeing her selfe des-  
Was all abrayst, and her pure ivory cryde,  
Into a cleare Carnation snailleire dyde,  
As fayre Aurora, rising hastily,  
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye  
All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,  
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly  
But her olde Nourse was nought dishartened  
But vantage made of that which Merlin had  
ared,

## XXI

And said, 'Sith then thou knowest all our  
griefe,  
(For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace I  
pray,

Pitty our playnt, and yeld us meet reliefe'  
With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,  
And then his sprite thus gan forth display  
'Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore  
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay

The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,  
And with sharpe sits thy tender hart oppres-  
seth sore.

## XXVII

'For so must all things excellent begun,  
And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,  
Whose big embodied branches shall not lin  
Till they to heuens hight forth stretched bee  
For from thy wombe a famous Progenee  
Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,  
Which shall reuise the sleeping memoree  
Of those same antique Peres, the heuens brood,  
Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with  
their blood.

## XXVIII

'Renowned kings, and sacred Emperours,  
Thy fruitfull Offspring, shall from thee descend,  
Brave Captaines, and most mighty warriors,  
That shall their conquests through all lands  
extend,

And their decayed kingdomes shall amend  
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,  
They shall upreare, and mightily defend  
Against their forren foe that commes from  
farre,

Till universall peace compound all evill jarre

## XXIX

'It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye  
Glauncing unwares in charmed looking glasses,  
But the streight course of hevenly destiny,  
Led with eternall providence, that has  
Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to pass  
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,  
To love the proveest knight that ever was  
Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,  
And doe by all dev meanes thy destiny fulfill'

## XXX

'But read,' (saide Glaucè) 'thou Magitian,  
What meanes shall she out seeke, or what  
wayes take? [man?  
How shall she know, how shall she finde the  
Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can  
make

Way for themselves their purpose to pertake?'  
Then Merlin thus 'Indeepe the fates are  
firme, [shake,  
And may not shrinck, though all the world do  
Yet ought mens good endevours them confirme,  
And guyde the heavenly causes to their con-  
stant terme.

## XXXI

'The man, whom heavens have ordlaynd to  
The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall [bee  
He wonneth in the land of Fayeree,  
Yet is no Fary borne, ne sib at all

To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,  
And whylome by false Faries stolne away,  
Whyles yet in infant cradle he did erall,  
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,  
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay

## XXXII

'But sooth he is the sonne of Golois,  
And brother unto Cador, Cornish king,  
And for his warlike feates renowed is,  
From where the day out of the sea doth  
Untill the closure of the Evening [spring,  
From thence him, firmly bound with faith-  
full band [bring,

To this his native soyle thou backe shalt  
Strongly to ayde his countrey to withstand  
The poure of forreine Paynims which invade  
thy land

## XXXIII

'Great ayd thereto his mighty pussaunce  
And drended name shall give in that sad day,  
Where also proofe of thy prow vahaunce  
Thou then shalt make, to increase thy lover's  
pray [sway,

Long time ye both in armes shall beare great  
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do  
call,

And his last fate him from thee take away,  
Too rathe cut off by practise criminall  
Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mis-  
chefe fall

## XXXIV

'With thee yet shall he leave, for memory  
Of his late pussaunce, his ymage dead,  
That living him in all activity  
To thee shall represent He, from the head  
Of his coosen Constantius, without dread  
Shall take the crowne that was his fathers  
right, [stead  
And therewith crowne himselfe in th' others  
Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might  
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

## XXXV

'Take as a Lyon that in drowse crie  
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he  
shake, [brave  
And comming forth shall spred his banner  
Over the troubled South, that it shall make  
The warlike Merkaus for feare to quake  
Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise  
shall win, [make.

But the third time shall sayre accordaunce  
And, if he then with victorie can lin,  
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his  
earthly lin.

## XXXI

'His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him suc-  
In kingdome, but not in scheity [ceede  
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,  
And with great honour many battaills try,  
But at the last to th' importunity  
Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield  
But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily  
Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,  
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious  
field

## XXXII

'Behold the man' and tell me, Britomart,  
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?  
How like a Gyaunt in each manly part  
Beares he himselfe with portly majestee,  
That one of th' old Heroës seemes to bee?  
He the six Islands, comprorincill  
In auncient times unto great Britaunce,  
Shall to the same rednee, and to him call  
Their sondry kings to do their homage severall

## XXXIII

'All which his sonne Caretious awhile  
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress,  
Untill a straunger king, from unknowne soyle  
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse,  
Great Gormond, having with huge mightnesse  
Ireland subdued, and therein sit his throne,  
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,  
Shall overswim the sea, with many one  
Of his Norreyes, to assist the Britons sone

## XXXIV

'He in his fure all shall overronne,  
And holy Church with faithlesse handes defeece,  
That thy sad people, utterly fordone,  
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace.  
Was never so great waste in any place,  
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men,  
For all thy Citties they shall sacke and race,  
And the greene grasse that groweth they shall  
bren, [den  
That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved

## XXXV

'Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,  
Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,  
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,  
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise  
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell  
twise,  
And Bangor with massacred Martyrs fill,  
But the third time shall rewe his foolhardise  
For Cadwan, pitying his peoples ill, [kill  
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thence and Saxons

## XXXVI

'But after him, Cadwallin mightily  
On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall  
Ne shall make the wicked sorcery [wreake,  
Of false Pelite his purposes to breake,  
But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleake  
Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hire.  
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,  
From their long vassalage gin to respire, [ire  
And on their Paynum foes avenge their raneled

## XXXVII

'Ne shall he yet his writh so mitigate,  
Till both the sonnes of Edwin be have slayne,  
Offricke and Osricke, twinned unfortunate,  
Both slaine in battaile upon Layburue playne,  
Together with the king of Lonthuane,  
Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,  
Both joynt partakers of their fatal payne  
But Penda, fearefull of like desteny, [fealty.  
Shall yield him selfe his hegeman, and sweare

## XXXVIII

'Him shall he make his fatal Instrument  
T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd,  
He marching forth with fury insolent  
Against the good king Oswald, who indewd  
With heavenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,  
Al holding crosses in their hands on hye,  
Shall him defeat withouten blood imbred.  
Of which that field, for endlesse memory,  
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity

## XXXIX

'Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issew,  
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,  
With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,  
And crowne with martiredome his sacred head  
Whose brother Oswu, daunted with like dread,  
With price of silver shall his kingdome buy,  
And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,  
Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowly dye,  
But shall with guists his Lord Cadwallin pacify.

## XL

'Then shall Cadwallin die, and then the raine  
Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye,  
Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with paine  
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,  
When the full time, prefix by destiny,  
Shal be expird of Britons regiment  
For heven it selfe shall their successe envy,  
And them with plagues and murrins pestilent  
Consume, till all their warlike pussaunce be  
spent.

## XLI

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hulls -  
Of dying people, during eight yeres space,

Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,  
From Armonicke, where long in wretched cace  
He liv'd, retourning to his native place,  
Shall be by vision staide from his intent  
For thy heavens have decreed to displace  
The Britons for their sunes dew punishment  
And to the Saxons over-gave their government

## XLII

'Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,  
Be to the Briton babe that shall be borne  
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe'  
Late king, now captive, late lord, now forlorne,  
The worlds reproch, the cruell victors scorne,  
Banisht from princely bowre to wastefull wood  
O! who shall helpe me to lament and mourne  
The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,  
Whose empire lenger here then ever any stood?'

## XLIII

The Damzell was full deepe empassioned  
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,  
Whose future woe so plaine he fashioned,  
And, sighing sore, at length him thus bespake  
'Ah! but will hevrens fury never slake,  
Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?  
Will not long misery late mercy make,  
But shall their name for ever be defaste,  
And quite from off the earth their memory be  
raste?'

## XLIV

'Nay but the terme' (sayd he) 'is limited,  
That in this thraldome Britons shall abide,  
And the just revolution measured  
That they as Straungers shal be notified [phide,  
For wise sowe hundreth yeares shalbe sup-  
Ere they to former rule restord shal be,  
And their importune fates all satisfide  
Yet, during this their most obscuritee,  
Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men  
them faire may see

## XLV

'For Rhodoricke, whose surname shal be  
Great,  
Shall of him selfe a brave ensample shew,  
That Saxon kinges his friendship shall intreat,  
And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew  
The salvage minds with skill of just and trew  
Then Griffyth Conan also shall upreare  
His dreaded head, and the old sprukes renew  
Of native corage, that his foes shall feare,  
Least back againe the kingdom he from them  
should beare.

## XLVI

'Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably  
Enjoy the crowne, which they from Britons  
wonne

First ill, and after ruled wickedly;  
For, ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,  
There shall a Raven, far from rising Sunne,  
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,  
And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne  
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty  
In their avenge tread downe the victors sur-  
quedry

## XLVII

'Yet shall a thurd both these and thine sub-  
dew  
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood  
Of Neustria come roing, with a crew  
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,  
Whose claws weie newly dipt in cruddy  
blood,  
That from the Daniske Tyrants heid shall end  
Thir' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,  
And the spoile of the countrey conquered  
Emongst his young ones shall divide with  
bountyhed

## XLVIII

'Tho, when the terme is full accomplisht,  
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-  
while  
Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,  
Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile  
Of Mona, where it lurked in exile,  
Which shall breake forth into bright burning  
flame,  
And reach into the house that beares the stile  
Of roiall majesty and soveraine name  
So shall the Briton blood their crowne agayn  
reclame

## XLIX

'Thenceforth eternall union shall be made  
Betwene the nations different afore,  
And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade  
The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,  
And civile armes to exercise no more  
Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which shall  
Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shors,  
And the great Castle smite so sore withall,  
That it shall make him shake, and shortly  
learn to fall

## L

'But yet the end is not'—There Merlin  
stayd,  
As overcome of the spirites powre,  
O! other ghastly spectacle dismayd,  
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure  
Which sudden fitt, and halfe extatick stoure,  
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew  
Greatly confused in behaouere.  
At last, the fury past, to former hew  
Hee turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst  
did shew.

## LI

Then, when them selves they well instructed had  
Of all that needed them to be inquir'd,  
They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,  
With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd,  
Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd,  
How to effect so hard an enterprize,  
And to possesse the purpose they desir'd  
Now this, now that, twixt them they did devise,  
And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange disguise.

## LII

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit  
Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake  
'Daughter, I deeme that counsel ave most fit,  
That of the time doth dew ad aantage take.  
Ye see that good king Uther now doth make  
Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren,  
hight

Oeta and Oza, whome hee lately brake  
Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,  
That now all Britany doth burne in armes  
bright.

## LIII

'That, therefore, uought our passage may  
empeach,  
Let us in feigned armes our selves disguise,  
And our weake hands (need makes good  
schollers) teach

The dreadfull speere and shield to exercise  
Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,  
I weene, would you misseeme, for ye beene  
tall,

And large of limbe t' achieve an hard emprise,  
Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize small  
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd  
Martiall

## LIV

'And, sooth, it ought your corage much  
inflame

To heere so often, in that royall hous,  
From whence, to none inferior, ye came,  
Bards tell of many women valorous,  
Which have full many feats adventurous  
Perform'd, in paragone of proudest men  
The bold Boudier, whose victorious [dolen]  
Exploits made Rome to quake, stout Guen-  
Reuonmed Martin, and redoubted Emulien

## LV

'And, that which more then all the rest may  
sway,  
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld  
In the last field before Menevry,  
Which Uther with those forren Pagans held,

I saw a Saxon Virgin, the which feld  
Great Ulin thrise upon the bloody plavne,  
And, had not Carados her hand withheld  
From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne  
Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with  
payne'

## LVI

'Ah! read,' (quoth Britomart) 'how is she  
hight?'

'Fayre Angela' (quoth she) 'men do her call,  
No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight  
She hath the leading of a Martiall  
And mightie people, dreaded more then all  
The other Saxons, which doe, for her sake  
And love, themselves of her name *Angles* call  
Therefore, faire Infant, her ensample make  
Unto thy selfe, and equall corage to thee take'

## LVII

Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd  
Of the young Damrell sunke, that great desire  
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,  
And generous stout courage did inspire,  
That she resolv'd, unwetting to her Syre,  
Adventrons knighthood on her selfe to don,  
And counyeild with her Nourse her Maides  
To turne into a manly habergeon, [attire]  
And bad her all things put in readinesse anon

## LVIII

Th' old woman thought that needed did omit,  
But all things did conveniently purvey.  
It fortun'd (so time their turne did fit)  
A band of Britons, ryding on sorrag  
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray  
Of Saxon goods amongst the which was seene  
A goodly Armour, and full rich array,  
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon Queene,  
All frettyd round with gold, and goodly wel  
beseeene

## LIX

The same, with all the other ornaments,  
King Ricene caused to be hanged hy  
In his chiefe Church, for endless monuments  
Of his success and gladfull victory  
Of which hir selfe was using readily  
In th' evening, late old Glauced thither led  
Faire Britomart and, that same Armory  
Downe taking, her therein appareled  
Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick  
garnished

## LX

Beside those armes there stood a mightie  
speere,  
Which Bladud made by Magick art of yore,  
And usd the same in battell aye to beare,  
Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in store,

For his great virtues proved long afore  
For never wight so fast in sell could sit,  
But him perforce unto the ground it bore.  
Both speare she tooke and shield which hong  
by it, [purpose fit  
Both speare and shueld of great powre, for her

## LVI

Thus when she had the virgin all arrayd,  
Another harness she which did hang thereby  
About her selfe she dight, that the yong Mayd  
She might in equall armes accompany,  
And as her Squire attend her carefully  
Tho to their ready Steedes they clombe full  
light, [they espy,  
And through back waies, that none might

Covered with secret eloud of silent night,  
Themselves they forth convoid, and passed  
forward right

## LXXI

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond  
They came, as Merlyn them directed late  
Where, meeting with this Redecrosse Knight,  
    she fond  
Of diverse thinges discourses to dilate,  
But most of Arthegall and his estate.  
Atlast their wayes so fell, that they mote part  
Then each to other, well affectionate,  
Friendslup professed with unfaued hart.  
The Redecrosse Knight diuers, but forth rode  
    Britomart

CANTO IV.

**Bold Marinell of Britomart  
Is throwne on the Rich strand  
Faure Florimell of Arthure is  
Long followed, but not fond.**

# I

WHERE is the Antique glory now become,  
That whylome wont in wemen to appeare?  
Where be the brave atchievements doen by  
some? [speare,  
Where be the battelles, where the shiield and  
And all the conquests which them lugh did  
reare,  
That matter made for famous Poets verse,  
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?  
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse,  
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shiall againe  
reverse?

## II

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore,  
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake!  
For 'll too long I burne with envy sore  
To heare the wlike feates w<sup>h</sup>ch Homere spake  
Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake  
Of Greekish blood so ofte in Trojan plaine,  
But when I reade, how stout Debora strake  
Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine  
The huge Orsiloclus, I swell with great dis-  
daine

## III

Yet these, and all that els had puissance,  
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,  
As well for glorie of great valiance,  
As for pure chastitee and vertue rare,  
That all her goodly deedes doe well declare  
Well worthe stock, from which the branches  
spring  
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,

As thee, O Queene! the matter of my song,  
Whose lignage from this Lad I derive along

## IV

Who when, through speeches with the Red-  
crosse Knight,  
She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,  
And in each point her selfe informed aight,  
A friendly league of love perpetuall  
She with him bound, and Congi tooke withall  
Then he forth on his journey did proceede,  
To seeke adventures which mote him befall,  
And win him worship through his warlike deed,  
Which alwaies of his paines he made the  
chiefest meed

**Y**

But Britomart kept on her former course,  
Ne ever doft her armes, but all the way  
Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,  
By which the Redcrosse knight did earst display  
Her lovers shape and chealrons aray  
A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her  
mind,  
And in her feignung fancie did pourtrav  
Him such as fittest she for love could find,  
Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind

## VI

With such self-pleasing thoughts her wound  
she fedd,  
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart,  
But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,  
And the deepe wound more deep engord her  
hart.

That nought but de ith her dolour mote depart.  
So forth she rode, without repose or rest,  
Searchung all lands and each remotest part,  
Following the guidence of her blinded guest,  
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her  
address

## vii

There she alighted from her light-foot beast.  
And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,  
Bidd her old Squirro unlace her lofty creast  
Tho having viewd awhile the surges hore  
That gaunt the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,  
And in their raging surquedry disdaind  
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,  
And their devouring covetize restraynd,  
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus com-  
playnd.

## viii

'Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous griefe,  
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long  
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,  
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong  
And thy moyst mountaines eich on others  
throng,  
Threatning to swallow up my fearefull life?  
O' doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong  
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,  
Which in thy troubled bowels raignes and  
rageth rife.

## ix

'For els my feeble vessell, crazd and crackt  
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous  
blowes,  
Cannot endure, but needes it must be wackt  
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes.  
The whiles that love it steres, and fortune  
rowes  
Love, my lewd Pilott, hath a restlesse minde,  
And fortune, Boteswaine, no assurance knowes  
But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and  
winde  
How can they other doe, with both are bold and

## x

'Thou God of windes, that ragest in the seas,  
Thit ragest also in the Continent  
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,  
I he which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,  
Unto the gladsome port of her intent  
Then, when I shall my selfe in safety see,  
A table, for eternall monument  
Of thy great grace and my great jeopardy,  
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee"

## xi

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,  
She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe

For her great courage would not let her weepe,  
Till that old Glaunce gun with sharpe repriele  
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe  
Through hope of those, which Merlan had her  
told

Should of her name and nation be chiefe,  
And fetch their being from the sacred mould  
Of her immortall womb, to be in heaven enrolld.

## xii

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde  
Where far away one, all in armour bright,  
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde  
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight  
Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light  
Her former sorrow into sudden wrath,  
Both coosen passions of distroubled spright,  
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path  
Love and despatch attones her courage handled  
hath.

## xiii

As, when a foggy mist hath overest  
The face of heaven and the cleare ayre engroste,  
The world in darkenes dwels, till that at last  
The watry Southwinde, from the seabord coste  
Uplowing, doth disperse the vapour la'ste,  
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy shoure  
So the fayre Britomart, having dislo'ste  
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,  
The mist of griefe dissolv'd did into vengeance  
bowre

## xiv

Estsoones, her goodly sheld addressing fayre,  
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,  
And unto battail did her selfe preparre  
The knight, approching sternely her bespake  
'Sir knight, that doest thy voy age rashly make  
By thus forbidden way in my despyght,  
Ne doest by others death en-ample take  
I reed thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might  
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight'

## xv

I thirld with deepe disdain of his proud  
threat.

She shortly thus 'Fly they, that need to fly,  
Wordes searen babes I meane not thee entreat  
To passe, but mynre thee will passe or dy'  
Ne lenger stayd for th' other to reply, [knowne  
But with sharpe speare the rest made deary  
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily  
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her  
downe

Decline her head, and touch her crouper with  
[her crown

## xvi

But she againe him in the sheld did smite  
With so fierce furie and great puaissance,

That, through his three-square scuchin perein  
quite

And through his mayled haubaque, by mis-  
chancee [glancee.

The wicked steele through his left side did  
Him so transhew she before her bore  
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her lannce,  
Till, sadly soncing on the sandy shore, [gore  
He tumbled on au heape, and wallowd in his

## XVII

Like as the sacred Ove that carelesse stands,  
With gilden hornes and flowry gu londs crown'd,  
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,  
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense  
arownd,

All suddenly, with mortall stroke astownd,  
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore  
Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,  
And the faire flowres that decked him afore.  
So fell proud Marinoll upon the pretious shore.

## XVIII

The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,  
But forwa'd rode, and kept her ready way  
Along the stond, which, as she over-went,  
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray  
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,  
And all the gravell mixt with golden owre  
Whereat she wondred much, but would not  
stay

For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,  
But them despised all, for all was in her powre

## XIX

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stomshment,  
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare  
His mother was the blacke-bowd Cy moent,  
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare  
Thus warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,  
The famous Dumarin, who, on a day  
Finding the Nymph asleepe in secret wheare,  
As he by chance did wander that same way,  
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay

## XX

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne  
She, of his father, Marinell did name,  
And in a rocky cave, as wight forlorne,  
Long time she fostred up, till he became  
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame  
Did get through great adventures by him donne  
For never man he suffred by that same  
Rich stond to travell, whereas he did wonne,  
But that he must do battail with the Sea-  
nymphes sonne.

## XXI

An hundred knights of honorable name  
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made  
That through all Faerie lond his noble fame  
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,  
That none durst passen through that perilous  
glade  
And to advaunce his name and glory more,  
Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade  
T'endow her sonne with threasure and rich store  
Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly  
wombes ybore

## XXII

The God did graunt his daughters deare  
demand,  
To doen his Nephew in all riches flow,  
Eftsoones his heaped waxes he did commaund  
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw  
All the huge threasure, which the sea below  
Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,  
And him enriched through the overthrow  
And weeke of many wretches, which did weepe  
And often wayle their wealth, which he from  
them did keepe

## XXIII

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was  
Exceeding riches and all pretious things,  
The spoyle of all the world, that it did pas  
The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian  
kings

Gold, ambe, y orie, perles, owches, rings,  
And all that cls was pretious and deare,  
The sea unto him voluntary brings,  
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,  
As was in all the lond of Faery, or else where

## XXIV

Thereto he was a doughty deaded knight,  
Tryde often to the seath of many Deare,  
That none in equall armes him matchen might  
The which his mother seeing gan to feare  
Least his too haughtie hardines might reare  
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life.  
Forthly she oft him counsell'd to forbear  
The bloody battail and to stirre up strife,  
But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife

## XXV

And, for his more assurance, she inquir'd  
One day of Proteus by his mighty spell  
(For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)  
Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,  
And the sad ead of her sweet Marinell  
Who, through foresight of his eternall skill,  
Bad her from womankind to keepe him well,  
For of a woman he should have much ill,  
A virgin strange and stout him should dismay  
or kill



## XXVI

Forthy she gave him warning every day  
The love of women not to entertaine,  
A lesson too too hard for living clay  
From love in course of nature to refrain  
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,  
And ever from fayre Ladies love did fly,  
Yet many Ladies sayre did oft complaine,  
That they for love of him would algaies dy  
Dy, who so list for him, he was loves enemy

## XXVII

But ah! who can deceiv e his destiny,  
Or weene by warning to avoid his fate?  
That, when he sleepe in most security  
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,  
And findeth dew effect or soone or late,  
So feeble is the powre of sle-hy arme.

His mother bad him weenens love to hate,  
Wherof she of womans force did feare no harine,

So, when she was trying to have arm'd him, she did quite  
disarm him

## XXVIII

This was that woman, this that deadly  
wound,

That Proteus prophesied should him dismay,  
The which his mother vainely should expand  
To be hart-wounding love, which should assay  
To bring her soune unto his last decay  
So tiele be the termes of mortall state,  
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play  
With double sences, and with false debate,  
T' approve the unknownen purpose of eternall  
fate.

## XXIX

Too trew the famous Marnell it fownd,  
Who, through late triall, on that wealthie  
Strond

Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swound  
Through heavie stroke of Britomartis hand  
Which when his mother deare did understand  
And heavy tidings heard, whereto she playd  
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,  
Gathering sweete daffadillies, to have made  
Gay girlonds from the Sunn their fortherds sayr  
to shade,

## XXX

Estesoones both flowres and girlonds far away  
Shee siong, and her faire dewy lockes y rent,  
To sorrow huge she turn'd her former play.  
And game-om merrh to grievous illeriment  
Shee throw her selfe downe on the Continent,  
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a sworne,  
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament  
With yelling outeries, and with shrieking  
sowne,  
And every one did teare her girlond from her

## XXXI

Soone as shee up out of her deadly sitt  
Arose, shee had her charitt to be brought,  
And all her sisters that with her did sitt  
Bad eke attonce their charets to be sought  
Tho, full of bitter griefe and penivse thought,  
She to her wagon clombe, clombe all the rest,  
And forth togetner went with sorow fraught.  
The waves, obedient to their behest,  
Them wolded ready passage, and their rage  
surceast.

## XXXII

Great Neptune stande amazed at their sight,  
Whiles on his broad rownd backe they softly  
sledd,  
And eke him selfe mourn'd at their mournful  
plight,

Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did,  
For great compassion of their sorow, bid  
his mighty waters to them luxome be  
Estesoones the roaring billowes still abid,  
And all the griesly Monstres of the Sea  
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them  
to see

## XXXIII

A teme of Dolphins raunged in array  
Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymonit  
They were all taught by Triton to obey  
To the long rynn at her commandement  
As swifte as swallowes on the waves they  
went,

That the sea brode slayer sinnes no fowle did  
Ye bubling rowes, - well they behinde them sen  
The rest, of other fishes which were  
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea  
did share.

## XXXIV

Soone as they bene array'd upon the brim  
Of the Rich Strond, their charets they forlore,  
And let their temed wheelers softly swim  
Along the margent of the fowly shore,  
Least they their finnes should bruize, and  
surbate sore

Their tender feete upon the stony grownd  
And coming to the place, where all in gore  
And cruddy blood swallowed they fownd  
The lucklesse Marnell lying in deadly swound.

## XXXV

His mother swowned thirse, and the third time  
Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine  
Had she not bene detoide of mortallume  
Shee should not then have bene relyd againe  
But, soone as life recovered had the raine,  
Shee made sopitious mone and deare waymer  
That the hard rocks could scarce from teare  
refraime,

And all her sister Nymphes with one consent  
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

## XXXVI

'Deare image of my selfe, (she sayd) 'that is  
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,  
'thus thine high advancement? O' is this  
h' immortall name, with which thee, yet  
unborne,

'hy Grandsire Nerens promist to adorne?  
low l'est thou of life and honor reste,  
low l'est thou a lump of earth forlorne,  
'e of thy late life memory is left,  
'e can thy irrevocable destiny bee w'este.

## XXXVII

'Fond Proteus, father of false prophecies!  
and they more fond that credit to thee give!  
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,  
'that so deepe wound through these deare  
members drive

'feared love, but they that love doe live,  
But they that dye doe nether love nor hate  
Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive,  
and to my selfe. and to accursed fate,  
The guilt I doe ascribe deare wisdom bought  
too late'

## XXXVIII

'O' what availes it of immortall seed  
To beene ybredd and never borne to dye?  
'farre better I it deeme to die with speed  
'then waste in woe and wayfull misery  
'Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth aby e,  
But who that lives is left to waile his losse  
so life is losse, and death felicity  
Sad life worse then glad death, and greater  
crosse [to engrosse  
To see frends grave, then dead the grave self

## XXXIX

'But if the heavens did his dayes envie,  
And my short blis maligne, yet mote they well  
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,  
'that the dim eyes of my deare Marinell  
[ mote have closed, and him bed farewell,  
Sith other offices for mother meet  
They would not graunt—  
Yet, maulgre them, farewell, my sweetest  
sweet' [shall meet'  
Farewell, my sweetest sonne, sith we no more

## XL

Thus when they all had sorowed their fill,  
They softl' gan to search his grieu'd wound  
And, that they might him handle more at will,  
They him disarm'd, and, spredding on the  
ground

Their watchet mantles fringed with silver  
rownd,

They softl' wipt away the gelly blood  
From th' orifice, which having well upbrownd,  
They pourd in soveraine balme and Nectar  
good, [food  
Good both for erthly med'cine and for heavenly

## XLI

Tho when the lilly handed Liagore  
(Thus Liagore whilome had learned skill  
In leaches craft, by great Apollos lore,  
Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill  
He loved, and at last her wombe did fill  
With heavenly seed, whereof wise Paen sprong)  
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staid still  
Some litle life his feeble sprites among,  
Which to his mother told, despayre she from  
her flong

## XLII

Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,  
They easly unto her charett beare  
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,  
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,  
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare.  
Then all the rest into their coches clim,  
And through the brackish waves their passage  
sheare,

Upon great Neptunes necke they softl' swim,  
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

## XLIII

Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowre  
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,  
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy  
showre,

And vaulted all within, like to the Skye,  
In which the Gods doe dwell eternally,  
There they him laide in easy couch well dight,  
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply  
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might,  
For Tryphon of sea gods the soveraine leach is  
hight,

## XLIV

The whales the Nymphes sitt all about him  
rownd,

Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight,  
And ofte his mother, vewing his wide wound,  
Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight  
Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight  
But none of all those curses overtook  
The warlike Made, th' ensample of that might,  
But fareh' well shee thry'd, and well did  
brooke

Her noble deeds, ne her right course for  
ought forsooke

## XIV

Yet did fall e Archmage her still pursu,  
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,  
Now that he had her singled from the crew  
Of courteous knights, the Princefull Faery gent,  
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent  
Shee leste, pursewing that same foster strong,  
Of whose foule outrage they impatient,  
And full of ire zeale, him followed long.  
To reskue her from shame, and to revenge her  
wrong

## XV

Through thicke and thin, through mountains  
and through playnes,  
Those two greut champions did attonce pursue  
The fearefull druzell with incessant paine,  
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from  
view  
Of hunter swift and sent of houndes true  
At last they came unto a double way,  
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskue,  
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay  
Whether more happy were to win so goodly  
prey

## XVI

But Timias, the Princes gentle squire  
That Ladies love unto his Lord forlorn,  
And with proud envy and indignat ire  
After that wicked so ter heavily went  
So beene they three three country wayes went  
But sayest fortune to the Prince befall pent,  
Whose chauce it was, that some he did not  
To take that way in which that Damozell  
Was fledd asure, affraid of him as fiend of hell

## XVII

At last of her far off he grined view  
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,  
And ever as he nigher to her drew  
So evermore he did increase his speed,  
And of each turning still kept wary heed  
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,  
To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse  
dread  
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall  
Many mecke wordes to stay and comfort her  
withall

## XVIII

But nothing might relent her hasty flight,  
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule wanton  
Was earely impressed in her gentle spright  
Like as a fearefull Dove, which through the  
raue  
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,  
Having farre off espyde a Tassell gent,  
Which after her his nimble winges doth  
straine,

Doubleth her hast for fcare to bee for bent  
And with her pinions cleaves the liquid fir-  
mament.

## I

With no lesse hast, and she with no lesse dread,  
That fearefull Lado fledd from him, that  
ment  
To her no evil thought nor evil deed,  
Yet former fcare of being sowly sleut  
Carried her forward with her first intent  
And though, oft looking backward, well she  
sawde  
Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,  
And that it was a knight which now her sawde,  
Yet she no lesse the knight fard than that  
villain rude

## II

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her  
dunayil,  
Whose like in Faery lond were seldom scene,  
That fast she from him fledd no lesse afraid  
Then of wilde bestes if she had chaced been,  
Yet he her followd still with courage keen  
So long, that now the golden Hesperus  
Was mounted high in top of heavns cheane  
And warrul his other brethren jocund  
To light their blessed lamps in Joves eternall  
house

## III

All suddenly him wox the dampish ayre,  
And griedly shadowes covered heaven bright,  
That now with thousand starnes was decked  
fair  
Which when the Prince beheld a lathfull sight,  
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,  
He mote surresse his suit and lose the hope  
Of his long labour he gan sowly wyte  
His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,  
And cursed night that rest from him so goodly  
scope

## IV

Tho, when her wayes he could no more  
desery,  
But to and fro at disaventure stryd;  
Like as a ship, whose lodestar suddenly  
Covered with cloudes her Pilot hath dis-  
mayd  
His wearisome pursuit perforce he staid  
And from his lustie stred dismounting loud  
Did let him forgoe Downe himselfe he layd  
Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw  
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steels  
his pillow

## V

But gentle Sleepe envye him any rest  
In stead thereof sad sorow and dwaine

Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,  
And thousand Fancies bett his ydle brayne  
With their light wings, the sights of semblants  
vaine

Oft did he wish that Lady faire mote bee  
His Faery Queene, for whom he did com-  
plaine,

Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee,  
And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie

## LV

'Night' thou foule Mother of annoyaunce  
sad,

Sister of heaue death, and nourse of woe,  
Which wast begot in heauen, but for thy bad  
And brutish shape thrust downe to hell  
below,

Where, by the grim fload of Coeytus slow,  
Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,  
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe  
Of all the Gods,) where thou ungratious  
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horror  
hideous

## LVI

'What had th' eternall Maker need of thee  
The world in his continuall course to keepe,  
That doest all thinges deface, no lettest see  
The beautie of his worke? Indeed, in sleepe  
The slouthfull body that doth love to steepe  
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,  
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian  
deepe

Calles thee his goddesse, in his error blud,  
And great Dame Natures handmaide chearing  
every kind

## LVII

'But well I wote, that to an heauy hart  
Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,  
Breeder of new, renewer of old smart  
Instead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,  
Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares  
And dreadfull visions, in the which alive  
The dreary image of sad death appeares  
So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive  
Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

## LVIII

'Under thy mantle black there hidden ly a  
Light-shonning thefte, and traiterous intent,  
Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felow,  
Shamefull deceit, and daunger imminent,  
Fowle horror, and eke hellish drerment  
All these, I wote, in thy protection bee,  
And light doe shonne for feare of being shent,  
For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,  
And all that lew dnesse love doe hate the light  
to see.

## LIX

'For day discovers all dishonest wayes,  
And sheweth each thing as it is in deed  
The pray ses of high God he faire displayes,  
And his large bountie rightly doth areed  
Day es dearest children be the blessed seed  
Which darknesse shall subdne and heauen win  
Truth is his daughter, he her first did breed  
Most sacred virgin without spot of sinne  
Our life is day, but death with darknesse doth  
begin

## LX

'O' when will day then turne to me againe,  
And bring with him his long expected light?  
O Titan' fast to reu're thy joyous waime,  
Speed thee to spred abroad thy beames bright,  
And chace away this too long hugging night,  
Chace her away, from whence she came, to hell  
She, she it is, that hath me done despyght  
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,  
And yeld her rowme to day that can it governe  
well.'

## LXI

Thus did the Princee that weame night out-  
weare

In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine,  
And carely, ere the morrow did upreare  
His dewy head out of the Ocean maue,  
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,  
And clombe unto his steed So forth he went  
With heavy look and lunnish paece, that plaine  
In him bewraide great grudge and maltalent  
His steed eke seemd t' apply his steps to his  
intent

## CANTO V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell  
 Three fosters Timias wondred,  
 Belphebe findes him almost dead,  
 And reareth out of sownd

## I

WONDER it is to see in diuerse mundes  
 How diuersly love doth his pageaunts play,  
 And shewes his powre in variable kindes  
 The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway  
 Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,  
 It surreth up to sensuall desire,  
 And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day,  
 But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,  
 That to all high desert and honour doth aspire

## II

Ne suffereth it uncomely idlenesse  
 In his free thought to build her sluggish nest,  
 Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse  
 Ever to creepe into his noble brest,  
 But to the highest and the worthiest  
 Listeth it up that els would lowly fall  
 It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest,  
 It lettes not scarce this Prince to breath at all,  
 But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call.

## III

Who long tyme wandred through the forest  
 wyde

To finde some issue thence, till that at last  
 He met a Dwarfse that seemed terrifide  
 With some late perill which he hardly past,  
 Or other accident which him aghast,  
 Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,  
 And whither now he trauelled so fast?  
 For sore he swat, and, running through that  
 same [nigh lame]  
 Thicke forest, was bescreacht and both his fect

## IV

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,  
 The Dwarfse him answerd, 'Sir, ill mote I stay  
 To tell the same I lately did depart  
 From Faery court, where I have many a day  
 Served a gentle Lady of great way  
 And high accompt through out all Elfin land,  
 Who lately left the same, and tooke this way  
 Her now I seeke, and if ye understand  
 Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell out  
 of hand.'

## V

'What mister wight,' (saide he) 'and how  
 arayd?'  
 'Roy ally clad' (quoth he) 'in cloth of gold,  
 As meekest may besecme a noble mayd  
 Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,  
 A fayrer wight did never Sunne behold,  
 And on a Palfrey rydes more white then snow,  
 Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold.  
 The swetest signe, wnerchy ye may her know,  
 Is that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow'

## VI

'Now certes, swaine,' (saide he) 'such one, I  
 weene,  
 Fast flying through this forest from her so,  
 A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene  
 Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,  
 But could not stay, so fast she did foregoe,  
 Carned away with wings of speedy feare'  
 'Ah, dearest God' (quoth he) 'that is great  
 woe,  
 And wondrous ruth to all that shal it heare  
 But can ye read, Sir, how I may her finde, or  
 where?'

## VII

'Perdy, me lever were to weeten that,'  
 (Saide he) 'then ransome of the richest knight,  
 Or all the good that ever yet I gat  
 But forward fortune, and too forward Night,  
 Such happinesse did, manngre, to me spight,  
 And fro me rest both life and light atone.  
 But, Dwarfse, nread what is that Lady bright  
 That through this Forrest wandreth thus alone?  
 For of her errorr straunge I have great ruth  
 and mone.'

## VIII

'That Ladies,' (quoth he) 'where so she bee,  
 The bountiest virgin and most debonauro  
 That ever living eye, I weene, did see.  
 Laves none this day that may with her compare  
 In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,  
 The goodly ornaments of beautie bright,  
 And is cleped Florimell the fayre,  
 Faire Florimell below'd of many a knight,  
 Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is  
 hight

## IX

'A Sea-nymphes sonne, that Marnell is hight,  
Of my deare Dame is loved dearly well  
In other none, but him, she sets delight,  
All her delight is set on Marnell  
But he sets nought at all by Flormell,  
For Ladies love his mother long ygoe  
Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred  
spell  
But fame now flies, that of a forrenne foe  
He is ysalme, which is the ground of all our  
woe.

## X

'Five daies there be since he (they say) was  
saine,  
And fowre since Flormell the Court forwent,  
And vowed never to returne againe,  
Till him alive or dead she did invent.  
Therefore, faire Sir, for love of knighthood  
And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may [gent,  
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,  
Or succour her, or me direct the way,  
Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray.

## XI

'So may ye gaine to you full great renowne  
Of all good Ladies through the worlde so wide,  
And haply in her hart finde highest rowme  
Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide,  
At least eternall meede shill you abide.'  
To whom the Prince 'Dwarfe, comfort to  
thee take,  
For, till thou tidings learne what her betide,  
I here avow thee never to forsake  
Ill weares he armes, that nill them use for  
Ladies sake'

## XII

So with the Dwarfe he back retourn'd againe,  
To seeke his Lady where he mote her finde,  
But by the way he greatly gan complaine  
The want of his good Squire late left behinde,  
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in  
munde,  
For doubt of daunger which mote him betide,  
For him he loved above all mankinde,  
Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,  
And bold, as ever Squire that waited by  
knights side

## XIII

Who all this while full hardly was assayd  
Of deadly daunger, which to him betidd,  
For, whiles his Lord purswd that noble Mayd,  
After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd  
To bene avenged of the shame he did  
To that faire Damzell Him he chased long  
Through the thicke woods wher in he would  
have hid

Hise shamefull head from his engagement strong,  
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous  
wrong.

## XIV

Nathlesse the villen sped himselfe so well,  
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie  
beast, [dwell,  
Or knowledge of those woods where he did  
That shortly he from daunger was releast,  
And out of sight escaped at the least.  
Yet not escaped from the dew reward  
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,  
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard  
The heavie plague that for such leachours is  
prepard

## XV

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,  
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,  
And cast t' avenge him of that fowle despight  
Which he had borne of his bold enimie  
Tho to his brethren came, for they were three  
Ungratious children of one gracelesse sye,  
And unto them complayned how that he  
Had used beene of that foolhardie Squire  
So them with bitter words he stard to bloodie  
yre

## XVI

Forthwith themselves with their sad instru-  
ments  
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,  
And with him soorth into the Forrest went  
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst  
revie [drive  
In their sterne biests, on him which late did  
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight,  
For they had vow'd that never he alive  
Out of that forest should escape their might  
Vile rancour their rude harts had filld with  
such despight

## XVII

Within that wood there was a covert glade,  
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,  
Through which it was uneth for wight to  
And now by fortune it was overflowne [wade,  
By that same way they knew that Squire un-  
knowne [set  
Mote algates passe forthly themselves they  
There in await with thicke woods overgrowne,  
And all the while their malice they did wet  
With cruell threats his passage through the  
ford to let.

## XVIII

It fortun'd, as they devised had  
The gentle Squire came ryding that same way,

Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,  
And through the ford to passeen dail assay,  
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,  
Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,  
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,  
Till he had made amends, and full restore  
For all the damage which he had him done  
afore

## XX

With that at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,  
With so full force, and villemous despite,  
That through his habergeon the forkehead flew,  
And through the linked mayles emperced  
quite,  
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite  
That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease  
But more that him he could not come to smite,  
For by no meanes the high brinke he could  
seene, [vaine disease  
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with

## XXI

And still the foster with his long bore-speare  
Him kept from landing at his wished will  
Anone one sent out of the thicket weare  
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,  
And feathered with an unlucky quill  
Tho wicked steele stayd not till it did hight  
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill  
Exceeding grieve that wound in him empyht,  
But more that with his foes he could not come  
to fight

## XXII

At last, through wrath and vengeance making  
way,  
Ho on the hanche arrayd with mickle paine,  
Where the third brother him did sore assay,  
And drove at him with all his might and  
mayne  
A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne,  
But warily he did avoide the blow,  
And with his speare requited him againe,  
That both his sides were thrilled with the  
throw, [did flow  
And a large streame of blood out of the wound

## XXIII

He, tumbling downe, with gnashing teeth did  
The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in [bite  
Into the balefull house of endless night, [in  
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former  
Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin,  
For nathemore for that spectacle brul  
Did th' other two their cruell vengeance blin,  
But both at once on both sides him bestad,  
And load upon him layd his life for to have had

## XXIII

Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which late  
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,  
Full of fier fury and indignant hate  
To him he turned, and with rigor full  
Smote him so rudely on the Pannickell,  
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine.  
Downe on the ground his earles groveling fell  
His sinfull soule with desperate disdain  
Out of her fleshy ferms fled to the place of  
paine

## XXIV

That seeing, now the only last of three  
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had  
Trembling with horror, as that did foresee  
The fearefull end of his engagement sad, [bad,  
Through which he follow should his brethren  
His bootlesse bow in feeble hand upheight,  
And therewith shot an arrow at the heul,  
Which, savith fluttering, scarce his helmet  
ranght, [naught  
And glauncing fel to ground, but him annoyed

## XXV

With that he would have fled into the wood,  
But simas him lightly overhent,  
Right as he entring was into the flood,  
And strooke at him with force so violent,  
That headlesse him into the foord he sent,  
The carcas with the streame was carried downe,  
But th' heul fell backward on the Continent,  
So mischief fel upon the meeres crowne,  
They three be dead with shame, the Squire  
lives with renoune.

## XXVI

He lives, but takes small joy of his renoune,  
For of that cruell wound he bleid so sore,  
That from his steed he fell in deadly snowne  
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,  
That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore  
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire alive,  
Els shall thy loving Lord thee see no more,  
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive  
And eke thy selfe of honor which thou didst  
achieve

## XXVII

Providence her enly prasseeth living thought,  
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;  
For lee' great grace or fortune thither brought  
Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay  
In those same woods ye well remember may  
How that a noble huntresse dail wonne,  
Shew, that base Braggadochio did asray  
And make him fast out of the forest ronne,  
Belphabe was her name, as faire as Phœbus  
sunne

## XXVIII

She on a day, as shee pursew'd the chace  
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes  
keene

She wounded had, the same along did trace  
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene  
To have besprinkled all the grassy greene  
By the great persue which she there perceav'd,  
Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,  
And made more haste the life to have bereav'd,  
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

## XXIX

Shortly she came whereas that wofull Squire,  
With blood deformed, lay in deadly swoond,  
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,  
The Christall humor stood congealed rownd,  
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,  
Knotted with blood in bounches rudely ran,  
And his sweete lips, on which before that  
stownd

The bud of youth to blossome faire began, [wan  
Spoild of their rosy red were woxen pale and

## XXX

Saw never living eie more heavy sight,  
That could have made a rocke of stone to rewe,  
Orriuen twaine which when that Lady bright,  
Besides all hope, with melting eies did rewe,  
All suddenly abasht shee chaunged hev,  
And with sterne horror backward gan to start,  
But when shee better him beheld shee grew  
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart [hart  
The point of pittie perced through her tender

## XXXI

Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life  
Yett in his frosen members did remaine,  
And, feeling by his pulbes beating rife  
That the weake soule her seat did yett retaine,  
She cast to comfort him with busie pame  
His double folded necke she reard upright,  
And rubb'd his temples and each trembling vaine,  
His mayled habergeon she did undight,  
And from his head his beavy burgaet did light

## XXXII

Intoe the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,  
To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy,  
For shee of herbes had great intendment  
Taught of the Nymphe which from her infaney  
Her noured had in trew Nobility  
There, whether yt divine Tobacco were,  
Or Panacea, or Polygony,  
Shee fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,  
Who at this while lay bleding out his hart-  
blood neare

## XXXIII

The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles  
plaine

Shee pownded small, and did in peeeces bruze,  
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine  
Into his wound the juice thereof did seruze,  
And round about, as shee could well it uze,  
The flesh therewith shee suppld and did steepe,  
T' abate all spasme, and soke the swelling bruze,  
And, after having searcht the intuse deepe,  
She with her searf did bind the wound from  
cold to keepe

## XXXIV

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,  
And, groning inly deepe, at last his eies,  
His watry eies drizzling like dewy rayne,  
He up gan lise toward the azure skies,  
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies.  
Therewith he sigh'd, and, turning him aside,  
The goodly Maide, full of divinities  
And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him spide,  
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside

## XXXV

'Merey, deare Lord' (said he) 'what grace  
is this

That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,  
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis  
To comfort me in my distressed plight  
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?  
What service may I doe unto thee meete,  
That hast from darkenes me retound to light,  
And with thy heavenly salves and med'cines  
sweete [blessed feete'  
Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy

## XXXVI

Thereat shee blushing said, 'Ah' gentle  
Squire,

Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd  
And daughter of a woody Nymphe, desire  
No service but thy safety and ayd,  
Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.  
Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes  
To commun accidents stil open layd, [bee  
Are bound with commun bond of frailtee,  
To succor wretched wights whom we captived  
see'

## XXXVII

By this her Damzells, which the former chace  
Had undertaken after her, arriv'd,  
As did Belphebe, in the bloody place,  
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd  
Of life, whom late their ladies arrow ry'd  
For thy bloody tract they follow'd fast,  
And every one to ronne the swiftest stry'd,



But two of them the rest far overpast,  
And where their Lady was arriv'd at the last

## XXVIII

Where when they saw that goodly boy with  
blood

Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wound,  
They wonderd much, and shortly understood  
How him in deadly case their Lady found,  
And reskew'd out of the heavie stound  
Fits ones like warlike courser, which was stray'd  
Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in  
sbound, [stay'd,  
She made those Damzels search, which being  
They did him set thereon, and forth with them  
conyard

## XXIX

Into that forest farre they thence him led,  
Where was their dwelling in a pleasant glade  
With mountaines round about environed,  
And mightie woodes which did the alley shade  
And like a stately Theatre it made,  
Spreading it selfe into a spatious plaine  
And in the midst a little river plaide  
I mongst the puny stones, which seem'd to  
plaine [restraine  
With gentle murmure that his cours they did

## XI

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,  
Planted with myrtle trees and laurells greene,  
In which the birds song many a lovely lay  
Of Gods high praise, and of their loves sweet  
teene,  
As it an earthly Paridize had bene  
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight  
A faire Pavilion, serckely to bee seene,  
The which was al withun most richly dight,  
That greatest Princes liking it mote well de-  
light

## XII

Thither they brought that wounded Squire,  
and layd

In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest  
He rested him awhile, and then the Mayd  
His readie wound with better salves new drest  
Duly she dressed him, and did the best  
His grievous hurt to guarish, that she night,  
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,  
And his soule sore redneed to faire blight  
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight

## XLII

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,  
That heales up one, and makes another wound  
She his hurt thugh to him recurd againe,  
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,

Through an unwary dart, which did rebownd  
From her faire eyes and gracions countenance  
What bootes it him from death to be unbond,  
To be captiv'd in endlesse durauces  
Of sorrow and despayre without alleageaunce!

## XLIII

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,  
So still his hart wore sore, and health decayd.  
Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole  
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly Mayd,  
Whiles daily playsters to his wound she layd,  
So still his Majesty the more merest,  
The whiles her matchlesse beutie him dis-  
mayd  
Ah God! what other could he do at least,  
But love so faire a Lady that his life releast?

## XLIV

Long while he strove in his corageous brest  
With reason dew the passion to subdew,  
And loy for to dislodge out of his nest  
Still when her excellencies he did view,  
Her soveraine bountie and celestrall hew,  
The same to loy he strongly was constraind,  
But when his meane estate he did revew,  
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraind,  
And of his lucklesse lot and cruell love thus  
playnd

## XLV

'Unthankfull wretch, (said he) 'Is this the  
meek, [quight?  
With which her soverain mercy thou doest  
Thy life she saved by her gracious deed,  
But thou doest weene with villenous despight  
To blott her honour, and her heavenly light.  
Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally  
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light  
For redeath us, to shonne more shame, to fly  
Dye rather, dy, then ever love disloyally

## XLVI

'But if to love disloyalty it bee,  
Shall I then hate her that from deathes dore  
Me brought? ah, farre be such reproch fro mee!  
What can I leave doe then her love therefore,  
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore?  
Dye rather, dye and dying doe her serve,  
Dying her serve, and living her adore,  
Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve  
Dye rather, dye, then ever from her service  
swerre,

## XLVII

'But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service here  
To her to whom the heavens doe serve and seer?  
Thou, a meane Squire of meeke and lowly place,  
She, heavenly borne and of celestrall hew

How then ? of all love taketh equall vew,  
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take  
The love and service of the basest cren ?  
If she will not, dye meekly for her sake  
Dye rather, dye, then ever so faire love for-  
sake !

## XLVIII

Thus warreid he long time against his will,  
Till that through weaknesse he was forst atlast  
To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,  
Which, as a victour proud, gan ransack fast  
His inward partes, and all his entayles wast,  
That neither blood in face nor life in hart  
It left, but both did quite drye up and blast,  
As percing levin, which the inner part  
Of every thing consumes, and calcneth by art

## XLIX

Which seeing fayre Belphebe gan to feare,  
Least that his wound were nily well not heald,  
Or that the wicked steale empoysned were  
Little shec weend that love he close conceald  
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald  
When the bright sunne his beams theon  
doth beat

Yet never he his hart to her reveald,  
But rather chose to dye for sorow great,  
Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat

## L

She, gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare  
To doe him case, or doe him remedy.  
Many Restoratives of vertues rare,  
And costly Cordialles she did apply,  
To mitigate his stubborne malady  
But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore  
A love-sick hart, she did to him envy,  
To him, and to all th' unworthy world forelore  
She did envy that soveraine salve in secret  
store.

## LI

That dauntie Rose, the daughter of her Morne,  
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre  
The girlond of her honour did adorne  
Ne suffred she the Middayas scorching powre,  
Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre,  
But lapped up her silken leaves most chayre,  
When so the froward skye began to lowre,

But, soone as calmed was the christall ayre,  
She did it fayre dispreed and let to flourish fayre.

## LII

Eternall God, in his almightie powre,  
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,  
In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre,  
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,  
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,  
That mortall men her glory should admyre  
In gentle Ladies hreste and hounteous race  
Of woman kind it fayrest Flowre doth spyre,  
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste  
desyre

## LIII

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining  
beames

Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,  
And to your willes both royalties and Reames  
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous  
might,

With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds  
Of chastity and vertue virginall, [dight  
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,  
And crowne your heades with heavenly  
coronall,

Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall'

## LIV

To your faire selves a faire ensample frame  
Of this faire virgin, thus Belphebe fayre,  
To whom, in perfect love and spotlesse fame  
Of chastitie, none living may compayre  
Ne poysonous Envy justly can empayre  
The prayse of her flesh flowing Maydenhead,  
Forthy she standeth on the highest stayre  
Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,  
That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

## LV

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity  
Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,  
Tempred with grace and goodly modesty,  
That seemed those two vertues strove to fynd  
The higher place in her Heroick mynd  
So striving each did other more augment,  
And both encreast the prayse of woman kynde,  
And both encreast her beautie excellent.  
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

## CANTO VI.

The birth of fayre Belphebe and  
Of Amorett is told  
The Gardins of Adonis fraught  
With pleasures manifold

## I

WELL may I weena faire Ladies, all this while  
Ye wonder how this noble Damosell  
So great perfections did in her compile,  
Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,  
So farre from court and roiall Citadell,  
The great schoolmaistrresse of all courtesy  
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far  
expell  
All civile vsage and gentility,  
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity

## II

But to this faire Belphebe in her berth  
The heuens so favorable were and free,  
Looking with myld aspect vpon the earth  
In th' Horoscope of her nativitee,  
That all the gifts of grice and chastitee  
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne  
Jove laught on Venus from his soverayne see,  
And Phoebus with faire beames did her  
adorne, [borne  
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being

## III

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,  
And her conception of the joyous Prime,  
And all her whole creation did her shew  
Pure and unspeckled from all loathly crime  
That is ingenerate in fleshy slime  
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,  
So was she trayned up from time to time  
In all chaste vertue and true bounty-led,  
Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

## IV

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,  
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race  
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree  
She bore Belphebe, she bore in like cace  
Fayre Amoretta in the second place  
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two  
did share  
The heritage of all celestiaill grace,  
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare  
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues  
rare.

## V

It were a goodly storie to declare  
By what strange accident faire Chrysogone  
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare  
In this wilde Forrest wandering all alone,  
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone  
For not as other womens commune brood  
They were enwombed in the sacred throne  
Of her chaste bodie, nor with commune foole,  
As other womens babes, they sucked vitall  
blood.

## VI

But wondrously they were begot and bred  
Through influence of th' hevens fruitfull ray.  
As it in antique bookes is mentioned  
It was upon a Sommers shine day,  
When Titan faire his beames did display,  
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens view,  
She bath'd her brest the boy ling heat to allay,  
She bath'd with roses red and violets blew,  
And all the sweetest flowers that in the Forrest  
grow

## VII

Till faint through yrekesome wearnes, adowne  
Upon the grassy ground her self she layd  
To sleepe the whiles a gentle slombring  
sworne  
Upon her fell all naked bare displayd  
The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,  
Being through former bathing mollinde,  
And pierst into her wombe, where they  
embayd  
With so sweet sence and secret powre unspide,  
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructi-  
fide

## VIII

Miraculous may seeme to him that reades  
So strange ensample of conception,  
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades  
Of all things living through impression  
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,  
Doe lift conceive and quickned are by kynd  
So, after Nilus inundation,  
Infinite shapcs of creature men doe fynd  
Informed in the mud on which the Sunne hath  
shynd.

## IX

Great father he of generation  
Is rightly cald, th' authour of life and light,  
And his faire sister for creation  
Mimstreth inatter fit, which, tempred right  
With heate and humour, breeds the living  
wight [gone,  
So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chryso-  
Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright,  
Wondred to see her belly so upblowne,  
Which still increasd till she her terme had full  
outgone,

## X

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,  
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,  
She fled into the wilderness a space,  
Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,  
And shund dishonor which as death she feard  
Where, wearie of long travell, downe to rest  
Her selfe she set, and comfortably eheard  
There a sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,  
And seized every sence with sorrow sore  
opprest.

## XI

It fortun'd, since Venus having lost  
Her hitle sonne, the winged god of love,  
Who, for some hight displeasure which him  
crost,  
Was from her fled as flit as ayery Dove,  
And left her blisfull bowre of joy above  
(So from her often he had fled away,  
When she for ought him sharply did deplore,  
And wandred in the world in straunge away,  
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might  
him bewray )

## XII

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,  
The house of goodly formes and faire aspect,  
Whence all the world derives the glorious  
Features of beantie, and all shapes select,  
With which high God his workmanship hath  
deekt, [wings  
And search'd every way through which his  
Had borne him, or his tract she mote deteet  
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,  
Unto the man that of him tydings to her  
brings

## XIII

First she him sought in Court, where most he  
us'd [not,  
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him  
But many there she found which sore accus'd  
His falshood, and with fowle infamous blot  
His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot  
Ladies and Lordes she everywhere mote heare  
Complayning, how with his empoysned shot

Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare  
And so had left them languishing twixt hope  
and feare

## XIV

She then the Cities sought from gate to gate,  
And everie one did aske, did he him see?  
And everie one her answerd, that too late  
He had him seene, and felt the crueltie  
Of his sharpe daries and whot artilleree  
And every one thier forth reproches rife  
Of his mischeivous deedes, and sayd that hee  
Was the disturber of all civill life,  
The enemy of peace, and authour of all strife.

## XV

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,  
And in the rurall cottages inquir'd,  
Where also many plaumes to her were brought,  
How he their heedelesse harts with love had fir'd,  
And his false venom through their veins in-  
spir'd [sat  
And eke the gentle Shepheard swaynes, which  
Keeping their sleezy flockes as they were hyr'd,  
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and  
what [therent  
Her sonne had to them doen, yet she did smile

## XVI

But when in none of all these she him got,  
She gan avize where els he mote him hyde.  
At last she her bethought that she had not  
Yet sought these salvage woods and forests wyde,  
In which full many lovely Nymphes abyde,  
Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,  
Or that the love of some of them him tyde  
Forthy she thither cast her course t' apply,  
To search the secret haunts of Dianes company.

## XVII

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,  
Whereas she found the Goddesses with her crew,  
After late chase of then embrewed game,  
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew,  
Some of them washing with the liquid dew  
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat  
And soyle, which did deforme then hvely hew,  
Others lay shaded from the seorching heat,  
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

## XVIII

She, having hong upon a bough on high  
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste  
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,  
And her lanek loynes ungirt, and breasts un-  
braste,  
After her heat the breathing cold to taste  
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright  
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,

Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,  
And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinkled  
light.

## XXV

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,  
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd,  
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels  
That had not her thereof before awiz'd, [sleake,  
But suffred her so carelesly disguz'd  
Be overtaken Soone her garments loose  
Upgar'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd  
Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose,  
Whiles all her Nymphes did like a garland her  
enclose.

## XXV

Goodly she gan faire Cythera greet,  
And shortly asked her, what cause her brought  
Into that wilderness for her unmeet,  
From her sweete bowres, and beds with pleasures  
franght? [thought  
That sudden change she straunge adventure  
To whom halfe weeping she thus answered,  
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,  
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled,  
That she repented sore to have him angered

## XXI

Therent Diana gan to smile, in scorne  
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd  
'Great pitty sure that ye be so forlorne  
Of your gay sonne, that gives ye so good ayd  
To your disports all mote ye bene apayd'  
But she was more enrieved, and rephide,  
'Faie sister, all becommes it to upbrayd  
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride  
The like that mine may be your paine another  
tide

## XXII

'As you in woods and wanton wilderness  
Your glory sett to chace the salvago beasts,  
So my delight is all in joyfulness,  
In beds, in bowres, in banekets, and in feasts  
And all becommes you, with your lofty creasts,  
To scorne the joy that Jove is glad to seeke  
We both are bound to follow heavens beliests,  
And tend our charges with observaunce meeke  
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to  
eeke,

## XXIII

'And tell me, if that ye my sonne have heard  
To lurke amongst your Nymphes in secret  
wize,  
Or keepe their cabins much I am affeard  
Least he like one of them him selfe disguz,  
And turne his arrowes to their exercise  
So may he long him selfe full easie hude,  
For he is faire and fresh in face and guize

As any Nimpho, (let not it be envide.)  
So saying, every Nimph full narrowly shee elde

## XXIV

But Phoebe therewith sore was angered,  
And sharply saide 'Goe, Daine, goe, seeke  
your boy,  
Where you him lately left, in Mars his bed  
He comes not here, we scorne his foolish joy,  
No lend we leisure to his idle toy  
But if I catch him in this company,  
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy  
The Gods doe dread, he dearly shall aby  
He chipe his wanton wings, that he no more  
shall flye'

## XXV

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeas'd,  
Shee only sorow was, and gan relent  
What shee had said, so her shee soone appens'd  
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,  
Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips  
went.  
And welled goodly forth, that in short space  
She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzells  
sent [place,  
Through all the woods, to search from place to  
If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace

## XXVI

To search the God of love her Nymphes she  
sent  
Throughout the wandring forest every where  
And after them her selfe eke with her went  
To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere  
So long they sought, till they arriv'd were  
In that same shady covert whereas lay  
Faie Crysgone in slombry traunce whilero,  
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)  
Unwares had borne two babes, as sure as  
springing day

## XXVII

Unwares she them conceivd, unwares she  
bore  
She bore withouten paine, that she conceiv'd  
Withouten pleasure, ne her need imploro  
Lucinaes aide which when they both perceiv'd,  
They were through wonder nigh of sence be-  
rev'd,

And gazing each on other nought bespake  
At last they both agreed her seeming griev'd  
Out of her heavie sworne not to awake [take  
But from her loving side the tender babes to

## XXVIII

Up they them tooke, each one a babe up-  
And with them carried to be fostered. [tooke,

Dame Phœbe to a Nympha her babe betooke  
To be upbrought in perfect Maydenhed,  
And, of her selfe, her name Belphebe red  
But Venus hers thence far away conuayd,  
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed,  
And, in her lile loves stead, which was strayd,  
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

## XXIX

Shee brought her to her joyous Paradize,  
Where most she wounnes when she on earth does  
So faire a place as Nature can devise [dwell,  
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,  
Or it in Gnidos bee, I wote not well,  
But well I wote by triall, that this same  
All other pleasurunt places doth excell,  
And called is by her lost lovers name,  
The Gardin of Adonis, far renownd by fame.

## XXX

In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,  
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify,  
And decks the grilonds of her Paramoures,  
Are fetcht there is the first seminary  
Of all things that are borne to live and dye,  
According to their kynds Long worke it were  
Here to account the endlesse progeny  
Of all the weeds that bud and blossome there,  
But so much as doth need must needs be  
counted here

## XXXI

It sitd was in fruitfull soyle of old,  
And girt in with two walls on either side,  
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,  
That none might thorough breake, nor over-  
stride  
And double gates it had which opened wide,  
By which both in and out men moten pas  
Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride  
Old Genus the porter of them was,  
Old Genus, the which a double nature has

## XXXII

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend  
All that to come into the world desire  
A thousand thousand naked babes attend  
About him day and night, which doe require  
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire  
Such as him list, such as eternall fate  
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,  
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,  
Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder  
gate.

## XXXIII

After that they againe returned beene,  
They in that Gardin planted bee agayne,

And grow afresh, as they had neuer seene  
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne [mayne,  
Some thousand yeares so doen they there re-  
And then of him are clad with other hew,  
Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,  
Till thither they retourne where first they  
grew [to new.  
So, like a wheele, arownd they ronne from old

## XXXIV

Ne needs there Gardiner to sett or sow,  
To plant or prune, for of their owne accord  
All things, as they created were, doe grow,  
And yet remember well the mighty word  
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,  
That bad them to increase and multiply  
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,  
Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry,  
For in themselves eternall moisture they im-  
ply.

## XXXV

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,  
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever  
And every sort is in a sondry beel [knew  
Sett by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew,  
Some fitt for reasonable sowles t' indew,  
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to  
weare,  
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew  
In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,  
That seend the Ocean could not containe  
them there

## XXXVI

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent  
Into the world, it to replenish more,  
Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,  
But still remains in everlasting store,  
As it at first created was of yore  
For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,  
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore  
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies  
The substances of natures fruitfull progeny es

## XXXVII

All things from thence doe their first being  
fetch,  
And borrow matter whereof they are made,  
Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,  
Becomes a body, and doth then invade  
The state of life out of the griesly shade  
That substance is eterne, and bideth so,  
Ne when the life decays and forme does fade,  
Doth it consume and into nothing goe,  
But chaunged is, and often altd to and froe

## XXXVIII

The substance is not chaungd nor altered,  
But th' only forme and outward fashion,

For every substance is conditioned  
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don,  
Meet for her temper and complexion  
For formes are variable, and decay  
By course of kinde and by occasion,  
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,  
As doth the hilly fresh before the sunny ray

## XXIX

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest  
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,  
Is wicked Tyme, who with his seyth address  
Does mow the flowering herbes and goodly  
things,  
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,  
Where they do wither, and are sowly mard  
He flies about, and with his slaggie winges  
Beates downe both leaves and buds without  
regard,  
Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard

## XL

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,  
To see so faire things mard and spoiled  
quight,  
And their great mother Venus did lament  
The losse of her deare brood, her deare de-  
light  
Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,  
When walking through the Gardin them she  
saw,

Let not she find redresse for such despight  
For all that lyes is subject to that law,  
All things decay in time, and to their end  
doe draw

## XLI

But were it not that Time their troubler is,  
All that in this delightfull Gardin grows  
Should happy bee, and have immortal bliss  
For here all plenty and all pleasure flows,  
And sweete love gentle sits amongst them  
throwes,  
Without fell rancor or fowd gealosy  
Fruockly each Paramor his leman knowes,  
Each bird his mate, ne any does envy  
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity

## XLII

There is continuall Spring, and harvest there  
Continuall, both meeting at one tyme,  
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms  
beare,  
And with fresh colours decke the wanton Pryme,  
And eke attonee the heavy trees they  
clyme,  
Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode  
The whiles the joyous birdes make their pas-  
sage

Amongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,  
And their trew loves without suspicion tell  
abrode

## XLIII

Right in the midst of that Paradise [top  
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round  
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,  
Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never  
lop,  
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did erop,  
But like a girland compassed the light, [drop,  
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did  
That all the ground, with pretious dew bedight,  
Threw forth most dainty odours and most  
sweet delight.

## XLIV

And in the thickest covert of that shade  
There was a pleasaunt Arber not by art  
But of the trees owne inclination made,  
Which knitting their raneke braunches, part  
to part,  
With wanton yre twine entrayld athwart,  
And Eglantine and Caprisole among,  
Fashioned above within their inmost part,  
That neither Phæbus beams could through  
them throng, [wrong  
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any

## XLV

And all about grew every sort of flowre,  
To which sad lovers were transformde of yore,  
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phæbus paramour  
And dearest love,  
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore,  
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,  
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore  
Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,  
To whom sweet Poets verse hath given end-  
lesse date

## XLVI

There wont fayre Venus often to enjoy  
Her deare Adonis joyous company,  
And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy  
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,  
Lapped in flowres and pretious spyery,  
By her hid from the world, and from the skill  
Of stygian Gods, which doe her love envy,  
But she her selfe, when ever that she will,  
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes  
her fill

## XLVII

And soothly, it seemes, they say, for he may not  
For ever dy, and ever buried lie  
In balefull night where all things are forgot  
All be he subject to mortalitye,

Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,  
And by succession made perpetuall,  
Transformed oft, and chaunged diuershe,  
For him the Father of all formes they call  
Therefore needs mote he liue that liuing giues  
to all.

## XLI III

There now he liueth in eternall blis,  
Joying his godde-se, and of her enjoyd,  
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,  
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd  
For that wilde Bore, the which him once an-  
She firmly hath emprisoned for vs, [noyd,  
That her sweet love his malice mote auoid  
In a strong rocky Cave, which is, they say  
Hewen underneath that Mount, that none him  
loosen may.

## XLIX

There now he liues in everlasting ioy,  
With many of the Gods in company  
Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy,  
Sporting him selfe in safe felicity  
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty  
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts  
Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,  
Thither resortes, and laving his sad darts  
A-side, with faire Adonis playes his wanton  
partes.

## L

And his trew love fure Psyche with him  
playes,  
Fayre Psyche to him lately reconvld,  
After long troubles and unmeet upbraves  
With which his mother Venus her revld  
And eke himselfe her cruelly exylld  
But now in stedfast love and happy state  
She with him liues, and hath him borne a child,  
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,  
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late

## LI

Hither grent Venus brought this infant fayre,  
The yonger daughter of Chrysogonee,

And unto Psyche with great trust and care  
Committed her yfostered to bee  
And trained up in trew feminitee  
Who no le-se carefully her tendered  
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee  
Made her companion, and her les-soned  
In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhead

## LII

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,  
Of grace and beantie noble Paragone,  
She brought her forth into the worldes reu,  
To be th ens-ample of true love alone,  
And Lode-starre of all chaste affection  
To all fayre Ladies that doe live on grownd  
To Faery court she came, where many one  
Admyrd her goodly haviour and fownd  
His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruel  
wound

## LIII

But she to none of them her love did cast,  
Save to the noble knight Sir Sendamore  
To whom her loving hart she linked fast  
In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore,  
And for his dearest sake endured sore  
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy,  
Who her would forced have to have forlore  
Her former love and stedfast loialty,  
As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history

## LIV

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne  
What end unto that fearefull Damozell,  
Which fledd so fast from that same foster  
stearne  
Whom with his brethren Timas slew, befell  
That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell,  
Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,  
Her lover deare, her dearest Marnell,  
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,  
And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of  
idle feare.

## CANTO VII

The witches sonne loves Florimell  
She flies, he faimes to dy  
Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames  
From Graunts tyranny

## I

Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,  
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,  
Yet flies away of her owne feete asfear'd,  
And every leafe, that shaketh with the least  
Murmure of wynde, her terror hath encreast;

So fledd fayre Florimell from her raine feare,  
Long after she from perill was releast  
Lach shade she saw, and each noyse she did  
heare  
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt  
whileare.



II

All that same evening she in flying spent,  
And all that night her course continued,  
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,  
Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled  
I ver alike, as if her former dreed  
Were hard behind her ready to arrest,  
And her white Palfrey, having conquered  
The mairstrung rames out of her weary wrest,  
Perforce he carried where ever he thought  
best

III

So long as breath and hable puissance  
Did native courage unto him supply,  
His pace he freshly forward did advance,  
And carried her beyond all jeopardy,  
But nought that wanteth rest can long abide,  
He, having through incessant travell spent  
His force, at last perforce adowne did lie,  
Ne foot could further mote The Lady gent  
Thereat was sudden strook with great aston-  
ishment,

IV

And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates  
fare  
A traveler unwonted to such way  
Need tereheth her thus lesson hard and rare,  
That fortune all in equall launce doth way,  
And mortall miseries doth make her play  
So long she travell'd, till at length she came  
To an hillside, which did to her bewray  
A hille valley subject to the same,  
All coverd with thicke woodes that quite it  
overcame

V

Through the tops of the high trees she did  
descey  
A hille smoke, whose vapour thin and light  
Reeking aloft uprolld to the sky  
Which cheerefull flame did send unto her sight  
That in the same did womne come living  
wight  
I fsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,  
And came at last in weary wretched plight  
Unto the place, to which her hope did guide,  
To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie  
side.

VI

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found  
A hille cottage, built of stickes and reedes  
In homely wize, and wild with sods around,  
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly needes  
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes,  
So choosung solitarie to dwile  
Far from all neighbours, that her dwell-  
deedes

And hellish arts from people she might lude,  
And hurt far off unknowne whom ever she  
childe

VII

The Dainzell there arriving entred in,  
Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found  
Dulle (as seem'd) about some wicked gin  
Who, soone as she beheld that sudden stound,  
Lightly upstartd from the dustie ground,  
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze  
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,  
Ne had one word to speke for greit amaze,  
But shewd by outward signes that dread her  
sence did daze

VIII

At last, turning her fere to foolish wrath  
She askt, what devill had her thither brought,  
And who she was, and what unwonted path  
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unwought?  
To which the Dainzell, full of doubtfull  
thought  
Her mild answerd 'Beldame, he not wroth  
With silly Virgin by adventure brought  
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,  
That crave but rouine to rest while tempest  
overbloweth'

IX

With that adowne out of her chirk-stall eyne  
Few treckling teares she softly forth let fall,  
That like to orient perles did purely shyne  
Upon her snowy cheeke, and therewithall  
She sighd soft, that none so bestiall  
Nor savage hart, but ruth of her sad plight  
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall  
And that the Hag all were her whole delight  
In mischeefe, was much moied it so pitteous  
sight,

X

And gan recomfort her in her rude wise,  
With womanish compassion of her plaint,  
Wiping the teares from her inflamed eyes,  
And bidding her sit downe to rest her faint  
And wearie limbes awhile She, nothing  
quaint  
Nor disdainfull of so homely fashion,  
Sith brought she was now to so hard con-  
straint,  
Sat downe upon the dusty ground anon,  
As glad of that small rest as Bird of tempest  
gin

XI

Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,  
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew  
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament  
Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did ven

She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,  
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,  
But or some Goddesse, or of Dianes crew,  
And thought her to adore with humble spright  
T'adore thing so diuine as beauty were but  
nigh.

## XII

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,  
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,  
A laesy loord, for nothing good to donne,  
But stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes,  
Ne ever east his mind to euet prayse,  
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade,  
But all the day before the sunny rayes  
He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade  
Such laesnesse both lewd and poore attonce  
him made

## XIII

He, coming home at undertime, there found  
The fairest creature that he euer saw  
Sitting beside his mother on the ground,  
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,  
And his base thought with terror and with  
aw

So mly smot, thit as one, which hath gaz'd  
On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth soone  
withdraw  
His feeble eyne, with too much brightnes dar'd,  
So stared he on her, and stood long while  
amaz'd.

## XIV

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,  
What mister wight that was, and whence  
derr'd, [maske,  
That in so straunge disguisement there did  
And by what accident she there arriv'd?  
But she, as one mgh of her wits depriv'd,  
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,  
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd  
From Stygian shores where late it wandered  
So both at her, and each at other wondered

## XV

But the faire Virgin was so meeke and mild  
That she to them vouchsafed to embree  
Her goodly port, and to their senses vild  
Her gentle speach applyde, that in short space  
She grew familiare in that desert place.  
During which tyme the Chorle, through her so  
kind  
And contriuse use, conceiv'd affection bace,  
And east to love her in his brutish mind  
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beistly  
kind

## XVI

Cloely the wicked flame his bowels brent,  
And shortly grew into outrageous fire,

Yet had he not the hart, nor haident,  
As unto her to utter his desire,  
His caitive thought durst not so high aspire  
But with soft sighes and lovely semblannces  
He ween'd that his affection entire  
She should aread, many resemblannces  
To her he made, and many kinde remem-  
brances

## XVII

Oft from the Forrest wildings he did bring,  
Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red,  
And oft young birds, which he had taught to  
sing,  
His maistresse praises sweetly caroled  
Girlands of flowres sometimes for her faime hed  
He fine would dight, sometimes the squerell  
wild

He brought to her in bruds, as conquered  
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild  
All which she of him tooke with countenance  
meeke and mild

## XVIII

But, past a while, when she fit season saw  
To leave that desert mansion, she cast  
In secret wise herselfe thence to withdraw,  
For feare of mischefe, which she did forecast  
Might by the witeh or by her sonne compast.  
Her wearie Palfrey, closely as she might,  
Now well recovered after long repast,  
In his prond furnitures she fleshly dight,  
His late miswanded wayes now to remeasure  
right

## XIX

And earely, ere the dawning day appear'd,  
She forth issewed, and on her journey went  
She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,  
And of each shade that did it selfe present,  
For still she feared to be overtent  
Of that vile hag, or her unevile sonne,  
Who when, too late waking, well they kent  
That their fayre guest was gone, they both  
begonne [undonne  
To make exceeding mone, as they had been

## XX

But that lewd lover did the most lament  
For her depart, that ever man did herre  
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,  
And serateht his face, and with his teeth did  
teare  
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare,  
That his sad mother, seeing his sore plight,  
Was greatly woe begon, and gan to fcare  
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,  
And love to frenzy turnd, sith love is frantieke  
hight

CXXI

All waues shee sought him to restore to light,  
With herbes, with charme, with counsell, and  
with fire.

But fire, nor charme, nor herbes, nor counsell,  
Assuage the fury which his entralls teare:  
So strong is his store that no man heare.  
Tho when all other helpe she saw to faile  
She turn'd her selfe belee to her wicked leare,  
And by her diabolish arts thought to perle  
To hurge her backe a gaine, or worke her small  
hail.

CXXII

Ifte-comes out of her hidden eye she could  
An hideous beaſt of horrible aspect,  
That could the stoutest corage have appall,  
Monstrous, misshap, and all his bracke was  
spect.

With thousand spots of colours quint cleet,  
Thereto so swift that it all beaſts did pre-  
Like never yet did living eye deſect,  
But liket it to an Hydra was.

That feeds on wemens flesh as others feede on

CXXIII

It forth she call'd and gave it straight in charge,  
Through thicke and thin her to pursue away  
Ne once to stay to rest or breath at large  
Till her he had attain'd and brought in place,  
Or quite deſcend her beaſtly ſcornfull grace  
The Monster, swift as word thū from her  
went,

Went forth in haſte, and did her footing tread  
So ſure and ſwiftly, through his perſe ſent  
And paſſing ſpede, that ſhortly he her over  
hant.

CXXIV

Whom when the ſureſull Dimzell might eſ-  
pide,

No need to bid her ſtay away to the  
That ugly ſhape ſo ſore her terrifiſh  
That it ſhe ſhould no leſſe than dread to du,  
And her ſlitt palſey did ſo well apply  
His nimble ſet to her conceiv'd ſcare,  
That whyleſt his breath did ſtrength to him  
ſupply,

From perill free he away her did beare,  
But when his force gan faile his price gan weare  
areare.

CXXV

Which whenas ſhe perceiv'd, ſhe was diſmay'd,  
At that ſame laſt extremitie ſuſore  
And of her ſafety greatly grew afraid  
And now ſhe gan approach to the ſea ſhore,  
As it beſell, that ſhe could ſle no more,  
But vield herſelfe to ſpoile of greedineſſe  
Lightly ſhe leaped, as a wight forlore,

From her dull horſe, in deſperate diſtreſſe,  
And to her feet betoold her deſtfull wicket-  
poole.

CXXVI

Not hallo w ſet the wicked Murtherer  
From dread of her revenge, ſuch as heald,  
Nor hallo ſo ſet to ſave her in perill  
Fled ſo ſull Day her on the ſea ſtand  
As Hornemell fled from that Muſter yond,  
To reach the ſea ſhe of him were ſaig  
For in the ſea to drown herſelfe ſhe ſaig,  
Rather than of the tyrant to be caught  
Thereto ſear gave her win, and need her  
corage ſaig.

CXXVII

It fortune I (high God did ſo ordaine)  
As ſhe arriv'd on the ſea ſtand,  
In minde to lye into the tynhix rannet,  
A little bote her hower for laſt re,  
In which the ſhip a ſhiper old and pore  
The whiles her he was drying on the ſand  
Into the ſame ſhe lept, and with the ore  
Did thruſt the ſhipper from the ſtowing ſtrand  
So ſaig ſowd at ſea which ſhe ſowd not at  
land.

CXXVIII

The Muſter ready on the pray to ſeare  
Was of his ſore and huge deſceiv'd quib  
No thruſt away to wade the perillous ſea,  
But gaſchly hee laping at the ſight,  
At laſt in van was ſet to turne his ſight  
And tell the ſhipper to his ſtore,  
Yet, to revenge his diabolish deſight,  
He ſett upon her palſey ſired lane  
And ſlew him cruelly ere any reſcue came.

CXXIX

And, after having him embowell'd  
So till his lullish gorge it chaunc'd a knight  
To paſſe that way, as ſo he travell'd  
It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,  
As ever man that bloody ſit did fight.  
But in vain ſheons that went young knight  
beuitch,

And courtly ſervices, tooke no delight,  
But rather joy'd to bee thū ſeemen ſich,  
For both to be and ſeem to him was labor lich.

CXXX

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,  
That rann'd abroad to ſeek adventures wilde,  
As was his wont, in ſea and in plaine  
He was all arm'd in rugged ſteele unſilde,  
As in the ſmoky force it was compilde,  
And in his ſcutchun bore a Satyres heild  
He coming preſent, where the Muſter wilde

Upon that milke-white Palfreyes carcas fedd,  
Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd

XXXV

There well perceiv'd he that it was the hoise  
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,  
That of that feed was rent without remorse  
Much feared he least ought did ill bide  
To th' faire Maide, the flowre of womens pride,  
For her he dearely loved, and in all  
His famous conquests lightly magnifide  
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall  
From her in flight, he fownd, that did him sore  
april

XXXVI

Full of sad feare and doubtfull agony  
fiercely he flew upon that wicked feed.  
And with huge strokes and cruell battery  
Him for to leave his pray, for to attend  
Him selfe from deadly danger to defend  
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh  
He did engrave, and mitchell blood did spend,  
Yet might not doe him die but aemore fresh  
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him  
thresh

XXXVII

He wist not how him to despoile of life,  
Ne how to win the wished victory.  
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through  
stnsf.  
And him selfe weaker through infirmity  
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously  
Hurling his sword away he lightly leapt  
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty  
Rored and raged to be underkept, [hept  
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him

XXXVIII

As he that strives to stop a sudden flood,  
And in strong bancks his violence enclose,  
Foreeth it well above his wonted mood,  
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,  
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maime,  
And the rich furrowes sote, all quite fordonne  
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine  
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,  
For which to God he made so many an idle  
boone

XXXIX

So him he held, and did through might amite  
So long he held him, and him bett so long,  
That at the last his fiercenes gan abate,  
And meekely stoup unto the victor strong  
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong  
Which he supposed donne to Florimell,  
Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,

Sith dint of Steele his carcas could not quell,  
His maker with her charmes had framed him  
so well.

XXXVI

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore  
About her slender waste, he tooke in hand,  
And with it bound the beast, that lowd did  
rore  
For great despight of that unwonted band,  
Yet dared not his victor to withstand,  
But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray,  
And all the way him followd on the strand,  
As he had long bene learned to obey,  
Yet never learned he such service till that day

XXXVII

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,  
He spide far off a mighty Giauntesse  
Fast flying, on a Courser dappled gray,  
From a bold knight that with great hardnesse  
Her hard pursu'd, and sought for to sup-  
pre-se  
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,  
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,  
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of  
wire, [her desire.  
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of

XXXVIII

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste  
He leste his captive Beast at liberty,  
And crost the nearest way, by which he east  
Her to encounter ere she passed by,  
But she the way shu'd nathemore forthy,  
But forward gallopt fast, which when he  
spyde,  
His mighty speare he couched warily,  
And at her ran she, having him descryde,  
Her selfe to fight address, and threw her lode  
aside.

XXXIX

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare  
A trembling Culver, having spide on sight  
An Eagle that with plummy wings doth sheare  
The subtile ayre stonping with all his might,  
The quarry throwes to ground with fell de-  
spight,  
And to the batteill doth her selfe prepare  
So ran the Geauntesse unto the fight,  
Her fyre eyes with furions sparkes did stare,  
And with blasphemous banues high God in  
peeeces tare

XL

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,  
Wherewith she many kind of life depriv'd,  
But, ere the stroke could seize his ay med place,  
His speare unids her sun-brode shield amiv'd

Yet nathemore the steele asonder riu'd,  
All were the beame in bigaes like a mast,  
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driu'd,  
But, glauncing on the tempered metall, brast  
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her  
past.

XLII

Her Steed did stagger with that puissaunt  
strooke,  
But she no more was moved with that might  
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke,  
Or on the marble Pillour that is pight  
Upon the top of Mount Olympus light  
For the brave youthly Champions to assay  
With burning charret wheelles in joy to smite,  
But who that smites it mars his joyous play,  
And is the spectacle of runous decay

XLIII

Yet, therewith sore murg'd, with sterne re-  
gard

Her dreadfull weapon sho to him addrest,  
Which on his helmet martelled so hard  
That made him low incline his lofty crest,  
And bowd his battied visour to his brest  
Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote ryde,  
But reeled to and fro from east to west  
Which when his cruell enemy espyde,  
She lightly unto him adjoin'd syde to syde,

XLIV

And, on his collar laying puissant hand,  
Out of his wavering sert him pluckt perforce,  
Perforce him pluckt, unable to withstand  
Or helpe himselfe, and laying thwart her  
horse,

In lonthly wise like to a carrion corse,  
She bore him fast away Which when the  
knight

That her pursued, with great remoise  
No nere was touch'd in his noble spright,  
And gan encrease his speed as she encrease her  
flight

XLV

Whom when as nigh appoaching she espyde,  
She threw aw ay her burden angrily,  
For she list not the batteill to abide,  
But made her selfe more light away to fly  
Yet her the hardy knight pursu'd so nyc  
That almost in the brake he oft her strake,  
But still, when him at hand she did espy,  
She turnd, and semblaunce of fure sight did  
make,  
But, when he stryd, to flight againe she did

XLVI

By this the good Sir Satyrne gan awake  
Out of his dreame that hid him long entrance,

And, seeing none in place, he gan to make  
Exceeding moane, and curst that ernell chynace  
Which reit from him so faire a chevisance  
At length he spyde whereas that wofull Squire,  
Whom he had reskewed from captivance  
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the myre,  
Unable to arise, or loote or lund to styre

XLVII

To whom appoaching, well he mote perceiue  
In that fowle flight a comely personage  
And lovely face, made fit for to deceiue  
In the Ladies hart with loves cunning rage,  
Now in the blo-some of his freshest age  
He reard him up and loosd his yron bands,  
And after gra iquire his parentage,  
And how he fell into the Gyaunts hand,  
And who th it was which chased her along the  
lands

XLVIII

Then trembling yet through flare the Squire  
bespake  
'That Geauntesso Argante is belight,  
A daughter of the Titans which did make  
Warre against heven, and heaped hils on light  
To scale the skyes and put Joye from his  
right  
Her syle Typhoons was, who, mad through  
merth, [might,  
And droake with blood of men slaine by his  
Through incest her of his owne mother Earth  
Whylome begot, being but hulfe twin of that  
berth

XLVIII

'For at that berth another Babe she bore  
To weete, the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought  
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,  
And many bath to foule confusion brought  
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing  
thought) [were  
While in their mothers wombe enclod they  
Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,  
In fleshy lust were mingled both yfere,  
And in that monstrous wise did to the world  
appere

XLIX

'So lov'd they ever after in like sin,  
Gainst natures law and good behavoure  
But greatest shame was to that mauden twin,  
Who, not content so fowly to deuoure  
Her native flesh and staine her brothers bowre,  
Did wallow in all other fleshy myre,  
And suffred beastes her body to deflowre,  
So wot she burn'd in that lustfull fyre,  
Yet all that might not stike her sensuall desire

I.

'But over all the countrie she did range  
To seeke young men to quench her flaming  
thrust,

And feed her fancy with delightfull change  
Whom so she fittest findes to serve her lust,  
Through her mainie strength, in which she  
most doth trust,  
She with her brings unto a secret Ilc,  
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,  
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,  
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her  
defile

II

'Me, woele wretch, she so at vantage caught,  
After she long in waite for me did lye,  
And meint unto her prison to have brought,  
Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfie,  
That thousand deathea me leuer were to dye  
Then breake the vow that to faine Colymbell  
I plighte have, and yet keepe steadfastly  
As for my name, it misseeth not to tell  
Call me the Squire of Dames, that me  
besemeth well

III

'But that bold knight, whom ye puruing saw  
That Geauntesse, is not such as she seemd  
But a fure virgin that in martiall law  
And deedes of armes above all Dames is  
deemd,  
And above many knightes is eke esteemd  
For her great worth She Palladine is hight  
She you from death, you me from drend, re-  
deemd,  
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,  
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a  
wight'

LIII

'Her well be-comes that Quest,' (quoth Saty-  
rane)  
'But reed, thou Squire of Dames, what vow  
Which thou upon thy life hast lately ta'en?'  
'That shall I you recount,' (quoth he) 'ywis,  
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all unns,  
That gentle Lady whom I love and serve,  
After long suit and wearie seruice,  
Did aske me, how I could her love deserve,  
And how she might be sure that I would never  
euerwee?

LII

'I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,  
Bidd her commaund my life to save or spill  
I foomes she badd me, with incesant prync  
To wander through the world abroad at will,  
And every where, where with my power or  
I might doe service unto gentle Dames, [shall  
That I the same should faithfully fulfill,

And at the twelve monethes end should bring  
their names [games  
And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious

LI

'So well I to sure ladies service did,  
And found such fayour in their loving hartes,  
That ere the yeare his course had compassid,  
Three hundred pledges for my gool desarted,  
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good  
partes,  
I with me brought, and did to her present  
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my  
smaites

Then to reward my trusty true intent,  
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment,

LVI

'To weet, that I my travell shoulde resume,  
And with hke labour walke the world around,  
Ne ever to her presence shoulde presume,  
Till I so many other Dames had fownd,  
The which, for all the suit I could propound,  
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,  
'But did abuse for ever chaste and sownd"  
'Ah' gentle Squire,' (quoth he) 'tell at one  
word, [record?]

How many townd'st thou such to put in thy

LVII

'Indeed, Sir knight,' (said he) 'one word  
may tell  
All that I ever fownd so wisely stail,  
For onely three they were disposd so well,  
And yet three ycares I now abroad have straid,  
To find them out.' 'Mote I,' (then laughing  
said  
The knight) 'inquire of thee what were those  
The which thy proffred curtesie denyd?  
Or ill they seemd unre avizd to bee, [see']  
Or brutishly brought up, that new'rdid fashions

LVIII

'The first which then refused me,' (said hee)  
'Certes was but a common Countesse,  
Yet that refusd to have ador with me,  
Because I could not give her many a Jaue'  
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)  
'The second was an holy Nunne to chouse  
Which would not let me be her Chappellane,  
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose  
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me re-  
pose

LIX

'The third a Damzell was of low degree,  
Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chancee  
I nil hile weened I that chastitee  
Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce,

Yet was she faine, and in her countenance  
Dwelt simple truth in suchly fashion  
Long thus I woo'd her with due obser-  
uance

In hope unto my pleasure to have won,  
But was as far at last, as when I first begon

IX

'Safe her, I never any woman found  
That chastyty did for it selfe embrace,  
But were for other causes firme and sound,  
I tther for want of handsome tune and place  
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace  
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine  
My Ladies love in such a desperato case,

But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,  
Seeking to match the chaste with sh'unchaste  
Ladies traine'

I XI

'Perds' (said Satyrane) 'thou Squire of  
Dance,

Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,  
'To get small thanks, and therewith many  
blames,

That may amongst Alcides labours stand'  
Thence bricke returning to the former land,  
Where late he left the Beast he overcame  
He found him not, for he had broke his band,  
And was returned againe unto his Dame,  
To tell what things of fayne Fortmell became.

## CANTO VIII

The Which creates a sorrowe Le  
dy like to Florimell  
Who wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus said,  
Is sought by Paridell

I

So oft as I this history record,  
My heart doth melt with more compassion,  
To thinke how causelesse, of her owne accord,  
This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon,  
Should plunged be in such affliction  
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,  
That sure, I weene, the hardest hart of stone  
Would hardly finde to aggravate her griefe,  
For misery craves rather mercy then retriect.

II

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,  
Had so enmeshed her malicious hart,  
That she desired th' abridgement of her fate,  
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart  
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art  
Late forth he sent, she brake returninge  
Tyde with her golden girdle it a put  
Of her rich spoiles whom he had erst destroyed  
She weend wondrous gladnes to her hart  
applyle

III

And, with it running hast'ly to her sonne,  
Thought with that sight him much to have  
reliv'd  
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as done  
His former griefe with furie fresh reviv'd  
Much more then earst, and would have algates  
riv'd  
The hart out of his breast for sith her dedd  
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd

Quite of all hope wherewith he long had fedd  
His foolish malady, and long time had misledd

II

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,  
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,  
Had she not fled into a secret inn,  
Where she was wont her Sprightes to enter-  
taine,

The masters of her art there was she faine  
To cill them all in order to her dyde,  
And them conjure upon eternall paine,  
To counsell her so carefully dismayd  
How she might heale her sonne whose senses  
were decayd

I

By their advice, and her owne wicked wit,  
She there devis'd a wondrous worke to frame,  
Whose like on earth was never framed yet,  
That even Nature selfe envide the same,  
And grudging to see the countert should shune  
The thing it selfe In hand she boldly tooke  
To make another like the former Dime,  
Another Florimell in shape and looke  
So lively and so like, that many it mistooke

II

The substance, whereof she the body made,  
Was purest snow in massy mould congel'd,  
Which she had gathered in a shady glade  
Of the Rhyphaean hils, to her reveal'd

By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald

The same she tempered with fine Mercury  
And virgin wax that never yet was seald,  
And mingled them with perfect vermily,  
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye

## VII

Instead of eyes two burning lampes she set  
In silver sockets, shynig like the skyes,  
And a quicke moving Spirit did direct  
To stirre and roll them like to womens eyes  
Instead of yelow lockes she did deuyse  
With golden wyre to weave her enrield head,  
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse  
As Florimells fayre heare and, in the stead  
Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcass dead,

## VIII

A wicked Spright, yfraught with sawning  
gyle  
And fayre resemblance above all the rest,  
Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell some-  
while  
From heuens bliss and everlasting rest  
Him needed not instruct which way were best  
Him selfe to fashion likest Florimell,  
How to speake, how to use his gest,  
For he in counterfeynce did excell,  
And all the wyles of womens wits knew pass-  
ing well

## IX

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,  
Which Florimell had left behind her late,  
That who so then her saw would surely say  
It was her selfe whom it did imitate,  
Or fayrer then her selfe, if ought algate  
Might fayrer be And then she forth her  
Unto her sonnet that lay in feeble state, brought  
Who seeing her gan streight upstart, and  
thought sought  
She was the Lady selfe whom he so long had

## X

Tho fast her chipping twixt his armes twayne,  
Extremely joyed in so happy sight,  
And soone forgot his former sickely payne  
But she, the more to seeme such as she light,  
Covly rebuited his embracement light,  
Yet still, with gentle countenance retain'd  
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight  
Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,  
As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd

## XI

Till on a day, as he disposed was  
To walke the woodes with that his Idole faire,

Her to disport and idle time to pas  
In th' open freslines of the gentle rure,  
A knight that was there chanced to repaire,  
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine  
That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,  
Proud Braggadocho, that in vanishing vaine  
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine

## XII

He, seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,  
Decked with many a costly ornament,  
Much merveld thereat, as well he might,  
And thought that match a faine le disparagement  
His bloody speare estesoones he boldly bent  
Against the silly clowne, who dead through  
feare  
Fell streight to ground in great astonishment  
'Villain,' (sayd he) 'this Lady is my deare,  
Dy, if thou it gainesay I will away her beare'

## XIII

The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay nor  
doe,  
But trembling stood, and yielded him the play,  
Who, finding litle leasure her to wooe  
On Tromparts steed her mounted without stay,  
And without resken led her quite away  
Proud man himselfe then Braggadocho deem'd,  
And next to none after that happy day,  
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd  
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men  
esteem'd

## XIV

But, when hee saw him selfe free from poursute,  
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame  
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute,  
For he could well his glozing speeches frame  
To such vaine uses that him best became  
But she thedo would lend but light regard,  
As seeming sory that she ever came  
Into his powre that used her so hard [prefard  
To leave her honor, which she more then life

## XV

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,  
Thee them by chance encountred on the way  
An armed knight upon a courser strong,  
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay  
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray  
That Cipons corage yet he looked grim,  
And sayd not to cheare his lady in dismay,  
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,  
And her to save from outrage meekely prayed  
him

## XVI

Fiercely that straunger forward came and,  
nigh  
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat



Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high,  
To leave to him that lady for excellent,  
Or bide him battell without further treat  
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,  
And hid his senses with abasment great,  
Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,  
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to  
esteeme

## XVII

Thus, 'Thou foolish knight, that weenest  
with words  
To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,  
And brought through points of many perillous  
swords

But if thee list to see thy Courser runne,  
Or prove thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,  
And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd'  
At those proud words that other knight  
begonne

To we exceeding wroth, and him aredd  
To turne his steede about, or sure he should  
be dedd

## XVIII

'Sith then,' (said Braggadochio) 'needes thou  
wilt

Thy daies abridge through prooffe of puissaunce,  
Turne to our steeds, that both in equall tilt  
May meete againe, and each take happy  
chance.

This said, they both a furlongs monntenaunce  
Retird their steeds to runne in even race,  
But Braggadochio, with his bloody lance,  
Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,  
But left his love to lose, and fled him selfe  
apace

## XIX

The knight, him seeing sicke, had no regard  
Him to pursue, but to the lady rode,  
And having her from Trompart lightly reard,  
Upon his Courser sett the lovely lode,  
And with her fled away without abode.  
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell  
It was with whom in company he yode,  
And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell  
So made him thinke him selfe in heven that  
was in hell

## XX

But Florimell her selfe was far away,  
Driven to great distresse by fortune strange,  
And taught the carefull Mariner to pray,  
Sith late mischance had her compeld to  
chaunge

The land for ever, at random there to runne  
Till there that cruell Queene avengeresse,  
Not satisfide so far her to estrange

From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,  
Did heape on her new wyes of weary wretched-  
nesse

## XXI

For being fled into the fishers bote  
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,  
Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,  
And with the tide drove forward carelesly,  
For th' ayre was milde and cleared was the  
skie,

And all his windes Dan Aeolus did keepe  
From stirring up their stormy enmy,  
As pitying to see her waile and weepe  
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

## XXII

At last when dioneke with drowsinesse he  
woke,

And saw his drover drive along the streame,  
He was dismayd, and thurst his brest he  
stroke,

For marvell of that accident extreme  
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,  
Which with rare light his bote did beautifie,  
He marvelld more, and thought he yet did  
dreame

Not well awak't, or that some extasie  
Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

## XXIII

But when her well avizing her perceiv'd  
To be no vision nor fantastike sight,  
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,  
And felt in his old corage new delight  
To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright  
Tho rudely ask't her, how she thither came?  
'Ah!' (sayd she) 'father, I note read right  
What hard misfortune brought me to this same,  
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

## XXIV

'But thou good man, sith far in sea we bee,  
And the great waters gin apace to swell,  
That now no more we can the main-land see,  
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,  
Least worse on sea then us on land befall'  
Therat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,  
And said his boat the way could wisely tell,  
But his deceitfull eyes did never lin  
To looke on her faire face and marke her snowy

## XXV

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh  
Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,  
That the drie withlered stocke it gin refresh,  
And kindled heat that soone in flame forth  
brust

The driest wood is sounder than it to dust  
Rudely to her he leapt, and his rough hand  
Where all became him rashly would have  
thrust,

But she with angry scorne did him withstood,  
And shamefully reprov'd for his rudenes found

## XXXI

But he, that never good nor manners knew,  
Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme,  
Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew  
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,  
Broke into open fire and rage extreme,  
And now he strength gan add unto his will,  
Foreing to doe that did him fowle misseeme  
Beastly he threw her downe, ne car'd to spill  
Her garments gay with scales of fish that all  
did fill

## XXXII

The silly virgin strove him to withstand  
All that she might and him in vaine revild  
Shee struggled strongly both with foote and  
hand

To save her honor from that villaine wilde,  
And cride to heven, from humane help exild  
O ye brave knights, that boast this Ladies  
love,

Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild  
Of filthy wrutch? well may she you reprove  
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may  
behave

## XXXIII

But if that thou, Sir Satyrane, didst weepe,  
Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sory state,  
How soone would wee assemble many a flecte,  
To fetech from sea that ye at land lost late  
Towres, citties, kingdomes, we would runate  
In your avengement and despiteous rage,  
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate,  
But if Sir Calidore could it pre-age,  
No living creature could his cruclty asswage.

## XXXIV

But sith th it none of all her knights is nye,  
See how the heavens, of voluntary grice  
And soveraine favor towards chastity,  
Doe succor send to her distressed case,  
So much high God doth innocence embrace  
It fortun'd, whilest thus she tissy strove,  
And the wide sea importuned long space  
With shrilling shrieks, Proteus abroad did  
rove,  
Along the fomy waves driving his finny drove

## XXXV

Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,  
And hath the charge of Neptunes mighty  
heard,

An aged sire with head all frore, hore,  
And sprinkled frost upon his deavy beard  
Who when those pittifull oneries he heard  
Through all the seas so ruefully resound,  
His charett swifte in hast he thither steard,  
Winch with a teeme of sealy Phocas bownd  
Was drawne upon the waves that fomed him  
arownd

## XXXVI

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,  
That went at will withouten card or style  
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which  
smote  
Deepe indignation and compassion fayne  
Into his hart attonec streight did he hyle  
The greedy villen from his hoped pray,  
Of which he now did very litle fayne  
And with his staffe, that drives his heard  
astray,  
Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much

## XXXVII

The whiles the pitteous Lady up did ryse,  
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,  
And blubbred face with teares of hei faire eyes  
Her heart ough broken was with weary toyle,  
To save her selfe from that outrageous spoyle,  
But when she looked up, to weet what wight  
Had her from so infamous fact assoyl'd,  
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,  
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly  
shright.

## XXXVIII

Her selfe not saved yet from danger dredd  
She thought, but churmd from one to other  
feare  
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd  
From the sharpe hauke which hei attached  
neare,  
And fals to ground to seek for succor there,  
Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does swee  
With greedy javes her ready for to teare  
In such distresse and sad perplexity  
Was Flormell, when Proteus she did see hi

## XXXIX

But he endeavored with speeches milde  
Her to recomfort, and acourage bold,  
Bidding her feare no more hei toeman wilde  
Nor doubt himselfe, and who he was her told  
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,  
Ne to recomfort her at all preyld,  
For her faint hart was with the frosen cold  
Benumbd so much, that her wits nigh fayld,  
And all her sences with abashment quite were  
quayld

XXXX

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard  
And with his frosty lips full softly ki't, {heard  
Whiles the cold syckles from his rough  
Dropped adowne upon her ivory brest  
Yet he him selfe so busily addrest,  
That her out of astonishment he wrought,  
And out of that same lusthies fill'd ne't  
Removing her into his chaire brought,  
And there with many gentle termes her faine  
beought

XXXXI

But that old leachour which with bold assault  
Th'it beantie durst pre-sume to violate,  
He erst to punish for his hamons fault  
Then tooke he him, yet trembling with of late,  
And tyde behind his chaire, to aggrate  
The virgin whom he had almesd so sore,  
So drag'd him throug the waves in scornfull  
And after cast him up upon the shore {state  
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore

XXXXII

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine  
Under a nightie rocke, grinst which doe rive  
The raging hollowes in their proud disaine,  
That with the angry working of the wave  
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave, {kene  
That seemes rough Mrons hand with engines  
Had long while labour'd it to engrave  
There was his waine, ne bring wight was  
scene {it cleme  
Save one old Nymph, light Panope, to keepe

XXXXIII

Fluther he brought the sory Florimell,  
And entertain'd her the best he might,  
And Panope her entertain'd else well  
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,  
To winne her liking unto his delight  
With flattering wordes he sweetly woo'd her  
And offer'd false gifts t allure her sight  
But she both offers and the offerer  
Despise, and all the sawing of the flatterer

XXXXIV

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,  
And never suffred her to be at rest,  
But evermore she him refused flat,  
And all his famed kindnes did detest,  
So firme she had sealed up her brest  
Sometimes he boasted that a God he might  
But she a mortall creature loved best  
Then he would make him selfe a mortall wight,  
But then she said she lov'd none, but a Faery  
knight

XV

Then like a Ieros knight him selfe he dress'd,  
For every shape on him he could endre  
Then like a king he was to her expert,  
And offer'd I maghons unto her in view,  
To be his Leaman and his Lady true  
But when all this he nothing saw prais'd,  
With harder means he erst her to subdew,  
And with sharpe threats her often did assaile,  
So thinking for to make her stubborne courage  
quayle

XVI

To dreadfull shapes he did him selfe trans-  
forme,  
Now like a Gyaunt, now like to a scend,  
Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme  
Raging within the waves thereby he wend  
Her will to win unto his wished end,  
But when with feare, nor fayour, nor with all  
He chould doe, he saw him selfe esteem'd,  
Downe in a Donjon dype he let her fall,  
And threatned there to make her his etern all  
thrall

XVII

I ternall thralldome was to her more lefe  
Then losse of cha-titu, or change of love  
Dye had she rather in tormenting griefe  
Then in should of false-hood her reprove,  
Or lossenes, that she lightly did remove  
Most vertuous virgin! glory be thy meeke,  
And crowne of heavenly prayse with Santes  
above, {I deat  
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous  
Are still amongst them song, that fur in  
times exceed

XVIII

Fit song of Angels enroled to bee  
But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame  
Shal be t' advance thy goodly chastitee  
And to enroll thy memorabell name  
In th' heart of every honourable Dame,  
That the thy vertuous deedes may imitate,  
And be partakers of thy endless fame  
It yokes me leave thee in this wofull state  
To tell of Saurraue where I him left of late,

XIX

Who having ended with that Squyre of Dimes  
A long discourse of his adventures sayne,  
The which himselfe then Ladies more defames,  
And binding not th' Hyem to be shyne,  
With that same Squyre returned back againe  
To his first way And, as they farr and went,  
They spide a knight sayre pricking on the  
As it he were on some adventure bent, {plyne,  
And in his port appeared manly hardiment

## XLV

Sir Satyrane him towardes did addresse,  
To weet what wight he was, and what his  
quest,  
And comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse,  
Both by the burning hart which on his brest  
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,  
That I'ridell it was. Tho to him yode,  
And him saluting as becomed best,  
Gan first inquire of tydings farie abroad, [Iode  
And afterwardes on what adventure now he

## XLVI

Who thereto answering said 'The tydings  
bad,  
Which now in Faery court all men doe tell,  
Which turned hith great mirth to mourning  
sad,  
Is the late ruine of proud Marmell,  
And sudden parture of faine Florimell  
To find him forth and after her are gone  
All the brave knightes that doen in armes  
To safeguard her wandred all alone [excell  
Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy) is to be  
one.'

## XLVII

'Ah' gentle knight,' (said then Sir Satyrane)  
'Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,  
That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,  
And offrest sacrifice unto the dead  
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread  
Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee,  
That all the noble knightes of Maidenhead,  
Which her adord, may sore repent with mee,  
And all faire Ladies may for ever sory bee'

## XLVIII

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his  
hew  
Gan greatly chaunge and seemd dismayd to bee  
Then said 'Faire Sir, how may I weene it  
That ye doe tell in such uncerteintee? [trew,  
Or speake ye of report, or did ye see [sore?  
Just cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so  
For perdie elles how mote it ever bee,  
That ever hand should dare for to engore  
Her noble blood? The heavens such crueltie  
abhorre'

## XLIX

'These eyes did see that they will ever reu  
I' have seene,' (quoth he) 'when as a mon-  
strous beast  
The Palfrey whereon she did travell slew,  
And of his bowels made his bloody feast  
Which speaking token sheweth at the least  
Her centene losse, if not her sure deen  
Besides, that more suspicion encreast,  
I found her golden girdle cast astray,  
Distaynd with dirt and blood, as relique of  
the pray.'

## L

'Ay me!' (said Paridell) 'the signes be sadd,  
And, but God turne the same to good sooth-say,  
That Ladies safetie is sore to be dradd  
Yet will I not for-ake my forward way,  
Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray'  
'Faire Sir,' (quoth he) 'well may it you succeed  
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay,  
But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed,  
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed'

## LI

'Ye noble knightes,' (said then the Squire of  
Dames)  
'Well may ye speede in so praiseworthy payne'  
But sith the Sunne now gunnes to slake his  
beames  
In deawy vapours of the westernne mayne,  
And lose the tyme out of his weary wayne,  
Mote not mislike you also to abate  
Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe  
Both light of heven and strength of men relate  
Which if ye please, to yonder castle tunie your  
gate'

## LII

That counsell pleased well so all yfere  
Forth marched to a Castle them before,  
Where soone arriving they restrained were  
Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore  
To errant knightes be commune wondrous sore  
Therent displeasd they were, till that young  
Squire [doe  
Gan them informe the cause, why that same  
Was shunt to all which lodging did desire  
The which to let you weet will further tyme  
requyre

## CANTO IV

Malbecco will no straunge l night's host,  
For peerish geilos  
Pardell giu-Is with Britomart  
Both shew their auncestry

I

RENOUBTED knights, and honorable Dames,  
To whom I leuell all my labours end,  
Right sore I feare, least with unworthie blames,  
This odious argument my rymes should shend,  
Or ought your goodly patience offend,  
Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,  
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend  
The shynning glory of your sovaine light,  
And knight-hood foule defaced by a tittillous  
knight

II

But never let th' ensample of the kind  
Offend the good, for good, by paragone  
Of evill may more notably be rad, [tune,  
As white seemes fairer machit with blacke it-  
No all are shamed by the fash of one  
For lo! in heaven, whereas all goodnes is,  
Emongst the Angels, a whole legione  
Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy bliss,  
What wonder then if one, of women all did mis-)

III

Then listen, Lordings, if ye list to weet  
The cause why Satyrane and Pardell  
Mote not be enteraynd as seemed meet  
Into that Castle, (as that Squire does tell)  
'Therem a crined crabbed Carle does dwell  
That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,  
Ne cares what men say of him, ill or well  
For all his dyes he drownes in privacie  
Yet has full large to live and spend at libertie

IV

'But all his munde is set on muche pelfe  
To heerd up heapes of evill gotten mase  
For which he others wrongs and wrecks hum-  
Yet is he lincked to a lovely lasse, [selfe  
Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpass,  
The which to him both far unequal verry,  
And also far unlike conditions he  
For she does joy to play amongst her peares,  
And to be free from hard restraint and gerulous  
feare

V

'But he is old, and withered like hay,  
Unto faire I shies service to supply,

The privie guilt whereof makes him alway  
Suspect her truth, and keepe continually  
Upon her with his other blinket eye,  
No suffreth he resort of living wight  
Approch to her ne keepe her company  
But in close howre her mewes from all mens  
sight,  
Depriv'd of kindly joy and naturall deligh

VI

'Malbecco he, and Hellenore she light,  
Unstitcht together in one teeme  
That is the cause why never any knight  
Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme  
Such as no doubt of him he needs misdeeme,  
Therent Sir Satyrane gan smile, and say,  
Extremely mid the man I surely deeme,  
That weenes with witch and hard restraint  
to stay  
A womans will, which is disposd to go astray.

VII

'In vaine he feares that which he cannot  
shonne,  
For who votes not, that womans subtiltyes  
'an gawlen Argus when she list misdonne?  
It is not iron bandes, nor hundred eyes,  
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spies,  
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;  
But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesies,  
And timely service to her pleasures meet,  
May her perhaps containe, that else would  
alittle fleet

VIII

'Then is he not more mad,' (sayd Pardell)  
'That hath himselfe unto such service sold.  
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?  
For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,  
That loves his fetter, though they were of  
gold  
But why doe wee devise of others ill,  
Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old  
To keepe us out in scorn, of his owne will,  
And rather do not ransack all, and him selfe  
kill?'

IX

Nay, let us first' (sayd Satyrane) 'entreat  
The man by gentle meenes to let us in,

And afterwarde affiair with euell threat,  
 Ere that we to efforce it doe begin  
 Then, if all sayle, we will by force it win,  
 And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,  
 As may be worthy of his haynous sin  
 That counsell pleased then Paridell did rise  
 And to the Castle gate approch in quiet wise

## X

Whereat soft knocking entrance he desired  
 The good man selfe, which then the Porter  
 playd,  
 Him answered, that all were now retired  
 Unto their rest, and all the keyes conuayd  
 Unto their maister, who in bed was layd,  
 That none him durst wake out of his dreame,  
 And therefore them of patience gently prayd  
 Then Paridell began to chaunge his theme,  
 And threatned him with force and punishment  
 extreim

## XI

But all in vaine, for nought mote him relent  
 And now so long before the wicket fast  
 They wayted, that the night was forward spent,  
 And the faire welkin fowly overcast  
 Gan blown up a bitter stormy blast,  
 With shoure and haile so horrible and dred,  
 That thus faire man were compeld at last  
 To fly for succour to a little shed,  
 The which beside the gate for swine was  
 ordered

## XII

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,  
 Another knight, whom tempest thither brought,  
 Came to that Castle, and with earnest mone,  
 Like as the rest, late entrance deuie besought  
 But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought,  
 For flatly he of entrance was refused  
 Sorely thereat he was displeased, and thought  
 How to avenge himselfe so sore abused,  
 And euenmore the Carle of courtesie acensd

## XIII

But, to auoide th' intollerable stour,  
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge nere,  
 And to that shed, to shrowd him from the  
 shouie,  
 He came, which full of guests he found why-  
 So as he was not let to enter there  
 Whereat he gan to wax exceeding wroth,  
 And swore that he would lodge with them  
 yfere,  
 Or them dislodge, all were they hese or loth,  
 And so defyde them each, and so defyde them  
 both

## XIV

Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,  
 And both full loth in darkenesse to debrute,  
 Yet both full hese him lodging to haue knt,  
 And both full hese him boasting to rebate  
 But chiefly Paridell his hart did giate  
 To hene him threaten so despyghtfully,  
 As if he did n dogge in kenell rate  
 That durst not barke, and rather had he dy  
 Then, when he was defyde, in eoward corner ly

## XV

Tho hastily remounting to his steed  
 He forth issew'd like a hostiuous winde,  
 Which in th' earthes hollow eaves hath long  
 ben hid  
 And shut up fast within her prisons blind,  
 Makes the huge element, against her kinde,  
 To move and tremble as it were aghast,  
 Untill that it an issew forth may kinde  
 Then forth it breakes, and with his furious  
 Conounds both land and seas, and skyes doth  
 ouercast

## XVI

Then steel-hed speares they strongly couelit,  
 and met  
 Together with impetuous rage and forse,  
 That with the terror of their fierce affret  
 They rudely drove to ground both man and  
 horse,  
 That each awhile lay like a senelesse corse  
 But Paridell sore brused with the blow  
 Could not arise the counterchaunge to scorse,  
 Till that young Squier him reared from below,  
 Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about  
 him throw

## XVII

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,  
 And with faire treaty pacified their yre  
 Then, when they were accorded from the fray,  
 Against that Castles Lord they gan con-pyre,  
 To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire  
 They beene agreed, and to the gates they goe  
 To burn the same with unquenchable fire,  
 And that unuerseous Carle, their commune foe,  
 To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous  
 woe.

## XVIII

Malbecco, seeing them resolv'd indeed  
 To flame the gates, and hearing them to call  
 For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,  
 And to them calling from the castle wall,  
 Besought them humbly him to beare withall,  
 As ignorant of servants bad abuse  
 And slaeke attendaunce unto strangers call.

The knights were willing all things to excuse,  
Though nought beleu'd, and entrance late did  
not refuse

XLV

They beene brought into a comely bowre,  
And seruil of all things that mote needfull bee  
Yet secretli their ho-tes did on them lowre,  
And welcomde more for ferre then charitee,  
But they dissembled what they did not see.  
And welcomed themselves Each gan undight  
Their garments wet, and weiry armour free,  
To dry them selues by Vulcanes flaming light,  
And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in  
plight

XLVI

And eke that straunger knight enougst the  
Was for like need enforst to disaray [rest  
Tho, whenas vailed was her lofty crest,  
Her golden locks that were in trammells gay  
Upboudend, did them selues allowne display  
And raught u to her heeles, like sunny  
beames,  
That in a clowd their light did long time stay,  
Their vapour radeil, shewe their golden  
gleames, [their azure streames  
And through the persint aire shoote forth

XLVII

Shee also doste her heauy habergeon,  
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyle  
And her well-plighted frack, which shee did won  
To tucke about her short when she shul rise,  
Shee lon let fall, that flied from her lanch,  
as do

Downe to her foot with careless made-tee.  
Then of them all shee plainly was espyle  
To be a woman-wight, unwist to bee,  
The fairest woman-wight that ever ere did see

XLVIII

Like as Bellona (being late returnd  
From slaughter of the Ghaunts conquered,  
Where proud Encelade, whose wide noethrils  
burnd  
With breathed flames, like to a furnace reild  
Transfixt with her speare slowne tumbled reild  
From top of Memus by him heaped hyle  
Hath loosed her helmet from her lofty hedd,  
And her Gorgonian shuld gans to wnt  
From her left arme, to rest in glorious victory.

XLIX

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were  
With great amaze of so wondrous sight,  
And each on other and they all on her,  
Stood gazing, as if sudden great affright

Had them surprizd At last, aizing right  
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,  
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke  
delight

In their first error, and yett still anon [sev.  
With wonder of her beauty feel their hongry

XLX

Yet note their hongry vew be satisfide,  
But seeing still the more desir'd to see,  
And euer firmer hied did abyle  
In contemplation of diuinitie.  
But most they mervild at her chevalree  
And noble prove-se, which they had approv'd,  
That much they said to know who she mote  
Yet none of all thim her thereof amov'd [bee,  
Yet every one her likte, and every one her  
lov'd

XLXI

And Paridell, though partly discontent  
With his late fall and fowle indignity,  
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,  
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,  
And knightly worth which he too late did try,  
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight,  
Then the Malbecco prayd of courtesy,  
That of his lady they might have the sight  
And company at meat to doe them more de-  
light.

XLXII

But he, to sluffe their curious request,  
Gan cuseyn why she could not come in place,  
Her crased helth her late recourse to rest,  
And humid evening ill for sickle folkes ease,  
But none of those excuses could take place,  
He would they rate till she in presence came  
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,  
And fairly them saluted as becom, [Dune  
And shewd her selfe in all a gentle courteous

XLXIII

They ate to ment and Satyrane his chauce  
Was her before and Paridell beside,  
But he him selfe ate looking still askaunce  
Gainst Britomart, and euer closely eside  
Sir Satyrane, that glances might not glide  
But his blinde eye that sided Paridell,  
All his demeanure from his sight shul hide  
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,  
And sent close messages of love to her at will

XLXIV

And ever and anon when none was ware  
With speaking looks, that close embrassage  
bore,  
He rov'd at her, and told his secret rare  
For all that art he learned had of yore,

Ne was she ignorant of that leud lore,  
But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,  
And with the like him answerd evermore  
Shée sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd  
Empoisoned was with privy lust and gealous  
dredd

## XXIX

He from that deadly throw made no defence,  
But to the wound his weake heart opened  
wyde

The wiked engine through false influence  
Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde  
Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde  
But nothing new to him was that same paine,  
Ne paine at all, for he so ofte had tryde  
The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,  
That thing of course he counted love to enter-  
taine

## XXX

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate  
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well  
knowne

Now Bacchus frust out of the silver plate  
He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,  
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,  
And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,  
Or therein wite to lett his love be showne,  
Which well she redd out of the learned line  
A sacrament prophane in mystery of wine

## XXXI

And, when so of his hand the pledge she raught,  
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,  
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,  
Shewing desire her inward flame to slake  
But such close signes they secret way did make  
Unto their wils, and one eyes watch escape  
Two eyes him needeth for to watch and wake,  
Who lovers will deceiue Thus was the ape,  
By their faire handling, put into Malbeceos  
cape

## XXXII

Now, when of meats and drinks they had  
their fill,  
Purpose was moved by that gentle Dame  
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell  
Of deeds of armes which unto them became,  
And every one his kindred and his name  
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride  
Of gracious speach and skill his words to frame  
Abounded, being glad of so fitte tide  
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all  
well eide

## XXXIII

'Trov that art now nought but an idle name,  
And in thine ashes buried low dost lie, [fame,  
Though whilome far much greater then thy

Before that angry Gods and cruell skie  
Upon thee heapt a dreffull destinie,  
What boots it boast thy glorious deseent,  
And fetch from heven thy great genealogie,  
Sith all thir worthe praves being blent  
Their ospring hath embaste, and later glory  
shent?

## XXXIV

'Most famous Worthv of the world, by whome  
That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,  
And stately towres of Ithion whilome  
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name  
Sir Paris far renownd through noble fame,  
Who, through great provesse and bold hardi-  
nesse,  
From Lacedæmon fetcht the fayrest Dame  
That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,  
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthi-  
nesse,

## XXXV

'Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,  
And gurlond of the mighty Conquerours,  
That madest many Ladies deare lament  
The heave losse of their brave Paramours,  
Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,  
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne  
With carcases of noble warnours  
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,  
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all  
overflowne

## XXXVI

'From him my linage I derve aright,  
Who long before the ten yeres siege of Troy,  
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepeheard hight,  
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,  
Whom, for remembrance of her passed joy,  
She, of his Father, Paris did name,  
Who, after Greekes did Prams realme destroy,  
Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,  
And with them saying thence to th' isle of  
Paros came

## XXXVII

'That was by him cald Paros, which before  
Hight Nausa there he many yeres did ruine,  
And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore,  
The which he dying left next in remane  
To Paridas his soune,  
From whom I Paridell by kin descend  
But, for faire ladies love and glories game,  
My native soile have left, my daies to spend  
In seeinge deeds of armes, my lives and labors  
end'

## XXXVIII

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell  
Of Trojan warres and Prams cite sackt,  
The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,



She was empassiond at that piteous act,  
With zelous enuie of Greekes cruell fact  
Against that nation, from whose race of old  
She heard that she was lineally extract,  
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,  
And Troy nowant was built of old Troyes ashes  
cold

## XXIX

Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus  
'O lamentable fall of famous towne!  
Which ragnd so many yeares victorious,  
And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,  
In one sad night consumd and throwne slowne  
What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,  
Is not emperst with deepe compassionne,  
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,  
That floures so fresh at morne, and fides at  
evening late?

## XX

'Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint  
Hath fownd another partner of your payne,  
For nothing may impresse so deere con-  
straint  
As countries cause, and communo foes disdainne  
But if it should not grieve you backe agayne  
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre  
What to Aeneas fell, with that men sayne  
He was not in the cities wofull fyre  
Consum'd, but did him selfe to safety retyre'

## XXI

'Anchyses sonne, begott of Venus fayre,  
Said he, 'out of the flames for safegard fled,  
And with a remnant did to sea repaire,  
Where he through satill error long was led  
Full many yeares, and weetelesse wandered  
From shore to shore amongst the L. bick sandes,  
I re rest he fownd Much there he suffered,  
And many perilles past in forreine landes,  
To save his people sad from victours vengefull  
haundes

## XXII

'At last in Latium he did arrive,  
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind  
Of th' island folke, which sought him backe  
to drive,  
Till he with old Latinus was constraind  
To contract wedlock, (so the fates ordaind)  
Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood  
Accomplished, that many deere complaind  
The rivall haue, the victour, through the flood  
Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wedlock good

## XXIII

'Yet, after all he victour did survive,  
And with Latinus did the kingdom part,

But after, when both nations gan to strive  
Into their names the title to convert,  
His sonne Ithius did from thence depart  
With all the warlike youth of Trojans bloud,  
And in long Alba plast his throne apart,  
Where faire it flourished and long time stoud,  
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome remoud'

## XLIV

'There, there,' (said Britomart) 'afresh ap-  
peard  
The glory of the later world to spring,  
And Troy againe out of her dust was reard  
To sitt in second seat of soveraine king  
(Of all the world, under her governing  
But a third kingdom yet is to arise  
Out of the Trojans scattered offspring,  
That in all glory and great enterprise, [126  
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equal-

## XLV

'It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves  
Of wealthy Thams washed is along,  
Upon whose stubborne neck, (whereat he raves  
With roring rage, and sore him selfe does throng)  
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,  
She fastned hath her foot, which stands so hy,  
That it a wonder of the world is song  
In forreine landes, and all which passen by,  
Beholding it from farre, doe thinke it threatens  
the skye

## XLVI

'The Trojan Brute did first that citie fownd,  
And his gate made the meare thereof by West,  
And Overt gate by North that is the bound  
Toward the land, two rivers bound the rest.  
So hugo a scope at first him seemed best,  
To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat  
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,  
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,  
That Albion had conquered first by warlike  
seat'

## XLVII

'Ah' fairest Lady knight,' (said Paridell)  
'Pardon, I pray, my heedlesse oversight,  
Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell  
I rom aged Minemon, for my wits beight light  
Indeed he said, (if I remember right)  
That of the antiquo Trojan stocke there grew  
Another plant, that raght to wondrous height  
And far abroad his mightie branches threw  
Into the utmost Angle of the world he knew

## XLVIII

'For that same Brute, whom much he did ad-  
vance  
In all his speech, was Syllius his sonne,

Whom having slain through luckles arrowes  
 glaunce,  
 Ho fled for feare of that he had misdonne,  
 Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,  
 And with him ledd to sea an yonthly trayne,  
 Where wearie wondrous they long time did  
 wonne,  
 And many fortunes prov'd in th' Ocean mayne,  
 And great adventures found, that now were  
 long to sayne.

## CLIX

' At last by fatal course they driven were  
 Into an Island spacious and brode,  
 The furthest North that did to them appeare  
 Which, after rest, they, seeking farre abroad,  
 Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,  
 Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for living foode  
 But wholly waste and void of peoples trode,  
 Save an hugo nation of the Geaunts broode  
 That fed on living flesh, and dronck mens  
 vitall blood

## L

' Whom he, through wearie wars and labours  
 long,  
 Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold.  
 In which the great Goemagot of strong  
 Corneus, and Conlin of Debon old, [cold,  
 Were overthrowne and laide on th' earth full  
 Which quaked under their so ludeous masse,  
 A famous history to bee enrold  
 In everlasting monuments of brasse,  
 That all the antique Worthies merits far did  
 p[er]use.

## LI

' His worke great Troynovant, his worke is  
 Faire Lincolne, both renowned far away, [eke  
 That who from East to West will endlong  
 Cannot two fairer Cities find this day, [seeke,  
 Except Cleopolis so heard I say  
 Old Mnemon Therefore, Sir, I greet you well  
 Your countrey kin, and you entyrelly pray  
 Of pardon for the strife, which late befell  
 Betwixt us both unknowno' So ended Paridell

## LII

But all the while that he these speeches spent,  
 Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenoro  
 With vigilant regard and dew attent,  
 Fashioning worldes of faneies evermore  
 In her fraile witt, that now hei quite forlore  
 The whiles unware away her wondrous oye  
 And greedy eares her weako hart from her  
 Which he pereeving, ever privily, [boro,  
 In speaking many false belgardes at her let  
 fly

## LIII

So long these knights discoursed diversly  
 Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,  
 Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,  
 That now the humil night was farforth spent,  
 And heavenly lampes were hulfendeale ybrent  
 Which th' old man seeing wel, who too long  
 thought  
 Every discourse, and every argument,  
 Which by the houres he measured, besought  
 Them go to rest So all unto their bowres  
 were brought,

## CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenoro  
 Malbecco her pursowes,  
 Fynds amongst Satyres, whence with him  
 To turne she doth refuse

## I

THE morow next, so soone as Phœbus Lamp  
 Bewrayed had the world with early light,  
 And fresh Aurora had the shady damp  
 Out of the goodly heven amoved quight,  
 Faire Britomart and that same Faery knight  
 Uprose, forth on their journey for to wend  
 But Paridell complaynd, that his late sight  
 With Britomart so sore did him offend,  
 That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did  
 amend.

## II

So sooth they sai'd, but he behind them stayd,  
 Maultre his host, who grudged grievously  
 To house a guest that would be needes obayd,  
 And of his owne him leste not liberty  
 Might wanting measure moveth suddenly  
 Two things he feared, but the third was death,  
 That fiers youngmans unruly maystery,  
 His money, which he lov'd as living breath,  
 And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept  
 unweath

## III

But patience perforce, he must abide  
 What fortune and his fate on him will lay,  
 Fond is the feare that findes no remedie  
 Yet warily he watcheth every way,  
 By which he feareth evil happen may,  
 So th' evil thinks by watching to prevent  
 He doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,  
 Out of his sight her selfe once to absent  
 So doth he punish her, and eke him selfe  
 torment.

## IV

But Paridell kept better watch then hee  
 A fit occasion for his turne to finde  
 False love: why do men say thou canst not see,  
 And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,  
 That with thy charmes the sharpest sight  
 doest binde,  
 And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,  
 And seest every secret of the minde,  
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee  
 All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

## V

So perfect in that art was Paridell,  
 That he Malbeccoos halfeen eye did wyle,  
 His halfeen eye he wiled wondrous well,  
 And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguile,  
 Both eyes and hart attonee, during the while  
 That he there sojourned his wounds to heale,  
 That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close did smile  
 To weet how he her love away did steale,  
 And bad that none their joyous treason should  
 reveale

## VI

The learned lover lost no time nor tye  
 That least advantage mote to him afford,  
 Yet bore so sure a sayle, that none espyde  
 His secret drift, till he her layd aboard  
 When so in open place and commune bord  
 He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speech  
 He courted her, yet bated every word,  
 That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach  
 Of vile ungentlenesse, or hospitages breach

## VII

But when apart (if ever her apart)  
 He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,  
 And all the sleights nimbosomd in his hart  
 He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,  
 And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde  
 Tho, when againe he him bethought to live,  
 He wept, and wayld, and false lamentations belyde,  
 Saying, but if she Mercie would him give,  
 That he mote algates dye, yet did his death  
 forgive

## VIII

And otherwhyles with amorous delights  
 And pleasing toys he would her entertaine,  
 Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,  
 Now making layes of love and lovers paine,  
 Bransles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses rime,  
 Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devysd,  
 And thousands like which flowd in his braine,  
 With which he fed her fancy, and entysd  
 To take to his new love, and leave her old  
 despyd

## IX

And every where he might, and everis while,  
 He did her service dewtiful, and sould  
 At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile,  
 So closely yet that none but she it vould,  
 Who well perceived all, and all indewd  
 Thus finely did he his false nets disprede,  
 With which he many weak hearts had subdewd  
 Of yore, and many had ylike misde  
 What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

## X

No fort so sensible, no wale so strong,  
 But that continuall battery will rive,  
 Or daily siege, through disparvaynace long  
 And lacke of reskewes, will to parley drive,  
 And Peece, that unto parley care will give,  
 Will shortly yeld it selfe, and will be made  
 Tho a assall of the victors will by live  
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd  
 This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine dis-  
 play'd

## XI

For through his frames he her intrappd hath,  
 That she her love and hart hath wholly sold  
 To him, without regard of game or scath,  
 Or care of credite, or of husband old  
 Whom she hath vowd to dnb a sayre Cnequold  
 Nought wants but time and place, which  
 shortly shee  
 Devisd hath, and to her lover told  
 It pleased well So well they both agree  
 So readie rype to ill ill wemens counsels bee!

## XII

Darke was the Evening, fit for lovers stealth,  
 When chaunst Malbecco busie be elswe here,  
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth  
 Lay hid, therout she countlesse summes did  
 reare,  
 The which she meant away with her to beare.  
 The rest she fyr'd, for sport, or for despight.  
 As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare  
 The Troyane flames and reach to heavens light,  
 Did clap her hands, and joyed at that dolefull  
 sight

## XIII

This second Helene, sayre Dame Hellenore,  
The whiles her husband ran with sory haste  
To queneh the flames which she had tynd  
before,  
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,  
And ran into her lovers armes right fast,  
Where streight embraced she to him did cry  
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past,  
For lo<sup>t</sup> that Guest did beare her forcibly,  
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to  
dy

## XIV

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,  
And ready seeing him with her to fly,  
In his disquet mind was much dismayd  
But when againe he backward cast his eye,  
And saw the wicked fire so furiously  
Consume his hart, and seareh his Idoles face,  
He was therewith distressed diversely,  
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place  
Was never wretched man in such a wofull case

## XV

Av when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,  
And left the fire; love money overcame  
But when he markid how his money burnd,  
He left his wife, money did love disclame  
Both was he loth to loose his loved Dane,  
And loth to leave his hestest selfe behinde,  
Yet, sith he n'ote save both, he cry'd that same  
Which was the dearest to his donughill muide,  
The God of his desire, the joy of misers blinde

## XVI

Thus whilst all thungs in troublous uprore  
were,  
And all men busie to suppress the flame,  
The loving couple neede no reshow feare,  
But leasure had and liberty to frame  
Their purpost flight, free from all miens reclame,  
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,  
Gave them safe conduct, till to end they came  
So beene they gone yfere, a wanton payre  
Of lovers loosely knyt, where list them to re-  
payre

## XVII

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,  
Malbecco, seeing how his losse did lie, [here,  
Out of the flames which he had queneht why-  
Into huge waves of grieve and jealousye  
Full deepe emplynged was, and drowned nye  
Twixt inward doole and felonous despyght  
He rav'd, he wept, he stampit, he lowd did cry,  
And all the passions that in man may light  
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his sayfye  
spright

## XVIII

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieve,  
And did consume his gall with anguish sore  
Still when he mused on his late mischief,  
Then still the smart thereof increased more,  
And seemd more grievous then it was before  
At last when sorrow he saw bootied nought,  
Ne grieve might not his love to him restore,  
He gan devise how her he reskew mought  
Ten thousand waves he cast in his confused  
thought

## XIX

At last resolving, like a Pilgrim pore,  
To search her forth where so she might be fond,  
And bearing with him treasure in close store,  
The rest he leaves in ground So takes in honil  
To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond  
Long he her sought, he sought her far and  
nere,  
And every where that he mote understand  
Of knights and ladies any meetings were,  
And of each one he mett he tulings did inquire

## XX

But all in vaine his woman was too wise  
Ever to come into his clonch againe,  
And hee too simple ever to surprise  
The jolly Paridell, for all his paine  
One day as hee forssaped by the plaine  
With weary pace, he far away espide  
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,  
Which loved close under a forest side, [inde  
As if they lay in wait, or els them selves id

## XXI

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee,  
And as he better did their shape avize,  
Him seemed more their maner did agree,  
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,  
Whom to be Paridell he did devize,  
And th' other, all yclad in garments light  
Discolourd like to womanish disguise,  
He did resemble to his lady bright, [sight  
And ever his faint hart much earned at the

## XXII

And ever saune he towards them would goe,  
But yet durst not for dread approchen ne,  
But stood aloofe, unwetring what to doe,  
Till that priekt forth with loves extremity  
That is the father of fowle jealousy,  
He closely nearer erept the truth to weet  
But, as he nigh er drew, he easily  
Might seeme that it was not his sweetest sweet,  
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet

## XXIII

But it was scornfull Braggadoelno,  
That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,  
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe  
Whom such whenas Mlibecco spied clere,  
He turned backe, and would have fled arere,  
Till Trompart, running hastily, him did stay,  
And bad before his soveraine Lord appere  
That was him loth, yet durst he not guessey,  
And comming him before low louted on the  
lay

## XXIV

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,  
As if he could have kild him with his looke,  
That to the ground him meekely made to  
bowe,  
And an full terror deepe into him strooke,  
That every member of his body quooke  
Said he, 'Thou man of nought, what doest  
thou here  
Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,  
Where I expected one with shield and spere  
To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall  
pere?'

## XXV

The wretched man at his imperious speach  
Was all abasht, and low prostrating said  
'Good Sir, let not my rudenes be no breach  
Unto your pntence, ne be ill y paid,  
For I unwares this way by fortune straid,  
A sully Pilgrim driven to distresse,  
That seeke a Lady'—There he sudden staid,  
And did the rest with grievous sighes sup-  
presse, [bitternesse  
While teares stood in his eyes, few drops of

## XXVI

'What Lady, man?' (said Trompart) 'take  
good hart,  
And tell thy grieve, if any hidden lyo  
Was never better time to shew thy smart  
Then now that noble succor is thee by,  
That is the whole worlds commune remedy'  
That chearful word his weak heart much did  
cheare,  
And with vaine hope his spirits faint suppl,  
That bold he said, 'O most redoubted Pere'  
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to  
heare'

## XXVII

Then sighing sore, 'It is not long,' (saide hec)  
'Sith I enjoyd the gentlest Dame alive,  
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdec,  
But shame of all that doe for honor strive,  
By treacherous deceit did me deprive  
Through open outrage he her bore away,  
And with fowle force unto his will did drive,

Which al good knightes that armes doe bear  
this day, [may,  
Are bound for to revenge, and punish if they

## XXVIII

'And you, most noble Lord, that can and dare  
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,  
Cannot employ your most victorious speare  
In better quarell then defence of right.  
And for a Lady gainst a faithlesse knight.  
So shall your glory bee advanced much,  
And all faire Ladies magnify your might,  
And eke my selfe, albee I simple such,  
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with  
guerdon rich'

## XXIX

With that out of his bouget forth he drew  
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt,  
But he on it lookt scornfully askew,  
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,  
Or a war-monger to be brisely nempt,  
And said, 'Thy offers brise I greatly loth,  
And eke thy words uncourteous and unempt  
I tread in dust thee and thy moner both,  
That, were it not for shame'—So turned from  
him wroth

## XXX

But Trompart, that his maistres humor knew  
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,  
Was only tickled with that golden vew,  
And in his care him rownded close behinde  
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,  
Waiting advantage on the pray to seaze,  
Till Trompart, lowly to the ground inclinde,  
Besought him his great courage to appease,  
And pardon simple man that rash did him dis-  
please

## XXXI

Big looking like a doughty Douncepere,  
At last he thus, 'Thou elod of vilest clay,  
I pardon yeld, and with thy radenes beare  
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,  
And all that els the vaine world vanten may,  
I loath as dung, ne deeme my dew reward  
Come in my meed, and glory vertues pay  
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard  
And mo'd amisse with massy meeks unmeet  
regard

## XXXII

'And more I graunt to thy great misery  
Gratious respect thy wife shall breke be sent  
And that vile knight, who ever that he bee,  
Which hath thy lady reft and knight hood  
shent,  
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent  
The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,  
I sweare, ere long shall dearly it repent,

Ne he twixt heven and earth shall hide lus  
hedd, [be dedd'  
But soone he shal be fownd, and shortly doen

## XXXIII

The foolish man theareat wroxe wondrous blith,  
As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,  
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith  
That had from death to life him newly wonne  
Tho forth the Boaster marching brave begonne  
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,  
As if he heaven and hell would over-ronne,  
And all the world confound with cruelty,  
That much Malbeeco joyed in his jollity.

## XXXIV

Thus long they three together traueled,  
Through many a wood and many an uncouth  
To seeke his wife that was far wandered [way,  
But tho e two sought nought but the present  
pray,  
To weete, the treasure which he did bewray,  
On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,  
With purpose how they might it best betray,  
For, sith the howe that first he did them lett  
The same behold, therewith their keene desires  
were whett.

## XXXV

It fortun'd, as they together far'd,  
They spide where Paridell came prieking fast  
Upon the plaine, the which him selfe prepar'd  
To gust with that brave stiaunger knight a  
As an adventure by the way he past [cast,  
Alone he rode without his Paragone,  
For, having sleight her bells, her up he cast  
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone.  
He could be clogd So had he served many  
one

## XXXVI

The gentle Lady, loose at randon lefte,  
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander  
wide  
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weste,  
Till on a day the Satyres her espide  
Straying alone withouten grooms or guide  
Her up they tooke, and with them home her  
ledd,  
With them as housewife ever to abide,  
To milk their gotes, and make them cheese and  
bredd,  
And every one as commune good her handeled

## XXXVII

That shortly she Malbeeco has forgott,  
And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare,  
Who from her went to seeke another lott,  
And now by fortune was arriv'd here,

Where those two guileis with Malbeeco were  
Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell,  
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,  
Ne word he had to speake lus griefe to tell,  
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly  
well,

## XXXVIII

And, after, asked him for Hellenore  
'I take no keepe of her,' (sayd Paridell),  
'She wonneth in the Forrest there before'  
So forth he rode as his adventure fell,  
The whiles the Boaster from lus loftie sell  
Paynd to alight, something amisse to mend,  
But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure  
dwell,  
But went his way whom when he passed kend,  
He up remounted light, and after faind to  
wend.

## XXXIX

'Peidy, nay,' (said Malbeeco) 'shall ye not,  
But let him passe as lightly as he came  
For litle good of him is to be got,  
And mickle perill to bee put to shame.  
But let us goe to seeke my dearest Dame,  
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wold,  
For of her safety in great doubt I ame,  
Least salvage beastes her person have despoild  
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine  
have toyl'd'

## XL

They all agree, and forward them addresse  
'Ahl but,' (said crafty Trompart) 'weete ye  
well,  
That wonder in that wastefull wilderness  
Huge monsteis haunt, and many dangers  
dwell,  
Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,  
And many wilde woodmen which robbe and  
rend  
All travelers therefore advise ye well  
Before ye enterprise that way to wend  
One may his journey bring too soone to evill  
end'

## XLI

Malbeeco stopt in great astonishment,  
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,  
Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent  
Said Trompart, 'You, that are the most op-  
prest  
With burden of great treasure, I thinke best  
Here for to stay in safetie behynd  
My Lord and I will search the wide forest'  
That counsell pleased not Malbeeco's mynd,  
For he was much afraid him selfe alone to  
fynd

## XIII

'Then is it best,' (said he) 'that ye doe  
leave

Your treasure here in some security,  
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,  
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,  
Till we returne againe in safety.  
As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,  
Hence farre away we will be folded h,  
No pryde bee unto your treasures grave.  
It pleased, so he did. Then they march for-  
ward brave

## XIII

Now, when amid the thickest woodes they  
were,  
They heard a noyse of many hyppes shrill,  
And shrieking Hubs then approaching  
were

Which all the forest did with horreur fill  
That dreadfull sound the hosters hart did  
thrill

With such amazement, that in haste he fled,  
Ne ever looked back for good or ill,  
And after him the fearefull Trompart sped.  
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground  
half dedd

## XLIV

Yet afterwarde, close creeping as he might,  
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull heild  
The joviall Satyres, full of fresh delight,  
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly  
led

Faire Helenore with garlands all be-pretid,  
Whom their May-lady they had newly made  
She proude of that new honour which they  
redd,  
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,  
Daunst lively, and her face did with a Lawrell  
shale

## XLV

The silly man that in the thickett lay  
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,  
Yet durst he not againe it doe or say,  
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore  
To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore  
All day they daunced with great lusty-hedd,  
And with their horned feet the greene gras  
wore,

The whiles their Gotes upon the bronzes feld,  
Ill drooping Phabus gan to hyle his golden  
hedd

## XLVI

Thou up they gan their merry pipes to trusse  
And all their goodly herdes did gather  
round,

But every Satyre first did give a bisse  
To Hellenore, so busses did abound

Now gan the humid vapour shroud the ground  
With perly dew, and th' farther gloomy  
shade

Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,  
That every bird and beast awarnd made  
To shroud themselves, whiles sleepe their  
sences did invade.

## XLVII

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush  
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,  
And like a Gote amongst the Gotes did rush,  
That, through the helpe of his same hornes on  
light,  
And misty dampe of misconceyving night,  
And cle through his likeness of his goats beard,  
He did the better counterfette aright.  
So home he marcht amongst the horned herd,  
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or  
heard

## XLVIII

At night, when all they went to sleepe he  
saw  
When as his lovely wife amongst them lay.  
I embraced of a Satyre rough and rude  
Who all the night did munde his joyous play.  
Nine times he heard him come abste ere day,  
That all his hart with jealousy did swell,  
But yet that night crymyle did bewray  
That not for nought his wife them loved so  
well, [bell]

When one so oft a night did ring his matins

## XLIX

So slowly as he could he to them crept,  
When weerie of their sport to sleepe they fell,  
And to his woe, that now full soundly slept.  
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell  
That it was he which by her side did dwell:  
And therefore prayd her wake to heare him  
plaine

As one out of a dreame not waked will  
She turned her, and returned backe againe  
Yet her tor to awake he did the more con-  
straine

## I

At last with rike-om trouble she shrawd,  
And then perceiving that it was indeed  
Her old Malbecco, which illd her upbrayd  
With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed,  
She was astonisht with exceeding dread,  
And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde;  
But he her prayd for mercy or for need,  
To save his life, ne let him be de-cryde,  
But hearken to his love, and all his counsell  
hyde

## LI

Tho gan he her perswade to leaue that lewd  
And loathsom life, of God and man abhord,  
And home returne, where all should be renewd  
With perfect peaces and bandes of fresh accord  
And she receivd agame to bed and bord,  
As if no trespass ever had beene donne  
But she it all refused at one word,  
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,  
But chose amongst the jolly Satyres still to  
wonne

## LII

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde,  
But all in vaine, and then turnd to the heard,  
Who butted him with hornes on every syde,  
And rode downe in the durt, where his hore  
beard  
Was fowly dight, and he of death asfeard.  
Early, before the heavens fairest light  
Out of the iuldy East was fully reard,  
The heardees out of their foldes were loosed  
quight, [plight  
And he amongst the rest crept forth in sory

## LIII

So soone as he the Prison-dore did pas,  
He ran as fast as both his feet coulde beare,  
And never looked who behind him was,  
Ne searcelv who before like as a Beare,  
That creeping close amongst the hives to reare  
An honv-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,  
And him assayling sore his earkes teare,  
That hardly he with life away does fly, [parly  
Ne stayes, till safe him selfe he see from jeo-

## LIV

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place  
Where late his treasure he entombd hail,  
Where when he found it not, (for Trompart  
Had it purloyned for his maister bad) [baee  
With extreme fury he became quite mad,  
And ran away, run with him selfe away,  
That who so straungely had him seeme bestadd,  
With upstart haire and staring eyes dismay,  
From Lambo lake him late escaped sure would  
say.

## LV

High over hilles and over dales he field,  
As if the wind him on his winges had borne,  
Ne banck nor bush coulde stay him, when he  
spedd  
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne  
Griefe, and despight, and jealousy, and scorn,  
Did all the way him follow hard behymil,  
And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,  
So shamefully forlorne of womankynd,  
That, as a Snake, still liuked in his wounded  
mynd.

## LVI

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,  
Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,  
Till that he came unto a roeky hill  
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,  
That living creature it would terrify  
To looke adowne, or upward to the light  
From thence he threw him selfe desperately,  
All desperate of his fore-damnel spright,  
That seemd no help for him was left in living  
sight

## LVII

But through long anguish and selfe-murdring  
thought,  
He was so wasted and forpined quight,  
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,  
And nothing left but like an aery Spight,  
That on the rookes he fell so fit and light,  
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,  
But chaunced on a craggy chff to light,  
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did  
erall, [small  
That at the last he found a cave with entrance

## LVIII

Into the same he creeper, and thenceforth  
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion [there  
In drey darkenes and continuall feare  
Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon  
Threatens with huge ruine him to fall upon,  
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye  
Still ope he keeps for that occasion,  
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,  
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boy-s-  
trously

## LIX

Ne ever is he wont on ought to fied  
But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,  
Which in his cold complexion doe breel  
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,  
Matter of doubt and dread suspitions,  
That doth with eureslesse care consume the hart,  
Corrupts the stomaeke with gall vitious,  
Cros-cuts the liver with internall smart,  
And doth transfixe the soule with deaths eter-  
nall dart

## LX

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,  
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,  
That death and life attonee unto him gives,  
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine  
There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,  
Hatefull both to him selfe and every wight,  
Where he, through privy griefe and honour  
vaine,  
Is woxen so deform'd that he has quight  
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is hight



## XLII

'Then is it best,' (said he) 'that ye doe  
leave

Your treasure here in some security,  
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,  
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,  
Till we returne againe in safety  
As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,  
Hence farre away we will be unfolded ly,  
Ne pryvy bee unto your treasures grave!  
It pleased, so he did Then they march for-  
ward brave

## XLIII

Now, when amid the thickest woodes they  
were,  
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,  
And shrieking flububs them approaching  
nere,  
Which all the forest did with horrour fill  
That dreddfull sound the hosters hart did  
thrill  
With such amazement, that in hast he fledd,  
Ne ever looked back for good or ill,  
And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd  
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground  
half dedd

## XLIV

Yet afterwarde, close creeping as he might,  
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd  
The joynt Satyres, full of fresh delight,  
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly  
ledd  
Faure Helenore with girlonds all bespredd,  
Whom their May-lady they had newly made  
She, proude of that new honour which they  
redd,  
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,  
Daunst lively, and her face did with a Lawrell  
shade

## XLV

The silly man that in the thickett lay  
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,  
Yet darst he not against it doe or say,  
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,  
To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore  
All day they danned with great lusty-hedd,  
And with their horned feet the greene gras  
wore,  
The whyles their Gotes upon the brouzes fedd,  
I'll drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden  
hedd

## XLVI

Tho up they gan their merry pyres to trusse,  
And all their goodly heardes did gather  
rownd,  
But every Satyre first did give a bnsce  
To Hellenore, so bnsces did abound.

Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground  
With perly dew, and th' Earthes gloomy  
shade

Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,  
That every bird and beast awarned made  
To shrowd themselves, whyles sleepe their  
sences did invade.

## XLVII

Which when Malbecco saw out of the bush  
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,  
And like a Gote amongst the Gotes did rush,  
That, through the helpe of his faure hornes on  
hight,  
And mistv dampe of misconceiving night,  
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,  
He did the better counterfeyte aright  
So home he marcht amongst the horned heard,  
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or  
beard.

## XLVIII

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he  
rewd  
Whereas his lovely wife amongst them lay,  
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,  
Who all the night did mnde his joyous play  
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,  
That all his hart with gealosy did swell,  
But yet that nights ensample did beu ry  
That not for nought his wife them loved so  
well,  
When one so oft a night did ring his matins

## XLIX

So closely as he could he to them crept,  
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,  
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,  
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell  
That it was he which by her side did dwell.  
And therefore prayd her wake to heare him  
plane  
As one out of a dreame not waked well  
She turnd her, and returned backe againe,  
Yet her for to awake he did the more con-  
straine

## I.

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd,  
And then perceiving that it was indeed  
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd  
With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed,  
She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,  
And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde,  
But he her prayd, for merer or for meed,  
To save his life, ne let him be despayde,  
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell  
hyde.

## LI

The gan he her perawade to leave that lewd  
And leath'ous life, of God and man abhord,  
And home returne, where all should be renewd  
With perfect peace and blisses of frech accord  
And she receivd a crime to bed and bord,  
As if no trespass ever had bene donne  
But she it all refused at one word,  
And by no means would in his will be wonne,  
But chose amongst the jolly Sutes still to  
wonne

## LII

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde  
But all in vaine, and then turnd to the heerd,  
Who battell him with hornes on every side  
And trode downe in the dirt, where his hore  
beard  
Was foully dight and he of death afraid  
Early, before the heauen's fairest light  
Out of the ruddy East was fully rised,  
The herde out of their folds were loosed  
quight [plight]  
And he amongst the rest crept forth in sorr

## LIII

So soone as he the Priests-dore did see,  
He ran as fast as his feet could beare  
And never looked who beheld him was,  
No scarcely who before like as a Beare,  
That creeping close-arownd the hives to rear  
An horn-combe, the wakefull doctress,  
And him awayling sore his earkes teare,  
That handls he with life away does fly, [parly]  
Ne staye, till safe him selfe he see from Jew

## LIV

Ne stryd he, till he came unto the place  
Where late his treasure he entombd had,  
Where when he found it rot, (for Trumpart  
Had it purloyned for his master had) [brave]  
With extreme fury he became quite mad,  
And ran away, run with him selfe away  
That who so strungly had him seene he should  
With up-lifted haire and staring eyes dismay,  
From Lambd lake him late escaped sure would  
say.

## LV

High over hills and over aales he fled  
As if the wind him on his winges had borne,  
Ne bank nor bush could stay him, when he  
spedd  
The humble bee, as treading still on thorne  
Grief, and dispright, and jealousy, and scorne,  
Did all the way him follow hard behind  
And he himselfe himselfe loathly so forlorne,  
So shamefull forlorne of womankind,  
That, as a Snake, still liud in his wounded  
mynd.

## LVI

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,  
Ne stryd his flight nor fearefull agony,  
Fill that he came unto a rocky hill  
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,  
That living creature it would terrify  
To looke adowne, or upward to the height  
From thence he threw him selfe desputeously,  
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,  
That seemed no help for him was left in living  
sight

## LVII

But through long angulsh and selfe-murdring  
thought,  
He was so wasted and forpmed quight,  
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,  
And nothing left but like an aery Spright,  
That on the rocks he fell so lit and light,  
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,  
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light,  
Whence he with crooked clawes so long dul  
erall, [sum ill]  
That at the last he found a cave with entrance

## LVIII

Into the same he creeps and thenceforth  
Resolv'd to build his bakfull mansion [there]  
In dory darkenes and continuall feire  
Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon  
Threates with huge rime him to fall upon,  
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye  
Still open he keeps for that occasion  
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,  
The roaring billowes beat his bowre so boy-  
trously

## LIX

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed  
But todes and frogs, his pasture poisonous,  
Which in his cold complexion doe breed  
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous  
Matter of doubt and dread suspicions,  
That doth with enrelesse care consume the hart,  
Corrupts the stomacke with gill-vitions,  
Cuts the liver with internall smart  
And doth transhve the soule with deathes ter-  
nall dart

## LX

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,  
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine  
That death and life intwine unto him lives,  
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine  
Here dwells he ever, miserable swaine,  
Hatefull both to him selfe and every wight  
Where he, through privy griefe and honour  
vaine,  
Is waxen so deform'd that he has quight  
Forgot he was a man, and Gelozy is hight

## CANTO XI

Britomart chaaceth Ollyphant,  
 Tindes Scudamour distrest  
 Assayes the lions of Bnsyrane,  
 Where loves spoyle is exprest

I

O HATTFULL hellish Snake! what furie first  
 Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,  
 Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,  
 And fostred up with bitter milke of tine,  
 Fowle Gealoy! that turnest love diuine  
 To joylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart  
 With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,  
 And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart!  
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art!

II

O! let him far be banished away,  
 And in his stead let Love for ever dwell,  
 Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings em-  
 bay

In blessed Nectar and pure Pleasures well,  
 Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.  
 And ye faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make  
 In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well  
 And of faire Britomart ensample take,  
 That was as true in love as Turtle to her make

III

Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,  
 Forth riding from Malbeccoes hostlesse house,  
 Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled  
 From an huge Geant, that with hideous  
 And hatefull outrag long him chased thus,  
 It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare  
 Of that Argante vile and vicious,  
 From whom the Squyre of Dames was reft  
 whilere, [ought were  
 This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse

IV

For as the sister did in feminine  
 And filthy lust exceede all womankind,  
 So he surpased his sex masculine,  
 In beastly use, all that I ever finde  
 Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde  
 The fearefull boy so credidly poursew,  
 She was emmoued in her noble minde,  
 To employ her puiissance to his reskew,  
 And pricked fiercely forward where she did  
 him vew

V

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,  
 But with like hercenesse did ensue the chace  
 Whom when the Gaunt saw, he soone resinde  
 His former suit, and from them fled aspace  
 They after both, and boldly bad him bace,  
 And each did strive the other to outgoe,  
 But he them both outran a wondrous space,  
 For he was long, and swift as any Roe, [foe  
 And now made better speed to escape his feared

VI

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,  
 But Britomart the flowre of chastity, [beare,  
 For he the powre of chaste hands might not  
 But alwayes did their dread encounter sh  
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,  
 That he has gotten to a Forrest neare,  
 Where he is shrowded in security  
 The wood they enter, and search euer where,  
 They searched diuersely, so both diuided were

VII

Faire Britomart so long him followed,  
 That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,  
 By which thero lay a knight all wallowed  
 Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare  
 His habergeon, his helmet, and his speare  
 A little off his shield was rudely throwne,  
 On which the winged boy in colours cleere  
 Depainted was, full easie to be knowne,  
 And he thereby, where ever it in field was  
 showne

VIII

His face upon the ground did groveling ly,  
 As if he had bene slombing in the shade,  
 That the brave Maid would not for counten  
 Out of his quiet slomber him abraide,  
 Nor seeme too suddenly him to invade [throb  
 Still as she stood, she heard with grievous  
 Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,  
 And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,  
 That pittie did the Virgins hart of patience rob

IX

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes  
 He sayd, 'O soverayne Lord! that sit'st on hye

Andragust in blis emongst thy bles<sup>d</sup> Samtes,  
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty  
So long unwareked of thine enemy?  
Or list thou, Lord, of good men<sup>s</sup> cause no heed?  
Or doth thy justice sleepe and silent ly?  
What booteth then the good and righteous  
deed, [no need?  
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnes

X

'If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,  
Why then is Amoret in captiue band,  
Sith that more bounteous creature neuer far'd  
On foot upon the face of liuing land?  
Or if that heu<sup>n</sup>ly justice may withstand  
The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,  
Why then is Busirane with wicked hand  
Suffred, these seuen monethes day, in secret den  
My Lady and my love so cruelly to pen'

XI

'My Lady and my love is cruelly pend  
In dolefull darkenes from the view of day,  
Whilst deadly torments doe her chast brest  
rend, [tway,  
And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in  
All for she Seudamore will not denay  
Yet thou, vile man, vile Seudamore, art sound  
Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay,  
Unworthi wretch to tread upon the ground,  
For whom so faire a Lady feelles so sore a  
wound'

XII

There an huge heape of singlts did oppresse  
His strugling soule, and swelling throbs  
empeire  
His foltring tounge with paings of dremnesse,  
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,  
As if his daies were come to their last reuch  
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly sit  
Threatning into his life to make a breach,  
Both with great ruth and terrour sho was smit,  
Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule  
would flit.

XIII

The stouping downe she him amov<sup>d</sup> light,  
Who, therewith somewhat startng, up gan  
looke,  
And seeing him behind a stranger knight,  
Whereas no liuing creature he mistooke,  
With great indignance he that sight forsooke,  
And, downe againe himselfe disdainfully  
Abjecting, th' earth with his faire forehead  
strooke.  
Which the bold Virgin seeing gan apply  
Fit medeine to his griefe, and spake thus  
contesly —

XIV

'Ah gentle knight' whose deepe conceived  
griefe  
Well seemes t' excee<sup>d</sup>e the powre of patience,  
Yet, if that heu<sup>n</sup>ly graces some goode reliefe  
You send, submit you to high providence,  
And ever in your noble hart prepen<sup>s</sup>e,  
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse  
Then vertues might and valnes confidence  
For who will bide the burden of distresse,  
Must not here thinke to live, for life is wretch-  
ednesse

XV

'Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,  
And freely read what wicked felon so [make  
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle  
Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your woe,  
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe,  
At least it sure endeavour will apply.'  
Those feeling words so neare the queke did  
That up his head he reared easly, [goe,  
And, leaning on his elbowe, these few words  
lett fly

XVI

'What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,  
And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse care,  
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,  
Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare  
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare  
For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward  
By strong enchauntments and blaek<sup>e</sup> Magicke  
leare,  
Hath in a dungeon dcepe her close embard,  
And many dreddfull seends hath pointed to her  
gard

XVII

'There he tormenteth her most terribly  
And day and night affliets with mortall paine,  
Because to yield him love she doth deny,  
Once to me you, not to be youlde againe  
But yet by torture he would her constraine  
Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest,  
Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,  
Ne may by liuing meanes be thence relest  
What boots it then to plaine that cannot be  
redrest'

XVIII

With this sad hersall of his heavy stresse  
The warlike Damzell was compassiond sore,  
And said, 'Sir knight, your cause is nothing  
Then is your sorrow certes, if not more, [lesse  
For nothing so much pittie doth implore  
As gentle Ladies helplesse misery  
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,  
I will, with prooffe of last extremity,  
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy.

## XIV

'Ah' gentlest knight alive,' (sayd Scandamore)  
'What huge heroicke magnanimity  
Dwells in thy bounteous brest' what couldst  
thou more,

If shee were thine, and thou as now am I?  
O' spare thy happy daies, and them apply  
To better boot, but let me die that ought  
More is more losse, one is enough to dy'  
'Life is not lost,' (said she) 'for which is  
bought [be sought,  
Endlesse renown, that, more then death, is to

## XX

Thus shee at length persuaded him to rise,  
And with her wend to see what new success  
Mote him befall upon new enterprise  
His armes which he had vowed to disprofesse,  
She gathered up and did about him dresse,  
And his forward steed unto him gott  
So forth they forth yfere make their progresse,  
And march not past the mountaunce of a  
shott, [did plott  
Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they

## XXI

There they dismounting drew their weapons  
And stoutly came unto the Castle gate, [bold,  
Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,  
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late,  
But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,  
A flaming fire, vntwixt with smouldring smoke  
And stinking sulphure, that with gresly hate  
And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,  
Enforced them their forward footing to reioke

## XXII

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,  
Ne in that stownd wist how her selfe to bear,  
For daunger vaine it were to have assaid  
That cruell element, which all things feare,  
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare  
And, turning bieke to Scandamour, thus sayd  
'What monstrous enmity provoke we heare?  
Foolhardy as th' Larches children, the which  
made  
Batteill against the Gods, so we a God invade.

## XXIII

'Daunger without discretion to attempt  
Inglorious, beastlike is therefore, Sir knight  
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,  
And how he with our foe may come to fight.'  
'This is' (quoth he) 'the dolorous despight,  
Which earst to you I playnd for neither may  
This fire be quencht by any witt or might,

Ne yet by any meanes remor'd away,  
So mighty be th' enchauntments which the  
same do stay

## XXIV

'What is there ells but cease these fruitlesse  
paines,  
And leave me to my former languishing?  
Faure Amorette must dwell in wicked chaine,  
And Scandamore here die with sorrowing'  
'Perdy not so,' (saide shee) 'for shameful  
It were t' abandon noble chetvance [thing  
For shewe of perill, without venturing  
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,  
Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce'

## XXV

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost might,  
Her ample shield she threw before her face,  
And her swords point directing forward right  
Assayld the flame, the which estesoones gave  
place,  
And did it selfe divide with equall space,  
That through shee passed, as a thonder bolt  
Perceith the yielding ayre, and doth displace  
The soring clouds into sad shewres ymolt,  
So to her yold the flames, and did their force  
revolt

## XXVI

Whom whenas Scandamour saw past the fire  
Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay  
With greedy will and envious desire, [way  
And bail the stubborn flames to yield him  
But cruell Mulciber would not obey  
His threatfull pride but did the more augment  
His mighty rage, and with imperious swar  
Him forst, (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,  
And backe retire, all scoreht and pittifull  
brent

## XXVII

With huge impatience he inly swelt,  
More for great sorrow that he could not pas  
Then for the burning torment which he felt,  
First with fell woodnes he effierced was  
And wilfully him throwing on the gras  
Did beat and bounse his head and brest ful  
sore

The whiles the Championesse now entred has  
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore,  
The utmost rowme abounding with all precious  
store

## XXVIII

For round about the walls y clothed were  
With goodly arras of great majesty,  
Woven with gold and silke, so close and nero  
That the rich metall lurked privily,

As fawning to be hidd from envious eye,  
Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares  
It shewd it selfe and shone unwillingly,  
Like a discolourd Snake, whose hidden snares  
Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht  
back declares.

## XXIX

And in those Tapets weren fashioned  
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire fete,  
And all of love, and all of lusty-hed,  
As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat  
And eke all Cupids warres they did repete,  
And cruell battailes, which he whilome fought  
Gainst all the Gods to make his empire great,  
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought  
On mighty kings, and kears into thraldome  
brought.

## XXX

Therein was writt how often thondring Iove  
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,  
And, leaving heavens kingdome, here did rove  
In straunge disguise, to slake his scalding  
smart,

Now, like a Ram, faire Helle to pervert,  
Now, like a Bull, Europa to withdraw  
Ah! how the fearefull Ladies tender hart  
Did hvely seeme to tremble, when she saw  
The huge seas under her t' obay her seruants  
law.

## XXXI

Soone after that, into a gollien showre  
Him selfe he churged faire Danae to view,  
And through the rooffe of her strong brazen  
Did raine into her lap an hony dew; [tore  
The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew  
Of such deceipt, kept th' iron dore fast bard  
And watcht that none should enter nor issew  
Vaine was the watch, and bootles-e all the ward,  
Whenas the God to golden hew him selfe  
transfard

## XXXII

Then was he turnd into a new Snail,  
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade  
O wondrous skill! and sweet wit of the man,  
That her in diffidulles sleeping made  
From scorching heat her dancie hmbes to shade,  
Whiles the proud Bird, ruffing his fethers wyde  
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade  
She slept yet twat her eyelids closely spyde  
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his  
pryde

## XXXIII

Then shewd it how the Thebaue Semelee,  
Deceivd of gealous Iuno, did requyre  
To see him in his soveraine myestee  
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightnig fire,

Whens dearely she with death bought her  
desire

But faire Alcmene better match did make,  
Joying his love in likenes more entire  
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake  
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to par-  
take.

## XXXIV

Twice was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,  
And with wide wings to beat the buxome  
aire

Once, when he with Asterie did scape,  
Again, when as the Troiane boy so fyre  
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare  
Wondrous delight it was there to behold  
How the rude Shepherds after him did stire,  
Trembling through feare lest down he fallen  
should,

And often to him calling to take surer hould

## XXXV

In Satyres shap Antiope he snatcht,  
And like a fire when he Aegyn assayd  
A shepheard, when Mnemosyne he cateht,  
And like a Serpent to the Thracyn mayd  
Whyles thus on earth great Iove these page-  
aunts playd,  
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,  
And feeding thus unto his mother sayd  
'Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone,  
And take me for their Iove, whiles Iove to  
earth is gone.'

## XXXVI

And thou, faire Phoebe, in thy colours bright  
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse  
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight  
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,  
When she with Mars was meynt in joyfulness  
Forthy he thrid thee with a leaden dart  
To love faire Daphne, which thee loved lesse,  
Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy just desert,  
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was  
thy smart.

## XXXVII

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinet,  
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare,  
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,  
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee  
beare.

The one a Pannee, the other a sweet-breene  
For grieve whereof, ye mote have hvely seene  
The God himselfe rending his golden beare,  
And breaking quite his garland ever greene,  
With other signes of sorrow and impatient  
teene.

## XXVIIII

Both for those two, and for his owne deare  
sonne,

The sonne of Cluncoe, he did repent,  
Who, bold to guide the chariot of the Sunne,  
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,  
And all the world with flaming fire brent,  
So like, that all the waldes did seeme to flame  
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,  
Forst him eiesoones to follow other game,  
And love a Shepherds daughter for his dearest  
Dime.

## XXXX

He loved Isse for his dearest Dime  
And for her sake her entell fedd awhile,  
And for her sake a cowheard vile became  
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile  
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile  
Long were to tell each other lovly sit,  
Now, like a Lion hunting after spoile,  
Now, like a stag now, like a faulcon sit  
All which in that faire arras was most lively  
wit.

## XLI

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,  
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke  
His face was rugged, and his horrie hed  
Dropped with brackish dew his threeforkt  
Pyke [strike]  
He steernly shooke, and therewith fierce did  
The riging billowes, that on every side  
They trembling stooll and made a long broad  
dike,  
That his swift chariet might have passage wyde  
Which foure great Hippodames did draw in  
temewise tye

## XLI

His senhorses did seeme to snort amayne,  
And from their noethrilles blow the bryne  
stream,  
That made the sparckling waves to smoke  
agayne, [creame]  
And flame with gold, but the white foam  
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his berme.  
The God himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,  
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame,  
For pryv love his brest emperced had,  
Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make  
him glad

## XLII

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,  
And Aeolus false daughter, Arne light  
For whom he turnd him selfe into a Stare,  
And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight  
Also to win Deucalions daughter bright,  
He turnd him selfe into a Dolphin fayne  
and like a winged horse he tooke his flight

Io smy-locke Medusa to repyre,  
On whom he got faire Pegasus that fluteth  
in the ayre

## XLIII

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene  
That sullem Saturne ever weend to love?  
Yet love is sullem, and Saturnall a scene,  
As he did for Ligone it prove)  
That to a Centaure did him selfe transmue.  
So proovd it eke that grilous God of wine,  
Whan for to compasse Philliras hard love,  
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,  
And into her faire bosome made his grapes  
decline

## XLIV

Long were to tell the amorous aspyes,  
And gentle pangues, with which he maketh  
mecke  
The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes,  
How oft for Venus, and how often eek  
For many other Nymphes, he sore did shreeke  
With womanish teares, and with unwarlike  
Privly moystening his hornd cheeke [smart]  
There was he painted full of burning daries,  
And many wide woundes launched through  
his inner prikes.

## XLI

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the lfe)  
His owne deare mother (ah! why should he be  
so?)  
Ne did he spare sometime to picke himselfe,  
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,  
Which he had wrought to many others woe.  
But, to declare the mournfull Tragedies  
And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did  
strow,  
More eath to number with how many eyes  
High heaven beholdes sad lovers nightly thee-  
reries

## XLVI

Kinges, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, Knights and  
Damsels gent,  
Were hept it together with the vulgar sort,  
And mingled with the rashall rabblement,  
Without respect of per-on or of port,  
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort  
And round about a border was entrayld  
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short,  
And a long blood river through them ravid,  
So lively and so like that living tence it favld.

## XLVII

And at the upper end of that faire rowme  
There was an Altar built of pretious stone  
Of passing valen and of great renowne,  
On which there stood an Image all alone

Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone,

And winges it had with sondry colours dight,  
More sondry colours then the proud Pavone  
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,  
When her discoloured bow she spreads through  
hevens light.

## XLVIII

Blyndfold ho was, and in his ernell fist  
A mortall bow and arrowes keeno did hold,  
With which he shot at randon, when him list,  
Somo headed with sad lead, some with pure  
gold, [hold]

(Ah man! beware how thou those dartes be-  
A wounded Dragon under him did ly,  
Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,  
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,  
That no man forth might draw, ne no man re-  
medye.

## XLIX

And underneath his feet was writtten thus,  
*Unto the Victor of the Gods this bec*  
And all the people in that ample hous  
Did to that image bowe their humble knce,  
And oft committed fowle Idolatree  
That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,  
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,  
But ever more and more upon it gazd,  
The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile  
sences dazd.

## L

Tho, as she backward cast her busie oye  
To search erch secrete of that goodly sted,  
Over the dore thus writtten she did spye,  
*Bee bold* she oft and oft it over-red,  
Yet could not find what sence it figurd.  
But what so were therein or writ or ment,  
She was no whit thereby discouraged  
From prosecuting of her first intent,  
But forward with bold steps into the next  
roome went.

## LI

Much fayrer then the former was that roome,  
And richlier by many partes arayd,  
For not with arias made in painefull loome,  
But with pure gold it all was overlayd,  
Wrought with wilde Antiekes, which their  
folies playd

In the rich metall as they living were [made,  
A thousand monstrous formes therein were

Such as false love doth oft upon him wearo,  
For love in thousand monstrous formes doth  
oft appeare.

## LII

And all about the glistring walles were bong  
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes  
Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines strong,  
Which were whilome captived in their dayes  
To cruell love, and wrought their owne decayes  
Then swards and speres were broke, and hau-  
berques rent,  
And their proud girlonds of trvumphant bayes  
Troden in dust with fury insolent, [tent  
To shew the victors might and merciesse in-

## LIII

The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly  
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich Place,  
Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy  
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space.  
But more she mervaild that no footings trace  
Nor wight appcar, but wastefull emptinesse  
And solemne silence over all that place  
Straunge thing it seemd, that none was to  
possesse [fulnessse  
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with care-

## LIV

And, as she lookt about, she did behold  
How over that same dore was likewise writ,  
*Be bolde, be bolde*, and every where, *Be bold*,  
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it  
By any ridling skill, or commune wit  
At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end  
Another yron dore, on which was writ,  
*Be not too bold*, whereto though she did bend  
Her earnest munde, yet wist not what it might  
intend.

## LV

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,  
Yet living creature none she saw appeare,  
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde  
From mortall ew, and wrap in darkenes dreare,  
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare  
Of secret daunger, no let sleepe oppresse  
Her heavy eyes with natures burden deare,  
But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,  
And her wel-pointed wepons did about her  
dresse.



## CANTO XII

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted  
Chamber are displayd,  
Whence Britomart redeemes faire A-  
moret through charmes decayd

I  
THO, whenas cheerelesse Night covered had  
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,  
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad  
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,  
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound alowd,  
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory  
Nought therewith daunted was her courage  
But rather sturd to cruell enmitie, [prowd,  
Expecting ever when some foe she might des-  
cry

II  
With that an hideous stôrme of winde arose,  
With dreadfull thunder and lightning strowd,  
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose  
The worlds foundations from his centre first  
A dreffull stench of smoke and sulphure mist  
Encrowd, whose novauce filld the fearefull sted  
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt  
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,  
Though much emmor'd, but stedfast still per-  
severed

III  
All suddainly a storme whirlwind blew  
Throughout the house, that clipped every dore,  
With which that yron wicket open flew,  
As it with mighty levers had bene tore,  
And forth vasesd, as on the readie flore  
Of some Theatre, a grave personage  
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,  
With comely haveour and count'nance sage  
Yelad in costly garments fit for tragicke Stage

IV  
Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand  
As if in minde he somen hit had to say,  
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,  
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,  
By lively actions he gan bewray  
Some argument of matter passioned  
Which doen, he backe retired soft away,  
And, passing by, his name discovered,  
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered

V  
The noble Mayd still standing all this vewd,  
And merveild at his straunge intendment.  
With that a joyous fellowship assayd  
Of Minstrales making goodly meriment,  
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,  
All which together song full chearefully  
A lay of loves delight with sweet conceit  
After whom marcht a jolly company,  
In manner of a maske, enanged orderly

VI  
The whiles a most delicious harmony [sound,  
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to  
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody  
The feeble senecs wholy did confound,  
And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh  
drownd  
And when it ceast shrill trompets lowd did  
That their report did far away rebound [bray,  
And, wher they ceast, it gan agayne to play,  
The whiles the maskers marcht forth in trim  
aray

VII  
The first was Iovus, like a lovely Boy  
Of rare aspect, and beantie without peare,  
Matchable ether to that vmpye of Troy,  
Whom Jove did love and chose his cup to beare  
Or that same drunke Iud, which was so deare  
To great Alcides, that, when as he dyde,  
He wailed womynlike with many a teare,  
And every wood and every valley wyde  
He filld with Hyas name, the Nymphes eke  
Hyas cryde

VIII  
His garment nether was of silke nor say,  
But pavnted plumes in goodly order dight,  
Like as the sunburnt Indrus do array  
Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight  
As those same plumes so seemed he vyne and  
That by his gate might easily appeere, [light,  
For still he fard as dauncing in delight,

And in his hand a windy fan did beare,  
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and  
there.

## IX

And him beside marcht amorous Desvre,  
Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other  
Swayne,  
Yet was that other swayne thus elders syre,  
And gave him being, commune to them twayne  
His garment was disguysed very vayne,  
And his embrodered Bonet sat awry [strayne,  
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did  
Winch still he blew and kndled busly,  
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in  
flames did fly

## X

Next after him went Doubt, who was yelad  
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguise,  
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,  
And sleeves dependaunt Albanese wyse  
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,  
And nreely trode, as thornes lay in his way,  
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse,  
And on a broken reed he still did stay  
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard  
thereon he lay

## XI

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged  
weel [made,  
Made of Beeres skin, that him more dreadfull  
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, he did need  
Straunge horror to deforme his griesly shade  
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade  
In th' other was, this Mischiefe, that Mishap  
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,  
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap  
For whom he could not kill he practizd to en-  
trap

## XII

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,  
Yet thought him-elfe not safe enough thereby,  
But feard each shadow moving too or froe,  
And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy  
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,  
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld,  
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,  
Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brisen shield,  
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did  
wield

## XIII

With him went Hope in raneke, a handsome  
Maid,  
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold  
In silken samite she was hight arrayd,  
And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold

She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold  
An holy-water-sprinkle, dipt in dewe,  
With which she sprinkled favours manifold  
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,  
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe

## XIV

And after them Dissemblance and Suspect  
Marcht in one raneke, yet an unequalle paire,  
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,  
Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,  
Goodly adorned and exceeding faire  
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,  
And her bright browes were deckt with bor-  
rowed haire, [coyned,  
Her deeds were forged, and her words false  
And alwayes in her hand two clemes of silke  
she twynd

## XV

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,  
Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce,  
And ever, as Dissemblance laught on him,  
He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglance,  
Shewing his nature in his countenance  
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,  
But walke each where for feare of hid mis-  
chaunce,  
Holding a lattis still before his face,  
Through which he stil did peep as forward he  
did pace

## XVI

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere,  
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,  
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,  
Yet my being more then seeming sad  
A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,  
With which he pinched people to the hart,  
That from thenceforth a wretched life they  
ladd,  
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,  
Dying each dy with inward wounds of dolours  
dart

## XVII

But Fury was full ill appareiled  
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,  
With ghastly looks and dreadfull dremhed,  
And from her backe her garments she did teare,  
And from her head ofte rente her snarled heare  
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse  
About her head, still roming here and there,  
As a dismayed Deere in chace embost,  
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way  
lost

## XVIII

After them went Displeasure and Plesaunce,  
He looking lompish and full sullen sad,

And hanging downe his heavy countenances,  
She chearfull, fre-h, and full of joy auncce glad,  
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad.  
That evill matched paire they seemd to bee  
An angry Waspe th' one in a wall had  
Th' other in hers in honey-laden Bee  
Thus march'd these six couples forth in fure  
degree.

XXV

After all these there march'd a most fure Dame,  
I led of two greivous Villains th' one Dispyght,  
The other cloyed Crueltie by name  
She, dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright  
Cald by strong chymes out of eternall night,  
Had Deathes owne image sign'd in her face,  
Full of sad signes, fearfull to bring sight  
Yet in that horror shew'd a seemely grace,  
And with her feeble fette did move a comely  
pace

XXVI

Her brest all naked as nett yory  
Without adorne of gold or silver bright,  
Wherewith the Crislesman woult it beautify,  
Of her dew honour was despoiled might,  
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight)  
Lutrenched deep with knifes acerrid keene  
Yet freshly bleeding, forth her fuming spright  
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be scene,  
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snow  
cleene

XXVII

At that wide orifice her trembling hart  
Was drayne forth, and in silver hysm layd,  
Quite through transpierced with a deadly dart,  
And in her blood yet steaming fr-h embayd,  
And those two villains which her steps upstayd,  
When her werke fete could scarcely her  
entayne

And faling still powres gan to fade  
Her forward still with torture did constraime,  
And evermore encreased her consuming paine

XXVIII

Next after her the winged God him selfe  
Came ruling on a Lion ravenous,  
Taught to obey the menage of that Ife  
That man and beast with power imperious  
Subdeweth to his kingdomie tyrannous  
His bludfold eyes he had awhile unblow  
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous  
Faure Dame he might behold in perfect kinde,  
Which seere, he much rejoiced in his cruell  
minde

XXIX

Of which ful proud, him selfe up rearing hie  
He looked round about with sterne disdayne,

And did survey his goodly company,  
And, marshalling the evill order'd travne  
With that the darke which his sight hard did  
straine  
Full dreddfully he shoud, that all did quake,  
And clapt on hys his colour'd wings a twaine,  
That all his mayn it affraide did make  
Tho, blinding him agayne, his way he forth  
did take

XXX

Behurde him was Reproch Penitance,  
Shame [in lunde]  
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent  
Penitance [in lunde] like sorrowfull and lame  
Reproch dre-pightfull, evill [in lunde] and unkin to  
Shame most ill-favour'd, he-trall and blande  
Shame lowrd, Penitance sigh, Repent [in lunde] did  
scould, [in lunde]  
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentance whipe  
Shame burning brand-vrons in her hand did  
hold [in lunde]  
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one

XXXI

And after them a rule confused rout  
Of persons shoke whose names is hard to read  
Amongst them was sterne Stise, and Anger  
scout,  
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftsherd,  
Lead Losse of Time, and Sorrow seemm, dead,  
Is constant Chawng, and false Disloyalty,  
Consuming Hotie, and guilty Dred  
Of hevenly vengeance, fault Infirmitie  
Vile Poverty, and, lastly, Death with infamy.

XXXII

There were full many more like maladies,  
Whose names and nature I note readen well  
So many moe as there be phantasies  
In wavering womens witt that none can tell,  
Or paines in love or punishment in lull  
All which de-gauzed march in marking wise  
About the chamber by the Damsell  
And then returned, having march'd thrise,  
Into the inner rowme from whence they first  
did rise

XXXIII

So soone as they were in, the dore strethway  
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast  
Which first it open'd and bore all way  
Then the brave Maid, which at this while was  
playe  
In secret shule, and saw both first and last,  
Is-cued forth and went into the dore  
To eter in but found it locked fast  
It was she thought with rigorous uprore  
To force, when charmes had closed it afore.

## XXXIII

Where force might not avail, thero sleights  
and art  
She cast to use, both sitt for hard emprize  
Forthly from that same rowne not to depart  
Till morrow next shee did her selfe arize,  
When that same Maske againe should forth  
arize  
The morrowe next appeard with joyous cheare,  
Callug men to their daily exercise  
Then she, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare  
Out of her secret stand that day for to outwae.

## XXXIV

All that day she outwore in wandering  
And gazing on that Chambers ornament,  
Till that againe the second evening  
Her covered with her sable vestiment, [blent  
Wherewith the worlds faire beantie she hath  
Then, when the second watch was almost past,  
That brasen dore flew open, and in went  
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,  
Nether of ydle shewes, nor of false charmes  
aghast

## XXXV

So soone as she was entred, rownd about  
Shee erst her eyes to see what was become  
Of all those persons which she saw without  
But lo! they streight were aunsht all and some,  
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,  
Save that same woefull Lady, both whose hands  
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,  
And hersmall wastegirt rownd with yron bands  
Upon a brasen pillour, by the which she stands

## XXXVI

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,  
Figuring strange characters of his art  
With living blood he those characters wrote,  
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,  
Seeming transhred with a cruell dart,  
And all perforce to make her him to love  
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart?  
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove,  
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast  
hart remove

## XXXVII

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,  
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,  
Not caring his long labours to deface,  
And, fiercely running to that Lady drew,  
A murderous knife out of his pocket drew,  
The which he thought, for villainous despight,  
In her tormented bodie to embrew  
But the stout Damzell, to him leaping light,  
His cursed hand withheld, and mastered his  
might.

## XXXVIII

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,  
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,  
And, turning to herselfe, his fell intent,  
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,  
That htle drops empurpled her faire brest  
Ceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,  
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,  
And hereely forth her mortall blade sho drow,  
To give him the reward for such vile outrage  
dew

## XXXIX

So mightily she smote him, that to ground  
He fell halfe dead next stroke him should  
have slaine,  
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,  
Dernly unto her called to abstaune  
From doing him to dy For else her pame  
Should be remedlesso, sith none but hee  
Which wrought it could the same recure againe  
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to  
bee, [see  
For life she him envye de, and long'd revenge to

## XL

And to him said 'Thou wicked man, whose  
For so huge mischiefe and vile villany [meed  
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed,  
Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy  
But if that thou this Dame do presently  
Restore unto her health and former state  
This doe, and live, els dye undoubtedly'  
He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late  
Did yield him selfe right willing to prolong  
his date

## XLI

And, rising up, gan streight to over-looko  
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to  
reverse  
Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke  
He red, and mersurd many a sad verse,  
That horror gan the virgins hart to peise,  
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,  
Hearing him those same bloody lyres reheise,  
And, all the while he red, she did extend  
Her sword high over him, if ought he did  
offend

## XLII

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,  
And all the dores to rattle round about  
Yet all that did not her dismayed make, [dout  
Nor slack her threatfull hand for dangers  
But still with stedfast eye and courage stont  
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.  
At last that mightie chaine, which round about  
Q 2

Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,  
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces  
small

## XXXVIII

The cruell stroke, which thrid her dyng hart  
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,  
And the wyde wound, which lutch did dispart  
Her bleeding breast and riven bowels forde,  
Was closed up, as it had not bene forde,  
And every part to safety full restored,  
As she were never hurt, was soone restored  
Tho, when she felt her selfe to be unbound  
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the  
ground

## XXXIX

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,  
Saying, 'Alas! what woe! what woe! my needs  
Can wretched I rede quit from wofull state  
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?  
Your vertue selfe in owne reward shall breed,  
I ven immortal praise and glory with,  
Which I your vassall, by your pious freed,  
Shall through the world make to be noyde,  
And goodly well advance that goodly well  
was trade'

## XL

But Britomart uprearing her from ground,  
Said 'Gentle Dame, rest and enough I weene  
For many labour more then I have found,  
This that in safetie now I have you seene,  
And me one of your delivrance have beene  
Hence forth, faire Lady comfort to you take,  
And put away remembrance of late teene  
Insted thereof, know that your loving, Make  
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle  
sake'

## XLI

She much was cheerd to heare him mentiond  
Whom of all living wights she loved best  
Then laid the noble Chymphones a strong bond  
Upon the enchaunter which had her distress  
So sore, and with soule outrages oppress  
With that great chaine wherewith nor long  
ygone [relest  
He bound that piteous Lady prisoner now  
Himselfe she bound more worthy to be so,  
And captive with her led to wretchednesse  
and wo

## XLII

Returning back, those goodly remedies, which  
She saw to rich and royally arrayd, [set  
Now saw he utterly and cleane subvert  
She found, and all their force quite devert.  
That sight of such change her much dismayd  
Thence forth she coming to that perilous path  
The dreadful flames she also found delayd  
And quenched quite like a consume I torch,  
That erst all entres wont so cruelly to torch

## XLIII

More easie now more then entrance into  
She found, for now that time I dreadful flame  
Which clook the paine of that enchaunted gate  
And pass'd hard to all that thither came,  
Was vanish quite as it were not the same,  
And gave her leave at last to passe forth to passe  
The enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did  
frame  
To have almost the love of that faire lady,  
Saying his worke now wasted she peenievous  
was

## XLIV

But when the Victoresse arriv'd there  
Where late she left the penitend and merr  
With her own trusty Squire, both full of feare,  
Ne ther of them she found where she them merr  
Then at her hold hart was wrought sore  
But not faire Annet whose gentle sight  
Now gan to freshen hope, which she before  
Conceiv'd had to see her own deare knight  
Being thereof beguyl'd, was fill'd with new af-  
fright

## XLV

But in such man who he had long in drede  
Awaited there for Britomart to come,  
Yet saw her not nor signe of her, and sped,  
His expectation to despair did turne,  
Misdeeming sure that her the flames did  
burne  
And therefore giv a live with her old Squire,  
Who her deare nourishings leave no lesse did  
mourne  
Thence to depart for further askt enquiry  
Where let them wand at will whilst here I  
doe respire

## THE FOURTH BOOKE

OF

## THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LIKELY OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRINDSHIP.

I

THE rugged forehead, that with grave foresight  
Welds kingdomes causes and affaires of state,  
My looser rimes (I wote) doth sharply wite  
For praising love as I have done of late,  
And magnifying lovers deare debate,  
By which fraile youth is oft to folle led,  
Through false allurements of that pleasing bait.  
That better were in vertues discepled,  
Then with vaine poemes needs to have their  
fancies fed

II

Such ones ill judge of love that cannot love,  
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame  
Forth they ought not thing unknowne  
reprove,  
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame  
For fault of few that have abused the same,  
For it of honor and all vertue is [of fame,  
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowers  
That crowne true lovers with immortall bliss,  
The meed of them that love, and do not live  
amisse

III

Which who so list looke backe to former ages,  
And call to count the things that then were  
donne, [sages,  
Shall find that all the workes of those wise  
And brave exploits which great Heroes wonne,

In love were either ended or beguine  
Witnesses the father of Philosophie,  
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,  
Of love full many lessons did apply, [deny  
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well

IV

To such therefore I do not sing at all,  
But to that sacred Sount my soveraigne Queene,  
In whose chaste brest all bountie naturall  
And treasures of true love enlocked beene,  
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was scene  
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,  
And best is lov'd of all alive, I weene,  
To her this song most fitly is addressd,  
The Queene of love, and Prince of peace from  
heaven blest

V

Which that she may the better deigne to  
heare,  
Do thou, dred infant, Venus deailing dove,  
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,  
And use of awfull Mysterio remove.  
Insted thereof with drops of melting love,  
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten  
From thy sweete smiling mother from above,  
Sprinkle her heart, and laughtie courage  
soften, [lesson often  
That she may hearke to love, and reade this

## CANTO I

Faire Britomart saves Amoret  
Dnesa discord breeds  
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour  
Their sight and warlike deedes

I

Of lovers sad calamities of old  
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,  
But none more piteous ever was told  
Then that of Amorets hart-binding chaine,

And this of Florimels unworthie paine  
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit  
My softened heart so sorely doth constrain,  
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,  
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

## II

For from the time that Sendamour her bought  
In perillous fight she never joyed day,  
A perillous fight, when he with force her  
brought  
From twentie Knights that did him all assay,  
Yet surely well he did them all dismay  
And with great glorie both the shield of love  
And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,  
Whom having wedded, as did him bechove,  
A new unknownen mischiefe did from him re-  
move

## III

For that same vile Tenehantour Busy ran,  
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,  
Amidst the bridale feast, whilst every man  
Surcharg'd with wine, were heeille-se and ill-  
helded,  
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,  
Brought in that mask of love which late was  
shosen  
And there the Ladie, ill of friends bestedded,  
By way of sport, as oft in makes is knownen  
Conveyed quite away to living wight un-  
knownen

## IV

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter-mart,  
Because his sunfull lust she would not serve,  
Untill such time as noble Britomart  
Released her that else was like to sterre  
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did  
kerve  
And now she is with her upon the way  
Marching in lovely wise that could deserve  
No spot of blame though spite did oft assay  
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray

## V

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell  
The diverse u-age, and demerit daint,  
That each to other made, as oft befell  
For Amoret right fearefull was and faint  
Lest she with blame her honor should intaint,  
That everie word did tremble as she spike,  
And everie looke was cov and wondrous quaint  
And everie limbe that touched her did quake  
Yet could she not but courteous countenance to  
her make

## VI

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,  
That her hies Lord and patrone of her health  
Right well deserved as his duefull meed  
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth  
All is his justly that all freely death  
Notlesse her honor, dearer then her life,  
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from  
stealth

Die had she lever with Tenehanters knife  
Then to be false in love, profess a virgine wife

## VII

There to her feare was made so much the  
greater  
Through fine abuson of that Briton mayd,  
Who for to hide her fained saw the better  
And maske her wounded mind, both did and  
sayd  
Full many things so doubtfull to be ward  
That well she wist not what by them to geesse  
For other-whiles to her she purpos made  
Of love, and other-whiles of justifinesse,  
That much she feard his mind would grow to  
some excesse

## VIII

His will she feard for him she surely thought  
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed,  
And much the more by that he lately wrought,  
When her from durtly thralldome he redeemed,  
For which no service she too much esteemed  
Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle dis-  
honor  
Made her not veld so much as due she deemed  
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,  
As well became a knight, and did to her all  
honor

## IX

It so befell one evening, that they came  
Unto a Castell, lodged there to bee,  
Where many a knight, and many a lovely  
Dame,  
Was then assembled deed of armes to see  
Amongst all which was none more pure then  
shee  
That many of them mov'd to eve her sore.  
The custome of that place was such, that hee,  
Which had no love nor lemmen there in store,  
Should either winne him one, or live without the  
dore

## X

Amongst the rest there was a jolly knight,  
Who, being asked for his love, now'd  
That fairest Amoret was his by right,  
And offered that to justine alowd  
The warlike virgine seeing his so prowd  
And boystfull challenge, waxed inhe wroth,  
But for the present did her anger shrowd  
And said her love to lose she was full loth,  
But either he should neither of them have, or  
both

## XI

So forth they went, and both together gusted,  
But that same younker soone was over-  
throwne,

And made repent that he had rashly lusted  
For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne  
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,

She, that no lesse was courteous then stout,  
Cast how to save, that both the custome  
showne

Were kept, and yet that Knight not looked out,  
That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so  
far in doubt

## XII

The Seneschall was ead to deeme the right  
Whom she requir'd, that first fyre Amoret  
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight  
That did her win and free from challenge set  
Which straight to her was yecled without let  
Then, since that strange Knights love from  
him was quitted,

She clain'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det,  
He as a Knight might justly be admitted,  
So none should be out shint, with all of loves  
were hitted

## XIII

With that, her glistring helmet she unlaced,  
Which doth, her golden lockes, that were up-  
bound

Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,  
And like a silken veile in compasse round  
About her breake and all her bodie wound  
Like as the shining skie in summers night,  
What time the daies with scorching heat  
abound,

Is crested all with lines of fire light  
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples  
sight

## XIV

Such when those Knights and Ladies all  
about

Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,  
And every one gan grow in secret doubt  
Of this and that, according to each wit [it,  
Some thought that some enchantment saygned  
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise  
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit,  
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise,  
So diversely each one did sundrie doubts de-  
viser.

## XV

But that young Knight, which through her  
gentle deed

Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,  
Ten thousand thanks did yecld her for her  
meed,

And, doubtly overcome, her ador'd  
So did they all their former strife accord,  
And eke fyre Amoret, now freed from feare,  
More franke affection did to her afford,

And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,  
Now freely drew, and found right safe assu-  
rance there.

## XVI

Where all that night they of their loves did  
treat,

And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,  
That each the other gan with passion great  
And griefull puttie privately bemone  
The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,  
They both uprose and to their waies them  
dight

Long wandred they, yet never met with none  
That to their willes could them threet aright,  
Or to them things tell that mote their harts  
delight

## XVII

Lo! thus they rode, till at the last they spide  
Two armed Knights that toward them did  
pace,

And each of them had ryding by his side  
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space  
But Ladies none they were, albee in face  
And outward shew faire semblance they did  
beare,

For under maske of beautie and good grace  
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,  
That mote to none but to the warie wise  
appeare.

## XVIII

The one of them the false Duessa light,  
That now had chang'd her former wonted  
hew.

For she could don so manie shapes in sight,  
As ever could Cameleon colours new,  
So could she forge all colours, save the trew.  
The other no whit better was then shee,  
But that such as she was she plaine did shew  
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,  
And dayly more offensive unto each degree.

## XIX

Her name was Atte, mother of debate  
And all dissention which doth dayly grow  
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike  
state,

And many a private oft doth overthrow  
Her false Duessa, who full well did know  
To be most fit to trouble noble knights  
Which hunt for honor, raised from below  
Out of the dwellings of the damned spights,  
Where she in darknes wastes her cruised daies  
and nights

## XX

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,  
There, wherens all the plagues and harmes  
abound



Which punish wicked men that walke amisse  
It is a darksome delvo farre under ground,  
With thornes and barren brakes environed  
round,

That none the same may easily out-win  
Yet many waies to enter may be found,  
But none to issue forth when one is in,  
For discord harder is to end then to begin

## XXI

And all within, the riuen walls were hung  
With ragged monuments of times forepast,  
All which the sad effects of discord sung  
There were rent robes and broken scepters  
Altars defild, and holy things defast, [plast,  
Dishuuered speares, and shields yorne in  
twaine,  
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast,  
Nations captiued, and huge armies slaine  
Of all which ruines there some relieks did re-  
maine

## XXII

There was the signe of antique Babylon,  
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,  
Of sacred Salem, and sad Thon,  
For memorie of which on high there hang  
The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,  
For which the three faire Goddesses did strive  
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,  
Of Alexander and his Princes five  
Which shur'd to them the spoiles that he had  
got alive

## XXIII

And there the relieks of the drunken fray,  
The which amongst the Lapithees befell,  
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away  
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,  
That under great Aleides sure fell,  
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive  
The noble Argonauts to outrage sell,  
That each of life sought others to deprive,  
All mindlesse of the Golden fleece, which  
made them strive.

## XXIV

And eke of private persons many moe,  
That were too long a worke to count them all  
Some, of sworne friends that did their faith  
forgoe,  
Some, of borne brethren prov'd unnaturall,  
Some, of deare lovers foes perpetuall  
Witness their broken bandes there to be seene,  
Their gylonls rent, their bowres despoiled all,  
The monuments whereof there byding beene,  
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh  
and greene.

## XXV

Such was her house within, but all without,  
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,  
Which she her selfe had sowne all about,  
Now grown great, at first of litle seedes,  
The seedes of evil wordes and factious deedes,  
Which, when to ripenesse due they grown  
are,  
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds  
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,  
The which most often end in bloudshed and in  
warre

## XXVI

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve  
To her for bread, and yeld her living food  
For life it is to her, when others starve  
Through inuolucous debate and deadly food,  
That she may sucke their life, and drinke their  
blood, [fed,  
With which she from her childhood had bene  
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,  
And by infernall fires nourished, [red.  
That by her monstrosus shipe might easily be

## XXVII

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,  
With squinted eye, contrarie waies intended,  
And loathly mouth, unmete a mouth to bee,  
That nought but gall and venom comprehended,  
And wicked wordes that God and man offnded.  
Her living tongue was in two parts diuided,  
And both the parts did speake, and both con-  
tended,  
And as her tongue so was her hert discord,  
That never thought one thing, but doubly stil  
was guided

## XXVIII

As she double spake, so heard she double,  
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,  
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,  
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,  
That still are led with every light report  
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,  
And much unlike, th' one long, the other short,  
And both misplast, that, when th' one forward  
ode,  
The other backe retired and contrarie trode

## XXIX

Likewise unequal was her handes twaine,  
That one did reach the other pusht away,  
That one did make the other mard againe,  
And sought to bring all things unto dee v,  
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,  
She in short space did often bring to nought,  
And their possessours often did dismay

For all her studio was and all her thought  
How she might overthrow the things that  
Concord wrought

XXX

So much her malice did her might surpass,  
That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,  
Because to man so mererfull he was,  
And unto all his creatures so benigne,  
Sith she her selfe was of his grace indigne,  
For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride  
Unto his last confusion to bring,  
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,  
With which it blessed Concord hath together  
tide

XXXX

Such was that hag which with Duessa roade,  
And, serving her in her malicious use  
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her  
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse [baude  
For though, like withered tree that wanteth  
juice,  
She old and crooked were, yet now of late  
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce  
She was become, by change of her estate,  
And made full goodly joyance to her new-  
found mate

XXXXII

Her mate, he was a jollie youthfull knight  
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,  
And was indeed a man of mickle might,  
His name was Blandamour, that did deserve  
His fickle mind full of inconstancie  
And now himselfe he fitted had right well  
With two companions of like qualitie,  
Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridell, [tell  
That whether were more false full hard it is to

XXXXIII

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew  
From farre espide the famous Britomart,  
Like knight adventurous in outwand view,  
With his faire paragon, his conquests part,  
Approching nigh, eftsouones his wanton hart  
Was tickled with delight, and jesting sayd,  
'Lo' there, Sir Paridel, for your desert  
Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,  
For pite that ye want a fellow for your ayd'

XXXXIV

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond  
Whom when as Paridell more plaine beheld  
Albee in heart he like affection fond,  
Yet myndfull how he late by one was feld  
That did those armes and that same seutcheon  
weld,  
He had small lust to buy his love so deare,  
But answered, 'Sir, him wise I never held,

That, having once escaped perill neare,  
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill  
reare

XXXXV

'This knight too late his manhood and his  
might  
I did assay, that me right dearly cost,  
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,  
Ne for hight Ladies love that soone is lost'  
Tho hot-spurre youth so seorning to be erst,  
'Take thou to you this Dime of mine,' (quoth  
hee)  
'And I, without your perill or your cost,  
Will chalenge yond same other for my fee'  
So forth he fiercely prekt that one him scarceo  
could see

XXXXVI

The warlike Britonesse her soone adrest,  
And with such uncouth welcome did receive  
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,  
That being foist his saddle soone to leave,  
Him selfe he did of his new love deceave,  
And made him selfe thensample of his follie  
Which done, she passed forth, not taking leave,  
And left him now as sad, as whilome jollie,  
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to  
dallie

XXXXVII

Which when his other companie beheld,  
They to his sneecow ran with readie ayd,  
And, finding him unable once to weld,  
They reared him on horsebacke and upstayd,  
Till on his way they had him forth conveyd  
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mynd  
And shame, he shewd him selfe to be dismayd  
More for the love which he had left behynd,  
Then that which he had to Sir Paridel resynd

XXXVIII

Nathlesse he forth did march, well as he might,  
And made good semblance to his companie,  
Dissembling his disease and evill plight,  
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie  
Two other knights, that towards them did ply  
With speedie course, as bent to charge them  
new

Whom when as Blandamour approaching nee  
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in view,  
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe  
renew

XXXIX

For th' one of them he perfectly descried  
To be Sir Scudamory, by that he bore  
The God of love with wings displayed wide  
Whom mortally he hated evermore,

Both for his worth, that all men did adore  
And eke because his love he wonne by right  
Which when he thought, it grieved him full  
That through the bruises of his former fight,  
He now unable was to wraeke his old despayght

## XL

Forthis he thus to Paridel bespake  
‘I am Sir of friendship let me now you pray,  
That as I late adventured for your sake,  
The hurts which of me now from battell stay,  
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,  
And justice my cause on vnder knight  
‘Ah! Sir’ (said Paridel) ‘do not dismay  
Your selfe for this: my selfe will for you fight,  
As ye have done for me the left hand rubbe  
the right

## XLI

With that he put his spurs unto his steed  
With speare in rest, and toward him did fere,  
Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed  
But Scudamour was shortly well aware  
Of his approach, and gan him selfe prepare  
Him to receive with entertainment meete.  
So furiously they met, that either bare  
The other downe under their horses feete,  
That what of them became themselves did  
scarcely wete

## XLII

As when two billowes in the Irish soundes  
Forebly driven with contrary tides,  
Do meete together, each the other rebowndes  
With roaring rage, and dashing on all sides,  
That fillet all the sea with foam, divides  
The doubtfull current into divers wayes,  
So fell those two in sight of both their prydes  
But Scudamour himselfe did soone upraise  
And mounting light, his toe for his long up-  
braves

## XLIII

Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swoond  
All carelesse of his trunt and bitter rowle,  
Till that the rest him seeing he on ground  
Ran hastily to wete what did him ayle  
Where finding that the breath gan him to faile,  
With busy cure they strove him to awake,  
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle  
So much they did, that at the last they brake  
His slomber, yet so mazel that he nothing  
spake

## XLIV

Which when as Blandamour beheld he said,  
‘False fauntour Scudamour that hast by slight  
And foul advantage this good Knight dismayd  
A Knight much better then thy selfe behav-  
est

Well filles it thee that I am not in plight  
Thus to wraeke the damage by thee donne,  
Such is thy wont, that still when any knight  
Is weakened, then thou dost him overcome  
So hast thou to thy selfe false honour often  
wonne.’

## XLV

He little answered him in manly heart  
His malitious indignation did forsake,  
Which was not yet so secret but some part  
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare  
Like as a gloom cloud the which doth beare  
An hidden storme, is by the Northerne blast  
Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,  
But that it all the skie doth overcast  
With darknes dredd and threateneth all the world  
to wast

## XLVI

‘O gentle knight! then false Divesa said,  
‘Why do ye strive for Ladies love so sore  
Whose chaste desire is love and friendly aid  
Amongst gentle knights to nourish evermore?  
Ye be ye worth, Sir Scudamour therefore  
That she, your love, not love another might,  
Be do your selfe thilke a while the more  
For Love is free and led with selfe delight,  
New willenforced be with mustardome or might.’

## XLVII

So false Divesa but vile Atte thus (both,  
‘Both foolish knight! I can but laugh at  
Thou strive and storme with sturr ontrigee  
For her that each of you alike doth lothe,  
And loves another, with whom now she goth  
In lovely wise, and sleepe and sports, and  
playes  
Whilste both you here with many a cursed oth  
Swere she is yours and stirre up bloudie fives,  
To win a yellow bough, whilste other weares  
the braves

## XLVIII

‘Vile hag! (said Scudamour) why dost  
thou lye,  
And falsly seekst a virtuous wight to shame?’  
‘I and knight,’ (said she) ‘the thing that with  
this eve  
I saw why should I doubt to tell the same?’  
‘Then tell,’ (quoth Blandamour) ‘and feare no  
blame  
Tell what thou sawst, managre who so it heares’  
‘I saw’ (quoth she) ‘a stranger knight, whose  
name  
I wote not well but in his shield he beares  
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken  
speares,

## XLIX

'I saw him have your Amoret at will,  
I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,  
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,  
All manie nights, and manie by in place  
That present were to testifie the erse.'  
Which when as Seudamour did heare, his heart  
Was thild with inward griefe as when in  
chaee

The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart  
The beast astonisht stands in midst of his  
smart

## L

So stood Sir Seudamour when this he heard,  
Ne word had he to speke for great dismay,  
But lookt on Glaucée grim, who woxe afeard  
Of outrage for the words which she heard say,  
Albee untrue she wist them by assay  
But Blandamour, whenas he did espie [way,  
His change of cheere that anguish did be-  
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,  
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie

## LI

'Lo' recreant,' (sayd he) 'the fruitlesse end  
Of thy vaine boist, and spoile of love misgot-  
ten [shend  
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost  
And all true lovers with dishonor blotten  
All things not rooted well will soone be rotten'  
'Fy, fy' false knight,' (then false Duessa  
cryde) [gotten,  
'Unworthy life, that love with guile hast  
Be thou, where ever thou do go or ride,  
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights de-  
fyde!'

## LII

But Seudamour, for passing great despight,  
Staid not to answer, scarcely did refraine  
But that in all those knights and ladies sight  
He for revenge had guiltlesse Glaucée slaine  
But, being past, he thus began amaine  
'False traitour squire' false squire of falsest  
knight' [abstaine,  
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge  
Whose Lord hath done my love this foule  
despight? [might?  
Why do I not it wreake on thee, now in my

## LIII

'Discourteous, disloy all Britomart,  
Untrue to God, and unto man unjust'  
What vengeance due can equall thy desert,  
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust  
Deh'd the pledge committed to thy trust?  
Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy  
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust'  
Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shalt deare avy,  
And with thy punishment his penance shalt  
supply'

## LIV

The aged Dame him seeing so enraged,  
Was dead with feare, natlesse, as neede re-  
quired,  
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged  
With sober words, that sufferance desired,  
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred,  
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare  
But he the more with furious rage was fured,  
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,  
And thrise he drew it backe, so did at last  
forbear.

## CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell,  
Paridell for her strives  
They are accorded Agapè  
Doth lengthen her sonnes lives

## I

PIPEBRAND of hell, first tynd in Phlegeton,  
By thousand furies, and from thence out  
thrown  
Into this world to worke confusion,  
And set it all on fire by force unknownen,  
Is wicked discord, whose small sparkes once  
blown  
None but a God or godlike man can slake,  
Such as was Orpheus, that, when strife was  
growen

Amongst those famous rumpes of Greece, did  
take  
His silver Harpe in hand and shortly friends  
them make

## II

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,  
That, when the wicked seend his Lord tor-  
mented,  
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas  
The outrage of his furious fit relented

Such Muscles is wise words, with time con-  
verted,  
To moderate stiffe minds disposed to strive  
Such as that proud Italian is well invented,  
What time his people into parties did rise,  
Then recoveryd againe, and to their homes did  
drive

## III

Such use wise Glauce to that wrathfull  
Knight,  
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought,  
Yet blandish him with termes of foule de-  
ceit,  
And Paridell he scorned, and set at naught,  
As old and crooked and not good for much,  
Both they unwitt, and warlike, the evil  
That his theme his unto the matter is con-  
fought  
Through that false witch, and that foule aged  
drevill,  
The one a friend the other an incarnate drevill.

## IV

With whom as then this noble recomproude,  
They were encountered of a lusty knight  
That had a goodly Ladie by his side,  
To whom he made great dalliance and delight  
It was to see the bold Sir Ferranough bright,  
He that from that gashew his wholeme rest  
The snows I formell whose health but  
Made him seeme happy for so glorious the fit,  
Yet was it in due triall but a wandering wit

## V

Which when as Blandamour, whose fancie  
Hid  
Was alwaies sitting as the wavering wind  
After each beauty that appeared in sight,  
Beheld, effronies at priet his wanton mind  
With sting of lost that recoveryd did blind,  
That to Sir Paridell those words he sent  
Sir knight, why rule ye dumple thus behind,  
Since so good fortune doth to you present  
So faire a spoule, to make you joyous mer-  
ment?

## VI

But Paridell, that had too late a triall  
Of the full issue of his counsell vaine, [all  
Not not to learke, but make this sure den-  
Last turne was mine, well proved to my  
prune, [grune  
Thus now he yours, God send you better  
Who scoffed words he taking brack in scorne,  
Hereby forth priet his steel as in disdain  
Against that Knight, ere he him well could  
torne,  
By meanes whereof he had him highly over-  
borne.

## VII

Who with the sudden stroke astonishd were,  
Upon the ground awhile in stonishd were,  
The shades his to away the other bare,  
And, showing his, did Paridell upbore,  
Told she, good knight, the victors happy prey  
So fortune snubbed the bold whom Paridell  
Seeing, as she underde, as he did say,  
His hart with secret envy grew to swell,  
And only grudged at him that he had sped so  
well

## VIII

Nathlesse proud man him offe the other  
Having as yet lesse prize yet of [doomed,  
For sure the fairest Tharmell him seeme  
To him as fallen for his happy lot,  
Whose like alive on earth he neverd nor  
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did woo,  
With humblest suit that he him, we in it,  
And all things did desire, and all things did  
That might her to be prepare, and bring win  
the tomes

## IX

She, in regard thereof, him recompent  
With golden words and goodly countenance,  
And each fond favour sparingly dispensat  
Sowne him blessing with a light eye-  
line,  
And as he was tempting with loose dalliance  
Sometimes carrying him in sterner way,  
That having cost him in a foolish frame,  
He seemd brought to bed in Paradise  
And prайд himself most foule in what he  
seemd most w

## X

So great a mixture of her art she was,  
And perfectly priet in woman craft  
That though he there in him like the light to pass,  
And by his false allurements to be craft  
Had the good woman of their love beaft,  
Yet now he was surpris'd for that false sight,  
Which the same witch had in this forme cast  
Was so expert in every subtle sight, craft,  
That it could overthrow the wisest earthly  
wight

## XI

Yet he to her ill daily service more,  
And daily more deceived was thereby,  
Yet Paridell him loved therefore,  
As seeming best in sole felicity  
So blind is lust false colours to deers  
But the sooner discovering his de-  
And finding now in opportunitie [ire,  
To stirre up strife twixt love and spite and  
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

XII

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him  
forth,  
Now with remembrance of those speeches,  
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,  
Made in their friendship, as that Ilag him  
And ever when his passion is allaid, [teaches  
She it revives, and new occasion reaches,  
That on a time, as they together way'd,  
He made him open challenge, and thus boldly  
sayd,

XIII

'Too boastfull Blandamour! too long I beare  
The open wrougs thou doest me day by day  
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first  
did sweare,  
The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray  
Should equally be shaid betwixt us tway  
Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,  
Reuder therefore therein to me my right,  
Or answer for thy wrong as shall fall out in  
fight'

XIV

Exceeding wroth therat was Blandamour,  
And gan this bitter answer to him make  
'Too foolish Paridell! that sayest floure  
Wouldst gather same, and yet no paines  
wouldst take  
But not so easie will I her forsake,  
Thisland heronne, thisland shall he defend'  
With that they gan their slivering speies to  
shake,  
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,  
Forgetfull each to have bene ever others friend

XV

Their fire steedes with so untamed forse  
Did beare them both to fell engines end,  
That both their speaces with pitiless remorse  
Through shield and mayle and habergeon did  
wend,  
And in their flesh a griesly passage reud,  
That with the fure of their owne allost  
Each other horse and man to ground did send,  
Where, lying still awhile both did forget  
The perious present stownd in which their  
lives were set

XVI

As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,  
With murderous weapons arm'd to crnell fight,  
Do meete together on the watry lea,  
They stemme ech other with so fell despight,

XVII

That with the shoocke of their owne heedlesse  
might  
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder  
They which from shore behold the deadfull  
sight  
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thoun-  
der,  
Do greathly stand amaz'd at such unwanted  
wonder.

XVIII

At length they both upstart in amaze,  
As men awaked rashly out of dreame,  
And round about themselves awhile did gaze,  
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,  
In doubt to whom she victorie should deceme,  
Therewith then dulled sprights theredged new,  
And, drawing both their swords, with rage ex-  
treame,  
Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,  
And shields did share, and mailes did rash,  
and helmes did hew

XIX

So furiously each other did assaile,  
As if their soules they would attonee have rent  
Out of their breasts, that streames of bloud did  
rayle  
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent,  
That all the ground with purple bloud was  
sprent,  
And all their armours staynd with gore,  
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,  
So mortall was their malice, and so sore  
Become, of sayned friendship which they now'd  
afore

XX

And that which is for Ladies most besitting,  
To stint all strife and foster friendly peace,  
Was from those Dames so farre and so un-  
fitting,  
As that, instead of praying them surcease,  
They did much more then cruelty encrease,  
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,  
And rather die then Ladies cause release  
With which vaine termes so much they did  
them move,  
That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove

XXI

There they, I weene, would fight untill this  
day,  
Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,  
By great adventure travelled that way,  
Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,  
And both of old well knowing by their names,  
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate,  
And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,

I had did not seek to appease thine deadly hate,  
But gazed on their harmes, not pitying their  
estate

## XXI

And then those Knights he humbly thus  
beseech

To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken  
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,  
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,  
Both free liebers on other to be wroken  
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,  
And them conjur'd by some well known token  
That they at last their wrathfull hands let fall  
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest  
withall

## XXII

First he desired their cause of strife to see  
They said, it was for love of Florimell  
'Ah gentle Knights' (quoth he) 'how may  
thit bee,  
And shew so farre astray, as none can tell?  
'I our Squire' full angry then said Paridell  
'Seest not the Ladie there before thy face'  
He looked breke, and her wizing well,  
Weend, as he said by that her outward grace  
That fayrest Florimell was present there in  
place.

## XXIII

Glad man was he to see that joyous sight  
For none alive but joy'd in Florimell.  
And lowly to her lowting thus behight  
'In vest of faire, that surenesse doest excell,  
Thy happie day I have to greet you well  
In which you safe I see, whom thou and late  
Misdoubted lost through mischief that herself  
Long may you live in health and happie state'  
She hile answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate

## XXIV

Then turning to those Knights, he gave new  
'And you, Sir Blundamour, and Paridell,  
That for this Ladie, present in your view,  
Have rais'd this cruell warre and outrage sell,  
Certes, me seemes, bene not advis'd well  
But rather ought in friendship for her sake  
To joyne your force, their forces to repell  
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,  
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph  
to make'

## XXV

Therest Sir Blundamour, with countenance  
stern  
All full of wrath thus fiercely him bespake  
'Arrest, thou Squire, that I the man may knowe,  
That dare fro me thynke Florimell to take'

Not one' (quoth he) 'but many doe partake  
Herein, as thus. It lately so befell  
That Sityram a girdle did uptake  
Well knowne to appertaine to I Florimell [well  
Which for her sake he wore, as him be-cem'd

## XXVI

'But, when as she her selfe was lost and gone  
I all many knights, that loved her like deare,  
Therest did greatly grudge, that he alone  
That lost faire Ladies ornament should weare,  
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare,  
Which he to shun and stop vile envies sting  
Hith lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where  
A solemn feare with publike turneing,  
To which all knights with them their Ladies  
are to bring

## XXVII

'And of them all she, that is sayrest found,  
Shall have that golden girdle for reward  
And of those Knights, who is most stout on  
Shall to that fairest Ladie be preferr'd ground  
Since therefore she her selfe is now your ward,  
To you that ornament of hers pertines  
Against all those that challenge it to gerd  
And give her honour with your courteous pines  
That shall you win more glory than ye here  
find gaires'

## XXVIII

When ther the reason of his words had heard  
They gan abate the rancour of their rage  
And with their honours and their loves regard  
The furious flames of malice to abate  
Tho each to other did his faith engage,  
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to joyne one  
With all their force and battell strong to wage  
Gainst all those knights, as their professed foe,  
That challeng'd ought in I Florimell, save they  
alone

## XXIX

So well accorded, forth they rode together  
In friendly sort that lasted but a while,  
And of all old dishkes they made sure weather,  
Yet all was forg'd and sped with golden soyle  
That under it hidde hate and hollow guile  
Ne certes eyn that friendship long endure,  
However gay and goodly be the stile,  
That doth ill cause or evill end enure, [sure  
For vertue is the band that bindeth hearts most

## XXX

Thus as they march'd all in close disguise  
Of fained love, they churist to overtake  
Two knights thit lincked rode in lovely wise,  
As if they secret counsels did partake  
And each not farre behinde him had his make,  
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,  
That with themselves did gentle purpose make

Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,  
Thio which with speedie pace did after them  
pursen

## XXVI

Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,  
Deeming them doughtie, as they did appeare,  
They sent that Squire afore, to understand  
What mote they be who, viewing them more  
neare,

Returned readie newes, that those same weare  
Two of the prouest Knights in Faery lond,  
And those two Ladies their two lovers deare,  
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,  
With Canacee and Cambue hnekt in lovely  
bond.

## XXVII

Why lome, as antique stories tellen us,  
Thoso two were foes the fellonest on ground,  
And battell made the dreeddest dangerous  
That euer shrilling trumpet did resonnd,  
Though now their acts be now here to be found,  
As that renowned Poet them compyled  
With warlike numbers and Heroicke sound,  
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled  
On Fames eternall beuilroll worthe to be syled

## XXVIII

But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth  
waste, [weare,  
And workes of noblest wits to nought out-  
That famous monument hath quite defaste,  
And robd the world of treasure endlesse deare,  
The which mote have enriched all us heare  
O cursed Eld! the cankerworme of wits,  
How may these rones, so rude as doth appeare,  
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits  
Are quite deuour'd, and brought to nought by  
hittle bits?

## XXIX

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit!  
That I thy labours lost may thus reuie,  
And steale from thee the meede of thy due  
ment,  
That none darst euer whilst thou wast alie,  
And being dead in vaine yet many strive  
Ne dare I like, but, through infusion sweete  
Of thine owne spirit which doth in me suruive,  
I follow here the footing of thy feete,  
That with thy meaning so I may the rather  
meete

## XXX

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,  
That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,  
Well scene in euerie science that mote bee,  
And euerie secret worke of natures wayes,

In wattie riddles, and in wise soothsayes,  
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and  
burds,

And, that augmented all her other prayse,  
She modest was in all her deedes and words,  
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of Knights  
and Lords

## XXXI

Full many Lords and many Knights her loved,  
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,  
Ne euer was with foud affection moved,  
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gouernement,  
For dread of blame and honours blemishment,  
And eke unto her looks a law she made,  
That none of them once out of order went,  
But like to varie Centonels well stay'd,  
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes affray'd,

## XXXII

So much the more as she refus'd to love,  
So much the more she loved was and sought,  
That oftentimes in quiet strife did move  
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wroaght,  
That oft for her in blonde armes they fought  
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,  
Perceiv'd would breede great mischuefe, he be-  
thought

How to prevent the perill that mote rise,  
And turne both him and her to honour, in this  
wise

## XXXIII

One day, when all that troupe of warlike  
wooes  
Assembled were to weet whose she should bee,  
All mightie men and dreadfid derring-doors,  
(The harder it to make them well agree)  
Amongst them all this end he did decree,  
That, of them all which love to her did make,  
They by consent should chiose the stoutest  
three [sake,  
That with himselfe should combat for hei  
And of them all the victour should his sister  
take.

## XXXIV

Bold was the challenge, as himselfe was bold,  
And conage full of laughtie haudment,  
Approved oft in perils manifold,  
Which he atchei'd to his great ornament  
But yet his sisters skill unto him lent  
Most confideneo and hope of happie speed,  
Concerned by a ring which she him sent,  
That, mougst the manie vertues which we reed,  
Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally  
did bleed.

## XL

Well was that rings great vertue known to all,  
That dread thereof and his redoubted might



Did all that yonthly rout so much appall,  
That none of them durst undertake the sight  
More wise they weend to make of loveleight  
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke,  
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,  
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,  
Whether she would them love, or in her liking  
brooke

## XLI

Amongst those knights there were three  
brethren bold,  
Three bolder brethren never were y borne,  
Borne of one mother in one happie moli,  
Borne at one burden in one happie morne,  
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morne,  
That bore three such, three such not to be found!  
Her name was Agape, whose children werne  
All three as one, the first light Priamond,  
The second Dyamond, the yongest Triamond

## XLII

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike,  
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight,  
But Triamond was stout and strong alike  
On horsebacke usell Triamond to fight,  
And Priamond on foote had more delight,  
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield  
With curtaxe use Diamond to suite,  
Anil Triamond to handle speare and shield,  
But speare and curtaxe both usd Priamond in  
field.

## XLIII

These three did love each other dearly well,  
And with so firme affection were all de,  
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,  
Which did her powre into three parts dryde,  
Like three faire branches budding farre and  
wide,

That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap  
And like that roote that doth her life divide,  
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap  
These three so noble babes to bring forth at  
one clap

## XLIV

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill  
Of secret things, and all the powres of nature  
Which she by art could use unto her will,  
And to her service bind each living creature,  
Through secret understanding of their feature  
Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face  
She list discover, and of goodly stature  
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place  
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld  
to spae

## XLI

There on a dry a noble youthly knight,  
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,

Did by great fortune get of her the sight,  
As she sate carelesse by a cristall flood  
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good,  
Anil unawares upon her laying hold,  
That strove in vaine him long to have with-  
stood,  
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)  
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three  
champions bold

## XLVI

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,  
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew  
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers  
blood,  
They loved armes, and knighthood did ensue,  
Seeking adventures where they mie know  
Which when their mother saw, she gan to shout  
Ther safetie, least by searching dangers new,  
And rash provoking perils all about,  
Their dayes mote be abridged through their  
corage stout.

## XLVII

Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes  
To know, and them t' enlarge with long ex-  
tent,  
By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes  
To the three fatal sisters house she went  
Farre under ground from tract of living weat,  
Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abysee,  
Where Demogorgon, in dull darknesse pent  
Farre from the view of gods and heavens bliss,  
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadfull  
dwelling is

## XLVIII

There she them found all sitting round about,  
The dreffull distaffe standing in the mid,  
And with unwearied fingers drawing out  
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid  
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the wiles the third  
By grisly Lachesis was spun with paine,  
That eruell Atropos oftsoones undid,  
With cursed knite cutting the twist in twaine.  
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on  
thrds so vaine!

## XLIX

She, them saluting, there by them sate still  
Beholding how the thrds of life they span  
Anil when at last she hail beheld her fill,  
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,  
Her cause of coming she to tell began  
To whom fierce Atropos 'Bold Fay, that durst  
Come see the secret of the life of man,  
Well worthe thou to be of Jove accurst,  
And eke thy childrens thrds to be asunder  
burst!'

## I.

Wheieat she sore affrayd, yet her besought  
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,  
That she might see her childrens thirde forth  
brought,

And know the measure of their utmost date  
To them ordained by eternall fate  
Whieh Clotho graunting shewed her the same,  
That when she saw, it did her much amate  
To see their thirde so thin as spiders frame,  
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out  
shortly came

## LI

She then began them humbly to intreate  
To draw them longer out, and better twine,  
That so their liues might be prolonged late  
But Lachesis thereat gan to repue,  
And sayd, 'Fond dame, that deem'st of things  
diuine

As of humane, that they may altdred bee,  
And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of  
thine'

Not so, for what the Fates do once decree,  
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Jove him  
self can free'

## LII

'Then since' (quoth she) 'the terme of each  
mans life  
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,

Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatall  
knife

His hne, which is the eldest of the three,  
Whieh is of them the shortest, as I see,  
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next  
And, when the next shall likewise ended bee,  
That both their liues may likewise be annext  
Unto the thirde, that his may so be trebly next

## LIII

They graunted it, and then that carefull Fay  
Departed thence with full contented mynd,  
And, comming home, in warlike fresh aray  
Them found all three according to their kynd  
But unto them what destinie was assynd,  
Or how their liues were eekt, she did not tell,  
But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,  
She warned them to tend their safeties well,  
And love each other deare, what ever them  
befell.

## LIV

So did they surely during all their dayes,  
And never discord did amongst them fall,  
Whieh much augmented all their other praise,  
And now, t'increase affection naturall,  
In love of Canacee they joynded all  
Upon which ground this same great battell  
grew,  
Great matter growing of beginning small,  
The whieh, for length, I will not here pursue,  
But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.

## CANTO III

The battell twixt three brethren with  
Cambell for Canacee  
Camblina with true friendships bond  
Doth their long strife agree

## I

O' WHY doe wretched men so much desire  
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,  
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,  
Knowing the miserie of their estate,  
And thousand perills whieh them still awate,  
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,  
That every houre they knoeke at deathes gate?  
And he that happie seemes, and least in payne,  
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth  
play ne

## II

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,  
The whieh, in seeking for her children three

Long life, thereby did more prolong their  
paine

Yet whilst they liued none did ever see  
More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee,  
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,  
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree,  
Ne more renowned for their cheualrie,  
That made them dreaded much of all men farre  
and ne

## III

These three that hardie challenge tooke in hand,  
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight  
The day was set, that all might understand,  
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright

That day, the dreaddest day that heling might  
Did ever see upon this world to shine,  
So soone as heuens windon shew'd light,  
These warlike Champions, all in armour shone,  
As embled were in held the challenge to define

## II

The field with hies was all about enclas'd,  
To harre the prease of people furre way  
And at th om side sixe Judges were dispos'd,  
To view and deeme the docthis of armes that  
And on the other side, in ffrish arris, {day  
Layre Cannace upon a stately stage  
Was set to see the fortune of that fray,  
And to be seene, as his most wortheie wage  
That could her purchase with his lyes adven-  
tur'd gage

Then entred Cambell first into the list  
With stately steps and fearless countenance  
As if the conquest his he surely wist  
Soone after did the brethren three aduence  
In brave arris and goodly amurence  
With sentchings gilt and banner-broiddis'd  
And, marching thir in warlike ordinnce,  
Thirse lowd lowly to the noble Mayd  
The whils shir trompetts and loud chourus  
sweetly playd

## III

Which doon, the doughty challenger ermit  
forth  
All arm'd to point his challenge to abet  
Gainst whom Sir Primmont with equall worth  
And equill armes himselfe did forward set  
A trompet blew they both together met  
With dreadfull feres and furious intent,  
Cerule-se of perill in their tiers affret  
As if th life to losse they had forelent,  
And cared not to spare thir should be shortly  
spent

## III

Right pricke was Sir Primmont in fight,  
And throughly skil in use of shield and speare  
No lesse approv'd was Cambelloes might,  
No lesse his skill in weapons did appeare  
That hard it was to weene which harder were  
Till many mightie strokes on either side  
Were sent, that seem'd death in them to beare  
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde  
That they avoid'd wete, and vainely by did  
slide

## VIII

Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent  
By Primmont, thir with unlikie glance  
Through Cambells shoullder it unwetly went,  
That forced him his shield to disdruince

Much was he griev'd with thir gracelesse  
chauce.

Yet from the wound no drop of blond there fell,  
But womons prime, that did the more en-  
hance

His brightlike courage to vengeance fell  
Smart dauntis not mighty harts, but mal eathem  
more to swell

## IX

With that, his paynant speare he fiercely en-  
terd

With doubled force close mider with his shield,  
First through the mailles into his thigh it en-  
terd,

And, there arresting, wylie way did yield  
For blond to gush forth on the pricke field,  
That he for pume himse life uote in his upreare,  
But too wile for in great amazement reld,  
Like an old Oke, whose pith and sap is scare,  
At piffe of every storme doth stagger here  
and there

## X

Whom so this mayd when Cambell had espide,  
Again he drove at him with double might,  
That now, he mote stay the sterle till in his  
The mortal point most cruelly in might, {side  
Where first inbred whilst he sought by sight  
It forth to wist the staffe number brake,  
And hit the hand behinde with which de-  
spight

He all enrag'd his shivering speare dul shake,  
And charging him afresh thus fellly him be-  
pricke

## XI

'Lo! Favour, there thy meede unto thee take  
The meede of thy mischance and abet  
Not for thine owne but for thy sisters sake,  
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let  
But to forbear doth not forgive the det  
The wicked wexpon heard his wrathfull vow,  
And pressing forth with furious affret,  
Pierd through his bever quite into his brow,  
That with the force it brackn'd forced him to  
bow

## XII

Therewith asunder in the milt it brast,  
And in his hand nought but the iron heen left,  
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast  
Out of his headpiece Cambell newly rest,  
And with such furie backe at him it hest,  
Thit milng way unto his dearest life,  
His wex-and pipe it through his gorget cest  
Thence sircames of purple blond issuing rest  
Let forth his wrenie ghost, and made an end  
of strife

## XIII

His wearie ghost assayd from fleshly band  
Did not, as others wont, directly fly  
Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land,  
Ne into ayre did vanish presently,  
Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky,  
But through traduction was eftsoones derved,  
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,  
Into his other brethren that survived,  
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived

## XIV

Whom when on ground his brother next be-  
held,  
Though sad and sorie for so heavy sight,  
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld,  
But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,  
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,  
Rusht hersele forth the battell to renew,  
As in revcrsion of his brothers right,  
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew,  
His foe was soone addrest the trompets fresh-  
ly blew

## XV

With that they both together fiercely met,  
As if that each ment other to devoure,  
And with their axes both so sorely bet,  
That neither plate nor mayle, where as their  
powre [stowre,  
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous  
But rived were like rotten wood asunder,  
Whiles through their rifts the ruddie blond  
did showre,  
And firedid flash, like lightning after thunder,  
That filld the lookers on attonee with ruth and  
wonder

## XVI

As when two Tygers priekt with hungers rage  
Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh  
spoyle,  
On which they weene their famine to assuage,  
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,  
Both falling out doe stirre up strifefull broyle,  
And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,  
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,  
But either sdaignes with other to partake  
So cruelly these Knightssrove for that Ladies  
sake

## XVII

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,  
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them  
two,  
Yet they were all with so good wariment  
Or warded or avoied and let goe,  
That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe,  
Till Diamond, disdesigning long delay  
Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,

Resolv'd to end it one or other way,  
And heav'd his murderous axe at him with  
mighty sway

## XVIII

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived  
Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)  
The soule had sure out of his bodie rived,  
And stinted all the strife meontinent  
But Cambels fate that fortune did prevent,  
For, seeing it at hand, he swar'd asyde,  
And so gave way unto his fell intent,  
Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,  
Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right  
foot did slyde

## XIX

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,  
Through hunger long that hart to him doth  
lend,  
Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,  
That from his force seemes nought may it  
defend,  
The warre fowle, that spies him toward bend  
His dreadfull souse, as oydes it, shunning light,  
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend,  
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse  
might [ereth flight  
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recov-

## XX

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,  
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover  
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,  
He can let drive at him with all his power,  
And with his axe him smote in evill hower,  
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft  
The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that  
stower,  
Stood still while, and his fast footing kept,  
Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly  
slept.

## XXI

They which that piteous spectacle beheld  
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see  
Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to wield,  
Unweeting of the Fates divine decree  
For lifes succession in those brethren three  
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,  
Yet had the bodie not dismembred bee,  
It would have lived, and revived eft,  
But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

## XXII

It left, but that same soule which therein  
dwelt  
Streight entring into Triamond him filld  
With double life and grefe, which when he felt,  
As one whose inner parts had bene y thrild

With point of Steele that cleave his hartdond  
 He lightly leapt out of his place of rest,  
 And rushing forth into the empire hold,  
 Against Camello fiercely him addrest  
 Who him affronting soone, to fight w<sup>th</sup> readie

## XXIII

Well mote we wonder how that noble Knight,  
 After he had so often wounded beete,  
 Could stand on foot now to renew the fight  
 But had ye then him forth rushing seene,  
 Some newborne might ye would him surely  
 we see,  
 So free he seemed and so free in sight  
 Like as a Snake a hound with a murther tone  
 Hath woe to none but none feeling some new  
 mist,  
 Casts off his ragged skin and fresh doth him

## XXIV

All was through vertue of the ring he wore  
 The which not only did not from him let  
 One drop of blood to fall, but did restore  
 His wearied powers, and dulled spirits whet  
 Through working of the stone therein  
 I see how could one of equal might with most  
 Against so many no lesse mightie met  
 Once thine to match three such on equal feet  
 Three such as able were to match a puissant  
 host

## XXV

Yet nought thereof was Tremond adreble  
 No deperate of glorious victorie,  
 But sharply him assailed and sore he tould  
 With heapes of strokes which he in him let  
 As thiel cas hyle forth poured from the slit  
 He stroke, he smote, he towd he hawl he brist  
 And did his iron brand so fast apply,  
 That from the same the fire sparkles fliht  
 As fast as water sparkles graint a rocke are  
 drest

## XXVI

Much was Camello daunted with his blowes  
 So thicke they fell and forcibly were sent  
 That he was forst from drumme of the thrones  
 Belee to retire, and somewhat to relent  
 Till the heat of his turre furie he had spent  
 Which when for want of breath gan to abate  
 He then afresh with new encouragement  
 Did him assaile, and mightily amite,  
 As fast as forward erst non backward to  
 retrace.

## XXVII

Like as the tide, that comes fro th Ocean  
 mayne  
 Flowes up the Shenan with contrarie force,

And over ruling him in his course runs,  
 Drives backe the current of his limbe course,  
 And makes it seeme to have son e other course,  
 If it when the floud is spent, then backe againe,  
 His borrowed waters forst to re-bourne,  
 He so in the sea his owne with double game,  
 And tribute cleave withall to his Sovereigne.

## XXVIII

Thus did the battell vaine to and fro  
 With diverse fortunes do difficult to becomel  
 Now this the fader had, now the fader  
 Then he halfe vanquish, then the others smel  
 Yet yet for both themselves alwayes seemed  
 And all the while the discomfited blood  
 Adorne their side like flabber stained,  
 That with the wasting of his vitall blood  
 Surprised at last full hunt and feeble stood

## XXIX

But Camello still more strong and greater  
 grew,  
 Ne felt his blood to waite no powres empersht,  
 Through that rings vertue, thus with vigour  
 new  
 Still when as he enfeebled was him chersht,  
 And all his wounds and all his limbes persht,  
 Like as a withered tree through hande  
 is often seene full freshly to have thought,  
 And fruitfull apples to have borne while,  
 As he was when it first was planted in the  
 soyle

## XXX

Through which advantage in his strength  
 he rose  
 And smote the other with so wonderous might,  
 That through the same which did his limbe  
 close  
 Into his thorow and life it pierced gun hit,  
 That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight  
 Yet did he was not yet he sure did die  
 As all men do that see the living spright,  
 So did one soule out of his beel the  
 Into her native home from mortall miserie

## XXXI

But murtheresse whilst all the lookers on  
 Him did beheld, as he to all appeared,  
 All men warre he started up amon,  
 As one that had out of a dreame beneared,  
 And fresh assailed his foe who hark off  
 Of th uncount sight, as he some ghost had  
 seen  
 Stood still amazed, holding his idle sword  
 Till, having often his hand stricken beene  
 He forced was to strike, and save himselfe  
 from teene

## XXII

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,  
As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,  
Ne followed on so fast, but rather sought  
Him selfe to save, and daunger to defend,  
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.  
Which Triamond perceiuing weened sure  
He gan to faunt toward the battels end,  
And that he should not long on foote endure,  
A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

## XXIII

Whereof full blith eftsoones his mightie hand  
He hea'd on high, in mind with that same  
blow

To make an end of all that did withstand -  
Which Cambell seeing come was nothing slow  
Him selfe to save from that so deadly throw,  
And at that instant reaching forth his sweard  
Close underneath his sheld, that scarce did  
show,  
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike upeward,  
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides  
the wound appeard.

## XXIV

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,  
And, falling heaue on Cambelloes crest,  
Strooke him so hugely that in swone he lay,  
And in his head an hideous wound imprest  
And sure, had it not happily found rest  
Upon the brim of his brode-plated shield,  
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his  
brest

So both at once fell dead upon the field,  
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield

## XXV

Which when as all the lookers-on beheld,  
They weened sure the warre was at an end,  
And Judges rose, and Marshals of the field  
Broke up the listes, their armes away to rend,  
And Canacee gan to aue her dearest friend  
All suddenly they both upstart light [blend,  
The one out of the swoond, which him did  
The other breathing now another spright,  
And fiercely each assaying gan afresh to fight

## XXVI

Long while they then continued in that wize,  
As if but then the battell had begonne  
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did  
despise,

Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,  
Desirous both to haue the battell donne,  
Ne either cared life to save or spill, [vonne  
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were,

So wearne both of fighting had their fill,  
That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long  
safetie ill

## XXVII

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull brallance  
long,  
Unsure to whether side it would incline,  
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there  
among  
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tme  
And secret feare, to see their fatal fine,  
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyse,  
That seemd some perillous tumult to desine,  
Confusd with womens cries and shouts of  
boyes, [noyes  
Such as the troubled Theatres oftimes an-

## XXVIII

Thereat the Champions both stood still a  
space,  
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment  
Lo' where they spyde with speedie whirling  
One in a charet of straunge furnment [pace,  
Towards them driving, like a storme out sent  
The charet decked was in wondrous wize  
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,  
After the Persian Monarks antique guise,  
Such as the maker selfe could best by art de-  
vize.

## XXIX

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)  
Of two grim Lyons, taken from the wood,  
In which their powre all others did excell,  
Now made forget their former cruell mood,  
T' obey their riders hest, as seemed good  
And therein sate a Ladie, passing sure  
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels  
brood,  
And, with her beautie, bountie did compare,  
Whether of them in her should haue the greater  
share.

## XL

Thereto she learned was in Magike leare,  
And all the artes, that subtil wits discover,  
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,  
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,  
That in the same she farre exceld all other  
Who understanding by her mightie art  
Of th' evill plight, in which her dearest brother  
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,  
And pacifie the strife, which causd so deadly  
smart

## XLI

And as she passed through th' unruly preace  
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,  
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peaco  
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,

For first did over-runne in dust enroulil  
That, thorough rude confusion of the rout  
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed loud,  
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder  
shout, [turnd to doubt  
And some, that would seeme wise, their wonder

## XLII

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,  
About the which two Serpents weren wound,  
Entwined mutually in lovely lore,  
And by the tailes together firmly bound  
And both were with one olive garland crown'd,  
Like to the rod which Moses sonne doth wield,  
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound  
And in her other hand a cup shee hold, [filld  
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim up-

## XLIII

Nepenthe is a drinke of soverayne grace,  
Devised by the Gods, for to assuage  
Harts grief, and bitter gall way to chace,  
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage  
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet-age  
It doth establish in the troubled mind  
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,  
Are by the Gods to drinke thereof assaid,  
But such as drinke, eternall happinesse do find

## XLIV

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth  
As Jove will have advanced to the skie,  
And there made gods, though borne of mortall  
berth

For their high merits and great dignitie,  
Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,  
To drinke hereof whereby all cares forepast  
Are washt away quite from their memorie  
So did those olde Heroes hereof taste,  
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods  
were paste

## XLV

Much more of price and of more glorious powre  
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne  
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,  
Described by that famous Tuscan penne  
For that had might to change the heart of men  
From love to hate, and change of evil choise  
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,  
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce  
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his  
voice?

## XLVI

At last arriving by the lates side,  
Shee with her rod did softly smite the ryle,  
Which straight flew ope, and gave her way to  
Lest soones out of her Coche shee gan avale, [ride

And praeing surely forth did bid all haile,  
First to her brother, whom shee loved deare,  
That so to see him made her heart to quale,  
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare  
Made her to change her hew, and hidden love  
t appeare

## XLVII

They lightly her requit, (for small delight  
They had as then her long to entertaine)  
And eft them turned both againe to fight  
Which when shee saw, downe on the bloudy  
plane [amaine,  
Her selfe shee threw, and teares gan shed  
Amongst her teares mingling prayers meeke,  
And with her prayers reasons, to restraine  
From bloudy strife, and blessed peace to seeke,  
By all that unto them was deare, did them  
beseeke

## XLVIII

But when as all might nought with them  
prevale, [wand  
Shee smote them lightly with her powrefull  
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,  
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their  
hand,  
And they, like men astonisht, still did stand,  
Thus whilst their minds were doubtfully dis-  
traight,  
And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,  
Her golden cup to them for drinke shee raught,  
Whereof, full glad for thirst, each drunk an  
harty draught,

## XLIX

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,  
Wonder it is that sudden change to see  
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad  
And lovely haile, from ferre of treason free,  
And plightd bands for ever friends to be  
When all men saw this sudden change of things,  
So mortall foes so friendly to agree  
For passing joy which so great merriment brings,  
They all gan shout aloud, that nill the heaven  
rings

## L

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,  
In hast shee from her lofty chaire descended,  
To weet what sudden tidings was befel  
Where when she saw that earnest war so ended,  
And deadly foes so faithfully attended,  
In lovely wise shee gan that Lady greet,  
Which had so great dismay so well amended  
And, entertaining her with curtesies meet,  
Profest to her true friendship and affection  
sweet

## LI

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,  
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,

Thence to depart with glee and gladsome  
 ehers.  
 Those warlike champions both together chose  
 Homeward to march, themselves there to  
 repose  
 And wise Cambina taking by her side  
 Faire Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,  
 Unto her Coch remounting, home did ride,  
 Admir'd of all the people and much glori-  
 fide

LII  
 Where making ioyous feast theire daies they  
 In perfect love, deuoid of hatefull strife, [spent  
 Allide with bands of mutuall complement,  
 For Triamond had Canacee to wife,  
 With whom he led a long and happie life,  
 And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,  
 The which as life were to each other liue  
 So all alike did love, and loved were, [elshere  
 That since their dayes such lovers were not found

## CANTO IV

Satyrine makes a Turneyment  
 For love of Florimell  
 Britomart winnes the prize from all,  
 And Artegall doth quell

## I

It often fals, (as here it earst befell)  
 That mortall foe doe turne to faithfull friends,  
 And friends profest are chaungd to foemen  
 sell  
 The cause of both of both their minds depends,  
 And th' end of both likewise of both their  
 For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds [ends  
 But of occasion, with th' occasion ends,  
 And friendship, which a frunt affection breeds  
 Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded  
 seeds

## II

That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of  
 late  
 Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,  
 As als by this, that now a new debate  
 Sturd up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,  
 The which by course befalls me here to tell  
 Who having those two other Knights espide  
 Marching afore, as ye remember well,  
 Sent forth their Squire to haue them both des-  
 eride, [side  
 And eke those masked Ladies riding them be-

## III

Who bracke returning told, as he had seene,  
 That they were doughtie knights of dreaded  
 name,  
 And those two Ladies their two loves unseene  
 And therefore wisht them without blot or  
 blame  
 To let them passe at will, for dread of shame  
 But Blandamour full of vainglorious spright,  
 And rather sturd by his discordfull Dame,  
 Upon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,  
 But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse  
 fight

## IV

Yet nigh approaching he them fowle be-  
 pake,  
 Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to graee,  
 As was his wont so weening way to make  
 To Ladies love, where so he came in place,  
 And with lewd termes their lovers to deface  
 Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so  
 sore,  
 That both were bent t' avenge his usage base,  
 And gan their shields addresse them selves  
 afore [bore  
 For evill deedes may better then bad words be

## V

But faire Cambina with perswasions myld  
 Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,  
 That for the present they were reconeyld,  
 And gan to treate of deeds of armes abroad,  
 And strange adventures, all the way they  
 rode  
 Amongst the which they told, as then befell,  
 Of that great turney which was blazen brode,  
 For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,  
 The prize of her which did in beautie most  
 excell

## VI

To which folke-mote they all with one con-  
 sent,  
 Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,  
 Whose beautie each of them thought ex-  
 cellent,  
 Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try  
 So as they passed forth they did espy  
 One in bright armes, with ready speere in rest,  
 That toward them his course seem'd to apply  
 Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselfe addrest,  
 Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to have  
 repress



## VII

Which th' other seeing gan his course relent  
And vaunted speare chisooner to dischaunce,  
As if he naught but peace and plea ure ment,  
Now salne into their fellowship by chance  
Whereat they shew'd courteous countenance  
So as he roole with them accompanide,  
His roving else did on the Lady glimpe  
Which Blandamour had riding by his side  
Whom sure he wem'd, that he some-where to-  
fore had eide.

## VIII

It was to weete that snowie Florimell,  
Which I errin late from Braggadochio wone  
Whom he now seeing her remembred well  
Now having rest her from the witches sonne.  
He sought her lost wherefore he non begun  
To challenge her anew, as his own prize,  
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,  
And proffer made by force her to rize  
Which scornfull olde Blandamour gan soot  
deprize,

## IX

And said, 'Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady chame  
Whom he that hath were both to lose so light  
(For so to lose a Lady were gr at shame)  
Ye shall her winne, as I have done in fight  
And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight  
Together with this flag beside her set,  
That who so winnes her may her have by right  
But he shall have the flag that is bet,  
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get

## X

That offer pleased all the company  
So Florimell with Att forth was brought,  
At which they all g m lanch full merrily  
But Braggadochio said he never thought  
For such an flag, that seemed worse then  
nought,  
His per-on to emperill so in fight  
But if to match that Lady they had sought  
Another like, that were like faire and bright  
His life he then would spend to justifie his right

## XI

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile  
As scorning his numanly cowardize  
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,  
That for her sake refused to enterprise  
The battell, offered in so knightly wise  
And Att eke provokt him privily  
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize  
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,  
For in base mind nor friendship dwells nor  
enmity

## XII

But Cumbell thus did shut up all in jest  
'Brave Knights and Ladies, certes, ye doe  
wrong  
To start up strife when most ye needeth rest,  
That we may us reserve both fresh and strong  
Against the Turnement which is not long  
When who so list to fight may fight his fill  
I'll then your conflict see ye may prolong,  
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,  
Whether shall have the flag, or hold the Lady  
still'

## XIII

They all agreed so, turning all to game  
And pleasant bord, they past forth on their  
way,  
And all that while where so they roole or cure,  
Ther most of flock knight was their sport and  
pley  
Till that at length upon th' appointed day  
I into the place of turnement they came,  
Where they before them found in fowle array  
Munitions of might and maner dauntedance,  
Assembled for to get the honour of that game

## XIV

There this faire crew arrivng did divide  
Them selves around'r Blandamour with those  
Of his on th' one the rest on th' other side,  
But howeful Braggadochio rather chide,  
For glorie vaine thur hallowing to loze  
First men on him the more might gave alone  
The rest themselves in troupe did chide  
like as it seemed best to every one,  
The knights in couples marcht with ladies  
much attone

## XV

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,  
Bearing that precious rubie in an arke  
Of gold that bad eyes might it not profane  
Which drawing sofly forth out of the arke,  
He open shew'd, that all men it mote marle  
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost  
With pearle and precious stone, worth many a  
marle,  
Yet did the workmanship sure prae the cost  
It was the same which lately Florimell had lost

## XVI

The same aloft he hung in open view  
To be the prize of beantie and of might  
The which est-comes discover'd, to it drew  
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,  
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight  
That all men threw out loves and wishes vaine  
Thrice happie I adle, and thrice happie knight,

Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaue,  
So worthe of the penill, worthy of the paine

## XXII

Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand  
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,  
And, vauncing forth from all the other band  
Of knights, addrest his maiden-beaded shield,  
Shewing him selfe all ready for the field  
Gainst whom there singled from the other side  
A Paim knight that well in armes was skild,  
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,  
Hight Bruneheval the bold, who fiersly forth  
did ride

## XXIII

So furiously they both together met,  
That neither could the others force sustaine,  
As two herce Bulls, that strave the rule to get  
Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,  
That both rebutted tumble on the plaine  
So these two champions to the ground were  
feld,  
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,  
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,  
Which neither able were to wag, or once to  
weld

## XXIV

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,  
He prieked forth in ayd of Satyrane,  
And him against Sir Blandamour did ride  
With all the strength and stiffnesse that he can  
But the more strong and stiffly that he ran,  
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,  
That on an heape were tumbled horse and man  
Unto whose resene forth rode Pardell,  
But him likewise with that same speare he eke  
did quell

## XXV

Which Braggadoocchio seeing had no will  
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,  
Albee his turne were next, but stood there  
still,  
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd  
But Triamond, halfe wroth to see him staid,  
Sternly stept forth and rought away his speare,  
With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,  
That horse and man to ground he quite did  
beare,  
That neither could in hast themselves againe  
upreare

## XXVI

Which to avenge Sir Devon him did dight,  
But with no better fortune then the rest  
For him likewise he quickly downe did smight,  
And after him Sir Douglas him addrest,

And after him Sir Palmord forth prest  
But none of them aganst his strokes could  
stand,

But, all the more, the more his praise merest  
For either they were left uppon the land,  
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse  
hand

## XXVII

And now by thus Sir Satyrane abraid  
Out of the swoorne, in which too long he lay,  
And looking round about, like one dismayd,  
When as he saw the mercilesse affray  
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that  
day

Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,  
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,  
For very gall, that rather wholly deyd  
Himselfe he wisht have beene, then in so bad  
a stead.

## XXVIII

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around  
His weapons which lay scattered all abroad,  
And, as it fell, his steed he ready found,  
On whom remounting fiercely forth he rode,  
Like spurke of fire thrt from the audvile glode,  
There where he saw the valiant Triamond  
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,  
That none his force were able to withstand,  
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was  
his hond

## XXIX

With that, at him his beam-like speare he  
aimed,  
And thereto all his power and might upphde  
The wicked steele, for mischiefe first or-  
dained,

And having now misfortune got for guide  
Staid not till it arrived in his side,  
And therein made a very guesly wound,  
That streames of blood his armour all bedide  
Much was he daunted with that dreffull sound,  
That scarce he him upheld from falling in a  
s wound

## XXX

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew  
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine,  
Then gan the part of Challengers anew  
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,  
That none aganst them battell durst main-  
taine

By that the gloomy evening on them fell,  
That forced them from fighting to refraine,  
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell  
So Satyrane that day was judg'd to beare the  
bell.



As if but now the battell wexed warme  
 As when two greedy Wolves doe beake by force  
 Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,  
 They spoile and rayne without all remorse,  
 So did these two through all the held their  
 foes enforce.

XXXX

Thereely they followd on their bolde emprise,  
 Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest,  
 Then all with one consent did yeld the prize  
 To Triamond and Cambell as the best.  
 But Triamond to Cambell it relest,  
 And Cambell it to Triamond transferd,  
 Each labouring t' advance the others gest,  
 And make his praise before his owne preferd  
 So that the doome was to another day differd

XXXXI

Tho last day came, when all those knightes  
 aggreue  
 Assembled were their deedes of armes to shew  
 Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine  
 But Satyrane, bove all the other crew,  
 His wondrous worth declared in all mens view,  
 For from the first he to the last endured  
 And though some while Fortune from him  
 withdrew,  
 Yet evermore his honour he recured, [ured  
 And with unweared powre his party still as

XXXXII

Ne was there Knight that ever thought of  
 armes, [known,  
 But that his utmost prowesse there made  
 That, by their many wounds and carelesse  
 harmes, [strowen,  
 By shivered speares, and swords all under  
 By scattered shields, was easie to be shoven  
 There might yo see loose steeds at randon  
 ronne,  
 Whose lucklesse riders late were overthrowen,  
 And squires make hast to help their Lords  
 forlornie [wonne,  
 But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better

XXXXIII

Till that there entered on the other side  
 A stranger knight, from whence no man could  
 reall,  
 In anyent disguise, full hard to be descide  
 For all his armour was like salvage weed  
 With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed  
 With orken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit  
 For salvage wight, and thereto well agreed  
 His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,  
*Salvagesse sans finesse*, shewing secret wit.

XL

He, at his first incomming, charg'd his speare  
 At him that first appeared in his sight  
 That was to meet the stont Sir Sanghere,  
 Who well was knowne to be a valiant Knight,  
 Approved oft in many a persons fight  
 Him at the first encounter down he smote,  
 And overbore beyond his crouper knight,  
 And after him another Knight, that hote  
 Sir Brauor, so soie that none him hfe behote

XLI

Then, ere his hand he reard, he overthrew  
 Seven Knights, one after other as they came  
 And, when his speare was brnst, his sword he  
 drew,  
 The instrument of wrath, and with the same  
 Fnd like a Lyon in his bloodie game,  
 Hewing and slasnug shields and helmets  
 bright,  
 And beeting downe what ever nigh him came,  
 That every one gann shun his dreadfull sight,  
 No lesse then death it selfe, in dangerous af-  
 fright.

XLII

Much wondred all men what or whence he  
 came,  
 That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize,  
 And each of other ganne inquire his name  
 But when they could not learne it by no wize,  
 Most answerable to his wyld chymize  
 It seemed him to terme the Salvage Knight,  
 But ceries his right name was otherwise,  
 Though knowne to few, that Arthegall he light,  
 The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and  
 most of might.

XLIII

This was Sir Satyrane with all his band  
 By his sole manhood and relievement stont  
 Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,  
 But beaten were and chased all about.  
 So he continued all that day throughout,  
 Till evening that the Sunne gan downward  
 bend  
 Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout  
 A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend  
 So nought may be esteemed happie till the end

XLIV

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull  
 speare  
 At Arthegall, in midst of his pryde,  
 And therewith smote him on his Umbriero  
 So sore, that tomling brake he downe did  
 Over his horses taile above a stryde, [sly do  
 Whence htle lust he had to rise againe  
 Wheneh Cambell seeing much the same env y de,

And run at him with all his might and maine  
But she only was like a stone lying on the  
paine

XIX

When at full only with a Traumont,  
And cast away the shroud due to his  
friend

But he has found himself the sooner he found  
In no less a neede of helpe then him he wound  
All which when Brandimont saw and to end  
Hech, he woxe therr with a phisic sore,  
And thought in myn if it shortly to amend  
His speare he fured and at him it bore  
But with no better fortune then the first afore,

XXI

Full many others at him hit wise ran  
But all of them likewise dismounted were,  
No certes wonder, for no power of man  
Could bide the force of that enchanted speare  
The which this famous Britomart did bear,  
With which the wonderous deeds of arms  
achieved  
And overthrew what ever came her neare,  
That all those stranger knights full sore  
aggrieved,  
And that late wealer band of chalcynus re-

XXII

Take as in summer day, when right I set  
Dath burn the earth and begot my crestine,  
That all I rate her to for to remaine from it  
Due hunt for stork, where she could I they cry  
he,  
And many of it fure from the marsh to the,  
All travellers tormented are with paine  
A weary chold doth over a t the day  
An I p with forth a red a shoure of raine,  
That all the wretched world recomforten  
againe

XXIII

So did the warlike Britomart restore  
The price to knight- of Maye when that day,  
Which she was fite to have be a lost, and  
bon  
The price of prowess from them all an is  
Then shrilling troupe loudly ran to buy  
And bid them leave their liden and long  
bowl  
To joyous fest and other gentle play,  
Where beauteous price should win that price  
spoke  
Where I with sound of trompe will also see  
a while

## CANTO V

11. Let us see the chaste strife  
off to the Honor  
of our country con ming to Can. How  
Do he, she, the same sayd

I

It hath bene through all times ever scene  
That with the price of arms and chivalry  
The prize of beauty still hath joynd been,  
And that for reasons speciall private,  
I or either doth on oth much relye  
I or he me secures, not fit the fure to serve,  
That can her best defend from villanie  
And she most in his service doth deserve  
That fure, I is, and from her fure will never  
swere.

II

So fitly now here cometh next in place  
After the proofe of prowess could well  
The controuerse of beauties coveraine grace,  
In which, to her that doth the most excell,  
Shall fall the gualle of fure. I honor  
That many wish to win for glorie vaine  
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell

That I knowe hath shewn it selfe certayne  
Which I knowe ought to love, and seeke for to  
obtain

III

That I knowe gave the virtue of chaste love,  
And wischood true, to all that did it beare,  
I or who ever contrarie doth prove,  
Wight not the same about her middle weare,  
But it would leave or clea aunder teare,  
Whilome it was as I ames wont report)  
Dime Venus smile by her seemed deare  
What time she had to live in travely sort,  
But layd aside when so she used her looser sport

IV

Her husband Vulcan whilome for her sake  
When first he loved her with heart and nature  
This pretious ornament, they say, did make  
And wrought in I knowe with unquenched fire

And afterwards did for her loves first hire  
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,  
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,  
And loose affections straightly to restraine,  
Which vertue it for ever after did retaine

## V

The same one day, when she her selfe disposd  
To visite her beloved Paramoure,  
The God of warre, she from her middle loosd,  
And left behind her in her secret bowre  
On Acidalian mount, where many an howre  
She with the pleasant Graeces went to play  
There Flormell, in her first ages flowre,  
Was fostered by those Graeces, (as they say)  
And brought with her from thence that goodly  
belt away

## VI

That goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,  
And as her life by her esteemed deare  
No wonder then, if that to winne the same  
So many Ladies sought, as shall appeare,  
For pearlesse she was thought that did it  
beare.

And now by this their feast all being ended,  
The judges, which thereto selected were,  
Into the Martian field adowne descended  
To deeme this doubtful case, for which they  
all contended.

## VII

But first was question made, which of those  
Knights  
That lately turneyd had the wager wonne  
There was it judged, by those worthe wights,  
That Saturne the first day best had donne  
For he last ended, having first begonne  
The second was to Triamond belight,  
For that he sav'd the vietour from fordonne  
For Cambell vietour was in all mens sight,  
Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did  
light

## VIII

The third dayes prize unto that straunger  
Knight, [speare,  
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene  
To Britomart was given by good right,  
For that with puissant stroke she downe did  
beare  
The Salvage Knight that vietour was whileare  
And all the rest which had the best afore,  
And to the last unconquer'd did appeare,  
For last is deemed best To her therefore  
The fayrest Ladie was adjudgd for Paramoure

## IX

But thereat greatly grndgd Arthegall,  
And much repynd, that both of vietors meede

And eke of honour she did him foestall  
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede,  
But only thought of that despightfull deede  
Fit time t' avate avenged for to bee  
This being ended thus, and all agreed,  
Then next ensue'd the Paragon to see  
Of beauties praise, and yeld the fayrest her  
due fee

## X

Then first Cymbello brought into their view  
His faire Cambina, covered with a reale,  
Which, being once withdrawne, most perfect  
hew

And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,  
That able was weake harts away to sterle  
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight  
The face of his deare Canacee unheale,  
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so  
bright, [hight  
That daz'd the eyes of all as with exceeding

## XI

And after her did Paridell produce  
His false Duessa, that she might be scene,  
Who with her forged beautie did sednee  
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene,  
As diverse wits affected divers beene  
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew  
His Lueida, that was full faire and sheene  
And after these an hundred Ladies moe  
Appear'd in place, the which each other did  
outgoe

## XII

All which who so dare thinke for to enchree,  
Him needeth sure a golden pen, I weene,  
To tell the feature of each goodly face  
For, since the day that they created beene,  
So many heavenly faces were not scene  
Assembled in one place ne he that thought  
For Chian folke to pourtraiet beauties Queene,  
By view of all the fairest to him brought,  
So many fure did see as here he might have  
sought

## XIII

At last, the most redoubt Brtonesse  
Her lovely Amoret did open shew,  
Whose face, discovered, plainly did expresse  
The heavenly pourtraiet of bright Angels hew  
Well weened all, which her that time did view,  
That she should surely beare the bell away,  
Full Blandamour, who thought he had the trew  
And very Flormell, did her display,  
The sight of whom once scene did all the rest  
dismay

## XIV

For all afore that seemed fyre and bright,  
Now base and contemptible did appeare,

Compar'd to her that shone as Phebes light  
 Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleere  
 All that her saw with wonder ravisht were,  
 And weend no mortall creature she should be,  
 But some celestiaall shap that flesh did beare  
 Yet all were glad thea Florimell to see,  
 Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as  
 shee

XX

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill  
 With golden soyle doth finely over-spread  
 Some base metall, which command he will  
 Unto the vulgare for good gold tasted,  
 He much more goodly glose thereon doth shed  
 To hide his fal-hood, then if it were true  
 So hard this Idolo was to be ared,  
 That Florimell her selfe in all mens view  
 She seem'd to passe so forged things do fur-  
 est shew

XXI

Then was that golden belt by doome of all  
 Graunted to her, as to the fairest Dame.  
 Which being brought, about her middle small  
 They thought to gird, as best it her became,  
 But by no means they could it thereto frame,  
 For, ever as they fastned it, it loos'd  
 And fell away as feeling secret blame  
 Full oft about her wast she it ereclos'd,  
 And it was oft was from about her wast disclos'd

XXII

That all men wonderd at the uncomly sight  
 And each one thought as to their fancies came  
 But she her selfe did thinke it doer for-sight,  
 And touch'd was with secret wrath and shame  
 Therewith, as thing dev'd her to defame  
 Then many other Ladies likewise tride  
 About their tender loynes to knit the same,  
 But it would not on none of them abide,  
 But when they thought it fast, eftsóones it was  
 untide

XXIII

Which when that scornfull Squire of Dames  
 did view,  
 He lowly gan to laugh, and thus to jest,  
 'Alas' for pittie that so faire a cren,  
 As like can not be seene from East to West,  
 Cannot find one this girdle to invest  
 He on the man that did it first invent  
 To shame us all with this *Ungrt unblest*!  
 Let never Ladie to his love assent,  
 That hath this day so many so unmanly  
 shent

XXIV

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies  
 lowre  
 Till that at last the gentle Amoret

Lakewise assayd to prove that girdles powre,  
 And, having it about her middle set,  
 Did find it fit withouten breach or let.  
 Wherent the rest gan greatly to envie,  
 But Iormell exceedingly did fret,  
 And snatching from her hand halfo angrily  
 The belt againe, about her body gan it tie

XXV

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit,  
 Yet nathelasse to her, as her dew right,  
 It yielded was by them that judg'd it  
 And she her selfe adjudg'd to the Knight  
 That bore the libene speere, as wound in  
 light  
 But Britomart would not thereto assent,  
 Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light [derment  
 For that strange Dame, whose beauties won-  
 She lesse esteem'd then th' others vertuous  
 government.

XXVI

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,  
 They were full glad, in hope themselves to get  
 her  
 Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.  
 But, after that the judges did arret her  
 Unto the second best that lov'd her better,  
 That was the Salvage Knight but he was  
 gone,  
 In great displeasure that he could not get her,  
 Then was she judg'd Triamond his one,  
 But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other none.

XXVII

Tho unto Satyrane she was adjudg'd,  
 Who was right glad to game so goodly meed  
 But Blandamour theent full greatly grudg'd,  
 And hile pray'd his labours evill speed,  
 That for to winne the saddle lost the steed  
 Ne lesse therent did Purdell complaine,  
 And thought it appello from that which was  
 decreed

To single combat with Sir Satyrane  
 Thereto him Atte stird, new discord to main-  
 taine.

XXVIII

And eke, with these, full many other  
 Knights  
 She through her wicked working did incense  
 Her to demand and challenge as their rights,  
 Deserved for their perils recompense. [tease,  
 Amongst the rest, with boistfull name pre-  
 Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall  
 Her clow'd, by him in battell wonne long  
 sens  
 Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call,  
 Who, being askt, accordingly confessed all

XXIV

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyr an,  
 And wroth with Satyr an was Blandamour,  
 And wroth with Blandamour was Ervan,  
 And at them both Sir Paridell did loure  
 So all together stird up strifull stome,  
 And readie were new battell to darraigne  
 Each one profest to be her p<sup>r</sup>ima<sup>r</sup>ourne [tame,  
 And you'd with speare and sheld it to man-  
 ne Judges poure, ne reasons rule, mote them  
 restraene

XXV

Which troublous stirre when Satyrane aw'z'd,  
 He gan to cast how to appease the same,  
 And to accord them all this meanes devis'd  
 First in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,  
 To whom each one his chalenge should dis-  
 clame,  
 And he himselfe his right would eke releasse  
 Then, looke to whom she voluntarie came,  
 He should without disturbance her possesse  
 Sneeete is the love that comes alone with  
 willingnesse

XXVI

They all agreed and then that snowe Mayd  
 Was in the middest plast among them all,  
 All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and  
 prayd,  
 And to the Queene of beantie close did call,  
 Thirst she unto their portion might befall  
 Then, when she long had lookt upon each one,  
 As though she wished to haue pleas'd them all,  
 At last to Braggadochio selfe alone  
 She came of her accord, in spight of all his  
 fone

XXVII

Which when they all beheld they chaft, and  
 rag'd,  
 And wove nigh mad for very harts despight,  
 That from revenge their willes they scarce  
 asswag'd [might  
 Some thought from him her to have reft by  
 Some proffer made with him for her to fight  
 But he nought car'd for all that they could  
 say,  
 For he their words as wind esteemed light,  
 Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,  
 But secretly from thence that night her bore  
 away.

XXVIII

They which remaind, so soone as they per-  
 ceiv'd  
 That she was gone, departed thence with speed,  
 And follow'd them, in mind her to have  
 reav'd  
 From night unworthie of so noble meed.

In which poursuit how each one did succede,  
 Shall else be told in order, as it fell  
 But now of Britomart it here doth neede  
 The hard adventures and strange haps to tell,  
 Since with the rest she went not after Flori-  
 mell

XXIX

For soone as she them saw to discord set,  
 Her list no longer in that place abide,  
 But, taking with her lovely Amoret,  
 Upon her first adventure forth did ride,  
 To seeke her lov'd, making blind love her  
 guide  
 Unluckie Mayd, to seeke her enimie!  
 Unluckie Mayd, to seeke him faire and wide,  
 Whom, when he was unto her selfe most nie,  
 She through his late disguizement could him  
 not descrie!

XXX

So much the more her griefe, the more her  
 toyle  
 Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,  
 In seeking him that should her prime asoyle,  
 Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare  
 Was Amoret, companion of her care  
 Who likewise sought her lover long miswent,  
 The gentle Scindamour, whose heart wheleare  
 That stryfull lung with gealous discontent  
 Hadild, that he to fell reveng was fully bent

XXXI

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart  
 The crime which curs'd Atë kindled earst,  
 The which like thornes did picke his gealous  
 hart,  
 And through his soule like poysoned arrow peist,  
 That by no reason it might be reverst,  
 For ought that Glanee could or doe or say  
 Foi, aye the more that she the same reberst,  
 The more it gould and griev'd him night and  
 day, [defray  
 That nought but dire revenge his anger mote

XXXII

So as they travelled, the drouping night,  
 Covered with eloudie storme and bitter showre,  
 That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,  
 Upon them fell, before her timeli howre,  
 That forced them to seeke some covert boure,  
 Where they might hide their heads in quiet  
 rest, [stowre  
 And shroud their persons from that stormie  
 Not farre away, not meet for any guest,  
 They spide a little cottage, like some poore  
 mans nest



## Note for the XXXIII

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,  
 There where the mouldred earth had eav'd the  
 banke,  
 And first beside a little brooke did pas  
 Of muddie water, that like puddle stauke.  
 By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke  
 Whereto approaching nigh they heird the  
 sound  
 Of many yron hummers beating ranke,  
 And answering their wearie tannes around,  
 That seemed some blacksmith duelt in that  
 desert ground

## XXXX

There entring in, they found the Goodman  
 selfe  
 Full busily unto his worke bent,  
 Who was to meet a wretched wench else,  
 With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes for-  
 spent,  
 As if he had in prison long bene pent  
 Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,  
 Besneard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight  
 blent,  
 With ragged beard and hoare shagged heare,  
 The which he never wout to combe, or comely  
 sheare

## XXXX

Rule was his garment, and to rags all rent,  
 Ne better had he, ne for better cased  
 With blakstred hands amongst the cinders  
 brent,  
 And fingers filthe with long nayles unpared,  
 Right sit to rend the food on which he fared  
 His name was Care, a blacksmith by his trade,  
 That neither day nor night from working  
 spaired,  
 But to small purpose yron wedges made,  
 Those be iniquet thoughts that careful minds  
 invade.

## XXXXI

In which his worke he had sixe servants  
 prest,  
 About the Andvile standing evermore  
 With huge great hammers, that did never  
 rest  
 From heaving strokes which thereon sound  
 All sixe strong groomes, but one then other  
 more,  
 For by degrees they all were disagreed,  
 So likewise did the hammers which they  
 bore,  
 Like belles in gretnesse orderly succeed,  
 That he which was the last the first did farre  
 exceede

## XXXVII

He like a monstrous Gyaunt seem'd in sight,  
 Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,  
 The which in Iapari doe day and night  
 Frame thunderbolts for Joves avengedfull  
 thrate  
 So dreddfully he did the andvile beat,  
 That seem'd to dust he shortly woud it drive  
 So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat.  
 That seem'd a rocke of Diamond it could rive  
 And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list  
 strive

## XXXXIII

Sir Seundamour there entring much admired  
 The manner of their worke and wearie paine,  
 And, having long beheld, at first enquired  
 The cause and end thereof, but all in vaine,  
 For they for nought woud from their worke  
 refrain,  
 Na let his speeches come unto their eare  
 And eke the brathfull bellows blew a raine,  
 Like to the Northern winde, that none could  
 heare [bellows weare,  
 Those Pensifensesse did move, and sighes the

## XXXXIV

Which when that warriour saw, he said to  
 more,  
 But in his armour layd him down to rest  
 To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,  
 (Whylome for ventrous Knights the bedding  
 best)  
 And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest,  
 And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire  
 Her feeble joynts layd eke adowne to rest,  
 That needed much her worke age to desire,  
 After so long a travell which them both  
 tire

## XL

There lay Sir Seundamour long while expecting  
 When gentle sleepe his heave eyes woud  
 close,  
 Oft churning sides and oft new place electing  
 Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose,  
 And oft in wrath he thence againe up-ro-  
 And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe  
 but wheresoevr he did himselfe dispose,  
 He br no meane could wished ease obtaine  
 So every place seem'd painefull, and eke  
 chaunging vaine.

## XLI

And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke  
 The hammers sound his senses did molest,  
 And evermore, when he began to wake,  
 The bellows noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,

Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest  
And all the night the dogs did barke and  
howle  
About the house, at sent of stranger guest  
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle  
Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very sowle.

## XLII

And, if by fortune any litle nap  
Upon his heauie eye-lids chaunst to fall,  
Liftsoones one of those velleins him did rap  
Upon his headpeece with his yron mall,  
That he was soone awaked therewithall,  
And lightly started up as one affrayd,  
Or as if one him suddenly did call  
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,  
And then lay musing long on that him illapayd

## XLIII

So long he mized, and so long he lay,  
That at the last his wearie sprite, opprest  
With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may  
Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,  
That all his senses did full soone arrest.  
Yet in his soundest sleepe his dayly feare  
His ydle braine gan busily molest,  
And made him dreame those two disloyall were  
The things, that day most munde, at night doe  
most appeare

## XLIV

With that the wicked carle, the maister Smith,  
A paire of red-whot yron tongs did take

Out of the burning cinders, and therewith  
Under his side him nipt, that, forst to wake,  
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,  
And started up avenged for to be  
On him the which his quiet slomber brake-  
Yet, looking round about him, none could see,  
Yet did the smart rename, though he himselfe  
did flee.

## XLV

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne  
He all that night, that too long night, did passe  
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne  
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,  
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse  
Then up he rose, like heauie lumpe of lead,  
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,  
The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,  
As I ghesse the man to be dismayd with  
gellous dread.

## XLVI

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,  
And forth upon his former outrage fared,  
And with him eke that aged Squire attone,  
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,  
Both equall paines and equall perill shared,  
The end whereof and daungerous event  
Shall for another canticle be spared  
But here my wearie teeme, nigh ouer spent,  
Shall breath it selfe awhile after so long  
a went,

## CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall  
Doe fight with Britomart  
He sees her face, doth fall in love,  
And soone from her depart

## I

What equal torment to the griefe of mind  
And pynning anguish had in gentle hart,  
That only feeds it selfe with thoughts unkind,  
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?  
What medicine can any Leaches art  
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grieuance lude,  
And will to none her maladie impart?  
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride,  
For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a salve pro-  
vide

## II

Who having left that restlesse house of Care,  
The next day, as he on his way did ride,  
Full of melancholie and sad misfere  
Through misconcept, all unawares espide

An armed Knight under a forrest side  
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede,  
Who, soone as them approaching he descried,  
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speeche,  
That seem'd he was full bent to some mis-  
chievous deede.

## III

Which Scudamour perceiving forth issewed  
To have rencountred him in equall race,  
But soone as th' other nigh approaching viewed  
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase  
And voided his course at which so suddain erse  
He woudred much. But th' other thus cau say  
'Ah, gentle Scudamour! unto your grace  
I mo submit, and you of pardon pray,  
That almost had against you trespassed thus

ix

Whereto thus Scudamour. 'Small harme it were

For any knight upon a ventrous knight  
Without displeaunce for to prove his speere.  
But readye on, Sir, sith ye my name have light,  
What is your owne, that I mote you requite?  
'Certes,' (sayd he) 'ye mote as now excuse  
Me from discovering on my name aright,  
For time yet serves that I the same refuse,  
But call ye me the Salvage knight, as others  
use'

x

'Then this, Sir Salvage Knight,' (quoth he) 'arcede

Or doe you here within this Forrest none,  
That seemeth well to answere to your weede,  
Or have ye it for some occasion donnee?  
That rather seems, with knowne armes ye  
shonne'

'This other day' (sayd he) 'a stranger knight  
Shame and dishonour hath unto me donnee,  
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,  
When ever he this way shall passe by day or  
night.'

xi

'Shrime be his meede,' (quoth he) 'that  
meaneth shame!

But what is he by whom ye shamed were?  
'A stranger knight,' sayd he, 'unknowne by  
name

But knowne by fame, and by an Hebrone speere,  
With which he all that met him downe did  
beere.

He, in an open Turney lately held,  
From me the honour of that game did reare,  
And having me, all wearie er-to, downe feld,  
The fayrest Ladie rest, and ever since withheld'

xii

When Scudamour heard mention of that  
speare,

He wist right well that it was Britomart,  
The which from him his fairest love did beere  
Tho gan he swell in every inner part  
For fell despight, and gnaw his zealous hart,  
That thus he sharply sayd 'Now, by my  
head,

Yet is not this the first unknownly part,  
Which that same knight, whom by his lancee  
I read,

Hath doen to noble knights, that many make-

xiii

'For lately he my love hath from me rest,  
And eke denied with foule villaine

The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,  
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie,  
The which ere long full deare he shall alie  
And if to that avenge by you decreed  
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,  
It shall not faille when so ye shall it need'  
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart  
agree!

xiv

Whiles thus they communed, lo' farre away  
A Knight soft riding towards them they spyde,  
Attire in foraine armes and strange array  
Whom, when they nigh approacht, they plaine  
descrie

To be the same for whom they had abyde  
Sayd then Sir Scudamour 'Sir Salvage  
knight,

Let me this crave, with first I was desyde  
That first I may that wrong to him requite,  
And, if I hap to fyle, you shall recure my  
right

xv

Which being yielded, he his threatfull speare  
Gan senter, and agunst her fiercely run  
Who soone as she him saw approaching neare  
With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan  
To fight, to welcome him well as she can  
But entertained him in so rude a waye,  
That to the ground she smote both horse and  
man

Whence neither greatly lasted to rise,  
But on their common harmes together did  
devise

xvi

But Artegall beholding his mischaunce,  
New matter added to his former fire,  
And, eft adventing his Steele-headed lance,  
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,  
That nought but spyle and vengeance did  
require

But to himselfe his felonious intent  
Returning disappointed his desire,  
Whiles unwares his saddle he forwent,  
And found himselfe on ground in great amaze-  
ment

xvii

Lightly he started up out of that stound  
And snatching forth his dreffull deathly blade  
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound  
Thrust to an Hynd within some covert glade,  
Whom without perill he cannot invade  
With such fell greedines he her assailed,  
That though she mounted were, yet he her  
maile

So gave him ground, (so much his force  
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no  
armes availed

## XIII

So, as they coursed here and there, it chaunst  
That, in her wheeling round, behind her crest  
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaiust  
Adowne her backe, the which it firely blest  
From soule mischancee, he did it ever rest,  
Till on her horses hunder paras it fell,  
Where by tynge deepe so deadly it imprest,  
That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,  
And to aught on foote her algates did compell

## XIV

Lake as the lightning brand from raven shire,  
Throwne out by angry Iove in his vengeance,  
With dreadfull force falles on some stepple line,  
Which battering downe, it on the church doth  
glance,  
And tenres it all with terrible mischancee  
Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forooke,  
And, casting from her that enchanted linnee,  
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke,  
And therewithall at him right furiously she  
strooke.

## XV

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,  
Whiles with long sight on foot he breathlesse  
was,  
That she him forced backward to retreat,  
And yeld unto her weapon way to pas  
Who-e raging rigour neither Steele nor bras  
Could stav, but to the tender flesh it went,  
And pourd the purple blond forth on the  
gras,  
That all his mayle rayd, and plates yrent,  
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent

## XVI

At length, when as he saw her hastie heat  
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,  
He, through long sufferance growing now  
more great,  
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assaile,  
Heapng huge strokes as thicke as shoure of  
hail,  
And lashing dreadfully at every part,  
As if he thought her soule to disemyle  
Ah, cruell hand! and thirce more cruell hart,  
That workt such wrecke on her to whom thou  
dearest art!

## XVII

What iron courage ever could endure  
To worke such outrages on so faire a creature,  
And in his madness thinke with hands im-  
pure  
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,

The maker selfe resembling in her feature!  
Certes some hellish furie or some feend  
This mischefe framd for their first loves de-  
feature,  
To both their hands in blond of dearest freend,  
Therely to make their loves beginning their  
lives end

## XVIII

Thus long they trae'd and traverst to and fro,  
Sometymes pursewing, and sometimes pursued,  
Still as advantage they espyde threfo  
But toward th' end Sir Arthegall renewed  
His strength still more, but she still more  
decrewd  
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on lie,  
Having his forces all in one neerewd,  
And threewith stroke at her so hideouslie,  
That setmed nought but death mote be her  
destime

## XIX

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,  
And with the force, whiche in it selfe it bore,  
Her ventayle shard awny, and thence forth  
glaiust  
Adowne in vaine, he harm'd her any more  
With that her angels free misene nfore,  
Lake to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,  
Deawed with silver drops through sweating  
sore,  
But somewhat redder then be-seem'd aright,  
Through toyle some heate and labour of her  
weary fight.

## XX

And round about the same her yellow heare,  
Having through stirring loosd their wonted  
band,  
Lake to a golden horder did appeare,  
Flamed in goldsmithes toige with enning  
hand  
Yet goldsmithes enning could not understand  
To frame such subtilitie, so shure cleere,  
For it did glister like the golden sand,  
Like which Pactolus with his waters there  
Throwes forth upon the ravenge round about him  
nere

## XXI

And as his hand he up ngame did reare,  
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wra'te,  
His powreslesse arme, benumbd with secret  
fear,  
From his ragefull purpose shronke abacke,  
And cruell sword out of his fingers slucke  
Iell downe to ground, as if the Steele had  
sence,  
And felt some ruth or sence his hand did lacke,  
Or both of them did thinke obedience  
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence

## XXII

And he himselfe long gazing thereupon.  
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,  
And of his wonder made religion,  
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see  
Or else unweeting what it else might bee,  
And pardon her besought his errour fraye  
That had done outrage in so high degree  
Whilst trembling horror did his sense assaile  
And made ech member quake, and manly hart  
to quayle

## XXIII

Nathelasse she, full of wrath for that late  
stroke,  
All that long while upheld her wrathfull haud  
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke,  
And looking sterne, still over him did stand,  
Threatning to strike unless he would with-  
stand  
And bad him rise or surely he should die  
But, die or live for nought he would upstand,  
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie  
Or wreake on him her will for so great injurie

## XXIV

Which when as Scudamour who now a-  
brayd,  
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside  
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd  
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine de-  
cried  
That peerlesse paterne of Dame Natures pride  
And heavenly image of perfection,  
He blest himselfe as one more terride  
And, turning feare to fount devotion,  
Did worship her as some celestiaall vision

## XXV

But Glauce, seeing all that chaunced there,  
Well weeting how their errour to assayle,  
Full glad of so good end to them drew nere,  
And her sawld with seemely bel-accyle,  
Joyous to see her safe after long toyle.  
Then her besought as she to her was deare,  
To grant unto those warriors truce a while,  
Which yelded, they their bevrs up did reare  
And shewd themselves to her such as indeed  
they were.

## XXVI

When Britomart with sharpe avizell eye  
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall  
Tempr'd with sternesse and stout mayestie  
She gan estoones it to her mind to call  
To be the same which in her fathers hall  
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw  
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,

And haugbue spirits meekely to adaw,  
That her enhanced hand she downe can soft  
withdrow

## XXVII

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,  
As saving choler which was turn'd to cold  
But ever when his yre she beheld  
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold  
The wrathfull weipon gainst his countenance  
bold

But, when in raine to fight she oft assayd,  
She arm'd her tongue and thought at him to  
scold,

Nathelass her tongue not to her will obeyd  
But brought forth speeches mild when she  
would have mis-sayd

## XXVIII

But Scudamour, now woxen mly glad  
That all his gerious feare he safe had found.  
And how that Hag his love abus'd had  
With breach of faith and loyaltie unbound  
The which long time his grieved hart did  
wound

Him thus bespake 'Certes, Sir Artegall,  
I joy to see you out so low on ground,  
And now become to live a Ladies thrall  
That whelme in your minde wont to despise  
them all'

## XXIX

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall  
Her hart did leape and all her hart-strings  
tremble,

For sudden joy and secret feare withall  
And all her vitall powres with motion numble  
To succour it, themselves gan there resemble,  
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood  
Right piteus appeard, though she it would dis-  
semble,

And farned still her former angry mood,  
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the  
flood.

## XXX

When Glauce thus gan wisely all upkint  
The gentle knights, whom fortune here hath  
To be spectators of this uncomly fit. [brought  
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought  
Against the course of kind we unrevale nought,  
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hether too  
Hath troubled both your munes with idle  
thought

Fearing lest she your loves way should woo  
Feared in vaine, such meaneas ye see, there  
wants theretoo.

## XXXI

'And you Sir Artegall the salvage knight,  
Henceforth may not disdaine that womans hand

Hath conquered you anew in second fight  
For whilome they have conquered sea and land,  
And heaven it selfe, that nought may them  
withstand

Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,  
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band  
Of noble minis derived from above, [more  
Which, being knit with vertue, never will re-

XXXXII

'And you, faire Ladie knight, my dearest  
Dame,

Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,  
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame,  
And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,  
Grantt him your grace, but so that he fulfill  
The penance which ye shall to him impart  
For lovers heaven must prisse by sorrowes hell'  
Thereit full mly blushed Britomart,  
But Artegall close smyling joyd in secret hart

XXXXIII

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,  
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw  
From one to other so quite contrary  
Besides her modest countenance he saw  
So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,  
That it his ringing sence did reframe,  
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds with-  
draw, [faire,  
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and  
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand  
would reframe.

XXXXIV

But Seudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull  
feare

And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,  
Desiring of his Amoret to heare  
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,  
Her thus bespake 'But, Sir, without offence  
Mote I request you tydings of my love,  
My Amoret, sith you her freed from thence  
Whereshe, captived long, great woes did prove,  
That where ye left I may her seeke, as doth  
behove.'

XXXXV

To whom thus Britomart 'Certes, Sir knight,  
What is of her become, or whether rest,  
I can not unto you arend a right  
For from that time I from enchaunters theft  
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,  
I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,  
And evermore from villenie her kept  
Ne ever was there wight to me more deare  
Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did  
beare

XXXXVI

'Till on a day, as through a desert wyld  
We travelled, both wearie of the way  
We did alight, and 'ste in shadow myld,  
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay  
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,  
I found her not where I her left whylere,  
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray  
I cald her lond, I sought her farre and neare,  
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her  
heire'

XXXXVII

When Seudamour those heavie tydings heard,  
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,  
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard,  
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare  
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth  
beere, [mayd  
Till Glance thus 'Faire Sir, be nought dis-  
With needlesse deail, till certantie ye heere,  
For yet she may be safe though somewhat  
strayd [affrayd'  
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst

XXXXVIII

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech  
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight  
Shew'd change of better cheare so sore a  
breach  
That sudden newes had made into his spright,  
Till Britomart him fairely thus belight  
'Great cause of sorrow certes, Sir, ye have,  
But comfort take, for, by this heavens light,  
I row you dead or living not to leave, [reave'  
Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her

XXXXIX

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was  
So, peere being confirm'd amongst them all,  
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence  
did pas  
Unto some resting place, which mote befall,  
All being guided by Sir Artegall  
Where goodly solace was unto them made,  
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,  
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,  
And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad

XL

In all which time Sir Artegall made way  
Unto the love of noble Britomart,  
And with meeke service and much suit did lay  
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart, [dart,  
Which, being whylome launche with lovely  
More eath was new impression to receive,  
How ever she her paynd with womanish art  
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue  
Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceiue

## XVI

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought  
her,  
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,  
That at the length unto her he brought her,  
So as she to his speeches was content  
To lend an eare, and softly to relent [pou'd,  
At last, through many vowes which forth he  
And many othes, she yielded her consent  
To be his love, and take him for her Lord,  
Till they with marriage meet might finish that  
accord

## XVII

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,  
Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound  
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,  
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,  
To follow that which he did long propound,  
And unto her his eongee came to take,  
But her therewith full sore displeased he found,  
And loth to leave her late betrothed make,  
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake

## XVIII

Yet he with strong perswasions her assuaged,  
And wonne her will to suffer him depart,  
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,  
And thousand vowes from bottom of his hart,  
That, all so soone as he by wit or art  
Could that achieve whereeto he did aspire,  
He unto her would speedily revert  
No longer space thereto he did desire, [expire,  
But till the horned moone three courses did

## XLIV

With which she for the present was appeased,  
And yielded leave, how ever malcontent  
She my were and in her mind displeased  
So, early in the morrow next, he went

Forth on his way to which he was ybent,  
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,  
As whylome was the custome ancient [ride,  
Mongst knights when on adventures they did  
Save that she algates him a while accompanide

## XIV

And by the way she sundry purpose found  
Of this or that, the time for to delay,  
And of the perils whereto he was bound,  
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray,  
But all she did was but to weare out day  
I will oftentimes she leave of him did take,  
And oft againe devis'd some what to say,  
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make,  
So loth she was his companie for to forsake

## XVI

At last, when all her speeches she had spent,  
And new occas on fayld her more to find,  
She left him to his fortunes government,  
And brake returned with right heavie mind  
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind  
With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,  
Her second care, though in another kind  
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget  
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her  
did set

## XVII

Backe to that desert Forrest they rettyred,  
Where some Britomart had lost her late,  
There they her sought, till every where in-  
quired  
Where they might tydings get of her estate,  
Yet found they none But by what haplesse fate  
Or hard misfortune she was thence convey'd,  
And stolne away from her beloved mate,  
Were long to tell, therefore, I here will stay  
Untill another tyde that I it finish may

## CANTO VII

Amoret rapt by greedie lust  
Belphebe saves from dread  
The Squire her loves, and, being blam'd,  
His dayes in dole doth lead

## I

GRAT God of love, that with thy cruell darts  
Dost conquer greatest conquerors on ground,  
And setst thy kingdom in the captive harts  
Of Kings and Keasars to thy service bound,  
What glorie, or what guerdon hast thou found  
In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore,  
And adding anguish to the bitter wound

With which their lives thou lanchdest long  
afore,  
By heaping stormes of tronble on them daily [more]

## II

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell,  
And so and so to noble Britomart  
So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,  
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart

Thou marty rest with sorow and with smart,  
In salvage forrests and in deserts wide  
With Beares and Tygers taking heauie part,  
Withouten comfort and withouten guide,  
That pittie is to heare the penils which she tride

## III

So soone as she with that brave Britonesse  
Had left that Turneyment for beaunties prise,  
They trav'el'd long, that now for wearinesse,  
Both of the way and warlike exercise,  
Both through a forest yding did devise  
T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile  
There heauie sleepe the eye-hids did surprise  
Of Britomart, after long tedious toyle,  
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle

## IV

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,  
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or for  
need,  
When suddenly behind her backe she heard  
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,  
That, ere she backe could turne to taken heed,  
Had unawares her snatched up from ground  
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed  
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,  
There where through weary travel she lay  
sleeping sound

## V

It was to weete a wilde and salvage man,  
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,  
And eke in stature higher by a span,  
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape  
An hardy hart, and his wide mouth did gape  
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore  
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape  
Of men and beasts, and fed on fleshly gore,  
The signe whereof yet staid his bloody lips  
afore

## VI

His neather hp was not like man nor beast,  
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,  
In which he wont the reliekes of his feast  
And ernell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow  
And over it his huge great nose did grow,  
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood,  
And downe both sides two wide long eares  
did glow,  
And raight downe to his waste when up he  
More grent then th' eares of Elephants by  
Indus flood

## VII

His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene  
Engirt about, ne other garment wore,  
For all his haire was like a garment secue,  
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,

Whose knothe snags were sharpned all afore,  
And beath'd in fire for Steele to be in sted  
But whence he was, or of what wombe y bore,  
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red,  
But certes was with milke of Wolves and  
Tygres fed.

## VIII

This ugly creature in his armes her snateht,  
And through the Forrest bore her quite away,  
With briers and bushes all to-rent and serrteht,  
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray, [day  
Which many a knight had sought so many a  
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing  
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,  
Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,  
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne  
nought fearing

## IX

For she, deare Ladie, all the way was dead,  
Whilst he in armes her bore but, when she  
felt  
Her selfe downe sonst, she waked out of dread  
Straight into griefe that her deare hart nigh  
And est gan into tender teares to melt [swelt,  
Then, when she lookt about, and nothing found  
But darknesse and dredd horror where she  
She almost fell againe into a swound, [dwelt,  
Ne wist whether above she were or under  
ground.

## X

With that she heard some one close by herside  
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine  
Her tender hart in peeces would divide  
Which she long listning, softly askt againe  
What nuster wight it was that so did plaine?  
To whom thus answer'd was 'Ah, wretched  
wight'  
That seekes to know anothers griefe in vaine,  
Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight  
Selfe to forget to mind another is over-sight'

## XI

'Aye me!' (said she) 'where am I, or with  
whom?  
Emong the living, or emong the dead?  
What shall of me, unhappy maid, become?  
Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse,  
aread?'  
'Unhappy mayd' (then answer'd she), 'whose  
dread  
Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try  
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,  
Both grace and gaue, but he in hell doth lie,  
That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot  
die



## XII

'This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,  
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,  
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade  
The heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive,  
For on the spoile of women he doth live,  
Whose bodies chaste, when ever in his powre  
He may them catche unable to grimestrive,  
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,  
And afterwarde themselves doth cruell de-  
voure

## XIII

'Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of  
men [sheene  
Divide their works, have past through heven  
Since I was brought into this dolefull den,  
During which space these sory eyes have seen  
Seven women by him slaine, and eaten cleane  
And now no more for him but I alone,  
And this old woman, here remaining beene,  
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone  
Am I of us three to morrow he will sure ente-  
one'

## XIV

'Ah, dreadfull tidings which thou doest de-  
clare,'  
(Quoth she) 'of all that ever hath bene knowen'  
Full many greivous calamities and rare  
Thus feeble brest endured hath, but none  
Equall to this, where ever I have gone  
But what are you, whom like unlikely lot  
Hath linct with me in the same chaine attone?'  
'To tell' (quoth she) 'that what ye see, needs  
not, [got!  
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man for-

## XV

'But what I was it urkes me to rehearse,  
Daughter unto a Lord of high degree,  
That joyd in happy peace, till fates perverse  
With guilefull love did secretly agree  
To overthrow my state and dignitie  
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,  
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree,  
Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did fame,  
By any Ladies side for Lemni to have lame,

## XVI

'But for his meannesse and disparagement,  
My Sire, who me too dearely well did love,  
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,  
But often did my folly fowle reprove  
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,  
But, whether willed or nilled friend or foe,  
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove,  
And, rather then my love abandon so,  
Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo

## XVII

'Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to  
worke  
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight  
To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,  
Till I thiereto had all things revly dight  
So on a day unwitting unto wright,  
I with that Squire agree'd away to flit  
And in a privy place betwixt us light,  
Within a grove appoynted him to meete,  
To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete

## XVIII

'But ah! unhappy houre me thither brought,  
For in that place where I him thought to find,  
There was I found, contrary to my thought,  
Of this accursed tribe of helish kind  
The shame of men, and plague of womankind  
Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,  
He hether brought with him as swift as wind,  
Where yet untouched till this present day,  
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Amytha'

## XIX

'Ah, sad Amytha!' (then said Amoret)  
'Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne  
But read to me, by what device or wit  
Hast thou in all this time, from him unknowne,  
Thine honor sav'd, though into thralldome  
throwne? [man here  
'Through helpe' (quoth she) 'of this old wo-  
I have so done, as she to me hath shewne,  
For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,  
She in my ster'd supplide his bestiall desire'

## XX

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,  
And each did other much bewaile and mone,  
Loel where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes  
source,  
Came to the cave, and rolling thence the stone,  
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that  
none  
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,  
And, spreading over all the flore alone,  
Gan dight him selfe unto his wonted sinne,  
Which ended, then his bloody braket should  
beginne.

## XXI

Which when as fearefull Amoret perceived,  
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,  
But, like a ghastly Gell whose wits are reaved,  
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcrye,  
For horrour of his shamefull villany  
But after her full lightly he uprose,  
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie

Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,  
Ne feesles the thornes and thickets priekes her  
tender toes.

## XXII

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hull, nor dale she  
staies,  
But overleapes them all, like Robueke hight,  
And through the thickest makes her highest  
waies,  
And evermoie, when with regardfull sight  
She looking backe espies that gresly wight  
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,  
And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight  
More swift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,  
Or any of the Thraean Nymphes in salvage  
chase

## XXIII

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long,  
Ne iuryng aide for her on earth appeares,  
But-if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,  
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares  
It fortun'd Belphebe with her pearces,  
The woody Nymphs, and with that lovely boy,  
Was hunting then the Libbards and the Beares  
In these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,  
To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes  
annoy

## XXIV

It so befell, as oft it fals in chase,  
That each of them from other sundred were,  
And that same gentle Squire arriv'd in place  
Where this same cur'd caytive did appeare  
Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare  
And now he her quite overtaken had,  
And now he her away with him did beare  
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,  
That by his grening laughter mote farre off  
be rad.

## XXV

Which dreary sight the gentle Squire espyng  
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,  
Led with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,  
And him assailes with all the might he may,  
Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,  
But with his craggy club in his right hand  
Defends him selfe, and saves his gotten pray  
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,  
But that he was full light and nimble on the  
land.

## XXVI

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight,  
For, ever when the Squire his javelin shooke,  
He held the Lady forth before him right,  
And with her body, as a buckler, broke  
The puiissance of his intended stroke  
And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)  
Whilst he on him was greedy to be wroke,

That any litle blow on her did light,  
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great  
delight

## XXVII

Which subtilsleight did him enumber much,  
And made him oft, when he would strike,  
forbeere,  
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,  
But that he her must hunt, or hazard neare  
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,  
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,  
And therein left the pike-head of his speare  
A streame of coleblaekie blood thence gush  
[bestaine  
That all her silken garments did with blood

## XXVIII

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,  
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,  
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,  
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save  
Yet he therewith so fell, still did rave,  
That scarce the Squire his hand could once up-  
reare,  
But for advantage ground unto him gave,  
Traeing and traversing, now here, now there,  
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes  
to beare

## XXIX

Whilst thus in battell they embusied were,  
Belphebe, raunging in that Forrest wide,  
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did  
heare,  
And drew thereto, making her eere her guide  
Whom when that theese approaching nigh es-  
pide  
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,  
He by his former combate would not bide,  
But fled away with ghastly dremment,  
Well knowing her to be his deathis sole instru-  
ment

## XXX

Whom seeing flie she speedily ponssewed  
With winged feete as nimble as the winde,  
And ever in her bow she ready shewed  
The arrow to his deadly marke desynde  
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,  
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,  
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde  
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,  
That all the gods did mone her miserable case

## XXXI

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,  
That, ere unto his helshish den he raught,  
Even as he ready was there to have entred,  
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,

That in the very dore him overcaught,  
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrid  
His greedy throte, therewith in two dis-  
traught,  
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,  
And all his hary brest with gory bloud was  
fild.

## XXXII

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to  
rowle,  
She ran in hast his life to have bereft.  
But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle  
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left  
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and  
theft

Yet over him she there long grazing stood,  
And oft admird his monstrous shape, and oft  
His mighty limbs, whilst all with filthy bloud  
The place there overflowne seemd like a so-  
daine flood.

## XXXIII

Thence forth she past into his dreadfull den  
Where nought but darkesome dremnesse she  
found,

Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then  
Some litle whispering and soft groning sound,  
With that she askt, what ghosts there under  
ground

Lay hid in horror of eternall night?  
And bad them, if so be they were not bound  
To come and shew themselves before the light,  
Now freed from feare and danger of that dis-  
mall wight

## XXXIV

Then forth the sad Emvlia issued, [feare  
Yet trembling every joint through former  
And after her the Hag, there with her mewd,  
A foule and tofosome creature, did appeare,  
A leman fit for such a lover deare  
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,  
Then for to rue the others heavy cheyre,  
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate,  
Who all to her at large, as hapned did relate

## XXXV

Thence she them brought toward the place  
where late  
She left the gentle Squire with Amoret  
There she him found by that new lovely mate,  
Who lay the whiles in swoone full sadly set,  
From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet  
Which soft stild and kissing them atwene  
And handling soft the hurt which she did get,  
For of that Carle she sorely braz'd had beene,  
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to  
be secue

## XXXVI

Which when she saw with sadne glancing  
eye  
Her noble heart with sight thereof was fild  
With deepe disdain and great indignity,  
That in her wrath she thought them both have  
thrid  
With that selfe arrow which the Carle had killd,  
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance  
sore  
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld.  
'Is this the tarth?' she said—and said no more.  
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

## XXXVII

He seeing her depart arose up light,  
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe  
And follow'd fast but, when he came in sight.  
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe  
For drede of her displeasures utmost proofe  
And evermore when he did grace entreat,  
And framed speeches fit for his bechoofe,  
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat  
And forst him backe with foule dishonor to  
retreat

## XXXVIII

At last when long he follow'd had in vaine  
Yet found no ease of grieve nor hope of grace,  
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,  
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case  
And, finding there fit solitary place  
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,  
Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens face  
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade  
And sad melancholy there he his cabin made

## XXXIX

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke  
And threw away, with vow to use no more,  
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,  
Ne ever word to speake to woman more,  
But in that wilderness of men forlore,  
And of the wicked world forgotten ought,  
His hard mi-hap in dolor to deplore,  
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight  
So on him selfe to wreake his folies owne dis-  
spight

## XL

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,  
He wilfully did cut and shape anew, [sweet  
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment  
To be embalm'd, and sweet out dainty dew  
He let to grow and grieve to conerew,  
Uncomb'd, uncur'd and careless unshed,  
That in short time his face they overgrew  
And over all his shoulders did dispreed [r  
That who he whilome was unceath was to l

## XLI

There he continued in this carefull plight,  
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,  
Through wilfull penny consumed night,  
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares.  
For other food then that wilde forrest beares,  
Ne other drinke there did he ever tast  
Then running water tempred with his teares,  
The more his weakened body so to wast,  
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne  
at last.

## XLII

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,  
His owne deare Lord Prince Arthure came  
that way,  
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell,  
And, as he through the wandring wood did  
Having espid this Cabin far away, [stray,  
He to it drev, to weet who there did wonne,  
Weening therein some holy Hermit lav,  
That did resort of sinfull people shonne,  
Or else some woodman shrowded there from  
scorching sunne

## XLIII

Arriving there he found this wretched man  
Spending his daies in dolour and despair,  
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,  
All overgrown with rude and rugged haire,  
That albeit his owne dear Squire he were,  
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all,  
But like strange wight, whom he had scene no  
where,  
Saluting him gan into speech to fall,  
And pittie much his plight, that liv'd like out-  
cast thrall

## XLIV

But to his speech he answered no whit,  
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,  
Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,  
As one with griefe and anguishe overcum,

And unto every thing did answer mume  
And ever, when the Prince unto him spake,  
He louted lowly, as if him becum,  
And humble homage did unto him make,  
Midst sorrow shewing joyous semblance for his  
sake

## XLV

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint  
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not  
ghesse  
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint,  
Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse  
Which close appeared in that rude brutishnesse,  
That he whilomesome gentleswaine had beene,  
Traind up in feats of armes and knightnesse,  
Which he observ'd, by that he him had scene  
To weld his naked sword, and try the edges  
keene.

## XLVI

And eke by that he saw on every tree,  
How he the name of one engraven hail  
Which likly was his hefest love to be,  
From whom he now so sorely was bestad,  
Which was by him Belphebe rightly rad  
Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist,  
Yet saw he often how he wexed glad  
When he it herd, and how the ground he list  
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he  
blisht

## XLVII

Tho, when he long had marked his demennor,  
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,  
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted  
tenor,  
Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,  
He left him there in languor to remaine,  
Till time for him should remedy provide,  
And him restore to former grace againe  
Which, for it is too long here to abule,  
I will deferre the end untill another tide

## CANTO VIII

The gentle Squire recovers grace,  
Solaunder her guests doth staune  
Corliambo chaseth Placidus,  
And is by Arthure slaine

## I

WELL said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this  
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late,  
That the displeasure of the mighty is  
Then death it selfe more dread and desperate,  
For naught the same may calme ne mitigate,  
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay  
With susterance soft, which rigour can abate,

And have the sterne remembrance wypt away  
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein unfixed  
lay

## II

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,  
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had  
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no joy  
In all his life, which afterwards he had,

He ever tasted, but with penaunce sad  
 And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,  
 Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance  
 glad,  
 But alwaies wept and wiled night and day,  
 As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish  
 and decay

## III

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise  
 His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle Do e  
 To come where he his dolours did devise,  
 That likewise late had lost her dearest love,  
 Which losse her made like passion also prove  
 Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart  
 With deare compas-ion deeply did emmove,  
 That she gan mone his undesired smart,  
 And with her dolefull accented beare with him a  
 part.

## IV

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,  
 Her mournfull notes full piteously did franke,  
 And thereof made a lamentable lay,  
 So sensibly compild, that in the same  
 Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name  
 With that he forth would poure so plenteous  
 teares,  
 And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,  
 And knoeke his head, and rend his rugged  
 heares, [of Beares  
 That could have perst the hearts of Tigres and

## V

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use  
 Withoute dread of perill to repaire  
 Unto his wonne, and with her mournfull muse  
 Him to recomfort in his greatest care,  
 That much did ease his mourning and misfare  
 And every day, for guerdon of her song,  
 He part of his small feast to her would share,  
 That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong  
 Companion she became, and so continued long

## VI

Upon a day as she him sate beside,  
 By chance he certaine monuments forth drew,  
 Which yet with him as reliques did abide  
 Of all the bonnty which Belphebe threw  
 On him, whilst goodly grace she him did shew  
 Amongst the rest a jewell rich he found,  
 That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,  
 Sharp'd like a beart yet bleeding of the wound,  
 And with a litle golden chaine about it bound

## VII

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,  
 In which his Ladies colours were, did bind  
 About the turtles necke, that with the reu  
 Did greatly solace his engrieved mind

All unawares the bird, when she did find  
 Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,  
 And flew away as lightly as the wind  
 Which sodaine accident him much dismayd.  
 And looking after long did mark which way  
 she straid

## VIII

But when as long he looked had in vaine,  
 Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,  
 His weary eye returned to him againe,  
 Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,  
 That both his iuell he had lost so light,  
 And eke his deare companion of his care  
 But that sweet bird departing flew forthright,  
 Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,  
 Untill she came where wonned his Belphebe  
 faire

## IX

There found she her (as then it did betide)  
 Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,  
 After late wearie toile which she had tride  
 In salage chace, to rest as seem'd her meet.  
 There she alighting fell before her feet,  
 And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make  
 As was her wont, thinking to let her weete  
 The greet tormenting griefe that for her sake  
 Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did  
 pertake

## X

She, her beholding with attentive eye,  
 At length did marke about her purple brest  
 That precious iuell, which she formerly  
 Had knowne right well, with coloured ribbands  
 drest.  
 Therewith she rose in hast, and her address  
 With ready hand it to have rest away,  
 But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,  
 But swar'd aside, and there againe did stay.  
 She follow'd her, and thought againe to assaie,

## XI

And ever, when she nigh approcht, the Dove  
 Would sit a litle forward, and then stav  
 Till she drew neare, and then againe remove  
 So tempting her still to pursue the pray,  
 And still from her escaping soft away  
 Till that at length unto that Forrest wide  
 She drew her far, and led with slow delay  
 In th' end she her unto that place did guide,  
 Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide

## XII

Little soones she flew unto his fearelesse hand,  
 And there a piteous ditty new devis'd,  
 As if she would have made her understand  
 His sorrowes cause, to be of her despir'd

Whom when she saw in wretched needes dis-  
guiz'd,  
With heary glib deform'd and meiger face,  
Like ghost late risen from his grive agry'd,  
She knew him not but pittied much his ease,  
And wisht it were in herto doe him any grace

XIII

Hee her beholding at her feet downe fell,  
And kist the ground on which hersole did tread,  
And washt the same with water which did well  
From his moist eyes, and like two streames  
proceed,

Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread  
What mister wight he was, or what he ment,  
But, as one daunted with her presence dread,  
Onely few ruefull looks unto her sent,  
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

XIV

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared  
But wondred much at his so selenith use,  
And by his persons secret seemlyhed  
Well weend that he had beene some man of  
place,  
Before misfortune did his hew deface,  
That being mor'd with ruth she thus bespake  
Ah! wofull man, what heavens hard disgrace,  
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,  
Or selfe-dislikd life, doth thee thus wretched  
make?

XV

If heaven, then none may it redresse or blame,  
With to his powre we all are subject borne  
Of wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and  
shame  
Be theirs that have so cruell thee sorlorne!  
But if through inward griefe or wilfull scorne  
Of life it be, then better doe advise  
For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,  
The grace of his Creator doth despise,  
That will not use his gifts for thanklesse ing-  
ardise.

XVI

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake,  
His sodaine silence which he long had pent,  
And, sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake  
Then have they all themselves against me  
bent  
For heaven, first author of my languishment,  
Mingling my too great felicity,  
Did closely with a cruell one consent  
To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,  
And make me loath this life, still longing for  
to die

XVII

'Ne any but your selfe, O dearest dred,  
Hath done thus wrong, to wreake on worthlesse  
wight  
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming  
That, when your pleasure is to deeme aright,  
Be may redresse, and me restore to light!  
Which sorre words her mightie hart did mate  
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,  
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,  
And him receiv'd againe to former favours  
state

XVIII

In which he long time afterwards did lead  
An happie life with grace and good accord,  
Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or enies dread,  
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord  
The noble Prince, who never heard one word  
Of tydings what did unto him betide,  
Or what good fortune did to him afford,  
But through the endlessse world did wander  
wide,  
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him de-  
[scribde]

XIX

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,  
He chancst to come where those two Ladies late,  
Eunylia and Amoret, abode,  
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate  
The one right feeble through the evill rate  
Of food which in her durtasse she had found,  
The other almost dead and desperate  
Through her late hurts, and through that hap-  
lesse wound  
With which the Squire, in her defence, her sore  
astound

XX

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to we  
The evill case in which those Ladies lay,  
But most was moved at the piteous wew,  
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,  
That her great daunger did him much dismay  
Eftsoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,  
Which he in store about him kept alway,  
And with few drops thereof did softly dew,  
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd he  
soone anew

XI

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,  
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide  
Them thether brought, and how their harmes  
befell?  
To whom they told all that did them betide,  
And how from thralldome, which they were untide,  
Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hond,  
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there  
beside,

And eke his cave in which they both were bond  
At which he wondred much when all those  
signes he fond

## XXII

And evermore he greatly did desire  
To know what Virgin did them thence unbind,  
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,  
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.  
But when as nought according to his mind  
He could out-learne, he them from ground did  
No service lothsome to a gentle kind, [reare,  
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,  
Himself by them on foot to succour them  
from feare

## XXIII

So when that forrest they had passed well,  
A litle cotege farre away they spide,  
To which they drew ere night upon them fell,  
And entring in found none therein abide,  
But one old woman sitting there beside  
Upon the ground in ragged rude attire,  
With filthy lookes about her scattered wide,  
Gnawing her navel for felmesse and for vire,  
And there out sucking venime to her parts en-  
tyro

## XXIV

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,  
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse,  
For she was stuf with rancour and despite  
Up to the throat, that oft with bitterness  
It forth would breake, and gush in great excesse,  
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall  
Gainst all that truth or vertue doo professe,  
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall  
And wickedly backbite Her name men  
Selaunder call

## XXV

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,  
And cruelllesse crimes continually to frame,  
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,  
And steale away the ewe of their good name  
Ne ever Knight so bold, ne ever Dame  
So chaste and loyal liv'd, but she would strive  
With forged cause them falsely to defame,  
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,  
But she with blame would blot, and of due  
praise deprive.

## XXVI

Her words were not, as common words are  
ment,

To expresse the meaning of the inward mind,  
But noysome breath, and poysonous spirit sent  
From inward parts, with cankered malice lund,

And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind,  
Which passing through the eares would pierce  
the hart,  
And wound the soule it selfe with griefe un-  
For, like the stings of aspes that kill with  
smart,  
Her spitefull words did pricke and wound the

## XXVII

Such was that Hag, unmeet to host such  
guests,  
Whom greatest Princes court would welcome  
But needs, that answers not to all requests,  
Bad them not looko for better entertayno,  
And eke that age despyed nicenesse name,  
Knur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,  
Which them to wrikke discipline did travne,  
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care  
Agunst all hard mishaps and fortunelesse mis-  
fare.

## XXVIII

Then all that evening (welcomed with cold  
And chearelesse hunger) they together spent,  
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold  
And rale at them with grudgefull discontent,  
For lodging there without her owne consent  
Yet they endured all with patience milde,  
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,  
Regardlessse of that queane so base and vilde  
To be unjustly blamd, and bitterly revilde

## XXIX

Here, well I weene, when as these times be  
red  
With misregard, that some rash-witted wight  
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,  
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light  
For thus conversing with this noble Knight,  
Sith row of dayes such temperance is rare  
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull sprig  
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare  
More hard for hungry steed to abstaine fro  
pleasant fare

## XXX

But antique age, yet in the infancie  
Of time, did live then like an innocent,  
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,  
Ne then of guile had made experiment,  
But, void of vile and treacherous intent,  
Held vertue for it selfe in soveraine awe  
Then loyal love had royl all regiment,  
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,  
From all forbidden things his liking to  
draw

## XXXI

The Lion there did with the Lambe consort,  
And eke the Dove sate by the Faulcons side,

Of each of other feared fraud or tort,  
But did in safe securitie abide,  
Withouten perill of the stronger pride [old,  
But when the world woe old, it woe warre  
Whereof it hight) and, having shortly tride  
The frames of wit, in wickednesse woe bold,  
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold

## XXIII

Then beautie, which was made to represent  
The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,  
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,  
And made the baite of bestiall delight  
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in  
sight [man  
And that, which wont to vanquish God and  
Was made the vassall of the victors might,  
Then did her glorious flowre wax dead and  
wan,  
Despisd and troden downe of all that over-ran

## XXIV

And now it is so utterly decayd,  
That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,  
But-if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly  
ayd,  
In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,  
Dew'd with her drops of bountie Sovaine,  
Which from that goodly glorious flowre pro-  
ceed, [straine,  
Sprung of the ancient stocke of Princes  
Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,  
Whose noble kind at first was sire of heavenly  
seed

## XXV

Tho, soone as day discovered heavens face  
To sinfull men with darknes overdight,  
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids etace  
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,  
And did themselves unto their journey dight  
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,  
That them to view had bene an uncouth sight,  
How all the way the Prince on footpae traced,  
The Ladies both on horse, together fast em-  
braeed

## XXVI

Soone as they thence departed were afore,  
That shamefull Hag, the sluunder of her sexe,  
Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,  
Him calling theefe, them whores, that much  
did vex  
His noble hart thereto she did annexe  
False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,  
That those two Laches much asham'd did wexe  
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,  
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poy son  
spent.

## XXVII

At last, when they were passed out of sight,  
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbear,  
But after them did barke, and still backbite,  
Though there were none her hatefull words to  
heare

Like as a enre doth felly bite and teare  
The stone which passed straunger at him  
threw

So she, them seeing past the reach of eare,  
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,  
Till she had did the sting which in her tongs  
end grew

## XXVIII

They passing forth kept on their readie way,  
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,  
Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay  
Faire Amoret that scarcely she could ryde,  
And eke through heavie armes which sore  
annoyd

The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare,  
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to  
guyde,  
And all the way from trotting hard to spare,  
So was his toyle the more, the more that was  
his eare

## XXIX

At length they spide where towards them  
with speed

A Squire came galloping, as he would fie,  
Bearing a hile Dwarfie before his steed,  
That all the way full loud for aide did erie,  
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the biasen  
skie

Whom after did a mightie man pursew,  
Riding upon a Dromedare on hie,  
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,  
That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull  
face to view

## XXX

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,  
More sharpethen points of needles, did proceede,  
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,  
Full of sad powre, that poysonous bale did  
breede

To all that on him lookt without good heed,  
And secretly his enemies did slay  
Like as the Basiliske, of serpent's seede,  
From powrefull eyes close venom doth convey  
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away

## XLI

He all the way did rage at that same Squire,  
And after him full many threatnings threw,  
With curses vaine in his avengefull ire,  
But none of them (so fast away he flew)



Him overtook before he came in view  
Where when he saw the Prince in armour  
bright,  
He told to him aloud his ease to rew,  
And rescue him, through succour of his might,  
From that his cruell foe that him pursu'd in  
sight.

## XLI

Esteemes the Prince tooke downe those Ladies  
twaine  
From lastie steede, and mounting in their stead  
Came to that Squire, yet trembling every vaine,  
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread  
Who as he gan the same to him aread,  
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,  
With dreadfull weapon aimed at his head,  
That unto death had doen him unredre-t,  
Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke re-  
prest

## XLII

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,  
The burden of the deadly brant did beare  
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw  
Over his head before the harme came neere  
Nathlesse it fell with so despituous dreare  
And heavy sway, that hard unto his crowne  
The shield it drove, and did the covering  
reare  
Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tumble  
Unto the earth, and lay long while in sense-  
lesse snowne.

## XLIII

Whereat the Prince full wrath his strong  
right hand  
In full avengement heaved up on hie,  
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand  
So sore, that to his saddle-how thereby  
He bowed low, and so a while did lie  
And, sure, had not his massie yron mace  
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happly,  
It would have cleft him to the girding place,  
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space

## XLIV

But, when he to himselfe returned againe,  
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,  
And vow by Malionne that he should be blame.  
With that his murderous mace he up did reare,  
That seemed nought the souse thereof could  
beare,  
And therewith smote it him with all his might,  
But, ere that it to him approched neere,  
The royall child with readie quicke foresight  
Did shun the prooffe thereof, and it avoyded  
light.

## XLV

But, ere his hand he could recure againe  
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,  
He smote at him with all his might and maine,  
So furiously that, ere he wist, he found  
His head before him tumbling on the ground,  
The whirles his babling tongue did yet blas-  
pheme  
And curse his God that did him so confound  
The while his life ran forth in bloudie streame,  
His soule descended downe into the Stygian  
reame

## XLVI

Which when that Squire beheld, he wote full  
glad  
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine  
But that same dwarfe right sorne seem'd and  
sail,  
And howld aloud to see his Lord there slaine,  
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for  
paine  
Then gan the Prince at leisure to enquire  
Of all the accident there hapned plaine, [fire  
And what he was whose eyes did flame with  
All which was thus to him declared by that  
Squire

## XLVII

'Thus mightie man,' (quoth he) 'whom you  
have slaine,  
Of an huge Geantesse whilome was bred  
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine  
Of many Nations unto thralldome led,  
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred,  
Whom yet he conquer d not by bloudie sight  
Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispreed,  
But by the powre of his infectious sight,  
With which he killed all that came within his  
might

## XLVIII

'Ne was he ever vanquished afore,  
But ever vanquish't all with whom he fought,  
Ne was ther man so strong, but he downe  
bore,  
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought  
Unto his bryd, and captiv'd her thought  
For mozt of strength and beaute his desire  
Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto  
nought  
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire  
From his false eyes into their harts and parts  
entire.

## XLIX

'Therefore Corflambo was he call'd aright,  
Though namelesse ther his bodie now doth  
lie,

Yet hath he lost one daughter that is light  
The faire Parua, who seems outwardly  
So faire as ever yet saw living ere,  
And were her vertue like her beutie bright,  
She were as faire as any under skie  
But ah! she given is to vaine delight,  
And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

L

'So, as it fell, there was a gentle Squire  
That lov'd a Laine of high parentage,  
But for his meane degree might not aspire  
To match so high, her friends with counsell  
Dispersed her from such a disprage  
But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,  
Out of his hand could not redeeme her gage,  
But, hime following her first intent,  
Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her  
friends consent.

LI

'So twist themselves they pointed time and  
place  
To which when he according did repaire,  
An hard mishap and disaventurous case  
Him churist instead of his Laine he farr,  
This Gyant's sonne, that lies there on the fure  
An helles-escape, him unawares there caught,  
And all dismay through mercesse despaire  
Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,  
Where he remains, of all unsuccour'd and  
unsought.

LII

'This Gyant's daughter came upon a day  
Unto the prison, in her joyous glee,  
To view the thralls which there in bondage lay  
Amongst the rest she chann'd there to see  
This lovely swaine, the Squire of low degree,  
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,  
And wooed him her paramour to be  
From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him fast,  
And for his love him promist libertie at last

LIII

'He, though aside unto a former love,  
To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,  
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,  
But by that meares which fortune did unfold,  
Her grunted love but with ashen cold,  
To win her grace his libertie to get  
Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,  
Fearing, lest if she should him freely set,  
He woul'd her shortly leave, and former love  
forget.

LIV

'Yet so much favours she him hath  
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space

And walke about her gardens of delight,  
Having a keeper still with him in place,  
Which keeper is this Dwarfie, her dearing brise,  
To whom the keyes of every prison dore  
By her committed be, of speciall grace,  
And at his will may whom he list restore,  
And whom he list reserve to be afflicted more

LV

'Whereof when tidings came unto mine eare,  
Full only sorie, for the fervent zeale  
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,  
I thither went, where I did long conceale  
My selfe, till that the Dwarfie did me reveale,  
And told his Dame her Squire did low degree  
Did seerethly out of her prison sterle,  
For me he did mistake that Squire to be,  
For never two so like did living creature see.

LVI

'Then was I taken and before her brought,  
Who, through the likeness of my outward  
Being likewise beguiled in her thought, [hew,  
Gan blame me much for being so intrew,  
To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,  
That lov'd me deere, as dearest thing alive.  
I hence she commaunded me to prison new,  
Whereof I glaid did not gaine say nor strive,  
But suffred that same Dwarfie me to her don-  
geon drive

LVII

'There did I finde mine onely faithfull friend  
In heav'n plight and sad perplexitie,  
Whereof I sorie, yet my selfe did bend  
Him to recomfort with my comprite,  
But him the more agrev'd I found thereby,  
For all his joy, he said in that distress  
Was mine and his, Amys his libertie  
Any ha well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse,  
Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

LVIII

'But I with better reason him advis'd,  
And shew'd him how, through error and mis-  
thought  
Of our like persons, eath to be disguis'd,  
Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought.  
Whereof full loth was he, he woul'd for ought  
Convent that I, who stood all ferrehesse free,  
Should wilfully be into thralldome brought,  
Till fortune did performe it so decree  
Yet, overrul'd at last, he did to me agree.

LIX

'The morrow next, about the wonted howre,  
The Dwarfie call'd at the dore of Amys  
To come forthwith unto his Ladies howre  
Instead of whom forth came I, Pleas'd

And undiscerned forth with him did pas  
There with great joy ance and with gladsome  
Of faire Pavana I received was, [glee  
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,  
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great  
love to mee

## LX

'Which I, that was not bent to former love  
As was my friend that had her long refus'd,  
Did well receipt, as well it did behove,  
And to the present neede it wisely usd.  
My former hardnesse first I faire excusd,  
And after promist large amends to make.  
With such smooth termes her error I abusd  
To my friends good more then for mine owne  
sake,  
For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake

## LXI

'Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand,  
That to her Dwarfes, which had me in his  
charge,

She bad to lighten my too heaue band,  
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large  
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge  
Of a fresh streame I with that lisse did play,  
Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,  
But if that Dwarfes I could with me conuay,  
I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore  
away

## LXII

'Therent he shriekt aloud, that with his cry  
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling Bray,

And me pursu'd, but nathemore would I  
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,  
But haue perforce him hether brought away,  
Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand  
Those Ladies two, yet doubtfull through dis-  
may,  
In presence came, desirous t' understand  
Tydings of all which there had hapned on the  
land

## LXIII

Where soone as sad Amylia did espie  
Her captiue lovers friend, young Placidus,  
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie  
She to him ran, and him with streight embras  
Infoldding, said, 'And liues yet Amias?'  
'Helives,' (quoth he) 'and his Amylia loves.'  
'Then lesse,' (said she) 'by all the woe I  
pas,  
With which my weaker patience fortune proues  
But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe  
removes?'

## LXIV

Then gan he all this storie to reuen,  
And tell the course of his captiuitie,  
That her deare hart full deeply made to reue,  
And sigh full sore to heare the miserie  
In which so long he merclesse did lie  
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,  
She deare besought the Prince of remedie,  
Who thereto did with readie will consent,  
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his  
event

## CANTO IX

The Squire of low degree, releast,  
Amylia takes to wife  
Britomart fights with many knights,  
Prince Arthur stints their strife

## I

HARD is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,  
When all three kinds of love together meet  
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,  
Whether shall weigh the balance downe, to  
weet,

The deare affection unto kindred sweet,  
Or raging fire of love to womankind,  
Or zeale of friend-combynd with vertues meet  
But of them all the band of vertuous mind,  
Me seemes, the gentle hart should most as-  
sured bind

## II

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,  
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame

But faithfull friendship doth them both sup-  
pre-se,  
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,  
Through thoughts aspiring to eternall fame  
For as the soule doth rule the earthli masse,  
And all the service of the bodie frame,  
So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,  
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the  
meanest brasse.

## III

All which who list by try all to assay  
Shall in this storie find approved plaine,  
In which these Squires true friendship more  
did sway  
Then either care of parents could refraine,

Or love of fairest Ladie could constraîne,  
For though Peana weie as faire as morne,  
Yet did this trustie squire with prond disdaine,  
For his friends sake hei off'rd favours seorne,  
And she hei selfe her syie of whom she was  
borne

Now, after that Prince Arthur graunted had  
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,  
Who now long time had lien in prison sad,  
He gan advise how best he mote darraigne  
That enterprize for greatest glories gayne.  
That headlesse tyants trouke he heard from  
ground,

And, having ympt the head to it agayne,  
Upon his ushull beaſt it firmly bound,  
And made it so to ride as it alive was found

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd  
Before the rider, as he captive weie, [ayd,  
And made his Dwarfe, though with unwilling  
To guide the beaſt that did his maister beare,  
Till to his castle they approached neare, [ward,  
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall  
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare,  
He, running downe, the gate to him mibard,  
Whom straight the Prince ensuing in together  
far'd

There did he find in her delectious boure  
The faire Peana playing on a Rote  
Complaining of her cruell Parainoure,  
And singing all her sorrow to the note,  
As she had learned readily by rote,  
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight  
The Prince halfe rapt began on hei to dote,  
Till better him bethinking of the right,  
He her unwaies attacht, and captive held by  
might

Whence being forth prodnc'd, when she per-  
ceived  
Her owne deare sue, she euld to him for aide,  
But when of him no answer she received,  
But saw him senselesse by the Squire upstande,  
She weened well that then she was betride  
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,  
And that same Squire of treason to upbrayde,  
But all in vaine hee plants might not prevail,  
Ne none there was to reskue hei, ne none to  
baile

Then tooke he that same Dwarfe, and him  
compeld  
To open unto him the prison dore,

And forth to bring those thralls which there he  
held  
Thence forth were brought to him above a score  
Of Knights and Squires to him unknowne afore  
All which he did from bitter bondage free,  
And unto former liberty restore  
Amongst the rest that Squire of low degree  
Came forth full weake and wan, not like him  
selfe to bee

Whom soone as faire Amy he beheld  
And Placidus, they both unto him ran,  
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,  
Striving to comfort him all that they can,  
And kissing off his visage pale and wan  
That faire Peana, them beholding both,  
Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban,  
Through jealous passion weeping unly wroth,  
To see the sight perforce that both hei eyes  
were loth

But when awhile they had together beene,  
And diversly conferr'd of their case, [scene  
She, though full oft she both of them had  
Asunder, yet not ever in one place,  
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,  
Which was the captive Squire she lov'd so  
deare,  
Decerned through great likenesse of their face  
For they so like in person did appeare,  
That she meath discerned whether whether  
weare

And eke the Prince, when as he them avized,  
Their like resemblance much admired there,  
And mard how nature had so well disguized  
Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so nere,  
As if that by one patterne, scene some here,  
She had them made a paragone to be,  
Or whether it through skill or error were  
Thus gazing long at them much wondred he,  
So did the other Knights and Squires which  
them did see

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle  
strong,  
In which he found great store of hoorded thie-  
[sme,  
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong  
And tortious powre, without respect or mea-  
sure  
Upon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,  
And afterwards continu'd there a while  
To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure  
Those weaker Ladies after weery toile,  
To whom he did divide part of his purchast  
spoile

## XIII

And, for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire,  
The faire Poena, he enlarged free,  
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire  
To feast and frolicke, nathemore would she  
Shew gladsome countenance nor pleasant  
glee,

But grieved was for losse both of her sire,  
And eke of Lordship with both land and see  
But most she touch'd was with griefe entire  
For losse of her new love, the hope of her de-  
sire

## XIV

But her the Princee, through his well wonted  
grace,  
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat  
From that fowle rudenesse which did her de-  
face,

And that same bitter corsive, which did eat  
Her tender heart and made refraine from meat,  
He with good thewes and speaches well ap-  
plyde  
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat  
For though she were most faire, and goodly  
diue,

Yet she it all did mar with earnesty and pride

## XV

And, for to shut up all in friendly love,  
Sith love was first the ground of all her  
griefe,

That trusty Squire he wisely well did move  
Not to despise that damewhich lov'd him hese  
Till he had made of her some better prefe,  
But to accept her to his wedded wife  
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe  
Of all her land and lordship during life  
He yeelded and her tooke, so stunted all their  
strife

## XVI

From that day forth in peace and joyous  
lives

They liv'd together long without debate,  
Ne private jarie, ne spite of enemies,  
Could shake the safe assuramce of their state  
And she, whom Nature did so faire create  
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,  
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate  
Had it defaste, thenceforth reformed her waies,  
That all men much admir'd her change, and  
spake her praise

## XVII

Thus when the Princee had perfectly com-  
plyde,  
These pures of friends in peace and [rest]  
Him selfe, whose minde did travell as with  
childe

Of his old love conceiv'd in seeret brest,  
Resolved to pursue his former quest,  
And, taking leave of all, with him did beare  
Faure Amoret, whom Fortune by bequest  
Had left in his protection whileare,  
Lxchanged out of one into another feare.

## XVIII

Feare of her safety did her not constraene,  
For well she was now in a mighty hond  
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,  
Who able was all dangers to withstand  
But now in feare of shame she more did stond,  
Seeing her selfe all soley succomlesse  
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bound,  
Whose will her weakenesse could no way re-  
presse  
In case his burning lust should breake into  
excesse

## XIX

But cause of feare, sure, had she none at all  
Of him, who goodly learned had of lore  
The course of loose affection to forstall,  
And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore,  
That all the while he by his side her bore,  
She was as safe as in a Sanetuary  
Thus many miles they two together wore,  
To seeke their loves dispersed diuersly,  
Yet neither showed to other their hearts privy

## XX

At length they came whereas a troupe of  
Knights

They saw together skirmishing, as seemed  
Sith they were all full of fell despight,  
But foure of them the brittell best bestemed,  
That which of them was best mote not be  
deemed

These foure were they from whom false Florimel  
By Braggadorino lately was redeemed,  
Fo weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,  
Love-lavish Blandimour, and lustfull Paridell

## XXI

Druons delight was all in single life,  
And unto Ladies love would lend no leasure  
The more was Claribell enraged rise  
With ferrent flames, and loved out of measure  
So eke lov'd Blai damour, but yet at pleasure  
Would change his liking, and new Leman  
prove,

But Paridell of love did make no threasure,  
But lusted after all that him did move  
So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

## XXII

But those two other which beside them stood  
Were Britomart and gentle Seudamour,

Who all the while beheld their wrathfull  
moode,  
And wondred at their impacable stoure,  
Whose like they neuer saw till that same houre  
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,  
And laid on load with all their might and  
powre,  
As if that every dunt the ghost would rive  
Out of their wretched corses, and their lives  
deprive

XXVIII

As when Dan Aëolus, in great displeasure  
For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,  
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden hent,  
Upon the sea to wreake his fell intent,  
They breaking forth with rude murtherment  
From all foure parts of heaven doe rage full sore,  
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,  
And all the world confound with wide uprore,  
As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore

XXIX

Cause of their chærd and so fell deberte  
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,  
Whome they had lost in Turneyment of late,  
And, seeking long to meet which way she  
straid,  
Met here together, where, through lewd up-  
braide  
Of Atë and Ducea, they fell out,  
And ereh one taking part in others aide  
This cruell conflict raised thereabout, [doubt  
Whose dangerous successo depended yet in

XXX

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour  
The better had, and bet the others backe,  
Eftsoones the others did the field reconre,  
And on his foes did worke full cruell wracke  
Yet neither would their fiendlike furies slacke,  
But evermore their malice did augment,  
Till that unceath they forced were, for lacke  
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,  
And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

XXXI

Then gan they change their sides, and new  
parts take,  
For Paridell did take to Drions side,  
For old despight which now forth newly brake  
Against Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide,  
And Blandamour to Claribell relide  
So all afresh gan former sight renew  
As when two Barkes, thus eared with the  
tide,  
That with the wind, contrary courses sen,  
If wind and tide doe change, their courses  
change anew.

XXXII

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan  
As if but then the battell had begonne, [sare,  
Ne helmets bright ne hawberks strong did  
spare,  
That through the chifts the vermeil blond out  
And all adowne their even sides did romie  
Such mortall malice wonder was to see  
In friends protest, and so grent outrage donne  
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,  
Faint friends when they fall out most cruell  
fomen bee

XXXIII

Thus they long while continued in fight,  
Till Sendamur and that same Briton unide  
By fortune in that place did chance to light  
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie be-  
wraide,  
Thoy gan remember of the fowle upbraide,  
The which that Britonesse had to them donne  
In that late Turney for the snowy maide,  
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,  
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them  
wonne

XXXIV

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire  
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood [ire,  
They from then selves gan turne their furious  
And cruell blades, yet steeming with whot  
blond,  
Against those two let drive, as they were wood  
Who wounding much at that so sodaine sit,  
Yet nought dismayd, them stontly well with-  
stood,  
Ne yelded foote, ne once abacke did sit,  
But being doubly smitten likewise doubly smit

XXXV

The warlike Dame was on her part assaid  
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone,  
And Paridell and Drion fiercely laid  
At Sendamur, both his professed fone  
Fenro charged two, and two surcharged one,  
Yet did those two them selves so bravely beare,  
That th' other litle gained by the lone,  
But with their owne repayed duely weare,  
And usury withall such game was gotten  
deare

XXXVI

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay  
To speake to them, and some empallance move,  
But they for nought their cruell hands would  
stay,  
Ne lend an eare to ought that might beleave.  
As when an enger mastiffe once doth prove  
The fast of bloud of some engored beast,  
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove

From greedy hold of that his blouddy feast,  
So little did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

## XXVII

Whom when the Briton Prince asfarre beheld  
With ods of so unequal match opprest,  
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,  
And inward grudge till his heroicke brest  
Eftsoones him selfe he to their aide addrest,  
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace  
Divided them, how ever loth to rest,  
And would themaine from battell to snreasse,  
With gentle words perswading them to friendly  
peace.

## XXVIII

But they so farre from peace or patience were,  
That all at once at him gan fiercely sie,  
And lay on load, as they him downe would  
beare,  
Like to a storme which hovers under skie,  
Long here and there and round about doth stie,  
At length breakes downe in ruine, and haile  
and sleet,  
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie,  
And then another, till that likewise sleet,  
And so from side to side till all the world it weete

## XXIX

But now their forces greatly were decard,  
The Prince yet being fresh untoucht afore,  
Who them with speeches milde gan first dis-  
swade [lore  
From such foule outrage, and them long for-  
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned  
more,  
Him selfe he bent their furies to abate,  
And layd at them so sharply, and so sore,  
That shortly them compelled to retrate,  
And being brought in daunger to relent too late

## XXX

But now his courage being throughly fired,  
He ment to make them know their follies prise,  
Had not those two him instantly desired  
T' assuage his wrath, and pardon their mes-  
prise  
At whose request he gan him selfe advise  
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat  
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise,  
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat  
He did them aske, who all that passed gan  
repeat

## XXXI

And told at large how that same errant Knight,  
To weete faire Britomart, them late had foyled

In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,  
Both of their publicke praise had them de-  
spoyled,  
And also of their private loves beguiled,  
Of two full hard to read the harder tho't,  
But she that wrongfull challenges some assayed,  
And shew'd that she had not that Lady ret,  
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking  
left.

## XXXII

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied:  
' Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame  
To kip up wrong that battell once hath tried,  
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shame,  
And eke the love of Ladies soule defame;  
To whom the world this franchise ever yielded  
That of their loves chose they might freedom  
claime, [shielded  
And in that right should by all knights be  
Gaint which, me seemes, this war ye wrong-  
fully have wielded'

## XXXIII

' And yet' (quoth she) ' n greater wrong  
maines  
For I thereb' my former love have lost;  
Whom seeking ever since with endless paines  
Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost  
Aye me, to see that gentle maide so tost!  
But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus  
' Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow most,  
Whose right she is, where ever she be straid,  
Through many perils wonne, and many  
times waide.

## XXXIV

' For from the first that her I love protest,  
Unto this houre, this present lucklesse houre  
I never joyed happinesse nor rest,  
But thus turneould from one to other stowre  
I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre  
In wretched angushe and incessant woe,  
Passing the measure of my feeble powre,  
That living thus a wretch, and loving so,  
I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo

## XL

Then good Sir Clambell him thus bespake:  
' Now were it not, sir Scudamour, to you  
Dislikefull paine so sad a tasko to take,  
Mote we entreat you, with this gentle crew  
Is now so well accorded all anow,  
That as we ride together on our way,  
Ye will recount to us in order dew  
All that adventure which ye did assay  
For that faire Ladies love past perils  
apay.'

So gan the rest him likewise to require,  
But Britomart did him importune hard  
To take on him that pame whose great desire  
He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd

To tell through what misfortune he had far'd  
In that atchievement, as to him befell,  
And all those daungers unto them declar'd,  
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well  
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X.

Seudamour doth his conquest tell  
Of vertuous Amoret  
Great Venus Temple is describ'd,  
And lovers life forth set

I  
'TRUE he it said, what ever man it sayd,  
That love with gall and hony doth abound,  
But if the one be with the other wayd,  
For every dram of hony therein found  
A pound of gall doth over it redound  
That I too true by triall have approv'd,  
For since the day that first with deadly wound  
My heart was launcht, and learned to have  
loved,  
I never joyed howre, but still with care was

II  
'And yet such grace is given them from above,  
That all the cares and evill which they meet  
May nought at all their settled mindes remove,  
But seeme, gaunst common sence, to them most  
sweet,  
As bosting in their martyrdome unmeet.  
So all that ever yet I have endured  
I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,  
Since of my love at length I rest assured,  
That to disloyalty she will not be allured

III  
'Long were to tell the travell and long toyle  
Through which this sheld of love I late have  
wonne,  
And purchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,  
That harder may be ended, then begonne  
But since ye so desire, your will be donne  
Then hearke, ye gentle knights and Ladies free,  
My hard mishaps that ye may learne to shonne,  
For though sweet love to conquer glonous bee,  
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the  
fee

IV  
'What time the fame of this renowned prise  
Flew first abroad and all mens eares possest,  
I, having armes then taken, gan arise  
To winne me honour by some noble gest,

And purchase me some place amongst the best  
I boldly thought, (so young mens thoughts  
are bold)  
That this same brave emprise for me did rest,  
And that both sheld and she whom I beheld  
Might be my lucky lot, sith all by lot we hold

V  
'So on that hard adventure forth I went,  
And to the place of perill shortly came  
That was a temple faire and aunient,  
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,  
And farre renowned through exceeding faime,  
Much more then that which was in Paphos  
built,  
Or that in Cyprus, both long since thus same,  
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,  
And all the others payement were with glory  
spilt

VI  
'And it was seated in an Island strong,  
Abounding all with delices most rare,  
And wall'd by nature gaunst invaders wrong,  
That none mote have accesse, nor inward fare,  
But by one way that passage did prepare  
It was a bridge y built in goodly wise [faire,  
With curious Corbes and pendants graven  
And, ached all with porches, did arise  
On stately pillours frau'd after the Doricke  
guize

VII  
'And for defence thereof on th' other end  
There reared was a castle faire and strong  
That warded all which in or out did wend,  
And flanked both the bridges sides along,  
Gainst all that would it faine to see or wrong  
And therein wouned twenty valiant Knights,  
All twenty tride in warres experience long,  
Whose office was against all manner wights  
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient  
rights



## XIII

'Before that Castle was an open plaine,  
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed,  
On which this sheld, of many sought in vaine,  
The shield of Love, whose guerdon me hath  
graced,  
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced,  
And in the marble stone was written this,  
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,  
Blessed the man that well can use his blis  
Whose ever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

## XIV

'Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,  
And print with hope of that adventures hap  
Ne stayd further newes thereof to learne,  
But with my speare upon the shield did rap,  
That all the castle raged with the clap  
Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to  
proofe,  
And bravely mounted to his most mishap  
Who, staving nought to question from aloofe,  
Ran fierce at me that fire glaunst from his  
horses hoefe

## XV

'Whom bold I encountred (as I could)  
And by good fortune shortly him unsated  
Eftsoones outpruing two more of equill mould,  
But I them both with equill hap defeated.  
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,  
And left them groning there upon the plaine  
Then, prencing to the pillour, I repeated  
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,  
And taking downe the shield with me did it  
retaine

## XVI

'So forth without impediment I past,  
Till to the Bridges utter gate I came,  
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast  
I knockt, but no man answered me by name,  
I cald, but no man answerd to my clame  
Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call,  
Till at the last I spyde within the same  
Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,  
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall

## XVII

'That was to weet the Porter of the place,  
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent  
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,  
Th'one forward looking, th'other backward  
Therein resembling Janus auncient [bent,  
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare  
And evermore his eyes about him went,  
As if some proved perill he did feare,  
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not  
appeare

## XVIII

'On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,  
Behinde the gate that none her might espy,  
Who e manner was all passengers to stay  
And entertaine with her occasions sly  
Through which some lost great hope unheedly,  
Which never they recover might againe,  
And other, quite excluded forth, did li  
Long languishing there in unspittid paine,  
And seeking often entraunce afterwards in  
vaine

## XIX

'Me when as he had privily espide  
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late  
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide.  
So in I past, and straight he closed the gate.  
But being in, Delay in clove awaits [stay,  
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to  
Feigning full many a sond excuse to prate,  
And time to sterle, the thirasure of many day,  
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render  
my

## XX

'But by no meanes my way I would forlow  
For ought that ever she could doe or say,  
But from my lofty steerde dismounting low  
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way  
The goodly workes and stones of rich assay,  
Cast into sundry shaples by wondrous skill,  
That like on earth no where I reckon may  
And undermeth, the river rolling still  
With murmure soft, that seem'd to stirre the  
workmans will

## XXI

'Thence forth I passed to the second gate,  
The Gate of Good Desert, who e goodly pride  
And costly frame were long here to relate  
The same to all stood shames open wide,  
But in the Porch did evermore abide  
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold  
That stoppt the entraunce with his spacious  
stride,  
And with the terror of his countenance bold  
Full many did assay, that also faime enter  
would

## XXII

'His name was Danger, dreaded over-all,  
Who day and night did watch and duely ward  
From ferresfull cowards entrance to forstall  
And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of perill  
hard  
Could terrifie from Fortunes sure adward  
For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiall  
Of his grim face, were from approaching ward;  
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall  
Excludes from surest hope withouten further  
triall

XXIII

'Yet many doughty warriors, often tride  
In greater perils to be stout and bold,  
Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide,  
But, sooce as they his countenance did behold,  
Began to faine, and feele their corage cold  
Againe, some other, that in hard assaies  
Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,  
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,  
Ciept in by stouping low, or stealing of the  
kates

XXIV

'But I, though meanest man of many moe,  
Yet much disdainng unto him to lout,  
Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,  
Resol'd him to assault with manhood stout,  
And either beat him in, or drive him out.  
Eftsoones, aduaneing that enhaunted shield,  
With all my night I gan to lay about  
Which when he saw, the glaive which he did  
wield  
He gan forthwith t'availe, and way unto me  
yield

XXV

'So, as I entred, I did backward looke,  
For ferre of harme that might he lidden there,  
And loe! his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,  
Much more deformed fearefull, ugly were,  
Then all his former parts did earst appere  
For hatred, murder, treason, and despight,  
With many mee lay in ambushment there,  
Awayning to entrap the warelesse wight  
Which did not them prevent with vigilant  
foresight.

XXVI

'Thus having past all perill, I was come  
Within the compasse of that Islands space,  
The which did seeme, unto my simple doome,  
The onely pleasant and delightfull place  
That ever troden was of footings trace  
For all that nature by her mother-wit  
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance  
base,  
Was there, and all that nature did omit,  
Art, playing second natures part, supplied it

XXVII

'No tree, that is of count, in greenewood  
From lowest Juniper to Cedar tall, [growes,  
No floure in field, that daintie odour throws,  
And deckes his branch with blossomes overall,  
But there was planted, or grew naturall  
Nor sense of man so coy and curious mee,  
But there mote find to please it selfe withall,  
Nor hart could wish for any quent device,  
But there it present was, and did fraile sense  
entice

XXVIII

'In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,  
It seem'd a second paradise to ghesse  
So lavishly enricht with Natures threasure,  
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse  
Th' Elysian fields and live in lasting blesse,  
Should happen this with living eye to see,  
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,  
And wish to life return'd againe to bee,  
That in this joyous place they mote have joy-  
ance free

XXIX

'Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray,  
Faie lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew,  
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs  
did play,  
Softtroubing brookes, that gentle slomberdrew,  
High reared mounts, the lauds about to view,  
Low looking dales, disloign'd from common  
gaze,  
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers tren,  
False Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze,  
All which by nature made did nature selfe a-  
maze

XXX

'And all without were walkes and alleyes  
dight  
With divers trees enrang'd in oren ranks,  
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,  
And shadie seates, and sundry flowing bankes,  
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes,  
And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,  
Praying their god, and yelding him great  
thankes,  
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,  
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt

XXXI

'All these together by themselves did sport  
Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves con-  
tent.  
But, farre away from these, another sort  
Of lovers lincked in true harts consent,  
Which loved not as these for like intent,  
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,  
Faie from all fraud or fained blandishment,  
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,  
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore  
aspire.

XXXII

'Such were great Hercules and Hyllus deare  
Trew Jonathan and David trustie tryde  
Stout Theseus and Pirithous his scare  
Pyllades and Orestes by his syde,

Maid Titus and Gesippus without pryde,  
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not  
sever

All these and all that ever had bene tyde  
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever,  
Whose lives although deay'd, yet loves de-  
cayd never

## XXVII

'Which when as I, that never tasted blis  
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,  
I thought there was none other heaven then  
this,

And gan their endlessse happinesse envye,  
That by being free from feare and gealosye  
Might frankly therether loves desire possesse,  
Wilst I, through paines and perious jeo-  
pardie,

Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronnesse  
Much dearer be the things which come through  
hard distresse

## XXIX

'Yet all those rights and all that else I saw,  
Might not my steps withhold, but that forth-  
right

Unto that purposed place I did me draw,  
Where as my love was lodged day and night,  
The temple of great Venus, that is hight  
The Queene of beaultie, and of love the mother,  
There worshipped of every living right,  
Whose goodly workmanshup farre past all other  
That ever were on earth, all were they set to-  
gether

## XXX

'Not that same famous Temple of Diane,  
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,  
And which all Asia sought with vowes pro-  
phane,

One of the worlds seven wonders sayd to bee,  
Might match with this by many a degree  
Nor that which that wise King of Iurie framed  
With endlessse cost to be th' Almighties see,  
Nor all, that elsethrough all the world is named  
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this  
be claimed

## XXXI

'I, much admyring that so goodly frame,  
Unto the porch approcht which open stood,  
But therein sate an amiable Dame,  
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,  
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood  
Strangewas hertire, for on her head a crowne  
She wore, much like unto a Danusk hood,  
Poudred with pearle and stone, and all her  
gowne [adowne  
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low

## XXXII

On either side of her two yong men stood,  
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another,  
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,  
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,  
Though of contrarie natures each to other  
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate.  
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother,  
Yet was the younger stronger in his state  
Then th' elder, and him maystred still in all  
debate.

## XXXIII

'Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred  
both,  
That she then forced hand to jorne in hand,  
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,  
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,  
Unwilling to behold that lovely band  
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,  
That her commaundment he could not with-  
But bit his lip for felonous despight, [stand,  
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing  
sight

## XXXIV

'Concord she cleeped was in common reed,  
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew,  
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly  
seed,  
And she her self likewise divinely grew,  
The whose right well her workes divine did  
shew [frends,  
For strength and wealth and happinesse she  
And strife and warre and anger does subdew  
Of litle much, of foes she maketh friends,  
And to afflicted munds sweet rest and quiet  
sende

## XXXV

'By her the heaven is in his course contained,  
And all the world in state unmoved stands,  
As their Almightie maker first ordained,  
And bound them with inviolable bands,  
Else would the waters overflow the lands,  
And fire devour the ayre, and hell them quight,  
But that she holds them with her blessed hands  
She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,  
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

## XXXVI

'By her I entring half dismayed was,  
But she in gentle wise me entertained,  
And twixt her selfe and Love did let me pas,  
But Hatred would my entrance have re-  
strayned, [brayned,  
And with his club me threatned to have  
Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speere  
Him from his wicked will uneth refraigned,

and th' other eke his malice did empeach,  
 'Till I was thoroughly past the perill of his  
 reach

## XXXVII

'Into the inmost Temple thus I came,  
 Which fuming all with frankensence I found  
 And odours rising from the altars flames  
 Upon an hundred marble pillors round  
 The roofe up high was reared from the ground,  
 All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and gir-  
 lands gay, [pound,  
 And thousand pretious gifts worth many a  
 The which sad lovers for their owes did pay,  
 And all the ground was strow'd with flowres  
 as fresh as May.

## XXXVIII

'An hundred Altars round about were set,  
 All flaming with their sacrifices fire,  
 That with the steme thereof the Temple sweet,  
 Which rould in clouds to heaven did aspire,  
 And in them bore true lovers vowes entire  
 And eke an hundred brassen caudrons bright,  
 To bath in joy and amorous desire,  
 Every of which was to a damzell hight,  
 For all the Priests were damzels in soft linnen  
 dight.

## XXXIX

'Right in the midst the Goddess selfe did  
 stand  
 Upon an altar of some costly masse,  
 Whose substance was uneth to understand  
 For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,  
 Nor shining gold, nor moulding clay it was,  
 But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,  
 Pure in aspect, and like to chrystall glasse,  
 Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme,  
 But, being faire and bricke, likest glasse did  
 seeme.

## XL

'But it in shape and beautie did excell  
 All other Idoles which the heathen adore,  
 Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill  
 Phidias did make in Paphos Isle of yore,  
 With which that wretched Greeke, that life  
 forlore,  
 Did fall in love yet thus much fairer shined,  
 But covered with a slender veile afore,  
 And both her feete and legs together twyned  
 Were with a snake, whose head and tail were  
 fast combyned.

## XLI

'The cause why she was covered with a veile  
 Was hard to know, for that her Priests the  
 same  
 From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale  
 But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,

Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;  
 But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,  
 Both male and female, both under one name  
 She syre and mother is her selfe alone, [none,  
 Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other

## XLII

'And all about her necke and shoulders flew  
 A flocke of litle loves, and sports, and joyes,  
 With numble wings of gold and purple hew,  
 Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall  
 boyes,  
 But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes,  
 The whitest their eldest brother was away,  
 Cupid their eldest brother, howenjoyes  
 The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,  
 And to his law compels all creatures to obey

## XLIII

'And all about her altar scattered lay  
 Great sorts of lovers piteously complaining,  
 Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,  
 Some of their pride, some paragons disdainning,  
 Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently sayning,  
 As every one had cause of good or ill  
 Amongst the rest some one, through Loves  
 constraining  
 Tormented sore, could not containe it still,  
 But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did  
 fill

## XLIV

“Great Venus! Queene of beautie and of grace,  
 The joy of Gods and men, that under skie  
 Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,  
 That with thy smiling looke doest pacifie  
 The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie,  
 Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe  
 leane,  
 And, when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on lue,  
 The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,  
 And heavens laugh, and al the world shews  
 joyous cheare

## XLV

“Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to  
 thee  
 Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres,  
 And then all living wights, soone as they see  
 The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,  
 They all doe learne to play the Paramours,  
 First doe the merry birds, thy pretty pages,  
 Privily prieked with thy lustfull powres,  
 Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,  
 And thee their mother call to coole their  
 kindly rages

## XLVI

“Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play  
 Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted  
 food

The Lyons rore, the Tygres loudly bray,  
The raging Bulls rebellow through the wood,  
And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood  
To come where thou dost draw them with  
So all things else that nourish vitall blood,  
Soone as with furr thou dost them inspire,  
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire

## XLVII

"So all the world by thee at first was made,  
And day by yet thou dost the same reuivre,  
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,  
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and faire,  
But thou the cause for pleasure didst pre-  
pave  
Thou art the root of all that joyous is  
Great God of men and women queene of the  
ayre,  
Mother of laughter, and wellspring of blisse,  
O graunt that of my love at last I may not  
missee"

## XLVIII

"So did he say but I with murmure soft,  
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,  
Yet my growing deepe and sighing oft,  
Besought her to graunte ease unto my smart,  
And to my wound her gracious help impart  
Whilste thus I spake beheld I with happy eye  
I spyde where at the Idoles feet apart  
A beere of fayre damask close did lye,  
Wayting when as the Anthemie should be sung  
on hye

## XLIX

"The first of them did seeme of riper yeares  
And graver countenance then all the rest  
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peeres,  
Yet unto her obeyed all the best  
Her name was Womanhood, that she ex-  
prest  
By her sad semblant and demourne wyse  
I or stedfast till her eyes did fixed rest  
Ne not at ruden, after gayer gyffe,  
Whose luring braytes oftimes ille heedless hart  
entise

## L

"And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,  
Ne euer durst her eyes from ground upreare,  
Ne euer once did looke up from her desse,  
As if some blame of euill she did feare,  
That in her cheekes mule roses oft appeare  
And I against sweet Cherefulness was placed  
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening  
cleare,  
Were deckt with smiles that all sad humors  
And durtel forth delights the which her good-  
ly graced.

## LI

"And next to her sate sober Modestie,  
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;  
And her against sate comely Curtesie,  
That unto every person knew her part  
And her before was sent of as with art  
Soft Silence, and submissiue Obedience,  
Both in ekt together neuer to dispart,  
Both gifts of God not gotten but in thence,  
Both girdons of his Saints againe their foe-  
offence

## LII

"Thus sate ther all around in seemely rate  
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd  
I en in the lap of Womanhood there sate,  
The which was all inilly white arayd,  
With silver streamers amongst the linnen  
arrayd,  
Like to the Morne when first her shyning face  
Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewrayd  
That came was fayrest Amoret in place,  
Shyning with beuities light and heavenly  
vertues grace

## LIII

"Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb  
And wade in doubt what best waye to be  
dome;  
For sorrowe me seemd the Church to roly  
And folly seemd to leaue the thing undone  
Which with so strong attempt I had begunne,  
The shaking off all doubt and shame fast feare  
Which Ladies love I heard, had neuer wonne  
Nought men of worth, I to her steppel nere,  
And by the hille hand her labour'd up to  
reare

## LIV

"Therent that foremost matrone me did  
blame,  
And sharpe rebuke for being ouer held;  
Saying it was to Knight unseemly shame  
Upon a recluse Virgin to be hold,  
That unto Venus seruices was sold  
To whom I thus "Say, but it fitteth best  
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to held,  
For all your goddesses seruices are drest  
By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest"

## LV

"With that my shield I forth to her did  
show,  
Which all that while I closely had conceald;  
On which when Cupid, with his killing bow  
And cruell shafts, emblazond she be held,  
At sight then of she was with terror queld,  
And said no more but I, which all that  
while  
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,

Like vaine Hynd within the needie soyle,  
For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious  
spoyle.

## LVI

'And evermore upon the Goddesse faee  
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence,  
Whom when I saw with amiable grace  
To laugh at me, and favour my pretence,  
I was emboldned with more confidence;  
And nought for meenesse nor for envy  
sparring,  
In presence of them all forth led her thence  
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,  
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them  
daring

## LVII

'She often pryde, and often me besought,  
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,

Sometime with witchung smyles, but yet, for  
nought

That ever she to me could say or doe,  
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe  
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,  
By which I hardly past with much adoe  
But that same Ladie, which me friended late  
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate

## LVIII

'No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,  
Whenas he saw me, mangre all his poure,  
That glorious spoyle of beauntie with me lead,  
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did reconre  
His Leman from the Stygian Princes bourse  
But evermore my shield did me defend  
Against the stourme of every dreadfull stoure  
'Thus safely with my love I thence did wend.'  
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end

## CANTO XI

Marnells former wound is heald,  
He comes to Proteus hall,  
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,  
And feasts the Sea gods all

## I

But ah for pittie that I have thus long  
Left a fayre Ladie lingshing in payne  
Now well-away that I have doen such  
wrong,  
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,  
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes  
chayne, [free  
From which, unless some heavenly powre her  
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,  
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee,  
That even to thinke thereof it nily pitties mee

## II

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile  
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind  
That Virgins love to win by wit or wile,  
Her thren into a dongeon deepe and blind,  
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,  
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw  
For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind  
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,  
He thought her to compell by crueltie and  
awe.

## III

Deepe in the bottome of an huge grent rocke  
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,  
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke,  
Did neede to gard from force, or secret theft

Of all her lovers which would her have ref:  
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and  
ror'd

As they the chiffe in peeces would have cleft,  
Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd  
Did waite about it, gaping gresly, all begor'd

## IV

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,  
And darkenesse dredd that never viewed day,  
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,  
In which old Styx her aged bones lay,  
Old Styx the Grandame of the Gods, doth lay  
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months  
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray, [abide,  
Ne ever from the day the night descide,  
But thought it all one night that did no houres  
divide

## V

And all this was for love of Marnell,  
Who her despyd (ah! who would her despyse?)  
And womens love did from his hart expell,  
And all those joyes that wake mankind entyse  
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse,  
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,  
That of the wound he yet in languor lies,  
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke  
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her  
provoke

## VI

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother  
 sought,  
 And many salves did to his sore applye,  
 And many herbes did use But when as  
 nought,  
 She saw, could ease his rankling malaise,  
 At last to Tryphon she far helpe did see,  
 (This Tryphon is the seargods surgeoyn light,) Whom she besought to find some remedie,  
 And for his prunes a whistle him beghyt,  
 That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare  
 delight.

## VII

So well that Lereh did hearken to her request,  
 And did so well employ his careful paine,  
 That in short space his hurts he had redrest  
 And him restor'd to healthfull state againe  
 In which lo long time after did remaine  
 There with the Nymph his mother, like her  
 thrall  
 Who sore against his will did him retaine,  
 For feare of perill which to him mote fall  
 Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over  
 all

## VIII

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there  
 To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,  
 In honour of the spousalls which then were  
 Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed  
 Long had the Thames (as we in records read)  
 Before that day her wooed to his bed  
 But the proud Nymph would for no worldly  
 need,  
 Nor no entreatie, to his love be led,  
 Till now, at last relenting, she to him was wed

## IX

So both agreed that this their bridle feast  
 Should for the Gods in Proteus house be made,  
 To which they all repayr'd, both most and  
 least,  
 As well which in the mightie Ocean trade,  
 As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade,  
 All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,  
 And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I  
 had,  
 And endlesse memorie that mote excell,  
 In order as they came could I recount them  
 well

## X

Helpe, therefore, O thou sacred imp of Jove  
 The nourishing of Dame Memorie his deare,  
 To whom these rolles, lay it up in heaven above,  
 And records of antiquitie appeare,

To which no wit of man may comen neare,  
 Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods  
 And all those Nymphes which then assembled  
 were  
 To that great banquet of the watry Gods,  
 And all their sundry kinds, and all their hild  
 abodes

## XI

I first came great Neptune, with his threeforkt  
 mace,  
 That rules the Seas and makes them rise or fall  
 His dewy loe es did drop with brine apace  
 Under his Diademe Imperiall  
 And by his side his Queene with coronall,  
 Iare Amphitrite, most divinely faire,  
 Whose yronie shoulders were all covered all,  
 As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,  
 And deckt with pearles which the Indian seas  
 for her prepare

## XII

These marched farre afore the other crew  
 And all the way before them, as they went,  
 Triton his trumpet shall before them blew,  
 For goodly triumph and great jollyment,  
 That made the rockes to roare as they were  
 rent,  
 And after them the royall issue came,  
 Which of them spring by incallid cent  
 First the Sea gods, which to themselves doe  
 claime [to time  
 The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves

## XIII

Phorcus, the father of that fatal brood  
 By whom those old Herons wounde such fame;  
 And Glauceus, that wise counsellor unknowned,  
 And tragike lynes sonne, the which became  
 A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,  
 Now light Palemon, and is saylers friend,  
 Great Brontes and Astrus, that did shame  
 Himselfe with meeet of his kin and end,  
 And huge Orion, that doth tempests still por-  
 tend,

## XIV

The rich Cteatus and Eurysus long,  
 Nereus and Pelias, lovely brethren both,  
 Mightie Chrysar and Cricus strong,  
 Iuripulus, that crimes the waters wroth  
 And furo I uphennus, that upon them goth  
 As on the ground without dismay or dread,  
 Eieree Erre and Alelus, that know th  
 The water-depht and doth the bottom tread  
 And sad Asopus, comely with his hearie head

## XV

There also some most famous founders were  
 Of puissant Nations which the world possesset,

Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here  
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest,  
And Inachus renowned above the rest,  
Phoenix, and Aon, and Pelasgus old,  
Great Belus, Phœax, and Agenor best,  
And mightie Albion, father of the bold  
And warlike people which the Britaine Islands  
hold

## XXI

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was,  
Who, for the prooffe of his great puissance,  
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pass  
Into old Gall, that now is cleeped France,  
To fight with Hercules, that did advance  
To vanquish all the world with mateliesse  
might,  
And thero his mortall part by great mischance  
Was slaine but that which is th' immortall  
spright [was dight  
Lives still, and to this feast with Neptunes seed

## XXII

But what doe I their names seeke to reherse,  
Which all the world have with their issue sild?  
How can they all in this so narrow verse  
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?  
Let them record them that are better skild,  
And know the monuments of passed age  
Onely what needeth shall be here fulfilled,  
T' expresse some part of that great equipage  
Which from great Neptune do derive their  
parentage

## XXIII

Next came the aged Ocean and his Dame  
Old Teiths, th' oldest two of all the rest,  
For all the rest of those two parents came,  
Which afterward both sea and land possesse,  
Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,  
Did first proceed, then which none more up-  
right,  
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest,  
Most void of guile, most free from fowle de-  
spight, [right  
Doing him selfe, and teaching others to doe

## XXIV

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,  
And could the ledden of the gods unfold,  
Through which, when Paris brought his fa-  
mous prise,  
The faire Tindarid lasse, he him fortold  
That her all Greeco with many a champion  
bold  
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy  
Proud Priams towne So wise is Nerens old,  
And so well skild, nathlesse he takes great joy  
Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphs to  
snort and toy

## XX

And after him the famous rivers came,  
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie  
Tho fertile Nile, which creatures new doth  
frame, [skie,  
Long Rhodanus, whose source springs from the  
Faure Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie  
Of Greeks and Trojans which therein did die,  
Paetolus glistring with his golden flood,  
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may  
be withstood,

## XXI

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,  
Deepe Indus, and Meander intricate,  
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,  
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate  
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate,  
Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame,  
Rich Oranoe, though but knowne late,  
And that huge River, which doth beare his  
name [same  
Of warlike Amazons, who doe possesse the

## XXII

Joy on those warlike women, which so long  
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold  
And shame on you, O men! which boast your  
strong [bold,  
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and  
Yet quail in conquest of that land of gold  
But thus to you, O Britons! most pertaines,  
To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold,  
The which, for sparing little cost or paines,  
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse  
gaines

## XXIII

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound  
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue  
Before the spouse that was Aron crownd,  
Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew  
The cares and hearts of all that goodly crew,  
That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore  
Through the Agrean seas from Pirates view,  
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,  
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore

## XXIV

So went he playing on the watery plaine,  
Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome  
came,  
The noble Thamias, with all his goodly frame,  
But him before there went, as best became,  
His auncient parents, namely th' auncient  
Thame  
But much more aged was his wife then he,  
The Ourze, whom men doe Isis rightly name,



Full water and crooked creature seemed shee,  
And almost blind through old, that scarce her  
way could see

XXV

Therefore on either side she was sustained  
Of two small grooms, which by their names  
were light {which pruned  
The Churne and Charwell, two small streames,  
Them selves her footing to direct aright,  
Which sayled oft through faint and feeble  
plight  
But Thyme was stranger, and of better stay,  
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,  
With head all hoary, and his beard all grey,  
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe  
alway.

XXVI

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore  
With bow'd backe by reason of the load  
And ancient heay burden which he bore  
Of that faire City whereina make abode  
So many learned impes, that shoote abroad  
And with their branches spread all Britany,  
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode  
Joy to you both ye double nourcers  
Of Arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most  
glorify

XXVII

But he their soune full fresh and jolly was  
All decked in a robe of watchet hew, {his  
On which the waves, glittering like Christall  
So cunningly enuoyed were, that few  
Could seeuen whether they were false or trew  
And on his head like to a Coronet  
He wore, that seem'd strange to common yew,  
In which were many towres and castels set  
That it encompass'd round as with a golden fret

XXVIII

Lake as the mother of the Gods, they say,  
In her great iron charret wount to ride,  
When to Ioves pillace she doth take her way,  
Old Gybele, array'd with pompous pride,  
Wearing a Diademe embroider'd wide  
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant  
With such an one was Thams beautifide,  
That was to meet the famous Troynovant,  
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly re-  
siant

XXIX

And round about him many a pretty Page  
Attended duche, ready to obey,  
All little Rivers which owe vassallage  
To him, as to their Lord and tribute pay  
The chauncky Kenet and the Thetis gray,  
The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,  
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way,

And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane  
Ten thousand fishes play and deele his plea-  
sant streames.

XXX

Then came his neighbour floods which might  
him dwell,  
And water all the English soile throughout  
They all on him this day attended well,  
And with meet service waited him about,  
So none dishonoured low to him to lout  
No, not the stately Severne grudging at all,  
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout,  
But both him honored as their principall,  
And let their swelling waters low before him  
fall

XXXI

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides  
The Cornish and the Devonish counties,  
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it  
glides, {ches  
And, meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence de-  
And Dart, much choekt with sands of tummy  
mides  
But Avon marched in more stately path,  
Proud of his Admants with which he rhymes  
And glisters wide, as also of wondrous Bath  
And Bristol towne, which on his waves he  
buddeth hath

XXXII

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,  
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on his,  
That doth his course through bloudford plums  
threat,  
And whether Winborne makes in season drive  
Next him went Wiltbourne with passage slow,  
That of his wylmes his name doth take,  
And of him selfe doth name the shure thereby  
And Mole, that like a wounding Mole doth make  
His way still under ground, till Thams he  
overtake

XXXIII

Then came the Rother decked all with woods  
Like a wood God and flowing fast to Rhine,  
And Sture, that partieth with his pleasant  
floods  
The Lasterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,  
And Clare and Harwich both doth beautify  
Him follow'd Yare, soft washing Norwich wall,  
And with him brought a present joyfully  
Of his owne fish unto their festiual  
Whose like none else could shew, the which  
they Ruffins call

XXXIV

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from  
land,  
By many a city and by many a towne

And many rivers taking under-hand  
 Into his waters as he passeth downe,  
 The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the  
     Rowne { sit,  
 Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge  
 My mother Cambridge, whom as with a  
     Crowne  
 He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it { wit  
 With many a gentle Muse and many a learned

## XXXV

And after him the fatall Welland went,  
 That, if old sawes prove true (which God for-  
     bid)

Shall drowne all Holland with his everement,  
 And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,  
 Then slime in learning more then ever did  
 Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames  
 And next to him the Nene downe softly slid,  
 And bounteous Trent, that in him selfe en-  
     seames { stiermes

Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry

## XXXVI

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony  
     banche

That Romaine Monarch built a brasen wall,  
 Which mote the feeble Britons strongly  
     franche

Against the Prets that swarmed over-all,  
 Which yet thereof Gualsever they doe call  
 And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land  
 And Albany And Eden, though but small,  
 Yet often staunde with blood of many a band  
 Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his  
     strand

## XXXVII

Then came those sixe sad brethren, like for-  
     loine,

That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)  
 Sixe valiant Knights of one faire Nympe  
     borne,

Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,  
 And wonned there where now Yorke people  
     dwell, { might,

Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of  
 High Swale, inquiet Nide, and troublous Skell,  
 All whom a Seythan king, that Humber hight,  
 Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quight.

## XXXVIII

But past not long ere Brutus warlike sonne,  
 Loernus, them aveng'd, and the same date,  
 Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,  
 By equall dome repaid on his owne pate  
 For in the selfe same river, where he late  
 Had drenched them, he drowned him againe,  
 And nam'd the river of his wretched fate

Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,  
 Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still  
     remaine

## XXXIX

These after came the stony shallow Lone,  
 That to old Lancaster his name doth lend,  
 And following Dee, which Britons long y gone  
 Did call dyvine, that doth by Chester tend,  
 And Conway, which out of his streame doth send  
 Plenty of pearles to deeke his dames withall,  
 And Landus that his pikes doth most commend,  
 Of which the aunient Lincolne men doe call  
 All these together marched toward Protens  
     hall

## XL

Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were,  
 Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,  
 And joyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,  
 Why should they not likewise in love agree,  
 And joy likewise this solemne day to see?  
 They saw it all, and present were in place,  
 Though I them all according their degree  
 Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,  
 Nor read the salvage cuntries thorough which  
     they pace

## XLI

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,  
 The sandy Slane, the stony Aubran,  
 The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,  
 The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitful Ban,  
 Swift Awindust, which of the English man  
 Is call'd Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,  
 Sad Trowis that once his people over-ran,  
 Strong Allo tumbling from Slewlogher steep,  
 And Mulla mune, whose waves I whilom taught  
     to weep

## XLII

And there the three renowned brethren were,  
 Which that great Gyant Blommus begot  
 Of the faire Nymph Rhessa wandring there  
 One day, as she to shunne the season whot  
 Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,  
 This Gyant found her and by force deflowr'd,  
 Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought  
 These three faire sons which being thenceforth  
     powrd { seawrd

In three great rivers ran, and many cuntries

## XLIII

The first the gentle Shure that, making way  
 By sweet Clonmell, adorne rich Waterford,  
 The next, the stubborne Newre whose waters  
     gray  
 By fure Kilkenny and Rossepointe boord,  
 The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord  
 Great herpes of salmons in his deepe bo-ome  
 All which, long sundred, doe at last accord

To joyne in one, ere to the sea they come,  
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become

## XLIV

There also was the wide embayd Myre,  
The pleasant Bandon crown'd with many a  
wood,  
The spreading Lee that, like an Island faire,  
Lucioeth Corke with his divided flood,  
And balefull Oure, late stand with English  
blood, [tell  
With many more whose names no tongue can  
All which that dry in order seemly good  
Dul on the Thamys attend, and waited well  
To doe their duefull service, as to them befall.

## XLV

Then came the Bride, the lovely Medua came,  
Clad in a vesture of unknowne gearo  
And uncouth fision, yet her well became,  
That seem'd like silver, sprinkled here and  
there [appeare,  
With glittering springs that did like starres  
And wryd upon, like water Chamelot,  
To hule the metall, which yet every where  
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wot  
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet  
was not

## XLVI

Her goodly lockes adowne her breake did flow  
Unto her waste, with flowres besetted  
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw  
To all about, and all her shoulders spread  
As a new spring, and likewise on her head  
A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,  
From under which the dewy humour shed  
Dul trieled downe her haire, like to the hore  
Congealed hitle drops which doe the morne  
adore.

## XLVII

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,  
One cald the Ihesse, the other cald the Crane,  
Which on her waited things amaine to mend,  
And both behind upheld her spreading traine,  
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,  
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day  
And her before there preed Pages twaine,  
Both clad in colours like, and like array,  
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which pre-  
pard her way

## XLVIII

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,  
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene  
Whom of their sire Nereides men call, [haire,  
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare,

The gray-eyde Doris, all which fifty are,  
All which she there on her attending had  
Swift Profo, milde Luerate, Thetis faire,  
Soft Spio, sweete Endore, Sao sad,  
Light Doto, wanton Glaucé, and Galenè glad:

## XLIX

White hand Lamea, proud Dymamenè,  
Jovous Thalia goodly Amphitrite,  
Lovely Pasithee, kinde Lulmenè  
Laghtfoote Cythotho, and sweete Melitè,  
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white,  
Wondred Agave, Poris, and Nereia,  
With I rito that doth in love delight,  
And Panopie, and wise Protomedea [three  
And snowy neckd Doris, and milkewhite Gala-

## L

Speedy Hippothol, and chaste Actea,  
Large Lisanassa, and Pronoe sage,  
Eurgoré, and light Pontoporee,  
And she that with her least word can assuage  
The surging fers, when they doe sorest rage,  
Cymoloea, and stout Autonoe,  
And Neso, and Lionè well in age,  
And, seeming still to smile, Glauconome,  
And she that hight of many herstes Polynome,

## LI

Fresh Alameda deckt with garlond greene,  
Hippoco with salt-bedewed wreats,  
Lumeila like the cristall sheene,  
Largore much praisd for wise behests,  
And Parmathè for her brode snowe brests,  
Cymo, Lupoimè, and Thauristè just,  
And, she that vertue loves and vice detests,  
Luarna, and Menippe true in trust,  
And Nemeter learned well to rule her lust

## LII

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,  
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,  
To rule his tides, and surges to upreare,  
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde,  
And sailers save from wreches of wrathfull  
winde [wer.  
And yet, besides, three thousand more there  
Of th' Oceans seede, but Joves and Phoebus  
kinde,  
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,  
And all mankind do nourish with their waters  
clere

## LIII

The which, more eath it were for mortall  
wight  
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,

Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon  
right.  
But well I wote that these, which I descry,  
Were present at this great solemnity

And there, amongst the rest, the mother was  
Of luckelesse Marnell, Cymodoce,  
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,  
Unto an other Canto I will overpas.

## CANTO XII.

Marin for love of Florimell  
In languor wastes his life  
The Nymph, his mother, getteth her  
And gives to him for wife

## I

O' WHAT an endlesse worke have I in hand,  
To count the seas abundant progeny,  
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in  
land,  
And also those which wonne in th' azure sky  
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,  
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,  
Then to recount the Seas posterity  
So fertile be the floods in generation,  
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse  
their nation

## II

Therefore the antique wisards well invented  
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred,  
For that the seas by her are most augmented  
Witnesses th' exceeding fry which there are fed,  
And wondrous sholes which my of none be red  
Then, blame me not if I have err'd in count  
Of Gods, of Nymphs, of rivers, yet unred,  
For though their numbers do much more sur-  
mount, [count  
Yet all thosesame were there which erst I did re-

## III

All those were there, and many other more,  
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,  
That Proteus house they fild even to the dore,  
Yet were they all in order, as befell,  
According their degrees disposed well  
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodoce,  
The mother of unlucky Marnell,  
Who thither with her came, to learne and see  
The manner of the Gods when they at banquet  
be

## IV

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred  
Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,  
He might not with immortall food be fed,  
Ne with th' eternall Gods to banquet come,  
But wa'lt abroad, and round about did rome  
To view the building of that unceouth place,  
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home  
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did traee,  
There unto him betid a disaventrous case.

## V

Under the hanging of an hideous cheffe  
He heard the lamentable voice of one,  
That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,  
Which never she before disclo'd to none,  
But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone  
So feelingly her case she did complaine,  
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,  
And made it seeme to feeble her grievous paine,  
And oft to grieve with billowes beating from  
the maine

## VI

'Though vaine, I see, my sorrowes to unfold,  
And count my cares when none is nigh to  
heare,  
Yet, hoping grieffe may lessen being told,  
I will them tell though unto no man neare  
For heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,  
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight,  
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,  
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight,  
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life de-  
light.

## VII

'Yet loe! the sers, I see, be often beating  
Doe pearce the rocks, and hardest marble  
wears  
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating  
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he  
heares,  
Is hardned more with my abundant teares  
Yet though he never list to me relent,  
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,  
Yet will I never of my love repent,  
But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

## VIII

'And when my weary ghost, with grieffe out-  
worne,  
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,  
Let then this plant unto his eares be borne,  
That blame it is to him, that armes protest,  
To let her die whom he might have redrest'  
There did she pause, inforced to give place  
Unto the passion that her heart oppress,

And, after she had wept and wail'd a space,  
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case

IX

'Ye Gods of seers, if any Gods at all  
Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,  
By one or other way me, woefull thrall,  
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,  
In which I daily dying am too long  
And if ye deeme me death for loving one  
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,  
But let me die and end my daies atone,  
And let him live unlov'd, or love him selfe  
alone.

X

'But if that life ye unto me deerce,  
Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,  
And of my lifes deare love beloved be  
And if he should through pride your doome  
undo,  
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,  
And in this prison put him here with me,  
One prison fittest is to hold us two  
So had I rather to be thrall then free  
Such thralldome or such freedome let it surely  
be

XI

'But O y mine judgement, and conditions mine  
The which the prisoner points unto the free  
The whyles I him coudemne, and deeme him  
prine,  
He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me  
So ever loose, so ever happy be  
But where so loose or happy that thou art,  
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee  
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart  
Would quite have burst through great abund-  
ance of her smart.

XII

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,  
And understood the cause of all her care  
To come of him for using her so hard,  
His stubborn heart, that never felt misfare,  
Was toucht with soft remorse and pitty rare,  
That even for griefe of minde he oft disgaire  
And only wish that in his powre it weare  
Her to redresse but since he merues found  
none,  
He could no more but her great misery bemoane

XIII

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth  
Was toucht and mighty courage mollified,  
Dame Venus sonne, that tamieth stubborn  
youth  
With iron bit, and maketh him abide

Till like a victor on his backe he ride,  
Into his mouth his may string bridle thren,  
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride  
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,  
And learne to love by learning lovers paines to  
rew.

XIV

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,  
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge.  
Some while he thought, by fare and humble  
wise  
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge  
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge  
Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine  
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and  
targe  
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to con-straine,  
But soone he gan such folly to forthink againe

XV

Then did he cast to strale her thence away,  
And with him beare where none of her might  
know  
But all in vaine, for why he found no way  
To enter in, or issue forth below,  
For all about that rocke the sea did flow  
And though unto his will she given were,  
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row,  
He wist not how her thence away to bere,  
And danger well he wist long to continue  
there

XVI

At last when as no merues he could invent,  
Bricke to him selfe he gan returne the blame,  
That was the author of her punishment,  
And with vile curses and reprochfull shame  
To damne him selfe by every evil name,  
And deeme unworthy of love or life,  
That had despise so christ and cure a dame,  
Which him had sought through trouble and  
long strife,  
Yet had refuse a God that her had sought  
[to wife]

XVII

In this sad plight he walked here and there,  
And round about the rocke in vaine,  
As he had lost him selfe he wist not where,  
Oft listening if he mote her heere againe,  
And still benoning her unworthy paine  
Like as an Iliade, whose enife is salne mayares  
Into some pit, where she him beeres complaine,  
An hundred times about the pit side fares  
Light sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares

XVIII

And now by this the feast was throughly  
enled,  
And every one gan homeward to resort

Which seeing, Marnell was sore offended  
That his departure thence should be so short,  
And leave his love in that sea-walled fort  
Yet durst he not his mother disobey,  
But her attending in full seemly sort,  
Did march amongst the many all the way,  
And all the way did only mourne, like one  
astray

## XX

Being returned to his mothers bowre,  
In solitary silence, far from wight,  
He gan record the lamentable stowre,  
In which his wretched love by day and night  
For his dearesake, that ill deserv'd that plight  
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,  
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight,  
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,  
But pyn'd, and mournd, and languisht, and  
alone did weepe

## XXI

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew  
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight  
His cheek-bones raw, and eye-pits hollow grew,  
And brawny armes had lost their known  
might,

That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight  
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love  
He woxe, that longer he note stand upright,  
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,  
Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stirre or  
move

## XXII

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind  
Was troubled sore, newist well what to weene,  
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find  
The secret cause and nature of his teene,  
Whereby she might apply some medicine  
But weeping day and night did him attend,  
And mournd to see her losse before her eyne,  
Which griev'd her more that she it could not  
mend  
To see an helpelesse evill double griefe doth lend

## XXIII

Nought could she read the roote of his disease,  
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,  
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease  
Most did she thinke, but most she thought  
amis,  
That that same former fatall wound of his  
Why leare by Tryphon was not thoroughly  
healed,  
But closely rankled under th' oris  
Least did she thinke, that which he most con-  
cealed, [vealed  
That love it was, which in his hart lay unre-

## XXIII

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,  
And him doth chide as false and frandulent,  
That sayd the trust which she in him had plast,  
To cure her sonne, as he his futh had lent,  
Who now was false into new languishment  
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured  
So breke he came unto her patient,  
Where searching every part, her well assured  
That it was no old sore which his new paine  
proenred,

## XXIV

But that it was some other maladie,  
Or grief unknowne, which he could not dis-  
ceine  
So left he her withouten remedie  
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and  
came,  
And only troubled was the truth to learne  
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,  
Now with faire speches, now with threatnings  
sterne,  
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,  
It to reveale, who still her answered, there  
was nought,

## XXV

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide,  
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,  
Unto the shume heaven in haste she hied,  
And thence Apollo, King of Leaches, brought  
Apollo came, who, soone as he had sought  
Through his disease, did by and by out find  
That he did languish of some inward thought,  
The which afflicted his engrieved mind,  
Which love he red to be, that leads each living  
kind

## XXVI

Which when he had unto his mother told,  
She gan threat to fret and greatly grieve,  
And, conning to her sonne, gan first to  
scold  
And chide at him that made her misbelieve  
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,  
And woove with fair intreatie, to disclose  
Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did  
mieve,  
For sure she weend it was some one of those,  
Which he had lately seene, that for his love  
he chose.

## XXVII

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,  
That warned him of womens love beware,  
Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,  
For love of Nymphes she thought she need not  
care,

But promist him, what ever wight sho weare,  
That she her love to him would shortly  
gune  
So he her told but soone as she did heare  
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,  
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every  
vaine

XXXX

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,  
In which his life unluckily was layd,  
It was no time to scan the prophecie,  
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,  
That his decay should happen by a mayd  
It's late in death of daunger to advize,  
Or love forbid him, that is life denayd,  
But rather gan in troubled mind devise  
How she that Ladies libertie might enter-  
prize

XXXX

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it  
vaine,  
Who was the root and worker of her woe,  
Nor unto any meaner to complaine,  
But unto great King Neptune selfe did goe,  
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,  
Made humble suit unto his Majestie  
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his  
foe,  
A cruell Tyrant, had presumptuouslie  
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death  
to die

XXXX

To whom God Neptune, softly smyling, thus  
'Daughter, me seemes of double wrong to  
plaine,  
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us,  
For death t' adward I ween'd did appertaine  
To none but to the seas sole Sovereaine  
Read therefore who it is which this hath  
wrought,  
And for what cause, the truth discover plaine,  
For never wight so evil did or thought,  
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though  
rightly nought.'

XXXX

To whom she answer'd 'Then, it is by  
name  
Proteus, that hath ordain'd my sonne to die,  
For that a waite, the which by fortune came  
Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie  
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,  
But yours the waite by high prerogative  
Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie

It to replevie, and my sonne reprive  
So shall you by one gift save all us three  
alive'

XXXX

He graunted it and streight his warrant  
made,  
Under the Sea-gods scale autentically,  
Commanding Proteus straight t' enlarge the  
mayd,  
Which wandring on his seas imperiall  
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall  
Which she receiving with meeete thankfel-  
nesse,  
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall,  
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnessse,  
Was grieved to restore the pledgo he did  
possesse

XXXX

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,  
But unto her delivered Florimell  
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,  
Admire'd her beautie much, as she mote well,  
For she all living creatures did excell,  
And was right joyous that she gotten had  
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell  
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,  
And shewed her to him, then being sore be-  
strid

XXXX

Who soone as he beheld that angels face  
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,  
His ekeared heart erstooones away gan chace  
Said death, revived with her sweet inspection,  
And feeble spirit only felt refection  
As withered weed through cruell winters tme,  
That feels the warmth of sunny beames re-  
fection,  
Liftes up his head that did before decline,  
And gins to spreml his leafe before the faire  
sunshine

XXXX

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,  
When he in place his dearest love did spy,  
And though his limbs could not his bodie  
beare,  
No former strength returne so suddenly,  
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly  
Ne lesse was she in secret hurt affected,  
But that she masked it with modestie,  
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected  
Which to another place I leave to be per-  
fected

## THE FIFTH BOOKE

OF

## THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF ARTHUR OF JUSTICE.

I

So oft as I with state of present time  
The image of the antique world compare,  
When mans nature was in his freshest prime,  
And the first blossom of faire vertue bare,  
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these  
which are,  
As that, through long continuance of his course,  
He seemes the world is runne quite out of square  
From the first point of his appointed course,  
And being once amisse growes daily worse  
and worse

II

For from the golden age, that first was  
named,  
It's now at earst become a stonie one,  
And men themselves, the which at first were  
framed  
Of earthli mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,  
Are now transformed into hardest stone,  
Such as behind their backs (so backward  
bred)  
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione  
And if then those may any worse be red,  
They into that ere long will be degenerated

III

Let none then blame me, if in discipline  
Of vertue and of evil uses lore,  
I doe not forme them to the common line  
Of present daies, which are corrupted sore,  
But to the antique use which was of yore,  
When good was onely for it selfe desired  
And all men sought their owne, and none no  
more,  
When Justice was not for most meed out-livred  
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all  
admired

IV

For that which all men then did vertue call,  
Is now cald vice, and that which vice was  
light,  
Is now lught vertue, and so us'd of all  
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is  
right,  
As all things else in time are changed quight  
No wonder, for the heavens revolution  
Is wandred farre from where it first was  
plight,  
And so doe make contrarie constitution  
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolu-  
tion

V

For who so list into the heavens looke,  
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,  
Shall find that from the point where they first  
tooke  
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares  
They all are wandred much, that plaine ap-  
peares  
For that same golden fleecy Run, which bore  
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdams  
feares  
Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,  
And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Lu-  
ropa bore

VI

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent  
horne  
So hardly battled those two twinnes of Joye,  
That they have crusht the Crab, and quite  
lum borne  
Into the great Nemæan lions grove  
So now all range, and doe it random roye  
Out of their proper places farre away, [more,  
And all this world with them amisse doe



And all his creatures from their course astray  
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay

## VII

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of  
light,  
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,  
In better case, ne keeps his course more  
right,  
But is miscaried with the other Spheres  
For since the terme of fourteene hundred  
yeres,  
That learned Ptolomee his light did take,  
He is declyned from that marke of theirs  
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake,  
That makes me feare in time he will us quite  
forsake

## VIII

And if to those Egyptian wisards old,  
Which in Star-read were wont have best in-  
sight,  
Faith may be given, it is by them told  
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes  
light,  
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight  
And twice hath risen where he now doth  
West,  
And wested twice where he ought rise right  
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest,  
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont  
be best

## IX

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's said  
That all the world with goodnesse did a-  
bound

All loved vertue, no man was affraid  
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found  
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets  
sound,

Peace universall rayn'd amongst men and beasts,  
And all things freely grew out of the ground  
Justice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,  
And to all people did divide her dread be-  
heasts

## X

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest  
Resembling God in his imperall might,  
Whose soveraine powre is herein most ex-  
prest,

That both to good and bad he dealeth right,  
And all his workes with Justice hath bedight.  
That powre he also doth to Princes lend  
And makes them like himselfe in glorious  
sight

To sit in his own seate his cause to end,  
And rule his people right, as he doth recom-  
mend

## XI

Dread Sovrayne Goddess, that doest high  
est sit

In seate of judgement in th' Almightyes stead  
And with magnihecke might and wondrous wit  
Doest to thy people righteous doome read,  
That furthest Nations fill with awful dread  
Pardon the boldnesse of thy brassest thrall,  
That dare discourse of so divine a read

As thy great justice, prayd over-all,  
The instrument whereof loe<sup>1</sup> here thy Arte-  
gall

## CANTO I

Artegall travn'd in Justice lore  
Irenaeus quest pursu'd,  
He doth avenge on Sanglier  
His Ladies blood embrewed

## II

THOUGH vertue then were held in highest  
price,  
In those old times of which I doe entreat,  
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice  
Began to spring, which shortly grew full  
great,  
And with their boughes the gentle plants did  
beat  
But evermore some of the vertuous rice  
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,  
That cropt the branches of the sent base,  
And with strong hand their fruitful rancenes  
did deface

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious  
might

All th' East, before untam'd, did over-ronne,  
And wrong repressed, and establish't right,  
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne  
There Justice first her princely rule begonne  
Next Hereules his like ensample shew'd,  
Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,  
And monst'rous tyrants with his club sub-  
dew'd

The club of Justice dread with lingly powre  
endew'd

## III

Ana sneh was he of whom I haue to tell,  
The Champion of true Justice, Artegall  
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)  
An hard aduenture, which did then befall,  
Into redoubted perill forth did call,  
That was to sneecour a distressed Dame  
Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall,  
And from the heritage, which she did clame,  
Did with strong hand withhold, Grantorto  
was his name.

## IV

Wherefore the Lady, which Irena hight,  
Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse,  
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,  
She her besought of gracious redresse  
That soveraine Queene, that mightie Em-  
peresse,

Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,  
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,  
Chose Artegall to right her to restore,  
For that to her he seem'd best skild in right-  
eous lore.

## V

For Artegall in iustice was upbrought  
Euen from the cradle of his infancy,  
And all the depth of rightfull doome was  
taught

By pure Astraea with great industrie,  
Whilst here on earth she liued mortallie  
For till the world from his perfection fell  
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,  
Astraea herc mongst earthly men did dwell,  
And in the rules of justice them instructed  
well

## VI

Whiles through the world she walked in this  
sort,  
Upon a day she found this gentle childe  
Amongst his peres playing his chuldish sport,  
Whom seeng fit, and with no crime defilde,  
She did allure with gifts and speaches milde  
To wend with her So thence him farre she  
brought  
Into a cave from compaigne exile, [taught,  
In which she noursled him till yeares lie  
And all the discipline of iustice there him  
taught

## VII

There she him taught to weigh both right  
and wrong  
In equall ballance with due recompence,  
And equitie to measure out along  
According to the line of conscience,  
When so it needs with rigour to dispence  
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,  
She caused him to make experience

Upon wild beasts, which she in woods did find  
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of  
their kind

## VIII

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him  
taught  
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,  
Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he taught,  
That euen wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,  
And men admyr'd his over-ruling might,  
Ne any liu'd on ground that durst withstand  
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in  
sight,  
Or bide the horror of his weakfull hand,  
When so he list in wrath list up his steely  
brand,

## IX

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded  
more,  
She gave unto him, gotten by her slight  
And earnest search, where it was kept in store  
In Joves eternall house, unuist of wight  
Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight  
Against the Titans, that whilome rebelled  
Gainst highest heaven Chrysaor it was hight,  
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,  
Well provid'd in that same day when Iove those  
Gyants quelled

## X

For of most perfect metall it was made,  
Temper'd with Adamant amongst the same,  
And garnisht all with gold upon the blade  
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,  
And was of no lesse vertue then of fame,  
For there no substance was so firme and hard,  
But it would pierce or cleave, where so it came,  
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,  
But wheresoeuer it did light, it throughly  
shard

## XI

Now, when the world with sunne gan to a-  
bound,  
Astraea lothing lenger here to space [found,  
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she  
Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her  
race,

Where she hath now an everlasting place  
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we  
doe see

The heavens bright-shining bandkeete to en-  
And is the Virgin, siet in her degree, [chace,  
And next her selfe her righteous ballance  
hanging bee

## XII

But when she parted hence she left her groom  
An yron man, which did on her attend

## THE FAIRIE QUEENE

298

Alwaies to execute her steadfast doome,  
And willed him with Artegall to wend,  
And doe what ever thing he did intend,  
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,  
Immorable, resistlesse, without end,  
Who in his hand an yron stile did hould,  
With which he threst out falshood, and did  
truth unfould

He now went with him in this new inquest,  
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,  
Against that cruell Tyrant, which oppress  
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,  
And kept the crowne in which she should suc-  
ceed  
And now together on their way they bin,  
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weel  
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne,  
With many bitter teares shed from his blub-  
bred eyne

To whom as they approached, they espide  
A sorie sight as ever scene with eye,  
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside  
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofull,  
That her gay clothes did in discolour die,  
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight,  
And flamd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,  
He askt who had that Dawe so foully dight,  
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other  
night?

'Ah' woe is me, and well-away I' (quoth hee,  
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a  
banke),  
'That ever I this dismall day did see!  
Full farr was I from thinking such a pranke,  
Yet little losse it were, and mickle thanke,  
If I should grant that I have doen the same,  
That I mote drinke the cup whereof she drank,  
But that I should die guilty of the blame  
The which another did, who now is fled with  
shame'

'Who was it then,' (said Artegall) 'that  
wrought?  
And why? doe it declare unto me trew.'  
'A knight,' (said he) 'if knight he may be  
thought  
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,  
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew  
This day as I in solace sate hereby  
With a fayre love, whose losse I now do rewe,  
There came this knight, having in companie  
This lucklesse Ladie which now here doth  
headlesse lie

'He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,  
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,  
Would change with me, but I did it denye,  
So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne  
But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,  
Would not so rest contented with his right,  
But, having from his courser her downe  
throwne,  
From me reft mine away by lawlesse might,  
And on his steed her set to beere her out of  
sight

Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast,  
And on him catching hold gan loud to crie  
Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,  
But rather of his hand besought to die  
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,  
And at one stroke croot off her head with  
scorne,  
In that same place whereas it now doth lie  
So he my love away with him hath borne,  
And left me here both his and mine owne love  
to morne'

'Arend' (said he) 'which way then did he  
make?  
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?'  
'To hope' (quoth he) 'him soon to overtake  
Th' hence so long departed, is but vaine,  
But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,  
And as I marked, bore upon his shield,  
By which it's easie him to know againe,  
A broken sword within a bloode field,  
Expressing well his nature which the same  
did wield'

No sooner said but streight he after sent  
His yron page, who him pursu'd so light,  
As that it seem'd above the ground he went,  
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,  
And strong as Lion in his lordly might  
It was not long before he overtook  
Sir Slaughter, (so cleeped was that Knight)  
Whom at the first he ghesed by his looke,  
And by the other markes which of his shield  
he took

He had him stryde, and backe with him retire,  
Who, full of scorne to be commandd so,  
The Lady to alight did eft require,  
Whilste he reformed that unciivil fo,  
And streight at him with all his force did go,  
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a  
roche  
Is lightly stricken with some stones throw,

But to him leaping lent him such a knocke,  
That on the ground he layd him like a sence-  
lesse blocke.

## XXII

But, ere he could him selfe recure againe,  
Him in his iron paw he seized had,  
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine.  
He found him selfe unwist so ill bestad,  
That him he could not wag Thence he him  
lad,

Bound like a beast appointed to the stall.  
The sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,  
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;  
But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend  
withall

## XXIII

When to the place they came, where Artegall  
By that same carefull Squire did then abide,  
He gently gan him to demand of all  
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide  
Who with sterne countenance and indignant  
pride

Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,  
And his accuser thereuppon dehde,  
For neither he did shed that Ladies blond,  
Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper  
good.

## XXIV

Well did the Squire perceive him selfe too  
weake

To aunswere his defiance in the field,  
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,  
Then to approve his right with speare and  
shield,

And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield  
But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine  
That he it was not which that Lady kild.  
But that strange Knight, the fairer love to  
gaue,  
Didst cast about by sleight the truth thereof  
to straine;

## XXV

And sayd, 'Now sure this doubtfull causes  
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride, [right  
Or else by ordele, or by blooddy fight,  
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side,  
But if ye please that I your cause decide,  
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,  
So ye will sweare my judgement to abide.'  
Thereto they both did frankly condescend,  
And to his doome with listfull eares did both  
attend.

## XXVI

'Sith then,' (sayd he) 'ye both the dead  
deny,  
And both the living Lady claime your right,

Let both the dead and living equally  
Devided be betwixt you here in sight,  
And each of either take his share aright  
But looke, who does dissent from this my read,  
He for a twelve moneths day shall in despiht  
Beare for his penance that same Ladies head,  
To witnesse to the world that she by him is  
dead'

## XXVII

Well pleased with that doome was Sanghere  
And offred streight the Lady to be slaime,  
But that same Squire, to whom she was more  
dere,

When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,  
Did yeld she rather should with him remaine  
Alive, then to him selfe be shared dead,  
And rather then his love should suffer paine,  
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head  
True love despiseth shame, when life is cald  
in dread.

## XXVIII

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved,  
'Not so, thou Squire,' (he sayd) 'but thine I  
deeme

The living Lady, which from thee he revied,  
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme  
And you, Sir Knight, that love so light es-  
teeme,

As that ye would for little leave the same,  
Take here your owne, that doth you best be  
seeme,  
And with it beare the burden of defame,  
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad  
your shame.'

## XXIX

But Sanghere disdained much his doome,  
And sternly gan repune at his behest,  
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,  
To beare that Ladies head before his beaht,  
Until that Talus had his pride repress,  
And forced him, maulgre, it up to reare.  
Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,  
He tooke it up and thence with him did beare,  
As rated Spaniell takes his burden up for feare

## XXX

Much did that Squire Sir Artegall adore  
For his great justice, held in high regard,  
And as his Squire him offred evermore  
To serve, for want of other meete reward,  
And wend with him on his adventure hard;  
But he thereto would by no meanes consent,  
But leaving him forth on his journey far'd  
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went,  
They two enough t' encounter an whole Regi-  
ment.

## CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell,  
Does with the Fagan flight  
Him slayes, doo vnto Lady Murrain,  
Dooes raze her castle q' d'g<sup>th</sup>

I

Nolunt is more honorable to a knight  
Ne better doth beseech brave cheualry,  
Then to defend the feeble in their right,  
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry  
Whilome those great Heroes go' thereby  
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes  
And place desired with the Gods on his  
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceeds,  
Who now to perils great for justice call' pro  
ceedes

II

To which as he now was upon the way  
He chaunst to meet a Dwarf in hasty course,  
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,  
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse  
Loth was the Dwarf, yet did he stay per  
force,

And giv of sundry newes his store to tell  
As to his memory they had recourse  
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell  
How she was found againe and spousd to  
Marinell

III

For this was Don Florimels owne Dwarf,  
Whom having lost, (as ye have heard why  
leare)

And finding in the way the scattred pearle,  
The fortune of her life long time did feare  
But of her health when Artegall did heare,  
And safe returne he was full mly glad,  
And askt him where and when her bridle  
cheare

Should be solemniz'd, for, if time he had,  
He would be there, and honor to her spousall  
all

IV

'Within three daies,' (quoth he) 'as I do  
here,

It will be at the Castle of the Strand,  
What time, if naught me let, I will be there  
To doe her service so as I am bound  
But in my way, a little here beyond,  
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,  
That keeps a Bridges passage by strong  
bond,

And many errant Knights hath there forlorne,  
That make all men for fare that passage for  
to shorne.'

V

'What mister wight,' (quoth he) 'and how  
far lunc'

Is he that doth to travellers such harmes?'

'He is' (quoth he) 'a man of great defence,  
I fight in battell and in deedes of armes,  
And more enchaind by the wicked charmes,  
With which his daughter doth him still sup  
port,

Having great Lord-lups got and goodly firmes  
Through strong oppression of his poure extort,  
By which he still them holde, and keeps with  
strong effort

VI

'And daily he his wrongs encreaseth more,  
For never night he lets to passe that way  
thar his Bridge allee he rich or poor,  
But he him mak' his passage-penny pay  
I see he doth hold him backe or beat away  
Thereto he hath a grome of evill guise,  
Whose whip is bare, that bondage doth be  
ware,

Which pils and pils the poure in piteous woe,  
But he him selfe upon the rich doth tyran  
nize

VII

'His name is hight Pollent rightly so,  
For that he is so puissant and strong,  
That with his poure he all doth overcome,  
And makes them subject to his might wrong,  
And some by sleight he eke doth underfong  
For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,  
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long,  
And in the same are many trap-fals pight,  
Through which the rider downe doth fall  
through oversight

VIII

'And underneath the same a river flows  
That is both swift and dangerous deepe with  
all,  
Into the which whom so he overthrowes,  
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall

But he him selfe through practise usuall,  
Leapes forth into the flood, and there assaies  
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,  
That horse and man he equall, dismaies,  
And either both them drownes, or traytous-  
ly slayes.

IX

'Then doth he take the spoile of them at  
will,  
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby,  
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith  
The coffers of her wicked treasury, [fill  
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy  
That many Princes she in wealth exceeds,  
And purchaseth all the countrey lying ny  
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes  
Her name is Munera, agreeing with her  
deedes

X

'Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,  
With golden bands and silver seete beside,  
That many Lords have her to wife desired,  
But she them all despiseth for great pride.  
'Now by my life,' (said he) 'and God to gunde  
None other way will I this day betake  
But by this Bridge whereas he doth abide  
Therefore me thither lead' No more he spake,  
But thitherward forthright his ready way did  
make

XI

Unto the place he came within a while,  
Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw  
The Sarazin awaiting for some spoile  
When as they to the passage gan to draw,  
A villaine to them came with scull all raw,  
That passage money did of them require,  
According to the custome of their law [hire,  
To whom he answered wroth, 'Loe' there thy  
And with that word him strooke, that straight  
he did expire.

XII

Which when the Pagan saw he waxed wroth,  
And streight him selfe unto the fight addrest,  
Ne was Sir Artegall belunde so both  
Together ran with ready spurs in rest  
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest  
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall  
Into the flood: straight leapt the Carle unblest,  
Well weening that his foe was faine withall,  
But he was well aware, and leapt before his  
fall

XIII

There being both together in the flood,  
They each at other tyrannously flew,  
Ne ought the water cooled their whot blood,  
But rather in them kindled choler new

But there the Pagan, who that use well knew  
To fight in water, great advantage had,  
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew  
And eke the courser whereupon he rad  
Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe  
bestrad

XIV

Which oddes when as Sir Artegall espide,  
He saw no way but close with him in hast,  
And to him driving strongly downe the tide  
Upon his iron collar griped fast,  
That with the strait his weand nigh he brast  
There they together strove and struggled long  
Lither the other from his steede to cast,  
Ne ever Artegall his grapple strong [long  
For any thing wold slacke, but still upon him

XV

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met  
In the wide champion of the Ocean plaine,  
With cruell chauf their courages they wile,  
The may sterdom of each by force to gaine,  
And drendfull battaile twixt them do darraigne  
They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage,  
they rore,  
That all the sea, disturbed with their traine,  
Doth rise with some above the surges hore  
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome  
uprore

XVI

So Artegall at length him forst forsake  
His horses backe for dread of being drownd,  
And to his handy swimming him betake  
Eft-soones him selfe he from his hold unbownd,  
And then no ods at all in him he fownd,  
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,  
And durst the depth of any water sownd  
So ought each Knight, that use of perill has,  
In swimming be expert, through waters force  
to pas

XVII

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,  
Uncertaine whether had the better side,  
For both were skild in that experiment,  
And both in armes well traund, and throughly  
tride  
But Artegall was better breath'd be-ue.  
And towards th' end grew greater in his might,  
That his faunt foe no longer could abide  
His puissance, he beare him selfe upright,  
But from the water to the land betooke his  
flight

XVIII

But Artegall pursu'd him still so neare  
With bright Chrysor in his cruell hand,  
That as his henn he gan a litle reare  
Above the brinke to tread upon the land,



## XXVIII

And lastly all that Castle quite he raced,  
 Even from the sole of his foundation,  
 And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,  
 That there mote be no hope of reparation,  
 Nor memory thereof to any nation  
 All which when Talus throughly had per-  
   fourned,  
 Sir Artegall undid the evill fashion,  
 And wicked customes of that Bridgereformed,  
 Which done, unto his former journey he re-  
   toured

## XXIX

In which they measur'd meekle weery way,  
 Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew,  
 By which as they did travell on a day,  
 They saw before them, far as they could vew,  
 Full many people gathered in a crew,  
 Whose great assembly they did much admire,  
 For never there the like resort they knew  
 So towards them they coasted, to enquire  
 What thing so many nations met did there  
   desire

## XXX

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand  
 Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie  
 An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,  
 With which he boasted, in his surquedrie,  
 That all the world he would weigh equalie,  
 If ought he had the same to counterpoys,  
 For want whereof he weighed vanity,  
 And filld his ballaunce full of idle toys  
 Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and  
   boys

## XXXI

He said that he would all the earth uptake  
 And all the sea, divided each from either  
 So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,  
 And one of th'ayre, without or wind or wether  
 Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell  
   together,  
 And all that did within them all containe,  
 Of all whose weight he would not misse a  
   feather  
 And looke what surplus did of each remaine,  
 He would to his owne part restore the same  
   again

## XXXII

For why, he said, they all unequall were,  
 And had encroched upon others share,  
 Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)  
 Had worne the earth, so did the fire the aire,  
 So all the rest did others parts empare,  
 And so were realmes and nations run awry  
 All which he nudertooke for to repaire,  
 In sort as they were formed aunciently,  
 And all things would reduce unto equality

## XXXIII

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,  
 And eluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,  
 Like foolish flies about an hony-crooke,  
 In hope by him great benefite to craike,  
 And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine  
 All which when Artegall did see and heare,  
 How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,  
 In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,  
 And thus unto him spake, without regard or  
   feare,

## XXXIV

'Thou that presum'st to weigh the world  
 And all things to an equal to restore, [anew,  
 Instead of right me seemes great wrong  
   dost shew,  
 And far above thy forces pitch to sore,  
 For ere thou limit what is lesse or more  
 In every thing, thou oughtest first to know  
 What was the poysse of every part of yore  
 And looke then how much it doth overflow  
 Or faile thereof, so much is more then just to  
   trow

## XXXV

'For at the first they all created were  
 In goodly measure by their Makers might,  
 And weighed out in brillaunces so nere,  
 That not a diam was missing of their right  
 The earth was in the middle centre pight,  
 In which it doth immovaeable abide,  
 Heind in with waters like a wall in sight,  
 And they with us, thit not a drop can slide  
 Al which the heavens containe, and in their  
   coursse guide

## XXXVI

'Such heavenly justice doth among them  
   raune,  
 That every one doe know their certaine bound,  
 In which they doe these many yeares remaine,  
 And amongst them al no change hath yet bene  
   found, [pound,  
 But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in  
 We are not sure they would so long remaine  
 All change is perilous, and all chaunce unsound  
 Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,  
 Till we may be assur'd they shall their course  
   retaine.'

## XXXVII

'Thou foolishhe Elfe,' (said then the Gyant  
   wroth)  
 'Seest not how badly all things present bee,  
 And each estate quite out of order goth?  
 The sea it selfe doest thou not plainly see  
 Encroech upon the land there under thee?  
 And th' earth it selfe how dully its increast  
 By all that dying to it turned be.





And swat, and eliauf'd, and proued every way  
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe  
way.

## XLVII

Which when he saw he greatly grew in rage,  
And almost would his balanees have broken,  
But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,  
And said, ' Be not upon thy balanee wroken,  
For they doe nought but right or wrong be-  
token,

But in the mind the doome of right must bee.  
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,  
The eare must be the ballance, to decree  
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they  
agree

## XLVIII

' But set the truth and set the right aside,  
For they with wrong or falshood will not fare,  
And put two wrongs together to be tride,  
Or else two falses, of each equall share,  
And then together doe them both compare,  
For trnth is one, and right is ever one'  
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,  
Whether of them the greater were attone,  
But right sate in the midst of the beame  
aloue

## XLIX

But he the right from thence did thrust away,  
For it was not the right which he did seeke,  
But rather strove extremities to way,  
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to ceke,  
For of the merne he greatly did misleeke  
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,  
Approching nigh unto him, cheeke by cheeke,  
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,  
And, downe the roek him throwing, in the sea  
him dround

## L

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives  
Upon a roeke with horrible dismay,  
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,  
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray  
Doe make her selfe misfortunes piteous pray  
So downe the ehffe the wretched Gyant tum-  
bled,  
His bitted balanees in peeces lay,  
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled  
So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine  
humbled

## LI

That when the people, which had there about  
Long wytyed, saw his sudden desolation,  
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,  
And mutinug to stirre up euill faction  
For certaine losse of so great expectation  
For well they hoped to have got great good,  
And wondrous riches by his innovation  
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood  
They rose in armes, and all in battell order  
stood

## LII

Which lawlesse multitude him comming too  
In warlike wise when Artegall did vew,  
He much was troubled, ne wist what to doo  
For loth he was his noble hands t' embrew  
In the base blood of such a raseall crew,  
And otherwise, if that he should retire,  
He fear'd least they with shame would him  
pursew  
Therefore he Talus to them sent t' inquire  
The cause of their array, and truee for to desire

## LIII

But soone as they him nigh approaching spide,  
They gan with all their weapons him assay,  
And rudely stroke at him on every side,  
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dis-  
may  
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,  
He like a swarme of flies them overthrowed,  
Ne any of them durst come in his way,  
But here and there before his presence flew,  
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from  
his vew

## LIV

As when a Fauleon hath with nimble flight  
Flovne at a flush of Dueks foreby the brooke,  
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull  
sight  
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,  
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke  
Amongst the flags and covert round about  
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,  
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,  
To Artegall he turn'd and went with him  
throughout

## CANTO III

The sponsals of faire I Iornell,  
Where turney many knights  
There Braggadochio is uncas'd  
In all the Ladies sights

I

AFTER a long stormes and tempests overlowne  
The sunne at length his joyous face doth cleare  
So when as fortune all her spight hath shownt,  
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare,

Else should afflicted wights oftimes despoire  
So comes it now to I Iornell by tourne,  
And by him brought againe to Faerie land,  
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,

To tast of joy, and to wont pleasures to retourne

II

Who being freed from Proteus cruell band  
By Marinell was unto him asside,  
And by him brought againe to Faerie land,  
Where he her spous'd, and made his joyous bride

The time and place was blaz'd farre and wide,  
And solemne feasts and gusts ordain'd therfore

To which there did resort from every side  
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store,  
No any Knight was absent that brava courage bore.

III

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,  
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,  
The bridgromes state, the brides most rich array,

The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,  
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,  
Were worke fit for an Herald, not for me  
But for so much as to my lot here lights,  
That with this present treatise doth agree,  
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee

IV

When all men had with full satietie  
Of meates and drinks their appetites satisfi'd,  
To deedes of armes and proofe of chivalrie  
They gan themselves addresse, full rich array'd

As each one had his furnitures devis'd  
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell, [terpriz'd  
And with him sixe knights more, which en-

To challenge all in right of I Iornell,  
And to maintaine that she all others did excell

V

The first of them was light Sir Orimont,  
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assaves,  
The second had to name Sir Belhamont,  
But second unto none in prowess prave,  
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;  
The fourth Lancelot, of exceeding might,  
The fift Armediat, skild in lovly layes,  
The sixt was Lancelot, a redoubted Knight,  
All six well-seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight

VI

And them aginst came all that list to gust,  
From every coast and countie under sunne  
None was debar'd, but all had leave that lust  
The trompets sound, then all together ronne  
Full in the deedes of armes that day were donne,  
And many knights unhors'd, and many wound-  
ed,  
As fortune fell, yet little lost or wonne  
But all that day the greatest prave redounded  
To Marinell, whose name the Heralds loud re-  
sounded

VII

The second day, so soone as morrow light  
Apper'd in heaven, into the field they came,  
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,  
With divers fortune fit for such a game,  
In which all strove with perill to winne fame,  
Yet whether side was victor not be ghest  
But at the last the trompets did proclame  
That Marinell that day deserv'd best  
So they disparted wite, and all men went to rest.

VIII

The third day came, that should due tryall  
lend  
Of all the rest, and then this warlike crew  
Together met of all to make an end.  
There Marinell great deedes of armes did shew,

And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,  
Rashing off helmes, and yvving plates ason-  
der,

That every one his dunnge did eschew  
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,  
That all men stood amazed, and at his might  
did wonder

IX

But what on earth can alwayes happie  
stand?

The greater prowesse greater perils find  
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,  
That they have him enclosed so behind,  
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind  
And now perforce they have him prisoner  
taken,

And now they doe with captive bands him bind,  
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken  
Unless some succour had in time him over-  
taken

X

It fortun'd, whylest they were thus all  
beset,

Sir Artegall into the Tilt-yard came,  
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met  
Upon the way with that his snowy Drime  
Where when he understood by common fame  
What evil hap to Marinell betid,  
He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,  
And streight that bolster prayd, with whom  
he rid, [hid]  
To change his shield with him, to be the better

XI

So forth he went, and soone them over-hent,  
Where they were leading Marinell away,  
Whom he assaid with dreadlesse haughtiment,  
And first the burden of their prize to stay  
They were an hundred knights of that array,  
Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,  
The other stard behind to gart the pray  
But he ere long the former fistic bet,  
And from the other fistic soone the prisoner  
fet

XII

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe,  
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,  
They both together joined might and mine,  
To set afresh on all the other crew  
Whom with sore havocke soone they over-  
threw,

And chased quite out of the field, that none  
Against them durst his head to perill shew  
So were they left Lords of the field alone  
So Marinell by him was resen'd from his  
fone

XIII

Which when he had perform'd, then backe  
againe

To Braggadochio did his shield restore,  
Who all this while behind him did remaine,  
Keeping there close with him in pretious store  
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore  
Then did the trompets sound, and Judges rose,  
And all these knights, which that day armour  
bore,

Came to the open hall to listen whose  
The honour of the prize should be adjudg'd by  
those

XIV

And thether also came in open sight  
Fayre Florimell, into the common hall,  
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,  
And best to him to whom the best should fall  
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,  
To whom that day they should the girdle  
yield

Who came not forth, but for Sir Artegall  
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,  
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a gol-  
den field

XV

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill  
So unto him they did addeeme the prize  
Of all that triumph Then the trompets  
shrill

Don Braggadochios name resounded thise  
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise  
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,  
And goodly gan to greet his brave emprise,  
And thousand thanks him yeeld, that had so  
well  
Approv'd that day that sheall others did excell

XVI

To whom the bolster, that all knights did blot  
With proud disdain did scornfull answer  
make,

That what he did that day, he did it not  
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,  
Whom on his perill he did undertake  
Both her and eke all others to excell  
And further did uncomely speeches erake.  
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,  
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he  
did tell

XVII

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimelle,  
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,  
Covered from peoples gazement with a veile  
Whom when discovered they had throughly  
eide,

X 2

With great amazement they were stupefide,  
And saul, that surely Florimell it was,  
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,  
That Florimell her selfe she then did prae  
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar haue

## XXIII

Which when as Marinell beheld his wife,  
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,  
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise,  
But, like as one whom friends had made assayd,  
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he said,  
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes  
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd,  
Whom ever as he did the more amaze,  
The more to be true Florimell he did surmise

## XXIV

As when two sunnes appeare in the azure skye,  
Mounted in Phœbus charret terrie bright,  
Both during forth faire beames to each man  
eye,  
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,  
All that beheld so strange prodigious sight,  
Not knowing signatures worke, nor what to see,  
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright  
So stood Sir Marinell, when he had seen  
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties  
Queene

## XXV

All which when Artigall, who all this while  
Stood in the presse close covered, well ad-  
vised,  
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse  
gule,  
He could no longer beare, but forth issued,  
And into all himselfe there open shewed,  
And to the boaster said, 'Thou losell use,  
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe en-  
dowed,  
And others worth with leachings doest disface,  
When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in  
disgrace

## XXVI

'That shield, which thou doest hide, was it  
indeed

Which this dayes honour say'd to Marcell  
But not that arme, nor thou the man, I reed,  
Which didst that service unto Florimell  
For proofe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell  
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure, it stur'd  
this day,  
Or shew the wounds which unto thee befall,  
Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest  
sway  
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay

## XXVII

'But thus the sword which wrought those  
cruell stounds, <sup>beare,</sup>  
And thus the arme the which that shield did  
And thus the signe' (so shewed forth his  
wounds)  
'He which that glorie gotten doth appeare  
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,  
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all,  
But some faire frantion fit for such a fere,  
'That by misfortune in his hand did fall'  
For proofe whereof he bad them Florimell  
furth call

## XXVIII

So forth the noble Ladie was brought,  
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace,  
Whereto her bashful shamefastnesse wrought  
A great increase in her faire blushing face,  
As roses did with lilies interlace,  
For of the words, the which that boaster  
threw,  
She fully yet conceiv'd great disgrace  
Whom when as all the people such did see,  
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all  
did shew.

## XXIX

Then did he set her by that snowy one,  
Like the true saint beside the nunge set,  
Of both their beauties to make paragone  
And triall, whether should the honor get  
Streight-way, so soone as both together met.  
The charchaunted Damrell vaunt into nought  
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,  
Ne of that goodly hew remain'd ought,  
But the empty milke which about her wast was  
brought

## XXX

As when the daughter of Thymantes faire  
Hath in a watry cloud display'd wide  
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,  
That all men wonder at her colours pride,  
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,  
The glorious picture vaniseth away,  
Ne any token doth thereof abide  
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,  
And into nothing got, ere one could it be ray

## XXXI

Which when as all that present were beheld  
They stricken were with great astonishment.  
And their faint hearts with senselesse horror  
quell,  
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,  
So stolen from their fancies wonderment  
That what of it became none under stood  
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment

So daunted was in his despayring mood,  
That like a lifelesse corse immoueaible he  
stood

## XXVII

But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,  
The which of all her spoyle was onely left,  
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,  
But Florimells owne girdle, from her reft  
While she was flying like a weary west,  
From that foule monster which did her com-  
pell

To perils great, which he unbuckling eft  
Presented to the fayrest Florimell,  
Who round about her tender wast it fitted  
well

## XXVIII

Full many Ladies often had assayed  
About their middles that faire belt to knit,  
And many a one supposed to be a mayd  
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,  
Till Florimell about her fastned it  
Such power it had, that to no womans wast  
By any skill or labour it would sit,  
Unlesse that she were continent and chaste,  
But it would lose or breake, that many had  
disgrast.

## XXIX

Whilste thus they busied were bout Flor-  
mell,  
And boystfull Braggadochio to defame,  
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,  
Iorth from the thickest preasse of people  
came, [elame,  
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to  
And th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,  
With th' other drew his sword, for with the  
same  
He ment the thiefe there deadly to have smit  
And, hnd he not bene held, he nought had  
sayd of it

## XXX

Thereof great hurly-burly moved was  
Throughout the hall for that same warlike  
horse,  
For Braggadochio would not let him pass,  
And Guyon would him rigates have perforce,  
Or it approve upon his erron corse  
Which troublous stirre when Artegall per-  
ceined,  
He might them drem to stay th' avengers forse  
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,  
Whether by might extort, or else by slight  
deceaved?

## XXXI

Who all that piteous storie, which befell  
About that wofull couple which were slaine,

And their young bloodie brbe to him gan tell,  
With whom whiles he did in the wood re-  
maine,

His horse purloyned was by subtilt frane,  
For which he challenged the thiefe to fight  
But he for nought could him thereto con-  
straine,

For as the death he hated such despight,  
And rather had to lose then trie in armes his  
right.

## XXXII

Which Artegall well hearing, (though no  
more

By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,  
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,  
Then that his foe should him the field dme,)  
Yet, further right by tokens to deserue,  
He askt what privie tokens he did beere?  
'If that' (said Guyon) 'may you satisfie,  
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,  
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it  
there'

## XXXIII

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take  
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke  
But with his heeles so sorely he him strike  
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,  
That never word from that day forth he spoke  
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,  
Him by the bright embroidered hed-stall tooke,  
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,  
That he him maymed quite, and all his  
shoulder split.

## XXXIV

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,  
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,  
And called Brigandore, (so was he hight,)  
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,  
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,  
And suffred all his secret marke to see  
And, when as he him nam'd, for joy he brake  
His hands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,  
And friskt, and slong aloft, and louted low on  
knee

## XXXV

Thereby Sir Artegall did plaine agree  
That unto him the horse belong'd, and sayd,  
'Lo there' Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,  
As he with golden saddle is arrayd,  
And let that losell, plainly now displayd,  
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have  
gayned'  
But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,  
And him revild, and rated, and disdayned,  
That judgement so unjust against him had  
ordayned.

XXXVI

Much was the knight meent with his lewd  
word

To haue reuenged that his villeny,  
And thirde did lay his hand upon his sword,  
To haue him slaine, or dearly doon aby  
But Guy on did his choler pacify,  
Saying, 'Sir knight, it would dishonour bee  
To you that are our iudge of equity,  
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee  
It's punishment enough that all his shame doe  
see'

XXXVII

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall,  
But Talus by the breke the borster hent,  
And drawing him out of the open hall  
Upon him did inflict this punishment  
First he his beerd did shawe, and lowly shent,  
Then from him rest his shield, and it ren-  
uerst,  
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,  
And himselfe basfiid, and his armes unherst,  
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his  
armour sperst.

XXXVIII

The whiles his guilefull groomewas fled away,  
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flee,  
Who overtaking him did disaray,  
And all his face deform'd with infamie,

And out of court him scourged openly  
So ought all faytours that true knighthood  
shame,  
And armes dishonour with base villanie,  
From all brave knights be banisht with defame,  
For oft their lendnes blotteth good deserts  
with blame

XXXIX

Now when these counterfeits were thus un-  
Out of the fore-side of their forgeare, [eased  
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,  
All gan to jest and gibe full merlie  
At the remembrance of their knauerie  
Ladies cau laugh at Ladies, knights at  
Knight,  
To thinke with how great vniuit of braverie  
He them abused through his subtil sight,  
And what a glorious shew he made in all  
their sights

XL

There leaue we them in pleasure and repast,  
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull  
And taking usurie of time fore-past, [ights,  
With all deare delices and rare delights,  
Fit for such Ladies and such lovely knights,  
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end  
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,  
That, when is time to Artegall shall tend,  
We on his first aduenture may him forward  
send

## CANTO IV

Artegall deyleth right betwixt  
Two brethren that doe strave  
Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,  
And doth from death reprive

I

Whoso upon him selfe will take the skill  
True Justice unto people to diuide,  
Had neede haue mightie hands for to fulfill  
That which he doth with righteous doome  
decide,  
And for to maister wrong and püssant pride  
For value it is to deeme of things aright,  
And make wrong doers justice to decide,  
Vlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might,  
I or power is the right hand of Justice truly  
light.

II

Therefore whylome to knights of grent em-  
prase  
The charge of Justice given was in trust,

That they might execute her judgements  
wise,  
And with their might beat downe leentious  
Which proudly did impugne her sentence just  
Whereof no braver president this day  
Remanes on earth, preserv'd from yron rust  
Of rude oblivion and long times decay,  
Then this of Artegall, which here we have  
to say

III

Who having lately left that lovelly payre,  
I nluoked fast in wellockes by all bond,  
Bold Marnell with Florimell the fayre,  
With whom great feast and goodly glee he  
fond,  
Departed from the Castle of the Strond

To follow his adventures first intent,  
Which long agoe he taken had in hond  
Ne wight with him for his assistanee went,  
But that great yron groome, his gard and  
government.

## IV

With whom, as he did passe by the sea shore,  
He chaunst to come whereas two comely  
Squires,

Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,  
But stirred up with different desires,  
Together strove and kindled wrathfull fires  
And them beside two seemely damzells stood,  
By all meanes seeking to assuage their ires,  
Now with faire words, but words did little good,  
Now with sharpe threats, but threats the more  
increast their mood

## V

And there before them stood a Coffer strong  
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,  
But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,  
Either by being wreckt uppon the sands,  
Or being carried farre from forraine lands  
Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did  
fall, [hands,  
And bent against them selves their cruell  
But evermore those Damzells did forestall  
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse  
pall

## VI

But firmly first they were with dint of sword  
And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to  
Ne other end their fury would afford, [try,  
But what to them Fortune would justify  
So stood they both in readinesse thereby  
To joyne the combate with cruell intent,  
When Artegall, arriving happily,  
Did stay a while their greedy bickerment,  
Till he had questioned the cause of their  
dissent

## VII

To whom the elder did this answer frame  
'Then weete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,  
To whom our sire, Milesio by name,  
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,  
Two Ilands, which ye there before you see  
Not farre in sea, of which the one appears  
But like a little Mount of small degree,  
Yet was as great and wide, ere many yeares,  
As that same other Isle, that greater bredth  
now beares

## VIII

'But tract of time, that all things doth  
deeny, [spare,  
And this devouring Sea, that naught doth

The most part of my land hath washt away,  
And throwne it up unto my brothers share  
So his increased, but mine did empaire  
Before which tyme I lov'd, as was my lot,  
That farther mayd, hight Philtra the faire,  
With whom a goodly dower I should have got,  
And should have joynd bene to her in wed-  
locks knot

## IX

'Then did my yonger brother, Amidas,  
Love that same other Damzell, Lney bright,  
To whom but little dower allotted was  
Her vertue was the dower that did delight  
What better dower can to a dame be hight?  
But now, when Philtra saw my lands decay  
And former livelod fayle, she left me quight,  
And to my brother did ellope streight way,  
Who, taking her from me, his owne love left  
astray

## X

'She, seeing then her selfe forsaken so,  
Through dolorous despaire which she conceyved,  
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,  
Thinking to have her grieve by death be-  
reaved  
But see how much her purpose was deceaved!  
Whilest thus, amidst the billowes beating of  
her, [weaved,  
Twixt life and death long to and fro she  
She chaunst unawares to light uppon this coffer,  
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did  
offer.

## XI

'The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,  
When as the paine of death she tasted had,  
And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,  
Gave to repent that she had bene so mad  
For any death to change life, though most  
bad

And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,  
(The lucky Pilot of her passage sad,)  
After long tossing in the seas distrest,  
Her weery barke at last uppon mine Isle did  
rest

## XII

'Where I by chancee then wandring on the  
shore  
Did her espie, and through my good endeavour  
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threat-  
ned sore [her  
Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save  
She then, in recompence of that great favour  
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me  
The portion of that good which Fortune gave  
her,



Together with her selfe in dowry free,  
Both goodly portions, but of both the better,  
she

## XIII

'Yet in this coffer which she with her brought  
Great treasure sithence we did finde con-  
tained,  
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought  
But this came other Damzell since hath found  
That to her selfe that treasure appertained,  
And that she did transport the same by sea,  
To bring it to her husband new ordained.  
But suffered cruell shipwracke by the way  
But whether it be so or no, I can not say

## XIV

'But, whether it indeede be so or no,  
This doe I say, that what so good or ill  
Or God or Fortune unto me did thron,  
Not wronging any other by my will,  
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still  
And though my land he first did winne away,  
And then my love, (though now it little skill)  
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray,  
But I will it defend whilst ever that I may

## XV

So having sayd the younger did ensue  
'Full true it is what so about our land  
My brother here declared hath to you  
But not for it thus odds twist us doth stand,  
But for this treasure throwne upon his  
strand,  
Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,  
So be this maides with whom I fastned hand  
Known by good markes and perfect gown  
espall [deniall]  
Therefore it ought be rendred her without

## XVI

When they thus ended had, the Knight  
began  
'Certes, your strife were easie to accom-  
plish, would ye remit it to some righteous man'  
'Unto yourselfe,' said they, 'we give our  
word,  
To bide that judgement ye shall us afford'  
'Then for assurance to my doome to stand,  
Under my foote let each lay downe his sword,  
And then you shall my sentence understand'  
So each of them layd downe his sword out of  
his hand

## XVII

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd  
'Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,  
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd  
Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,

In what good right doe you withhold this  
day?

'What other right,' (quoth he) 'should you  
esteem,

But that the sea it to my share did lay?

'Your right is good,' (said he) 'and so I  
deeme, [should seeme]

That what the sea unto you sent your own

## XVIII

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd.  
'Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be shewne,  
Your brothers treasure, which from him is  
strayd.

Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,  
By what right doe you claime to be your  
owne? [esteeme]

'What other right,' (quoth he) 'should you  
But that the sea hath it unto me throwne?

'Your right is good,' (said he) 'and so I  
deeme, [should seeme]

That what the sea unto you sent your own

## XIX

'For equall right in equall things doth stand,  
For what the mighty Sea hath once possessd,  
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,  
Whether by rage of waves that never rest,  
Or else by wracke that wretches hath distressd,  
He may dispose by his imperiall might,  
As thing at random is, to whom he list.  
So Amidas, the land was yours first light  
And so the treasure yours is, Bracidas, by  
right

## XX

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,  
Both Amidas and Philtris were displeas'd,  
But Bracidas and Lucie were right glad,  
And on the treasure by that judgement  
sensd,

So was their discord by this doome appeas'd,  
And each one had his right. Then Artegall,  
When as their sharpe contention he had ceas'd,  
Deparied on his way, as did befall,  
To follow his old quest, the which him forth  
did call

## XXI

So as he travelled upon the way,  
He chanc'd to come, where happily he spide  
A rout of many peeple fure away.  
To whom his course he hastily applide,  
To wote the cause of their resemblance wide.  
To whom when he approached neare in sight,  
(An uncouth sight) he plainly then descride  
To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,  
With weapons in their hands as ready for to  
fight.

## XXII

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,  
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,  
And round about his necke an halter tight,  
And ready for the gallow-tree prepard  
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,  
That who he was uneth was to desery,  
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,  
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,  
That he of womens hands so base a death  
should dy

## XXIII

But they, like tyrants merclesse, the more  
Rejoyced at his miserable case,  
And him reviled, and reproched sore  
With bitter taunts and termes of vile disgrace  
Now when as Artegall, arriv'd in place,  
Did aske what cause brought that man to  
decay,  
They round about him gan to swarme apace,  
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,  
And to have wrought unawares some villanous  
assay

## XXIV

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,  
And shewing backe deceiv'd their intent  
Yet, though him selfe did shame on woman-  
kinde  
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent  
To weeke on them their folhes hardiment  
Who with few sowees of his yron file  
Dispersed all their troupe ineontinent,  
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale  
Of their vaine prowesse turned to their proper  
bale.

## XXV

But that same wretched man, ordayned to  
die,  
They left behind them, glad to be so quit  
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,  
And horror of fowle death for Knight unfit,  
Who more then losse of life y dreaded it,  
And, him restoring unto living light,  
So brought unto his Lord, where he did sit  
Beholding all that womanish weake fight,  
Whom soone as he beheld he knew, and thus  
behight

## XXVI

'Sir Turpine' haplesse man, what make you  
here? [tion,  
Or have you lost you selfe and your disere-  
That ever in this wretched case ye were?  
Or have ye yielded you to proude oppression  
Of womens powre, that boast of mens sub-  
jection?  
Or else what other deadly dismall day  
Is false on you by heavens hard direction

That ye were runne so fondly far astray  
As for to lead your selfe unto your owne  
decay?'

## XXVII

Much was the man confounded in his mind,  
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,  
That all astonisht he him selfe did find,  
And little had for his excuse to say,  
But onely thus 'Most haplesse well ye may  
Me justly terme, that to this shame am  
brought, [day  
And made the seorne of Knighthod this same  
But who can scape what his owne fate hath  
wrought? [thought'  
The worke of heavens will surpasseth humane

## XXVIII

'Right true but faintly men use oftentimes  
To attribute their folly unto fate,  
And lay on heaven the guilt of their owne  
But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate [erimes  
Your misery, how fell ye in this state?'  
'Then sith ye needs' (quoth he) 'will know  
my shame,  
And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,  
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,  
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my  
blame

## XXIX

'Being desirous (as all Knights are woont)  
Through hard adventures deedes of armes to  
And after fame and honour for to hunt, [try,  
I heard report that farre abroad did fly,  
That a proud Amazon did late defy  
All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead,  
And unto them wrought all the villany  
That she could forge in her malicious heal,  
Which some hath put to shame, and many  
done be dead

## XXX

'The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate  
Is for the sake of Belldant the bold,  
To whom she bore most fervent love of late,  
And, wooed him by all the waies she could  
But when she saw at last that he ne would  
For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,  
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,  
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill  
Which she could doe to Knights, which now  
she doth fulfill

## XXXI

'For all those Knights, the which by force  
or guile  
She doth subdue, she slowly doth entreate  
First, she doth them of warlike armes despoile,  
And cloth in womens weedes And then with  
threat

Doth them compell to worke, to earne their  
ment,  
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring,  
No doth she give them other thing to eat  
But bread and water or like feeble thing,  
Them to disble from revenge adventuring

XXXX  
'But if through stout disdain of manly  
mind

Any her proud observance will withstand,  
Upon that gibbet, which is there behind,  
She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand,  
In which condition I right now did stand  
For, being overcome by her in fight,  
And put to that base service of her hand,  
I rather chose to die in lives despight,  
Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a  
Knight'

XXXXII  
'How hight that Amazon?' (said Attegall)  
'And where and how far hence does she  
abide?' [call,  
'Her name' (quoth he) 'they Radigund doe  
A Princesse of great powre and greater pride,  
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride  
And sundry battels, which she hath atchieved  
With great successe, that her hath glorified,  
And made her famous, more then is believed  
Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it  
prived'

XXXXIII  
'Now sure' (said he) 'and by the faith  
that I

To Maidenhead and noble knighthood owe,  
I will not rest till I her might doo trie,  
And vengo the shame that she to Knights  
doth show

Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw  
This equald weede, the pattern of dispaire,  
And wend with me, that ye may see and  
know

How Fortune will your run'd name repaire  
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she  
would empaire'

XXXXIV  
With that, like one that hopelesse was de-  
pry'd  
From deathes dore at which he lately lay,  
Those yron fetters wherewith he was gy'd,  
The badges of reproch, he threw away,  
And numbly did him dight to guide the way  
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone  
Which was from thence not past a mile or  
tway,

A goodly city and a mighty one,  
The which, of her owne name, she called  
Radegone

XXXXV  
Where they arriving by the watchman were  
Deser'd streight, who all the city warn'd  
How that three warlike persons did appeare,  
Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all  
armed,  
And th' other two well likely to have harmed  
Fitsoones the people all to harmesse run,  
And like a sort of Bees in clusters swarmed  
Ere long their Queene her selfe, like a maie,  
Came forth into the rout, and them t' array  
begin

XXXXVI  
And now the Knights, being arrived neare,  
Did best upon the gates to enter in,  
And at the Porter, skorning them so few,  
Threw many threats, if they the towne did  
win,

To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin  
Which when as Radigund there comming  
heard,  
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin  
She bad that streight the gates should be unbar'd,  
And to them way to make with weapons well  
prepar'd

XXXXVII  
Soone as the gates were open to them set,  
They pressed forward, entrained to have  
made,  
But in the middle way they were met  
With a sharpe shower of arrowes, which then  
staid,

And better bad advise, ere they assayd  
Unknown perill of bold womens pride.  
Then all that rout upon them rudely laid,  
And heaped strokes so fast on every side,  
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could  
not abide

XXXXVIII  
But Radigund her selfe, when she espide  
Sir Terpin from her direfull doome acquit,  
So cruell dole amongst her maides divide  
T' avenge that shame they did on him commit,  
All sodainly enflam'd with furious fit  
Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,  
And on his head-pecco him so fiercely smit,  
That to the ground him quite she overthrowd,  
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours  
knew

XL  
Soone as she saw him on the ground to gro  
vell,  
She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke

Her proud foote setting, at his head did leuell.  
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake  
And his contempt, that did her judgment  
breake.

As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes  
Upon the carkasse of some beast too weake,  
Proudly stands over and a while doth pause  
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plain-  
tiffe cause

## XLI

Whom when as Artegall in that distresse  
By chauce beheld, he left the bloody slough-  
ter

In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse  
There her assaying fiercely fresh he raught  
her

Such an hugestroke, that it of sence distraught  
And had she not it warded warily

It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter  
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply  
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly  
eye

## XLII

Like to an Eagle, in his kingly pride  
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire  
To weather his brode sailes, by chauce hath  
spide

A Goshanke, which hath seized for her share  
Upon some fowle that should her feast pre-  
pare

With dreadfull force he flies at her by live,  
That with his souce, which none enduren  
dare,

Her from the quarrel way doth drive,  
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey  
doth rive.

## XLIII

But, soone as she her sence recover'd had,  
She fiercely towards him her selfe gun dight,  
Through vengefull wrath and sdeignfull pride  
half mad,

For never had she suffred such despight  
But ere she could joyne hand with him to  
fight,

Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast.  
That they disparted them maugre their  
might.

And with their troupes did far asunder cast  
But mongst the rest the fight did untill evening,  
last

## XLIV

And every while that mighty yron man  
With his strange weapon, never wont in  
warre,

Them sorely vext, and courst and overran,  
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting  
marre,

That none of all the many once did darre  
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie,  
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre  
For dread of their devouring enemye.  
Through all the fields and valleys did before  
him flie

## XLV

But when as daies faire shume-beame, yelowd-  
ed

With fearefull shadowes of deformed night.  
Warm'd man and beast in quiet rest he shrowd-  
ed

Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on hight.  
Caused all her people to surcease from fight,  
And gathering them unto her citties gate  
Made them all enter in before her sight;  
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,  
To be convey'd in, ere she would once retrate.

## XLVI

When thus the field was voided all away,  
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight,  
Wearie of toile and travell of that day,  
Crus'd his pavilion to be richly pight  
Before the citie gate, in open sight,  
Where he him selfe did rest in safety  
Together with Sir Terpin all that night  
But Talus usde in times of jeopardy  
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treach-  
ery

## XLVII

But Radigund full of heart-gnawing griefe  
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,  
Could take no rest, he would receive reliefe,  
But tossed in her troublous minde what way  
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.  
There she resolv'd her selfe in single fight  
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,  
Rather then see her people spoiled quight.  
As she had seene that day, a disventerous  
sight

## XLVIII

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,  
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,  
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her said  
'Goe damzell, quickly doe thy selfe addresse  
To doe the message which I shall expresse  
Goe thou unto that stranger Fiery Knight,  
Who yester day drove us to such distresse.  
Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight.  
And try in equal field whether hath greater  
might.

## XLIX

'But these conditions doe to him proponnd  
That if I vanquish him, he shall obay  
My law, and ever to my lore be bound,  
And so will I, if me he vanquish may,

What ever he shall like to doe or say  
Goe streight, and take with thee to wisse  
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,  
And beere with you both wine and juncates fit,  
And bid him eate henceforth he oft shall  
hungry sit.

L

The Damzell streight obeyd, and putting all  
In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went,  
Where, sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,  
Unto those warlike Knights she warning sent  
Then Talus forth issuing from the tent  
Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,  
To weeten what that trumpets sounding  
ment

Where that same Damzell lowdly him bespake,  
And shew'd that with his Lord she would  
empralaunce make

Li

So he them streight conducted to his Lord,  
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greet,  
Till they had told their message word by word  
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,  
Them fairely entertaynd with curtesies meete,  
And gave them gifts and things of deere  
delight  
So bieke againe they homeward turnd their  
But Artegall him selfe to rest did dight,  
That he mote fresher be against the next  
daies fight.

## CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,  
And is subdued by guile  
He is by her imprisoned,  
But wrought by Clarins wile

I  
So soone as day forth dawning from the  
East  
Nights humid curtaine from the heavens  
And earlly calling forth both man and beast  
Comanded them their dailie workes renew,  
These noble warriors, mandefull to pursue  
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,  
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,  
And th' Amazon, as best it likt her selfe to  
dight

II

All in a Cymis light of purple silke  
Woven upon with silver, subtly wrought,  
And quilted upon sattin white as milke,  
Traveld with ribbands diversly distraught,  
Like as the workeman had their courses  
taught,  
Which was short tucked for light motion  
Up to her ham, but, when she list, it raught  
Down to her lowest heele, and thereupon  
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon

III

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,  
Basted with bands of gold on every side,  
And males betwene and heed close afore,  
Upon her thigh her Cemitare was tide  
With an embroidered belt of mekell pride,  
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt  
Upon the bosse with stones that shined wide,

As the faire Moone in her most full aspect  
That to the Moone it mote be like in each  
respect

IV

So forth she came out of the citie gate  
With stately port and proud magnificence,  
Guarded with many Damzels that did waite  
Upon her person for her sure defence  
Playing on shalmes and trumpets, that from  
hence  
Their sound did reach unto the heavens light  
So forth into the field she marched thence,  
Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight  
Her to receive, till time they should begin  
the fight

V

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,  
All arm'd to point, and first the Lists did  
enter  
Soone after she came she, with fell intent  
And countenance fierce, as having fully  
bent her  
That battells utmost trial to adventure  
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout  
From rudely pressing to the middle center,  
Which in great heapes them circled all about,  
Wayting how Fortune would resolve that  
daungerous doubt

VI

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began,  
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.

She at the first encounter on him ran  
With furious rage, as if she had intended  
Out of his breast the very heart have rended  
But he, that had like tempests often tride,  
From that first flaw him selfe right well defended.

The more she rag'd, the more he did abide,  
She hewd, she foynd, she lasht, she lud on  
every side

## VII

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,  
Weening at last to win advantage new,  
Yet still her crueltie increased more,  
And, though powre fauld, her courage did accrew,

Which sayling, he gan fiercely her pursen  
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat  
The stubborn mettall seeketh to subdev,  
Soone as he feesles it mollifie with heet,  
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on  
it beat

## VIII

So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,  
As if she had an yron anvyle beene,  
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,  
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,  
That all on fire y e would her surely weene,  
But with her shield so well her selfe she warded  
From the dread danger of his weapon keene,  
That all that while her life she safely garded,  
But he that helpe from her against her will  
discarded

## IX

For with his trenchaut blade at the next  
blow

Halfe of her shield he shured quite away,  
That halfe her side it selfe did naked show,  
And thenceforth unto danger opened way  
Much was she movd with the mightie sway  
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,  
And, like a greedie Beare unto her pray,  
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,  
That glanneng downe his thigh the purple  
bloud forth drew

## X

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boist,  
And to upbrayd that channce which him misfell,  
As if the prize she gotten had almost,  
With spightfull speeches, fitting with her well,  
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell  
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,  
And at her strooke with puissaunce fearefull  
fell

Yet with her shield she warded it againe,  
That shattered all to peeces round about the  
plaine

## XI

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,  
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,  
That downe she fell upon the grassie field  
In senelesse swoone, as if her life forsooke,  
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke  
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,  
He to her leapt with deadli dreadfull looke,  
And her sunshynie helmet soone unlaced,  
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have  
raced

## XII

But, when as he discovered had her face,  
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,  
A miracle of natures goodly grace  
In her faire visage voide of ornament,  
But bath'd in blond and sweat together ment,  
Which in the rudenesse of that evil plight  
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent  
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night  
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be  
her light.

## XIII

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart  
Empierced was with pittifull regard, [apart,  
That his sharpe sword he threw from him  
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard  
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,  
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie  
By this, upstarting from her swoone, she star'd  
A while about her with confused eye,  
Like one that from his dreame is waked sud-  
denlye

## XIV

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy  
Standing with empte hands all weaponlesse,  
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,  
And gan renew her former crueltiesse  
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelesse  
With huge redoubled strokes she on him tryd,  
And more inereast her outrage merclesse,  
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd  
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeanee to  
have stayd

## XV

Like as a Puttocke having spyde in sight  
A gentle Faucon sitting on an hill, [flight,  
Whose other wing, now made unmeete for  
Was lately broken by some fortune ill,  
The foolish Kyte, led with heentious will,  
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,  
With many idle stoups her troubling still  
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine  
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him  
constraine.

XXI

Nought could he do but shun the dread  
sight

Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retire,  
And with his single shield, well as he might,  
Bears off the burden of her raging ire  
And evermore he gently did retire  
To stay her strokes, and he himself would yield,  
Yet would she heave it, no let him once respire,  
Till he to her delivered had his shield,  
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field

XXII

So was he overcome, not overcome,  
But to her veiled of his owne record,  
Yet was he justly damned by the doome  
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse  
word,

To be her thrall and service her afford  
For though that he first victorie obtained,  
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,  
He full lost that he before attained  
No farr conquest then that with goodwill is  
gained

XXIII

Tho with her sword on him she flitting  
strooke,

In signe of true subjection to her powre,  
And as her small him to thralldome took  
But Terpine borne to a more unhappy howre,  
As he on whom the lucklesse stars did lower,  
She caused to be attacht and forthwith led  
Unto the erooke, to abide the vilefull stowe  
From which he lately had through rescue fled  
Where he full shamefully was hangd by the  
head.

XXIV

But when they thought on Talus hands to lay,  
He with his yron stile amongst them thundred  
That they were faine to let him scape away,  
Glad from his compaignie to be so souldred  
Whose presence all their troups so much em-  
combred,

That the heapes of those which he did wound  
Besides the rest dismayd, might not becomberd  
Yet all that while he would not once assay  
To reske his owne Lord, but thought it just  
to obey

XXV

Then took the Amazon this noble knight,  
Left to her will by his owne full blame,  
And caused him to be disarmed quight  
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,  
With which whylome he gotten had great  
fame

Instead whereof she made him to be dight  
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,

And put before his lap a napron white,  
Instead of Curtis and bases fit for sight

XXVI

So being clad she brought him from the field,  
In which he had bene trayned many a day,  
Into a long large chamber, which was held  
With monuments of many Knights decay,  
By her subdewd in victorious fray  
Amongst the which she causd his warlike  
armes

Be hangd on high, that mote his shame be  
And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,  
With which he wont to stirre up battaillons  
alarmes.

XXVII

There entred in he round about him saw  
Many brave knights, whose names right well  
he knew,

There bound to obey that Amazons proud law,  
Spinning and carding all in comely row,  
That his bigge hart loth it so uncomely saw,  
But they were faine, through penurie and poore,  
To doe those workes to them appointed dew,  
For nought was given them to sup or dyne,  
But what their hands could earne by twisting  
linnen twyne

XXVIII

Amongst them all she placed him most low,  
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,  
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow,  
A sordid office for a mind so brave  
So hard it is to be a womans slave  
Yet he it took in his owne selfe despight,  
And then to did him else right well behave  
Her to obey, with he his faith had plight  
Her small to become, if she him wonne in  
sight

XXIX

Who had him scene imagine mote thereby  
That whylome hath of Heracles bene told,  
How for tolas sake he did apply  
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold  
For his huge child which had subdewd of old  
So many monsters which the world annoyed,  
His yrons skin changed to a pall of gold,  
In which forgetting warres, he onely joyed  
In combats of sweet love, and with his mis-  
tresse loved

XXX

Such is the crueltie of womenkind,  
When they have shaken off the shamefast  
band,  
With which wise Nature did them strongly  
to obey the heasts of mans well-ruling hand,

That then all rule and reason they withstand  
To purchase a licentious libertie  
But vertuous women wisely understand,  
That they were borne to base humilitie,  
Unlesse the heauens them lift to lawfull sove-  
raintie

## XXVI

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall  
Sering proud Radigund with true subjection,  
How ever it his noble heart did gall  
T' obay a womans tyrannous direction,  
That might have had of life or death election  
But, having chosen, now he might not chynge  
During which time the warlike Amazon,  
Whose wandering fancie after lust did rauge,  
Gan east a secret liking to this captive  
straunge

## XXVII

Which long concealing in her covert brest,  
She chaw'd the end of lovers carefull phght,  
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,  
Being fast fix'd in her wounded spright,  
But it tormented her both day and night  
Yet would she not thereto yeld free accord  
To serve the lowly vassall of her might,  
And of her servant make her soverayne Lord  
So great her pride that she such basenesse  
much abhord

## XXVIII

So much the greater still her anguish grew,  
Through stubbornne handling of her love-sicke  
hart,  
And still the more she strove it to subdew  
The more she still augmented her owne smart,  
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart  
At last, when long she struggld hard in vaine,  
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mynd convert  
To meeke obey'sance of loves nightlie raine,  
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd  
her pame

## XXIX

Unto her selfe in secret she did call  
Her ne rest handmayd, whom she must did  
trust,  
And to her said 'Clarinda, whom of all  
I trust alive, sith I thee so-tred first,  
Now is the time that I untimely must  
Thereof make triall in my greatest need  
It is so hapned that the heavens unjust,  
Spighting my happie freedom, have agreed  
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to  
breed'

## XXX

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe  
abashed,  
To hule the blush which in her visage rose

And through her eyes like sudden lightning  
flashed,  
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose,  
But soone she did her countenance compose,  
And to her turning thus began againe  
'Thus gries deepe wound I would to thee  
disclose, [paine,  
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring  
But dread of shume my doubtfull lips doth  
still restraune'

## XXXI

'Ah' my deare dread,' (said then the faith-  
full Mayd) [withhold,  
'Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart  
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,  
And dare even deathes most dreadfull face  
behold?

Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be hold  
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot  
he?'

Therewith much comforted she gan unfold  
The cause of her conceived maladie,  
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it  
deme

## XXXII

'Clarind,' (said she) 'thou seest yond Layr  
Knight,  
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mynd  
Subjected hath to my unequall might  
What right is it, that he should thraldome  
find

For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,  
That for such good him recompence with ill?  
Therefore I cast how I may him unbind  
And by his freedom get his free goodwill,  
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still

## XXXIII

'Bound unto me but not with such hard  
bands  
Of strong compulsion and streight violence,  
As now in miserable state he stands,  
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,  
Voide of malicious mynd or foule offence  
To which if thou canst win him any way  
Without discoverie of my thoughts prave,  
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may.  
And eke with gratefull service me right well  
apay.

## XXXIV

'Which that thou myst the better bring to  
pay, [be,  
'Lee' here this ring which shall thy warrant  
And token true to old I mnemas,  
I rom time to time, when thou it last shalt  
see,



That in and out thou mayst haue peace & free  
 Use now, Clarinda, well thy wits aduise,  
 And all thy forces gather unto thee,  
 Armies of loyely looles, and speerches wise,  
 With which thou must euen dyee himselfe to  
 love entire.

XXXV

The trustie Mayd conceiuing his intent,  
 Did with sure promise of her good endeavour  
 Giue her great comfort and some hearts content  
 So, from her parting she thenceforth did  
 labour

By all the meanes she might to currey fauour  
 With th' Ithin Knight, her Ladies best be-  
 loved

With daily shew of courteous kind behauiour,  
 Leuall at the markes-white of his hart she moued,  
 And with wile glancing words one day she  
 thus him proued.

XXXVI

'Unhappy Knight' upon whose hopelesse  
 state

Fortune, enuiing good, hath sely frowned,  
 And ernell beaues have heapt an heauy fate,  
 I saw that thus thy better dayes are drown'd  
 In sad despair, and all thy senses snownd  
 In stupid sorrow, with thy iuster merit  
 Might else haue with souldie being crowned  
 Lookt up at last, and wak't thy dulkt spirit  
 To thinke how this long death thou might'st  
 dismount.

XXXVII

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speech,  
 Whose hidden drift he could not well perceiue,  
 And gan to doubt first she him sought to  
 speach

Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weaue,  
 Through which she might his wretched life be-  
 reave

Both which to harre he with this answere met  
 'I haue Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceiue)  
 Of my mishaps art mou'd to wish me better,  
 For such your kind regard I can but rest your  
 debtor

XXXVIII

'Yet, weete we well that to a courage great  
 It is no lesse becomming well to beare  
 The storme of fortunes frowne or heauens threat,  
 Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare  
 Timely to ioy and carrie comely chere  
 For though this cloud haue now me overcast,  
 Yet doe I not of better times despayre,  
 And though (unlike) they should for ever last,  
 Yet in my truthe assurance I rest heere fast'

XXXIX

'But what so stoune minde,' (she then re-  
 plyd)

'But if in his owne peace occasion lay,  
 Would to his hope a win love open wide,  
 And to his fortune helpe make ready ay?  
 'I worthy sure (quoth he) 'of better day,  
 That will not take the off'r of good hope,  
 And eke parton, if he attaine it may,  
 Which speaches do applying to the scope  
 Of her intent, this further purpose to him  
 shew'

XL

'Then why dost not, thou ill aduiz'd man,  
 Make me mine to win thy libertie forerun,  
 And try if thou be true contrary to  
 Mores Pradigall? who, though she still haue  
 Her dayes in winter, yet sweet thou was not  
 forne

Of Boreas and Tygres, nor of salvage myrthled  
 As that, alle all love's firen she scorned,  
 she yet forgot that she of men was  
 And sooth oft weene, this proude it harts base  
 love hath blinded.'

XLI

'Certes, Clarinda not of cenered will,  
 (Sayd he) 'myr estimate disdaine'st all mind,  
 I haue forborne this ductie to fulfill  
 For well I may this weene by that I find,  
 That she a Queene and come of Princely kind,  
 Both worlde is for to be sowd unto,  
 Chusefely by him whose life her law dot's band,  
 And eke of power her owne doome to rule,  
 And als at princely grace to be suckt  
 here-  
 to

XLII

'But want of meanes hath bene mine evely  
 let

From seeking fauour where it doth abound;  
 Which if I might by your good office get,  
 I to your selfe should rest for ever bound,  
 And reche to deere what price I found'  
 She feeling him thus bite upon the bray,  
 Yet doubtlesse least his hold was but unsway  
 And not well fastened, would not strike him  
 tryt,

But drew him on with hopefull leasure to awayt.

XLIII

But, foolish Mayd! whyles heedlesse of the  
 brooke

She thus oft times was beeing off and on,  
 Through slippie footing fell into the brooke,  
 And thre way caught to her confusion  
 For, seeking thus to saue the Amazon,  
 She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,  
 And gan thenceforth to cast affection,

Conceiv'd close in her beguiled hart,  
To Artegall through pittie of his causelesse  
smart

XIV

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,  
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being seduced,  
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,  
For feare her mistress should have knowledge  
But to her selfe it secretly retayned [gavned,  
Within the closet of her covert brest,  
The more thereby her tender hart was payned,  
Yet to away sit time she weened best,  
And failely did dissemble her sad thoughts un-  
rest.

XV

One day her Ladie calling her apart,  
Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,  
Touching her loves successe, her lingring  
smart

Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,  
As one adawd, and halfe confus'd stood,  
But quickly shew it overpast so soone  
As she her free had wynt to fresh her blood  
The gan she tell her all that she had donne,  
And all the wayes she sought his love for to  
have wonne

XVI

But sayd that he was obstinate and sterne,  
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine,  
Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne  
So found a lesson as to love againe  
The rather would he in penurious paine,  
And his abridgd dayes in dolour wast,  
Then his foes love or liking entertaine.  
His resolution was, both first and last,  
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely  
plast.

XVII

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,  
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,  
For very fell despyght which she conceived,  
To be so scorned of a bare borne thrall,  
Whose life did he in her least eye-hids fall  
Of which she vow'd, with many a curst threat,  
If she therefore would him be long forswall,  
Nathlesse, when enkind was her furious heat,  
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly  
gan entreat

XVIII

'What now is left Clarinda? what rannines,  
That eke in my compass the our enterprize?  
Great shame to lose so long employed paines,  
And greater shame to abide so great misprize,  
With which he darts our offers thus despize  
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,  
And more my grations merie by this wize,

I will a while with his first folly beare,  
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him  
more neire

XIX

'Saw and do all that may thereto prevale,  
Leave nought unpromist that may him per-  
swade,  
Life, freedom, grace and gifts of great avale,  
With which the Gods themselves are my hiler  
maile  
Thereto adde art even womens witty trade,  
The art of mightie words that men can charme,  
With which in ease thou canst him not invade,  
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavey rime  
Who will not stoupe with good shall be made  
stoupe with harme.

I

'Some of his diet doe from him withdraw,  
For I him find to be too proudly fed  
Give him more labour, and with streighter law,  
That he with worke may be forcaried  
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,  
That may pull downe the courage of his prale,  
And lay upon him, for his greater dread,  
Cold yron chaines with which let him be tide,  
And let what ever he desires be him denied

II

'When thou hast all this doen, then bring me  
downe  
Of his demeaner thenceforth not like a lover,  
But like a rebell stout, I will him use,  
For I resolve this siege not to give over,  
Till I the conquest of my will recover'  
So she departed full of griefe and adaine,  
Which fully did to great impatience move her  
But the fild mayden shortly turn'd againe  
Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall re-  
maine

LII

There all her subtil acts she did unfold,  
And all the engins of her wit display,  
In which she meant him warlesse to enfold,  
And of his innocency to make her pryv  
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,  
That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,  
And eke the knight attonce she did betray,  
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull  
call

Did cast for to allure into her trap to fall.

LIII

As a bad Nurse, which, fuyning to receive  
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,  
Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth deeeve  
The infant, so for want of nourtur spoyld,  
y

Even so Clarinda her owne Dime began to,  
And turn'd the trust which was in her affaile,  
To feeding of her private fire, which boild  
Her inward hrest, and in her entrails it reide  
The more that she it sought to cover and to  
hyde

155

For, comming to this knight, she purposed  
To sayd,  
How earnest suit she cras for him had made  
Unto her Queene, his freedom to have gained,  
But by no means could he thereto perwade  
But that instead thereof she sternely bade  
His miserie to be augmented more,  
And many yron bands on him to lade  
All which without she for his love forbore,  
So praving him to accept her service evermore

156

And, more then that she promist that she  
would  
In case she might finde favour in his eye,  
Deceit how to entray him out of bound  
The Laxie glad to gaine his libertie,  
Can vield great thankes for such her curtesie,  
And with faire words, sit for the time and  
phoe,  
To feede the humour of her maladie,

Promist, if she would free him from that case,  
He wold, by all good means he might, deserve  
such grace

157

So shall he faire embairt do her shew,  
Yet never see him in his ruddie gown  
To his owne absent love to be untrue  
No ever ill deceip full of treachery  
In her false hart I have bounde to unband,  
But rather live she mote him faster tie,  
Thus fore unto her might as most unwill  
She daily told her love he did desire  
And him she told her Da or his freed was ill  
to live

158

Yet thus much friends, who to him did show,  
The more she said, that somewhat was amended,  
And his wounds lessened, that his love more  
grew  
Yet to her Dame him still she recommended,  
That she with him mote be the more offer'd  
Thus he long while in thralldome there re-  
mained,  
Of both beloved will but little freeded,  
I still his owne true love his freedom gave  
Which in an other Canto will be best con-  
tained.

## CANIO VI

Takes the power to Britomart  
Of Artegall's mishap  
She goes to seek him Dolour meetes,  
Who seeks her to set rap

1

Some men I wote, will deeme in Artegall  
For it well neede, and report of him much ill,  
For seeing so himselfe a wretched thrall  
To th' insolent command of womens will,  
That all his former praise doth slowly spill  
But he the man, that say or doe so dar,  
He well advis'd that he stand steadfast still,  
For never yet was wight so well aware  
But he, at first or last, was tript in womens  
snare

11

Yet in the strenghtness of that captive state  
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,  
That notwithstanding all the subtilt but  
With which those Amazons his love still  
cras'd,  
To his owne love his loyalty he saved  
Whose character in th' Adamantine mould  
Of his true hart so turnely was engraved

That no new loves impressions could  
Derive it thence, such blot his honour  
blemish should

111

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,  
Scarse so conceiv'd in her jealous thought,  
What time sad tidings of his balefull smart  
In womens bondage I thus to her brought,  
Brought in untruly houre, ere it was caught  
For, after that the time of date asynde  
For his returne she waited had for naught,  
She gan to cast in her mistrustfull mynde  
A thousand furies, that love-sicke fancies faine  
to fynde,

112

Sometime she feared lest some hard mishap  
Had him un-faine in his adventure isquasht  
Sometime lest his false foe did him entrap  
In traitorous frame, or had unwarres oppress;

But most she did her troubled mynd molest,  
And secretly afflict with jealous feare.  
Least some new loe had him from her possest  
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,  
To thinke of him so ill, yet could she not for-  
beare

One while she blamd her selfe, another  
while  
She him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrew,  
And then, her griefe with error to beguyle,  
She sayd to count the time againe anew,  
As if before she had not counted tiew  
For houres, but dayes, for weekes that passed  
were, [more fay  
She told but moneths, to make them seeme  
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare  
Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every  
moneth a yere

But when as yet she saw him not returne  
She thought to send some one to seeke him  
out,  
But none she found so fit to serue that turne,  
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of doubt  
Now she deuiz'd amongst the warlike rout  
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight,  
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out  
Amongst loose Ladies lapped in delight  
And then both Knights envide, and Ladies  
eche did sught

One day when as she long had sought for ease  
In every place, and every place thought best,  
Yet found no place that could her liking pleuse  
She to a window came that opened West,  
Towards which coast her love his way addrest  
There looking forth, shee in her heart did see  
Many vaine fancies working her unrest,  
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then  
wind,  
To beare unto her love the message of her mind

There as she looked long, at last she spide  
One coming towards her with hasty speede  
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine de-  
scribe,  
That it was one sent from her love indeede,  
Who when he nigh approacht, shee mote arode  
That it was Falus, Artegall his groom  
Whereat her heart was filld with hope and  
dred;  
Ne would she stay till he in place could come  
But run to meete him forth to l now his tidings  
somme

## IX

Even in the dore him meeting, she begun  
'And where is he thy Lord and how far hence?'  
Declare at once and hath he lost or win?'  
The yron man 'Albe he wanted sence  
And sorrowes feeling, yet, with conscience  
Of his ill newes, did only chill and quake,  
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,  
As if that by his silence he would make  
Her rather reade his meaning then him selfe  
it spake.

## X

Till she againe thus said: 'Taine, be bold,  
And tell what ever it be good or bad, [hold'  
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth  
To whom he thus at length: 'The tidings sad  
That I would hide, will needs, I see be rad  
My Lord your love, by hard mishap doth lie  
In wretched bondage wofully bestad'  
'Ay me,' (quoth she) 'what wicked destinie'  
And is he rauisht by his tyrant enemy?'

## XI

'Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe,  
But by a Tyrannesse,' (he then replide)  
'That him captiued hath in haplesse woe'  
Cease, thou brd newes-man! badly doest  
thou lide  
Thy masters shame, in harlots bondage tide  
The rest my selfe too readily can spell'  
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,  
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,  
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

## XII

There she began to make her moncfull plaint  
Against her knight for being so untrew,  
And him to touch with falsehoods fowle affront,  
That all his other honour overthrew  
Of and she blune her selfe, and often rew,  
For yielding to a strangers love so light,  
Whose life and manners straunge she never  
knew  
And evermore she did him sharpe ly twi-  
glt  
I or breach of faith to her, which he had firmly  
phight.

## XIII

And then she in her wrathfull wall did cast  
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,  
To fight with him, and goodly die her last  
And then againe she did her selfe torment,  
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment [threw  
A while she walkt, and chaust, a while she  
Her selfe upon her bed, and did lament  
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,  
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and  
singults few

## THE FAIRIE QUEENE.

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder  
sleeps  
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,  
With froward will doth set him selfe to weep,  
He can be still for all his murther night,  
But kicks, and squals, and shricks for fell  
displeight,  
Now scratching her, and her loo-e locks mis-  
Now seeking darkness, and now seeking light,  
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke re-  
fusing

Such was this Irides lit in her loves fond  
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,  
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had  
blent

But when she had with such unquiet fits  
Her selfe there close affixed long in vaine,  
Yet found no casement in her troubled wit,  
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,  
By change of place seeking to ease her paine  
And gan enquire of him with milder mood  
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine,  
And what he did, and in what state he stood,  
And whether he did woo, or whether he were  
woo'd?

'Ah wellaway!' (said then the Iron man)  
'That he is not the while in state to woo  
But lies in wretched thralldome, weake and wan,  
Not by strong hand compelled therunto,  
But by owne doome, that none can now undo.'  
'Said I not then' (quoth shee), 'erwhile  
right,  
That this is things complete betwixt you two,  
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight  
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in  
fight?'

With that he gan at large to her dilate  
The whole discourse of his captivance sad,  
In sort as we have heard the same of late  
All which when she with hard endurance had  
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestrid,  
With sodaine stounds of wrath and griefe  
attone  
He would abide, till she had answers made,  
But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don,  
And mounting to her steede bad Talus guide  
her on

So forth she rode upon her ready way,  
To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did guide  
Sadly she rode, and never word did say  
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside  
But still right downe, and in her thought did  
The feinesse of her heart, right fully bent  
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,

So as she thus melancholike did ride,  
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,  
She chaunst to meeete, toward the even tide  
A Knight that softly paced on the plaine,  
As if him selfe to solace he were faine  
Well shot in vices he seem'd, and rather bent  
To peace then needlesse troubles to constraine,  
As well by view of that his vestiment  
As by his modest semblant that no evill ment.

He comming neere gan gently her salute  
With courteous words, in the most comely wise,  
Who though devout rather to rest mute,  
Then termes to certaine of common guise,  
Yet rather then she kindness would de-pise,  
She would her selfe displease, so him requite,  
Then gan the other further to devise  
Of things abroad as next to hand did light,  
And many things demand, to which she  
answer'd light.

For little last had she to talke of ought,  
Or ought to heare that more delightfull bee  
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought  
That gave none other place Which when as  
he  
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,  
He had no longer to use lothfull speech,  
But her beought to take it well in gree,  
Sith such dampes had dimd the heavens reche  
To lodge with him that night, unless good  
cause empage

The Chrymione now seeing night at dore,  
Was glad to yeld unto his good request,  
And with him went without game-saving  
more  
Not farr away but little wide by West,  
His dwelling was to which he him addrest  
Where soone arriving they received were  
In seemly wise, as them becomen be-t,  
For he their host them goodly well did cheare  
And talk of pleasant things the night away  
to ween

Thus passing sh' evening well till time  
rest,  
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought,  
Where groomes awaited her to have undress'd,  
But she ne would undress'd be for ought,

Ne doffe her armes, though he her much be-  
sought  
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo  
Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had  
wrought  
Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe,  
Which she would sure performe, betide her  
wele or wo

XXIV

Which when their Host perceiv'd, right dis-  
content

In minde he grew, for feare least by that art  
He should his purpose misse, which close he  
ment.

Yet taking leave of her he did depart  
There all that night remained Britomart,  
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe  
grieved,

Nor suffering the least twineking sleepe to  
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have re-  
lieved,

But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight

XXV

'Ye guilty eyes' (sayd she) 'the which with  
guile

My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray  
My life now too, for which a litle while  
Ye will not watch? false watchies, wellaway!  
I wote when ye did watch both night and day  
Unto your losse, and now needes will ye  
sleepe?

Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,  
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather  
weepe

To thinke of your nights want, that should

XXVI

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary  
night

In wayfull plaints that none was to appease,  
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,  
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease  
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze  
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,  
Lying without her dore in great disease  
I like to a Spanell waiting carefully  
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously

XXVII

What time the native Belman of the night,  
The bird that warn'd Peter of his fall,  
First rings his silver Bell t' each sleepy wight,  
That should their mindes up to devotion call,  
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall  
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,  
By a false trap was let adowne to fall

Into a lower roome, and by and by  
The loft was rayds againe, that no man could  
it spie

XXVIII

With sight whereof she was dismayd right  
sore,

Perceiuing well the treason which was ment,  
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,  
But kept her place with courage confident,  
Wayning what would ensue of that event  
It was not long before she heard the sound  
Of armed men comming with close intent  
Towards her chamber, at which dreadfull  
stound

She quickly caught her sword, and shield

XXIX

With that there came into her chamber dore  
Two Knights all armed ready for to fight,  
And after them full many other more,  
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight  
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of  
night,

He started up, there where on ground he lay,  
And in his hand his thrasher ready leight  
They seeing that let drive at him streightway,  
And round about him preace in riotous aray

XXX

But, soone as he began to lay about  
With his rude yron haile, they gan to flie,  
Both armed Knights and eke unarmed rout,  
Yet Talus after them apace did phee,  
Where ever in the darke he could them spie,  
That here and there like seattred sleepe they  
lay

Then, backe returning where his Dame did lie,  
He to her told the story of that fray,  
And all that treason there intended did bewray

XXXI

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly  
burning

To be avenged for so fowle a deede,  
Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,  
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,  
Least any more such practise should proceede  
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart  
Unknown was) whence all this did proceede,  
And for what cause so great mischievous smart  
Was ment to her that never evill ment in  
hant

XXXII

The goodman of this house was Dolon light,  
A man of subtil wit and wicked minde,  
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,  
And armes had borne, but litle good could  
finde,

And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde  
Of life for he was nothing valorous,  
But with she shufles and wiles did underminde  
All noble Knights, which were aduenturous,  
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous

## XXVIII

He had three sonnes, all three like fathes  
sonnes,  
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,  
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes,  
The eldest of the which was slaine ere while  
By Artegall through his owne guilty wile  
His name was Guizor, whose untimely fate  
For to avenge, full many treasons vile  
His father Dolon had devis'd of late  
With these his wicked sones, and shewd his  
cankred hate

## XXIX

For sure he weend that this his present guest  
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine,  
But chiefly by that iron pike he ghest,  
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine,  
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine  
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,  
She was preserved from their traitous fraude  
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnessse,  
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to op-  
presse

## XXX

The morrow next, so soone as dawning hours  
Discovered had the light to living eyes,  
She forth issued out of her loathed bowre,  
With full intent to avenge that villany  
On that wilde man and all his family,  
And, coming down to seeke them where  
they wold,  
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie  
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty  
found [neither house]  
They all were fled for ferre, but whether

## XXXI

She saw it came to make there lenger stay,  
But took her Steele, and thereon mounting  
light  
Gan her addresse unto her former way  
She had not rid the mountaine of a flight,  
But that she saw there present in her sight  
Those two false brethren on that pillon  
Bridge,  
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.

Streight was the passage, like a ploughed  
ridge, [the ledge].  
That, if two met, the one mote needs fall over

## XXXII

There they did thinke them selves on her to  
wrenke,  
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one  
These vile reproches gan unto her speake  
'Thou recreant false traitor, that with lone  
Of armes hast kighthood stolne, yet Knight  
art none,  
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night  
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy sone,  
But with thy blood thou shalt appease the  
spright [slight]  
Of Guizor by thee slaine, and murdered by thy

## XXXIII

Strange were the words in Britomartus eare,  
Yet staid she not for them, but forward fared,  
Till to the perilous Bridge she came, and there  
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared  
The way to her and those two losels scared,  
But she therent was wroth, that for despite  
The glaucing sparkles through her beaver  
glared,  
And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,  
Likes coles that through a silver Censer spar-  
kle bright

## XXXIV

She staid not to advise which way to take,  
But putting spurs unto her fiery beast,  
Thorough the midst of them she way did make,  
The one of them, which most her wrath in-  
creast,  
Upon her speare she bore before her breast,  
Till to the Bridges further end she past,  
Where falling downe his challenge he recast  
The other over side the Bridge she cast  
into the river, where he drunke his deadly last.

## XL

As when the flashing Leve in baps to light  
Upon two stubborne oakes, which stand se-  
neare  
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight  
The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare  
Th' one from the earth, and through the air  
doth beare,  
The other it with force doth overthrow  
Upon one side, and from his rootes doth reare  
So did the Championesse those two there strow  
And to their sire their carcasses left to bestow

## CANTO VII

Britomart comes to Isis Church,  
Where shee strange visions sees  
She fights with Radigund, her slaines,  
And Artegall thence frees

## I

NOUGHT is on earth more sacred or diuine,  
That Gods and men doe equally adore,  
Then this same vertue that doth right define  
For th' heuens themselves, whence mortal men  
implore

Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous  
lore

Of highest Ioue, who doth true justice deale  
To his inferiour Gods, and evermore

Therewith contains his heavenly Common-  
weale

The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth  
[reueale,

## II

Well therefore did the antique world inuent  
That Justice was a God of soveraine grace,  
And altars unto him and temples lent,  
And heavenly honours in the highest place,  
Calling him great Osyris, of the race  
Of th' old Egyptian Kings that whylome were,  
With fayned colours shading a true ease,  
For that Osyris, whilst he liued here,  
The iustest man alive and truest did appeare

## III

His wife was Isis, whom they likewise made  
A Goddess of great powre and soveranty,  
And in her person cunningly did shade  
That part of Justice which is Equity,  
Whereof I have to treat here presently  
Unto whose temple when as Britomart  
Arrived, shee with great humility  
Did enter in, ne would that night depart,  
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part

## IV

There she received was in goodly wise  
Of many Priests, which duely did attend  
Upon the rites and daily sacrifice,  
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd,  
And on their heads, with long locks comely  
kemd,

They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,  
To shew that Isis doth the Moone portend,

Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne  
For that they both like race in equall justice  
runne

## V

The Championnesse them greeting, as she could,  
Was thence by them into the Temple led,  
Whose goodly building when she did behould,  
Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispredd  
With shining gold, and arched over hed,  
She wondred at the workemans passing skill,  
Whose like before she never saw nor red,  
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,  
But thought that she thereon could never gaze  
her fill.

## VI

Thence forth unto the Idoll they her brought,  
The which was framed all of silver fine,  
Sowell as could with cunning hand be wrought,  
And clothed all in garments made of linc,  
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine  
Upon her head she wore a Crowne of gold,  
To shew that she had powre in things diuine  
And at her feet a Crocodile was rold,  
That with her wreathed taile her middle did  
cufold.

## VII

One foote was set uppon the Crocodile,  
And on the ground the other fast did stand,  
So meaning to suppress both forged guile  
And open force and in her other hand  
She stretched forth a long white slender wand  
Such was the Goddess, whom when Brito-  
mart  
Had long beheld, her selfe uppon the land  
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart  
Unto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

## VIII

To which the Idoll, as it were inclining,  
Her wand did move with amiable look,  
By outward shew her inward sence desining  
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,  
It as a token of good fortune tooke,  
By this the day with dampe was overcast,  
And joyous light the house of Iove forsooke,



## THE FAERIE QUEENE

[BOOK V]

When she saw her helmet she unlaste,  
And by the altars side her selfe to slumber  
plaste

IX

For other beds the Priests there used none,  
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,  
And bke their sides upon the cold hard stone,  
T enure them selves to sufferance therebv,  
And prond rebellious flesh to mortify  
For by the vow of their religion,  
They tied were to stedfast chastity  
And continence of life, that, all forgon,  
They mote the better tend to their devotion

X

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food  
Ne feed on ought the which doth blood con-  
taine,  
Ne drinke of wine, for wine, they say, is blood,  
Even the blond of Gyants, which were slaine  
By thundring Jove in the Phlegrean plane  
For which the earth (as they the story tell)  
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall pun-  
Had dnm'd her sonnes which gaunst them did  
rebell,  
With inward grieve and malice did agunst them  
swell

XI

And of their vitall blood, the which was shed  
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought  
The frutfull vine, whose liquor bloudy red,  
Having the mindes of men with fury franght,  
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought  
To make new warre agunst the Gods againe  
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that  
nought  
The fell contagion may thereof restraene,  
Ne within reasons rule her madding mood  
containe.

XII

There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose,  
Under the wings of Isis all that night  
And with sweete rest her herry eyes did close,  
After that long daies toile and weary plight  
Where whilst her earthly parts with soft  
delight  
Of senselesse sleepe did deeplv drowned be,  
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright  
A wondrous vision, which did esse imple  
The course of all her fortune and postertie

XIII

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifice  
To Isis, deckt with Mitre on her hed  
And linnen stole after those Priestes guise,  
All sodainly she saw transfigured

Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,  
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold,  
That even she her selfe much wondered  
At such a change, and joyed to behold  
Her selfe adorn'd with gems and jewels  
manifold

XIV

And, in the midst of her felicity,  
An hideous tempest seemed from below  
To rise through all the Temple sodainly,  
Thrit from the Altar all about did blow  
The holv fire, and all the embers strow  
Upon the ground, which, kindled privily,  
Into outrageous flames unwaives did grow,  
That all the Temple put in jeopardy  
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity

XV

With thrit the Crocodile, which sleeping lay  
Under the Idols feete in fearelesse bowre,  
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,  
As being troubled with that stormy stowre,  
And gaping greedv wide did straight devoure  
Both flames and tempest with which growen  
great,  
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse  
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat,  
But that the Goddessse with her rod him  
backe did beat.

XVI

Tho turning all his pride to humblesse  
meeke,  
Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,  
And giv for grace and love of her to seeke,  
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew  
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,  
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,  
That shortlv did all other beests subdew  
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,  
And doubtfully dismayd through that so un-  
conth sight

XVII

So thereupon long while she musing lay,  
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasye,  
Untill she spide the limpo of lightsome day  
Up-listed in the poreh of heaven hie  
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,  
And forth into the lower parts did pass,  
Whereas the Priestes she found full busily  
About their holv things for morrow Mas,  
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was

XVIII

But by the ehange of her unehearefull looke,  
They might perceivo she was not well in  
plight,

Or that some pensivenesse to heart she tooke  
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in  
sight

To be the greatest and the gravest wight,  
To her bespake 'Sir Knight, it seemes to me  
That, thorough evill rest of this last night,  
Or ill apayd or much dismayd ye be, [see,  
That by your change of cheare is easie for to

## XIX

'Certes,' (sayd she) 'sith ye so well have  
spide

The troublous passion of my pensive mind,  
I will not seeke the same from you to hide,  
But will my cares unfold, in hope to find  
Your aide to guide me out of error blind'  
'Say on' (quoth he) 'the secret of your hart  
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,  
I am adjurd best counsell to impart  
To all that shall require my comfort in their  
smart.'

## XX

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse  
Of all that vision which to her appeared,  
As well as to her minde it had recourse  
All which when he unto the end had heard,  
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared  
Through great astonishment of that strange  
sight,

And, with long locks up-standing, stilly stared  
Like one adavd with some dreadful spright  
So, filld with heavenly fury, thus he her be-  
hight.

## XXI

'Magnifike Virgin, that in queent disguise  
Of British armes doest maske thy roy all blood,  
So to pursue a perillous emprise,  
How couldst thou weene, through that dis-  
guized hood,  
To hide thy state from being understood'  
Can from th' immortal Gods ought ludden  
bee?

They doe thy Image, and thy Lordly brood,  
They doe thy sire lamenting sore for thee,  
They doe thy love forlorne in womens thral-  
dome see

## XXII

'The end whereof, and all the long event,  
They do to thee in this same dreame discover,  
For that same Crocodile doth represent  
The righteous Knight that is thy faithfull  
Like to Osyris in all just endeavor [lover,  
For that same Crocodile Osyris is,  
That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever,  
To shew that clemencie oft, in things amis  
Restraines those sterne behests and ernell  
doomes of his.

## XXIII

'That Knight shall all the troublous stormes  
asswage

And raging flames, that many foes shall reare  
To hinder thee from the just heritage [deare  
Of thy sires Crowne, and from thy countrey  
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,  
And joyne in equall portion of thy realme,  
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,  
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame  
So blesse thee God, and give thee joyance of  
thy dreame'

## XXIV

All which when she unto the end had heard,  
She much was eased in her troublous thought,  
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward,  
And roy all gifts of gold and silver wrought  
She for a present to their Goddesse brought  
Then taking leave of them, she forward went  
To seeke her love, where he was to be sought,  
Ne rested till she came without relent  
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

## XXV

Whereof when newes to Radigund was  
brought,

Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,  
She was confused in her troublous thought,  
But filld with courage and with joyous glee,  
As glad to heere of armes, the which now she  
Had long surecast, she bad to open bold,  
That she the face of her new foe might see  
But when they of that yron man had told,  
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them  
forth to hold

## XXVI

So there without the gate, (as seemed best)  
She caused her Pavillon be pight,  
In which stout Britomart her selfe did rest,  
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night  
All might likewise they of the towne in fright  
Upon their wall good watch and ward did  
keepe

The morow next, so soone as dawning light  
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,  
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did  
peepe

## XXVII

And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shal  
To warne her foe to battell soone he prest  
Who, long before awoke, (for she ful ill  
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest  
Did closely harbour such a jealous guest)  
Was to the battell whilome ready dight  
Eftsoones that warriour with haughty  
crest

Did forth issue all ready for the fight  
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight

## XXIII

But ere they reared hand the Amazone  
Began the streight conditions to propound,  
With which she used still to tve her sone,  
To serve her so as she the rest had bound  
Which when the other heard, she sternly  
frownd

For high disdaime of such indignity,  
And would no lenger treat, but bid them  
sound,

For her no other termes should ever tie  
Then what prescribed were by lawes of che-  
valrie.

## XXIV

The Trumpets sonnd, and they together run  
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins  
smot,

Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,  
But through great fury both their skill forgot,  
And practicke use in armes, ne spared not  
Their dainty parts, which nature had created  
So faire and tender without staine or spot  
For other uses then they them translated,  
Which they now hackt and hewd as if such use  
they bated

## XXV

As when a Tygre and a Laonesse  
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,  
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse  
But first the Tygre claws thereon did lay,  
And therefore, loth to loose her right away,  
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond  
To which the Lion strongly doth gamesav,  
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in bond,  
And therefore ought it have where ever she it  
fond

## XXVI

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,  
And deat her blowes unmercifully sore,  
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,  
And them repaide againe with double more  
So long they fought, till all the grassie flore  
Was filld with blond which from their sides did  
flow,

And gushd through their armes, that all in gore  
They trode, and on the ground their lives did  
strow, [should grow]  
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death

## XXVII

At last proud Radigund, with fell despight,  
Having by chauce espide advantage neare,  
Iet drive at her with all her dreddfull might,  
And thus upbrayding said 'This token beere

Unto the man whom thou doest love sodeare,  
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest'  
Which spitefull words she, sore engrav'd to  
heare, [pravest]  
Thus answerd 'Lewdly thou my love de-  
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely  
bravest.'

## XXVIII

Nathlesse that strokes so cruell passage found,  
That glauncing on her shoulder-plate it bit  
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,  
That she her shield, through raging smart of it,  
Could scarce uphold yet soone she it requit,  
For, having force increast through furious  
paine,

She her so rudely on the helmet smit  
That it emperced to the very braine,  
And her proud person low prostrated on the  
plaine

## XXIX

Where being layd the wrothfull Britonesse  
Stayd not till she came to her selfe againe,  
But in revenge both of her loves distresse  
And her late vilerproch though vaunted rime,  
And also of her wound which sore did paine,  
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft  
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike  
traîne

There present saw, each one of sence bereft  
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor  
left.

## XXX

But yet so fast they could not home refrate,  
But that swift Talus did the foremost win,  
And, pressing through the preace unto the  
gate,

Pelmell with them attonce did enter in  
There then a piteous slaughter did begin,  
For all that ever came within his reach  
He with his yron flae did thresh so thin,  
That he no worke it all left for the leech  
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may  
empeach

## XXXI

And now by this the noble Conqueresse  
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake,  
Where though revengefull vow she did pro-  
fesse, [make]  
Yet when she saw the heapes which lie did  
Of slaughtered carcasses her heart did quake  
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,  
That she his fury willed him to slake  
For else he sure had left not one alive,  
But all, in his revenge, of spirite would de-  
prive

## XXXVII

Tho, when she had his execution stayd,  
She for that yron prison did enquire,  
In which her wretched love was captive layd  
Which breaking open with indignant ire,  
She entred into all the partes entire  
Where when she saw that lothly uncount  
sight

Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,  
Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight  
Of so unmanly masko in misery misdight

## XXXVIII

At last when as to her owne Love she came,  
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,  
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame  
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad  
To have beheld a spectacle so bad,  
And then too well believ'd that which tofore  
Jealous suspect as true mutually drad  
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,  
She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfor-  
tunes sore.

## XXXIX

Not so great wonder and astonishment  
Did the most chaste Penelope possesse  
To see her Lord, that was reported drent  
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,  
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,  
After long travell of full twenty yeares,  
That she knew not his favours likelynesse,  
For many scarres and many hoary heares,  
But stood long staring on him mongst uncer-  
taine feares

## XL

'Ah, my deare Lord! what sight is this?'  
quoth she,  
'What May-game hath misfortunemade of you?  
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be  
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'  
embrew  
In hilond of Kings, and great hoastes to subdew?  
Could ought on earth so wondrous change have  
wrought,  
As to have robde you of that manly hew?  
Could so great courage stouped have to ought?  
Then, farewell fleshly force! I see thy pride is  
nought'

## XLI

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him  
brought,  
And causd him those uncomely needes undight,  
And in their steede for other rayment sought,  
Whereof there was great store, and armors  
bright,

Which had bene rest from many a noble Knight,  
Whom that proud Amazon subdew'd had,  
Winlest Fortune favourd her successe in  
fight

In which when as she him anew had clad,  
She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his sem-  
blance glad.

## XLII

So there a while they afterwards remained,  
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale  
During which space she there as Princess  
rained,

And changing all that forme of common-weale  
The libertie of women did repeale, [toring  
Which they had long usurpt, and, them res-  
To mens subjection, did true Justice deale,  
That all they, as a Goddesses her adoring,  
Her wisdom did admire, and hearkned to  
her loring

## XLIII

For all those Knights, which long in captivo  
shado [free,  
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome  
And magistrates of all that city made,  
And gave to them great living and large fee  
And that they should for ever faithfull bee,  
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall,  
Who when him selfe now well recn'd did see,  
He purposd to proceed, what so befell,  
Upon his first adventure which him forth did  
call

## XLIV

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart  
For his departure, her new cause of grieve,  
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,  
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,  
Consisted much in that adventures priefe  
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,  
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe,  
That womanish complaints she did repressse,  
And tempred for the time her present heavinessse

## XLV

There she continu'd for a certaine space,  
Till through his want her woe did more  
increase  
Then hoping that the change of aire and place  
Would change her paine, and sorrow some-  
what ease,  
She parted thence her anguish to appease  
Meane-while her noble Lord, sir Artegall,  
Went on his way, ne ever howre did cease,  
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall  
That for another Canto will more fitly fall

## CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall  
Free Samient from feare  
They slay the Soudan, drive his wife  
Adicia to despaire

I

NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth  
allure

The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,  
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure  
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,  
And mighty brunds forget their manlinesse,  
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing  
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse, [eye,  
That can with melting pleasure mollifie  
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to blowl and  
cruelty

II

So whilome learn'd that mighty Jewish  
swaine, [might,  
Each of whose lockes did match a man in  
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traue  
So also did that great Ocean Knight  
For his loves sake his Lions skin undight,  
And so did warlike Antony neglect  
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight  
Such wondrous powre hath a womens faire aspect,  
To captiue men, and make them all the world  
reject.

III

Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,  
Nor hold from snite of his awoul quest,  
Which he had undertane to Gloriano,  
But left his love, albe her strong request,  
Faire Britomart in languor and unrest,  
And rode him selfe uppon his first intent,  
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest,  
Ne wight but onely salus with him went,  
The true guide of his way and vertuous go-  
vernment

IV

So travelling, he channst far off to heed  
A Damzell, sitting on a palfrey fast  
Before two Knights that after her did speed  
With all their powre, and her full fiercely  
In hope to have her overhent at last [christ  
Yet fled she fast, and both then farre outwent,  
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghost,  
With locks all loose, and rayment all to-rent,  
And ever as she rode her eye was backward  
bent

V

Soone after these he saw another Knight,  
That after those two former rode apace  
With speere in rest, and prickt with all his  
might  
So ran they all, as they had bene at bree,  
They being chased that did others chase.  
At length he saw the hindmost overtake  
One of those two, and force him turne his face,  
However loth he were his way to slake,  
Yet mote he aligates now abide, and answer  
make

VI

But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull Mayd,  
Who still from him was fast away did flee,  
Ne once for ought her speedv passage stayd,  
Till that length she did before her spie  
Sir Artegall, to whom she straight did hie  
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get  
Secour against her greedy enmy  
Who seeing her approach gau forward set  
To save her from her feare, and him from force  
to let.

VII

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,  
Being impatient of impediment,  
Continu'd still his course, and by the way  
Thought with his speere him might have  
So both together, ylike felly bent [overwent  
Like fiercely met But Artegall was stronger,  
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,  
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer  
Then two speares length So mischief over-  
matcht the wronger

VIII

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke,  
For on his head unhapply he pight, [broke,  
That his owne waight his necke asunder  
And left there dead Meane-while the other  
Knight  
Defeated had the other shy tour quight,  
And all his bowels in his body brast  
Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight,  
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast  
His other fellow Pagan which before him past

IN  
Instead of whom hindring their ready prest  
Sir Artegall without discretion  
He at hand with ready speare in rest,  
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,  
Against him made againe. So both anon  
Together met, and strongly either strooke  
And broke their speares, yet neither has  
forger.

His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke  
And tottred, like two towres which through  
a tempest quooke

X  
But, when againe they had recovered sence,  
They drew their swords, in mind to make  
amends [pretence  
For what their speares had sayd of their  
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly  
ends [friends  
Of both her foes had scene, and now her  
For her beginning a more fearefull fray,  
She to them runnes in hast, and her haire  
rends,  
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,  
Until they both doe heare what she to them  
will say

XI  
They stard their hands, when she thus gan  
to speake [unwise  
'Ah gentle Knights! what meane ye thus  
Upon your selves anothers wrong to wreake?  
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise  
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise  
Witnesse the Paynms both, whom ye may see  
There dead on ground What doe ye then  
devise  
Of more revenge? if more, then I am shee  
Which was the roote of all end your revenge  
on mee'

XII  
Whom when they heard so say, they lookt  
about  
To weete if it were true as she had told,  
Where when they saw their foes dead out of  
doubt, [hold,  
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to  
And Ventales reare each other to behold  
Tho when as Artegall did Arthure view,  
So faire a creature and so wondrous bold,  
He much admired both his heart and hew,  
And touch'd with intire affection nigh him  
drew,

XIII  
Saying, 'Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,  
Shat all unweeting have you wrong'd thus  
sore,

Suffring my hand against my heart to stray;  
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore  
Yield for amends my selfe yours evermore,  
Or what so penaunce shall by you be red'  
To whom the Prince 'Certes me needeth  
more

To erave the same, whom errorr so misled,  
As that I did mistake the living for the ded

XIV  
'But, sith ye please that both our blames  
shall die,  
Amends may for the trespassse soone be made,  
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby'  
So can they both them selves full eath per-  
swade

To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,  
Either embracing other lovingly,  
And swearing faith to either on his blade,  
Never theenceforth to nourish enmity,  
But either others cause to maintaine mutually

XV  
Then Artegall gan of the Prince enquire,  
What were those knights which there on  
ground were layd,  
And had receiv'd their fulles worthy hire,  
And for what cause they chased so that May d?  
'Certes I wote not well,' (the Prince then  
sayd)

'But by adventure found them faring so,  
As by the way unweetingly I strayd [grow,  
And lo! the Damzell selfe, whence all did  
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion  
know'

XVI  
Then they that Damzell called to them nie,  
And asked her what were those two her fone,  
From whom she earst so fast away did shee  
And what was she her selfe so woe-begone,  
And for what cause pursued of them attone  
To whom she thus 'Then wote ye well, that I  
Doe serve a Queene that not far hence doth  
wone,  
A Princess of great powre and majestic,  
Famous through all the world, and honor'd  
far and nie.

XVII  
'Her name Mereilla most men use to call,  
That is a may den Queene of high renowne,  
For her great bounty knowen over all  
And soveraine grace, with which her roall  
croune  
She doth support, and strongly beatef downe  
The malice of her foes, which her envv  
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne,  
Yet sho her selfe the more doth magnify,  
And even to her foes her merces multiply.

XVIII

'Mongst many which maligne her happy  
state,  
Ther is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,  
That with most fell despite and deadly hate  
Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity,  
And all his powre doth thereunto apply  
And her good Knights, of which so brave a  
band  
Serves her as any Princeesse under sky,  
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,  
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand

XIX

'Ne him sufficeeth all the wrong and ill,  
Which he unto her people does each day,  
But that he seekes by traytrous frames to spill  
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay  
That, O ye Heavens, defend! and turne away  
From her unto the mercereant him selfe,  
That neither hath religion nor fay,  
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,  
And Idols serves so let his Idols serve the  
Else!

XX

'To all which cruell tyranny, they say,  
He is provokt and stirr'd up day and night  
By his bad wife that light Adicia,  
Who counsels him through confidence of might,  
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right  
For she her selfe professeth mortall foe  
To Justice, and against her still doth fight,  
Working to all that love her deadly woe,  
And making all her Knights and people to doe  
so

XXI

'Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it  
best  
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,  
For stut of strife and establishment of rest  
Both to her selfe and to her common-weale,  
And all forepast displeasures to repaile.  
So me in message unto her she sent,  
To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,  
Of finall pence and faire attenment  
Which might concluded be by mutuell con-  
sent.

XXII

'All times have wout safe passage to afford  
To messengers that come for causes just  
But this proude Dame, chiding all accord,  
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,  
Revilng me and rayling as she lust,  
But lastly, to make proofe of utmost shame,  
Me like a dog she out of doores did thrust,  
Miscalng me by many a bitter name,  
That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame

XXIII

'And lastly, that no shame might  
When I was gone, soono after me  
These two false Knights, whom I  
see,

To be by them dishonoured,  
But, thinke be God, and you  
They have the price of the  
So said this Damzell, that " " "  
And to those Knights for their so noble ayd  
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, and heape  
thanks repayd

XXIV

But they now having throughly heard and  
scene  
Al those great wrongs, the which that mayd  
To have bene done against her Lady Queene  
By that proude dame which her so much dis-  
dained,  
Were movell much thereat, and twist them  
With all their force to worke avengement  
strong  
Upon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,  
And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,  
And upon all those Knights that did to her  
belong

XXV

But, thinking best by counterfet disguise  
To their desaigne to make the easier way,  
Ther did this complot twist them selves devise  
First, that Sir Artegall should him array  
Like one of those two Knights which dead  
there lay,  
And then that Damzell, the sad Samient,  
Should as his purchast prize with him convey  
Unto the Souldans court, her to present  
Unto his scornefull Lady that for her had sent

XXVI

So as they had devis'd, Sir Artegall  
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan knight,  
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,  
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right  
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,  
Forth of her window as she looking lay,  
She weened straight it was her Pagan Knight,  
Which brought that Damzell as his purchast  
prize,  
And sent to him a Page that mote direct his

XXVII

Who bringing them to their appointed place,  
Offerd his service to disarm the Knight,  
But he refusing him to let unlance,  
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,

Kept himselfe still In his straunge amour  
dight  
Soone after whom the Prince arrived there,  
And sending to the Souldan in despight  
A bold defiance did of him requere  
That Drisell whom he held as wrongfull  
in-onere.

XXXIII

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,  
Swearing and branning most blasphemously,  
Commanded straight his armour to be  
brought,  
And mounting straight upon a charret hie,  
(With iron wheelles and hookes round dread-  
fully  
And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed  
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny  
He slaughtered had and ere they were halte ded  
Their bodies to his beastes for provender did  
spread.)

XXXII

So forth he came all in a cote of plate  
Burnisht with bloudie rust, whiles on the  
greene  
The Briton Prince him revche did awayte,  
In glistering armes right goodly well-bescent,  
That shone as bright as doth the heaven  
shorne  
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,  
Playing his pages part, as he had beene  
Before directed by his Lord, to th' end  
He should his stile to final execution bend

XXX

Thus goe they both together to their geare,  
With like fierce minds, but meanings different.  
For the proud Souldan, with presumptuous  
chcare  
And countenance sublime and insolent  
Sought onely slaughter and avengement,  
But the brave Prince for honour and for right,  
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,  
In the behalfe of wronged werke did fight  
More in his causes truth he trusted then in  
might

XXXI

Like to the Thracian Tyrant, who they say  
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,  
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,  
And torne in peeces by Alcides great,  
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,  
Lither the Prince in peeces to have torne  
With his sharp wheelles, in his last ragged heat,  
Or under his three horses feet have borne,  
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts dis-  
dained scorne

XXXII

But the bold childe that perill well espving,  
If he too rashly to his charret drew,  
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,  
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew  
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw  
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,  
That had he not it shun'd with heedfull view,  
It had himselfe transtixed or his horse,  
Or made them both one masse withouten more  
remorse

XXXIII

Ofte drey the Prince unto his charret nigh,  
In hope some stroke to fisten on him neare,  
But he was mounted in his seat so high,  
And his wingfooted coursers him did beare  
So fast away that, ere his readie speare  
He could advance, he farre was gone and past  
Yet still he him did follow every where,  
And followed was of him likewise full fast,  
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did  
last

XXXIV

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,  
Of which he had with him abundant store  
On every side of his embatteld cart,  
And of all other weapons lesse or more,  
Which warlike uses had devis'd of yore  
The wicked shaft, gnyded through th' ayrie  
wyde  
By some bad spirit that it to miselnefe bore,  
Stayd not, till through his currat it did glide,  
And made a griesly wound in his enven side

XXXV

Much was he grieved with that haplesse  
throe,  
That opened had the wel sprung of his blood,  
But much the more, that to his hatefull foe  
He mote not come to wreke his wrathfull  
mood  
That made him rave, like to a Lyon wood,  
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand  
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,  
Where he with boughes hath built his shady  
stand,  
And feust himselfe about with many a flaming

XXXVI

Still when he sought t' approach unto him ny  
His charret wheelles about him whirled round,  
And made him backe againe as fast to fly,  
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound  
That hunting after game hath carrion found,  
So cruelly did him pursue and chace,  
That his good steed, all were he much re-  
nound



For noble courage and for hardie race,  
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from  
place to place

## XXVII

Thus long they trast and traverst to and fro,  
Seeking by every way to make some breach,  
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him goe,  
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,  
Wherby his strengthes assay he might him  
teach.

At last from his victorious shield he drew  
The rule, which did his powrefull light em-  
perch,  
And coming full before his horses view,  
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did  
shew

## XXVIII

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer  
burned  
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,  
That backe againe upon themselves they  
turned,  
And with their ryder ranne perforce away  
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay  
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew  
Nought feared they what he could do or say,  
But th' onely feare that was before their view  
From which like mazed deare dismayfull they  
flew

## XXIX

Fast did they fly as them their feete could  
beare  
High over hilles, and lowly over dyles,  
As they were follow'd of their former feare  
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweeres, and  
railes,  
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles  
The resty raynes, regarded now no more  
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought  
availes,  
They heere him not, they have forgot his lore,  
But go which way they list, their guide they  
have forlore

## XL

As when the fire-monthed steedes, which  
drew  
The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaetons decay,  
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion view  
With ugly cruples erwing in their way,  
The dreadful sight did them so sore affray,  
That their well-known courses they forwent,  
And, leading th' ever-burning lampe astray,  
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,  
And left their scorched path yet in the arma-  
ment

## XLI

Such was the furie of these head-strong  
steeds,  
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw  
That all obediene both to words and deeds  
They quite forgot, and scorn'd all former law  
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines  
they did draw  
The vron charet, and the wheeles did teare,  
And to-t the Pynim without feare or awe,  
From side to side they to-t him here and there,  
Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying  
heare

## XLII

Yet still the Prince pursu'd him close belund  
Of making offer him to smite, but soon I  
No easie meanes according to his mūd  
At last ther have all overthrowne to ground  
Quite topside tursey and the Pagan hound  
Amongst the vron hookes and griples keene  
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a  
wound,  
That no whole peece of him was to be seene,  
But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the  
greene.

## XLIII

Like as the cursed son of Thebes  
That following his chace in dewy morne,  
To fly his stepdames loves outrageous,  
Of his owne sideses was all to peeces torne,  
And his sure limbs left in the woods forlorne,  
That for his sake Draca did lament,  
And all the wooddy Nymphes did wayle and  
mourne  
So was this Souldan rapt and all to-rent,  
That of his shape appear'd no litle monument.

## XLIV

Onely his shield and armour which there lay,  
Though nothing whole, but all to-brused and  
broken,  
He up did take and with him brought away,  
That mote remaine for an eternall token  
To all mongst whom this storie should be  
spoken,  
How worthily by heavens high decree,  
Justice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken,  
That all men which that spectrele did see,  
By like ensample mote for ever warned bee.

## XLV

So on a tree before the Tyrants dore  
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,  
To be a monument for evermore  
Which when his I adie from the castles light

Beheld, it much appalld her troubled spright  
Yet not, as women vout, in dolefull sit  
She was dismayd, or fainted through affright,  
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,  
And gan esioones devise to be aveng'd for it

## XLIX

Streight downe she ranne like an enraged  
cow

That is berolbed of her voughing dore,  
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow  
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,  
Whom she had caus'd be kept as prisonere  
By Artegall, misween'd for her owne Knight,  
That brought her hucke And, comming present  
there,

She at her ran with all her force and might  
All flaming with revenge and furious despite

## L

Lake raging Ino, when with knife in hand  
She threw her husbands murdered infant out,  
Or fell Medea, when on Coleuche strand  
Her brothers bones she scattered all about,  
Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout  
Of Bacchus Priests, her owne deire flesh did  
terre

Yet neither Ino nor Medea stont,  
Nor all the Menades so furious were,  
As this bold woman when she saw that  
Dumzell there.

## LI

But Artegall being thereof aware,  
Did stay her cruell hand ere she her raught,  
And, as she did her selfe to strike prepare,  
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught  
With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,  
She forth did come whether her rage her bore,  
With franticke passion and with fure fraught,

And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,  
Unto the wild wood ranne, her dolours to de-  
plore

## LII

As a mad bytch, when as the franticke sit  
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,  
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit  
Snatching at every thing doth wreake her  
wrath

On man and beast that cometh in her path  
There they doe say that she transformed was  
Into a Tygre, and that Tygres scath  
In crueltie and outrage she did pas, [has  
To prove her surname true, that she imposed

## LIII

Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine,  
Dul issue forth gainst all that warlike rout  
Of knights and armed men, which did main-  
taine

That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout  
All which he did assault with courage stout,  
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,  
And like wild Goates them chaced all about,  
Ming from place to place with cowheard  
shame,

So that with finall force them all he overcame.

## LIV

Then caus'd he the gates be opened wyde,  
And thence the Prince, as victor of that day,  
With tryumph enterdayn'd and glorifyde,  
Presenting him with all the rich array  
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,  
Purchase through lawlesse powre and tortious  
wrong

Of that proud Souldan whom he earst did slay  
So both, for rest, there having stayd not long,  
Marchit with that mayd, ut matter for another  
song

## CANTO IX

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,  
Whom Tains doth dismay  
They to Merellines pillage come,  
And see her rich array

## I

WHAT Tygre what other salvage wight,  
Is so cruell, furious and fell [might?  
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with  
Not sit amongst men that doe with reason mell,  
But amongst wild beasts, and salvage woods,  
to dwell, [voure,  
Where still the stronger doth the weaker de  
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell

Are dreadd most, and feared for then powre,  
Fit for Adia there to build her wicked bowre

## II

There let her wonne, farre from resort of men,  
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled,  
There let her ever keepe her damned den,  
Where none may be with her lewd parts de-  
syled,

Nor none but beasts may be of her despoiled  
And turne we to the noble Princee, where late  
We did him leave, after that he had foxled  
The cruell Soukhan, and with an adfull fate  
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state

III

Where having with Sir Artegall a space  
Well solast in that Soildans late delight,  
They both, resolving now to leave the place,  
Both it and all the wealth therein belight  
Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right,  
And so would have departed on their way.  
But she them woud, by all the meanes she  
might,  
And earnestly besought to vnderstand that day  
With her to see her Ladie thence not farre  
away.

II

By whose entreatie both they overcommen  
Agree to goe with her and by the way,  
(As often fallies) of many things did commen  
Mongst which that Damzell did to them be-  
wray

[Iv]

A strange adventure, which not farre thence  
To meet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,  
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,  
That robbed all the countie there about,  
And brought the pillage home, whence none  
could get it out

V

There to both his owne wile wit. (she said)  
Amilcke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,  
Both unsayable, gave him great wile  
For he so crafty was to forge and face,  
So light of hand, and nimble of his pace,  
So smooth of tongue, and subtle in his tale,  
That could deceive one looking in his face  
Therefore by name Malegyn they him call,  
Well knownen by his featnes, and famous over-  
all

VI

Through these his sights he many doth con-  
found  
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell  
Is wondrous strong and heven firme under  
ground,  
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell,  
But some doe say it goeth downe to hell  
And all within it full of wyndings is [smell]  
And hidden wayes, that cease in honour by  
Cyn follow out those false footsteps of his,  
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone  
amis

VII

Which when those knights had heard, their  
hartes gan arme  
To understand that villains dwelling place,  
And greatly it desired of her to knowe,  
And by which way they towards it should  
trie  
'Were not' (said she) 'that it should let your  
Towards my Ladies presence, by your ment,  
I would you guide directly to the place'  
'Then let not this' (said they) 'stay your in-  
tent;  
[have hent]  
For neither will one fool, till we that carle

VIII

So forth they past, till they approched ne  
Unto the rocke where was the villains den  
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did  
spy,  
[upon]  
She woud the knights thereof who there-  
gan to advise what best were to be done  
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,  
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,  
Wayling and raying pittifull uprore,  
As if she did some great calamitie deplore

IX

With noyse whereof when as the captive  
carle  
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,  
They in array would close him ensaile,  
For to his den he but wand could recoule,  
And so would hope him easily to foyle  
The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,  
Unto the rocke, and there upon the sayle  
Having her selfe in wretched wize abjected,  
Gan weepe and waille as if great griefe had  
her affected

X

The cry whereof entering the hollow crye  
Phisones brought forth the villaine, as they  
ment,  
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have  
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went  
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,  
And long curli locks that downe his shoulders  
hangd,  
And on his backe an uncouth vestiment  
Made of strange stuffe, but all to-worne and  
ragged,  
[ragged]  
And underneath, his breech was all to-torne and

XI

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,  
Whose top was armed with many in yron  
hoole  
Fit to catch hold of all that he could wield,

Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke,  
And ever round about he cast his looko  
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,  
With which he seldome fished at the brooke,  
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,  
Of which he in faire weather wont to take  
great store

## XII.

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,  
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd,  
And now for helpe aloud in earnest eride  
But when the villaine saw her so affrayd,  
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade  
To banish feare, and, with Sardonian smile  
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,  
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,  
That from her self unwares he might her  
steale the whyle

## XIII

Like as the fouler on his guilefull py pe  
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,  
That they the whyles may take lesse heedie  
keepe

How he his nets doth for their ruine lay  
So did the villaine to her prate and play,  
And many pleasant trickes before her show,  
To turne her eyes from his intent away,  
For he in slights and juggling feates did flow,  
And of legierdemay ne the mysteries did know

## XIV

To which whildest she lent her intentiue mind,  
He suddenly his net upon her threw,  
That ouersprad her like a puffe of wind,  
And snatching her sone up, ere well she knew,  
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,  
Crying for helpe aloud. But when as ny  
He came unto his enye, and there did see  
The armed knights stopping his passage by,  
He threw his burden downe, and fast away did  
fly

## XV

But Artegall him after did pursue,  
The whyles the Prince there kept the outrance  
still  
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew  
Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,  
And dauning on the craggy cliffes at will,  
That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight  
To tempt such steps, where footing was soill  
Ne ought ayayled for the armed knight  
To thinke to follow him that was so swift and  
light

## XVI

Which when he saw, his yon son he went  
To follow him, for he was swift in chace

Ho him pursuew where ever that he went,  
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place  
Where so he fled, he followd him apace,  
So that he shortly forst him to forsake  
The light, and downe descend unto the base  
There he him constra-fresh, and soone did make  
To leaue his proper forme, and other shape to  
take

## XVII

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne,  
But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast  
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme,  
But he the bush did beat, till that at last  
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,  
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand,  
But he then stones at it so long did cast,  
That like a stone it fell upon the land,  
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his  
hand

## XVIII

So he it brought with him unto the knights,  
And to his Lord Sir Artegall it lent,  
Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights  
Who whildest in hand it gryping hard he hent,  
Into a Hedgehogge all unwares it went,  
And prickt him so that he awry it threw  
Then ganne it runne away incontinent,  
Being returned to his former hew,  
But Talus soone him overtooke, and back-  
ward drew

## XIX

But, when as he would to a snake againe  
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron fayle  
Gan drayn at him with so huge might and  
maine,  
That all his bones as small as sandy graylo  
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,  
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past  
So did decept the selfe-deceiuer fayle  
There they him left a carrion outcast [repast  
For beasts and foules to feede upon for their

## XX

Thence forth they passed with that gentle  
Mayd  
To see her Ladie, as they did agree,  
To which when she approached, thus she sayd  
'Loe' now, right noble knights, arriv'd ye bee  
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see  
There shall ye see my soverayne Lady Queene,  
Most sacred wight, most debonnaire and free,  
That ever yet upon this earth was seene,  
Or that with Diademe hath ever crowned  
beene'

## XXI

The gentle knights rejoyced much to heare  
The prayes of that Prince so manifold,

And, passing hille further, commen were  
Where they a stately pullace did behold  
Of pompons show, much more then she had  
told,

With many towres, and tarris mounted hie,  
And all thoir tops bright glistering with gold,  
That seemed to outshine the dunmed skye,  
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge  
beholders eye

LVII

There thoy alighting by that Damzell were  
Directed in, and shewed all the sight,  
Whose porch, that most magnificke chyl ap-  
peare,  
Stood open wide to all men day and night,  
Yet warded well by one of mickle might  
That satte thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,  
To keepe out envye, and malice, and despight,  
That under shew oftymes of fayned semblance  
Aro wout in Princes courts to worke great  
seath and hindrance

LXIII

His name was Awe, by whom they passing  
in  
Went up the hall, that was a large wide roome,  
All full of people making troublous din {some  
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were  
Which unto them was dealing righteous  
doome {preasse,  
By whom they passing through the thickest  
Tho marshall of the hall to them did come,  
His name light Order, who, commanding  
peace, {clamors ceasse  
Them guyded through the throng, that did their

LXV

They ceast their clamors upon them to gaze,  
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,  
Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,  
And with unwonted terror halfe affray,  
For never saw they there the like array,  
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,  
But joyous peace and quietnesse alway  
Dealing just judgement, that mote not be  
broken {wroken  
For any brybes, or threatens of any to be

LXVI

There, as they entred at the Scene, they saw  
Some one whose tongue was for his trespass  
revile  
Nryll to a post, adjudged so by law,  
For that therewith he falsely did revile  
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged  
gyle,  
Both with bold speeches which he blazed had,  
And with lewd poems which he did compyle,

For the bold title of a poet had {had sprad  
He on himselfe had taken, and rayning rimes

LXVI

Thus there he stood, why lest high over his  
head  
There written was the purport of his sin,  
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,  
Bon Font, but Bon, that once had written  
bin,  
Was reed out, and Mal was now put in  
So now Malfont was plainly to be reil,  
Lither for the evil which he did therein,  
Or that he likened was to a welked {shed.  
Of evil words, and woked selaunder by him

LXVII

They, passing by, were guyded by degree  
Unto the presence of that gracious Queene,  
Who satte on high, that she might all men see  
And might of all men royally be scene,  
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,  
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,  
As either might for wealth have gotten bene,  
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device,  
And all embost with Lyons and with flour-  
delee

LXVIII

All over her a cloth of state was spred,  
Not of rich tissen, nor of cloth of gold,  
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,  
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,  
That her brode-spreading wings did wide  
unfold, {beames,  
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny  
Glistring like gold amongst the plights enroll,  
And here and there shooting forth silver  
streames, {glittering gleances  
Mongst which crept hille Angels through the

LXIX

Seemed those hille Angels did uphild  
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings  
Did beare the pendants through their num-  
berlesse bold  
Besides, a thousand more of such as sing  
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly  
things,  
Incompassed the throne on which she satte,—  
She, Angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings  
And mightie Conquerors, in royall state,  
Why lest kings and cesars at her feet did them  
prostrate.

LXX

Thus she did sit in soverayne Majestic,  
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,  
The sterel plegdo of peace and elemencie,  
With which high God had blest her happie land,

Maugre so many foes which did withstand  
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,  
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely  
brand, [ay de,  
Yet when as foes enforst, or friends sought  
She could it sternely draw, that all the world  
dismay de.

XXXVI

And round about before her feet there sate  
A berie of faire Virgins clad in white,  
That goodly seem'd it adorne her royall state,  
All lovely daughters of high Jove that hight  
Lata, by him begot in loves delight  
Upon the righteous Themis, those, they say,  
Upon Joves judgement-seat wayt day and  
night, [decay,  
And, when in wrath he threatens the worlds  
They doe his anger calme, and cruell ven-  
geance stay

XXXVII

They also doe, by his diuine permission,  
Upon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,  
And often treat for pardon and remission  
To supphants, through frailtie which offend  
Those did upon Mercillaes throne attend,  
Just Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirenc,  
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,  
Sate goodly Temperance in garments elene,  
And saered Reuerence yborne of heavenly  
strene

XXXVIII

Thus did she sit in roy all rich estate,  
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all, [sate,  
Why lest underneath her feete, there as she  
An huge great Ly on lay, that mote appall  
An hardie courage, like captived thrall  
With a strong yron chaine and collar bound,  
That once he could not move nor quieh at all,  
Yet did he murmur with rebellious sound,  
And softly royne, when salvage cholere gan  
redound.

XXXIX

So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,  
Those two strange knyghts were to her pre-  
sence brought,  
Who, bowing low before her Majestie,  
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,  
And meekest boone that they imagine mought  
To whom she eke meely nying her withall,  
As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,  
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,  
Yet tempred with some majestic imperiall

XL

As the bright sunne, what time his fierie  
teme  
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,

Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,  
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw  
So did this mighty Ladie, when she saw  
Those two strange knyghts such homage to  
her make,  
Bate somewhat of that Majestie and awe  
That whylome went to doe so many quake  
And with more myld aspect those two to  
entertake.

XLVI

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,  
When these two stranger knyghts arriv'd in  
[She was about affaires of common-wele, [place,  
Dealing with Justice with indiffernt grace,  
And hearing pleas of people meane and base  
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be  
heard  
The try all of a great and weightie case,  
Which on both sides was then debating hard,  
But at the sight of these those were awlule  
debard

XLVII

But, after all her princely enterpayne,  
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand  
Her selfe eftsoones she gan convert againe  
Which that those knyghts likewise mote under-  
stand,  
And witnesseth forth aright in forrain land,  
Taking them up unto her stateli throne,  
Where they mote heare the matter throughly  
scand  
On either part she plecth th' one on th' one,  
The other on the other side, and neare them  
none

XLVIII

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the  
A Ladie of great countenance and place, [barre,  
But that she it with foule abuse did marre,  
Yet did appeare rare beauteie in her face,  
But blotted with condition vile and base,  
That all her other honour did obscure,  
And titles of nobilitie defee  
Yet in that wretched semblant she did sure  
The peoples great compassion unto her allure

XLIX

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,  
And rare in-sight hard matters to revele,  
That well could charme his tongue, and time  
his speech  
To all assayes, his name was called Zele.  
He gan that Ladie strongly to appele  
Of many havens crymes by her enured,  
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,  
That those, whom she to pitie had allured,  
He now t' abhorre and loth her person had  
procreud.

## XL

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faire  
 And royally arriv'd, Duesse light,  
 That false Duessa, which had wrought great  
 care  
 And mekle miselnesse unto many a knight,  
 By her beguiled and confounded quight  
 But not for those she now in question came,  
 Though also those mote question'd be aright,  
 But for wild treasons and outrageous shame,  
 Which she against the dred Mereilla oft did  
 frame

## XLI

For she whylome (as we mote yet right well  
 Remember) had her counsels false conspyred  
 With faithlesse Blundamour and Pandell,  
 (Both two her paramours, both by her lured,  
 And both with hope of shadowes vaine in-  
 spyred)  
 And with them practis'd, how for to deprive  
 Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,  
 That she might it unto her selfe derive,  
 And triumph in their blood whom she to death  
 did dryve.

## XLII

But through high heavens grace, which savour  
 The wicked driftes of traitorous devines (not  
 Gaunst loiall Princes, all this ensed plot,  
 Ere proove it tooke, discovered was betwix,  
 And th' actours won the meede meet for their  
 crimes  
 Such be the meede of all thir by such mene  
 Unto the type of kingdomes title clyme.  
 But false Duessa, now untitled Queene  
 Was brought to her sad doome, as here was  
 to be seene

## XLIII

Strongly did Zele her laynons fact enforce,  
 And many other crimes of foule defame  
 Against her brought, to banish all remorse,  
 And aggravate the horror of her blame  
 And with him, to make part against her, came  
 Many grave persons that against her pled  
 First was a sage old Syre, that had to name  
 The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,  
 That many high regards and reasons gaunst  
 her red

## XLIV

Then gan Authority her to appose  
 With peremptorie powre, that made all mute,  
 And then the Law of Nations gaunst her rose,  
 And reasons brought that no man could refute  
 Next gan Religion gaunst her to impute  
 High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes,  
 Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons sute

Importune care of their owne publike cause,  
 And lastly Justice charged her with breach of  
 lawes

## XLV

But then, for her, on the contrarie part,  
 Rose many advocates for her to plead  
 First there came Pithie with full tender hart,  
 And with her joynd Regard of womanherd,  
 And then came Daunger, threatening lidden  
 And high alliance unto forren powre, [dread  
 Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread  
 Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke  
 slowre, [forth powre  
 And lastly Griefe did plead, and many teares

## XLVI

With the neere touch whereof in tender hart  
 The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,  
 And wove inclined much unto her part,  
 Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,  
 And wretched ruine of so high estate,  
 That for great ruth his courage gan relent  
 Which when as Zele perceiv'd to abate,  
 He gan his earnest fervour to augment,  
 And many fearefull objects to them to present.

## XLVII

He gan to efforce the evidence anew,  
 And new accusations to produee in place  
 He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,  
 The cursed Ate, brought her face to see,  
 Who privie was and partie in the ease  
 She, glad of spoyle and rimmors decay,  
 Did her appeale, and, to her more disgrace,  
 The plot of all her prietise did display,  
 And all her trayzes and all her treasons forth  
 did lay

## XLVIII

Then brought he forth with griesly grim aspect  
 Abhorred Murder, who, with bloudie knyfe  
 Yet dropping fresh in hand, did her detect,  
 And there with guiltie bloudshed charged  
 rife [stryfe  
 Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding  
 In troublous wits, and mutinous uprore  
 Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,  
 Even foule Adulterers her face before,  
 And Jewd Impietie, that her accused sore.

## XLIX

All which when as the Prince had heard and  
 His former fancies ruth he gan repent, [seene,  
 And from her partie esloones was drawn  
 cleene  
 But Artegall, with constant firme intent

For zeale of Justice, was against her bent  
 So was she guiltie deemed of them all  
 Then Zele began to urge her punishment,  
 And to their Queene for judgement loudly call,  
 Unto Mercilla myld, for Justice gainst the  
 thrall.

## L

But she, whose Princely brest was touched  
 nere  
 With piteous ruth of her so wretched phght,

Though plaine she saw, by all that she did  
 heare,  
 That she of death was guiltie found by right,  
 Yet would not let just vengeance on her light,  
 But rather let, instead thereof, to fall  
 Few perling drops from her faire lampes of  
 light,  
 The which she covering with her purple pall  
 Would have the passion hid, and up arose with-  
 all

## CANTO X

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize  
 For Belges for to fight  
 Gerioncos Senceschall  
 He slayes in Belges right

## I

SOME Clarkes doe doubt in their devisefull  
 art  
 Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,  
 To weeten Mercie, be of Justice part,  
 Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate  
 This well I wote, that sure she is as great,  
 And meriteth to have as high a place,  
 Sith in th' Almighties everlasting seat  
 She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race,  
 From thence pour'd down on men by influence  
 of grace.

## II

For if that Vertue be of so great might  
 Which from just verdict will for nothing start,  
 But to preserve inviolated right  
 Oft spiles the principall to save the part,  
 So much more, then, is that of powre and art  
 That seekes to save the subject of her skill,  
 Yet never doth from doome of right depart,  
 As it is greater prayse to save then spill,  
 And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

## III

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly  
 prayse,  
 That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?  
 What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour  
 rayse  
 Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,  
 And now on earth it selfe enlarged has  
 From th' utmost brinke of the Armerike shore  
 Unto the margent of the Molucas?  
 Those Nations furre thy justice doe adore,  
 But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse  
 mneh more

## IV

Much more it praysed was of those two  
 knights,  
 The noble Prince and righteous Artegall,  
 When they had seene and heard her doome  
 a-rights  
 Against Duessa, damned by them all,  
 But by her tempred without griefe or gall,  
 Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce  
 And yet even then rung her wilfull fall  
 With more then needfull naturall remorse,  
 And yelding the last honour to her wretched  
 corse.

## V

During all which, those knights continu'd  
 Both doing and receiving curtesies [there  
 Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere  
 Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,  
 Approving davy to their noble eyes  
 Royall examples of her mercies rare  
 And wortheie pateras of her clemencies,  
 Which till this day mongst many living are,  
 Who them to their posterities doe still declare

## VI

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,  
 There came two Springalls of full tender yeares,  
 Farre thence from forreim land where they did  
 dwell,  
 To seeke for succour of her and her Peares,  
 With humble prayers and intreatfull teares,  
 Sent by their mother who, a widow, was  
 Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares  
 By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has  
 Her land, and slaine her children ruefully,  
 alas!



## vii

Her name was Belge, who in former age  
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,  
And mother of a fruitfull heritage,  
Euen seventene goodly sonnes, which who  
had seene

In their first flowre before this fittall teene  
Them overtooke and their faire blusomes  
blasted,  
More happie mother would her surely reene  
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted  
Latones childrens wrath that all her issue  
wasted

## viii

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious  
powre,  
Had left her now but five of all that brood  
For twelue of them he did his times deuoure,  
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,  
Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood  
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,  
Of horrible aspect and dreadfull mood  
And had three bodies in one vast might.  
And th' armes and legs of three to succour him  
in fight

## ix

And sooth they say that he was borne and  
bred  
Of Giants race, the sonne of Geryon,  
He that whilome in Spaine so sore was dred  
For his huge powre and great oppression  
Which brought that land to his subjection,  
Through his three bodies powre in one com  
boud,  
And eke all strangers, in that region  
Arriving, to his kyne for food asynd,  
The fairest kyne alive, but of the fiercest  
kynd

## x

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,  
Kept by a cowheard hight Puryton,  
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew  
Ne day nor night did sleeper attend them on,  
But walkt about them ever and anon  
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus  
hight,  
Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon  
And soule Lehidna in the house of night  
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight

## xi

His sonne was this Geryone hight,  
Who, after that his monstrous father fell  
Under Alcides club, straight tooke his flight  
From that sad land where he his syre did  
quell,

And came to this, where Belge then did dwell  
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,  
Being then new made widow (as befall)  
After her Noble husbands late decease.  
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretch  
litnesse

## xii

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowed  
Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woe,  
Himselfe and a rier to her offered,  
Her to defend against all forrein foes  
That should their powre against her right op  
pose

Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,  
Him entertained and did her champion chouse,  
Which long he used with careful diligence,  
The better to confirme her feelelesse confi  
dence.

## xiii

By meanes whereof she did at last commit  
All to his hands, and gave him euerie  
powre  
To doe whatever he thought good or fit  
Which having got, he gan forth from that  
howre

To stirre up strife and many a tragike stowre,  
Giving her dearest children one by one  
Unto a dreadfull Monster to deuoure,  
And setting up an Idole of his owne,  
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone

## xiv

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,  
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,  
But unto gracions great Mercilla call  
For aide against that cruell Tyrants theft,  
I re all her children he from her had rest  
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she  
sent

To seek for succour of this Ladies gift;  
To whom their suite they humbly did present  
In the hearing of full many Knights and  
Ladies gent.

## xv

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee  
The noble Briton Prince with his brave Peare,  
Who when he none of all those knights did  
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare, [see  
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,  
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,  
Admird of all the rest in pre-ence there,  
And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat  
To graunt him that adventure for his former  
feat

## xvi

She gladly granted it then he straightway  
Himselfe unto his journey gan prepare,

And all his armours readie dight that day,  
That nought the morrow next mote stay his  
fare

The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre  
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,  
And bringing light into the heavens sayre,  
When he was readie to his steede to mount  
Unto his way, which now was all his care and  
count

## XXI

Then taking humble leave of that great  
Queene,

Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,  
As tokens of her thankfull mind beseeene,  
And leaving Artigall to his owne care,  
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare  
With those two gentle youthes, which him  
did guide

And all his way before him still prepare  
Ne after him did Artigall abide, [ride  
But on his first adventure forward forth did

## XXII

It was not long till that the Princee arrived  
Within the land where dwelt that Ladie sad,  
Whereof that Tyrant had her now deprived,  
And into moores and marshes banisht had,  
Out of the pleasant soyle and cities glad,  
In which she went to harbour happily  
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,  
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly  
And there her selfe did hyde from his hard  
tyranny

## XXIII

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,  
All solitarie without living wight,  
For all her other children, through affray,  
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight  
And eke her selfe, through sudden strange  
affright

When one in armes she saw, began to fly,  
But, when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,  
She gan take hart and looke up joyfully,  
For well she wist this knight came succour to  
supply

## XXIV

And, running unto them with greedy joyes,  
Fell straight about their neckes as they did  
kneele, [boyes,

And bursting forth in teares, 'Ah' my sweet  
(Sayd she) 'yet now I gin new life to feele,  
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,  
Now rise againe at this your joyous sight  
Alreadie seemes that fortunes headlong wheele  
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright  
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble  
knight'

## XXV

Then turning unto him, 'And you, Sir knight,'  
(Said she) 'that taken have this toylesome  
paine

For wretched woman, miserable wight,  
May you in heauen immortall guerdon gaine  
For so great travell as you doe sustaine'  
For other meede may hope for none of mee,  
To whom nought else but bare life doth re-  
maine,

And that so wretched one, as ye do see,  
Is liker luring death then loathed life to bee.'

## XXVI

Much was he moved with her piteous plight,  
And low dismounting from his loftie steede  
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,  
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede  
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede  
So thence he wished her with him to wend  
Unto some place where they mote rest and  
feede,

And she take comfort which God now did send  
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend

## XXVII

'Ay me!' (sayd she) 'and whether shall I  
goe?

Are not all places full of forraigne powres?  
My pallaces possessed of my foe,  
My cities sackt, and their sky-threating towres  
Raced and made smooth fields now full of  
flowres?

Onely these marshes and myrie bogs,  
In which the fearefull ewfies do build their  
bowres,

Yield me an host, mongst the croking frogs,  
And harbour here in safety from those raven-  
ous dogs'

## XXVIII

'Nathlesse,' (said he) 'deare Ladie, with me  
goe,

Some place shall us receive and harbour yeld,  
If not, we will it foree, maugre your foe,  
And purchase it to us with speare and shield  
And if all fayle, yet fareweell open field,  
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends'  
With such his chearefull speeches he doth  
wield

Her mind so well, that to his will she bends,  
And, bynding up her locks and weeds, forth  
with him wends

## XXIX

They came unto a Citie farre up land,  
The which whylome that Ladies owne had  
bene,

But now by force extort out of her hand  
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene  
Her stately towres and buildings sunny  
sheene,

Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,  
Robbed her people that full rich had beene,  
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,  
The which did her commaund without needeing  
persuade

## XXVI

That Castle was the strength of all that state,  
Untill that state by strength was pulled  
downe,

And that same citie, so now ruinate,  
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes  
crowne,

Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,  
Till that th' offended heavens list to lowre  
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne  
When those gainst states and kingdomes do  
conjure,

Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to

## XXVII

But he had brought it now in servile bond,  
And made it beere the yoke of Inquisition,  
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond,  
Yet glad at last to make most base submis-  
sion,

And life enjoy for any composition  
So now he hath new lawes and orders new  
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,  
And forced it, the honour that is dew  
To God, to doe unto his Idole most untren

## XXVIII

To him he hath before this Castle greene  
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed  
Of costly Ivory full rich besene,  
On which that cursed Idole, farre proclaimed,  
He hath set up, and him his God hath  
Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice [named,  
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse  
framed,

And powring forth their blood in brutishe wize,  
That any yron eyes to see it would agrize.

## XXIX

And for more horror and more crueltie,  
Under that cursed Idols altar-stone  
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,  
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of  
none

That lives on earth, but unto those alone  
The which unto him sacrificed bee  
Those he deuoures, they say, both flesh and  
bone.

What also they have is all the Tyrants see,  
So that no wint of them remayning one may  
see

## XXX

There eke he placed a strong garrisone,  
And set a Seneschall of dredded might,  
That by his powre oppressed every one,  
And vanquished all ventrons knights in fight,  
To whom he wout shew all the shame he  
might,

After that them in battell he had wonne  
To which when now they gan approach in  
sight,

The Ladie counseled him the place to shonne,  
Where as so many knights had foully bene  
fordonne.

## XXXI

Her ferrefull speeches nought he did regard,  
But, riding straight under the Castle wall,  
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward  
Which thero did wayte, willing them forth to  
call

Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall  
To whom when tydings thereof came, he  
straight

Cals for his armes, and arming him withall  
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,  
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to  
the fight.

## XXXII

They both encounter in the middle plaine,  
And their sharpe speares doe both together  
smite [mane  
Amid their shields, with so huge might and  
That seem'd their soules they wold have  
ryen quight

Out of their breasts with furious despight  
Yet could the Seneschall no entrance find  
Into the Princes shield where it empight,  
(So pure the metall was and well refynd,)  
But shivered all about, and scattered in the  
wvnd

## XXXIII

Not so the Princes, but with restless force  
Into his shield it readie passage found,  
Both through his habergeon and eke his corse,  
Which tumbling downe upon the senselesse  
ground

Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bound  
To wander in the griesly shades of night.

There did the Prince him leave in deadly  
swound,

And thence unto the castle marched right,  
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he  
might.

XXXIV

But, as he nigher drew three knights he  
spyde,  
All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,  
Which towards him with all their powre did  
ryde,  
And meeting him right in the middle race  
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace  
A three great Culverings for battine bent,  
And leveld all against one certaine place,  
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,  
That makes the wals to stagger with astonish-  
ment

XXXV

So all attonce they on the Prince did  
thonder,  
Who from his saddle swarred nought asyde,  
Ne to their force gave way, that was great  
wonder,  
But like a bulwarke firmly did abyde,  
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,  
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare  
Past through his shield and pierst through  
either syde,  
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,  
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly  
dream.

XXXVI

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they  
fled  
As fast as feete could carry them away,  
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,  
To be aveng'd of their unknighly play  
There, whyles they entring th' one did th'  
other stav,  
The hindmost in the gate he overhent,  
And, as he pressed in, him there did slay  
His carkasse, tumbling on the threshold, sent  
His groning soule unto her place of punish-  
ment.

XXXVII

The other which was entred laboured fast  
To sperre the gate, but that same lumps of  
clay,  
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled <sup>[past,</sup>  
Right in the midst of the threshold lay,  
That it the Posterne did from closing stav  
The whyles the Prince hard preased in betwene,  
And entrance wonne Streight th' other  
fled away,  
And ran into the Hall, where he did weene  
Him selfe to save, but he there slew him at  
the shreene.

XXXVIII

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,  
Seeing that sad ensample them before,  
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,  
And them conveyd out at a Posterne dore.  
Long sought the Prince, but when he found  
no more  
T' oppose against his powre he forth issued  
Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,  
And her gan cheare with what she there had  
ved, <sup>[shewed]</sup>  
And what she had not scene within unto her

XXXIX

Who with right humble thanks him goodly  
greeting  
For so great prowesse as he there had proved,  
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,  
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,  
And honourd him with all that her behored  
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led  
With her two sonnes, right deare of her be-  
loved,  
Where all that night themselves they cherished,  
And from her balefull minde all care he ban-  
ished

## CANTO XI

Prince Arthur overcomes the great  
Gerione in fight  
Doth slay the Monster, and restore  
Belgè unto her right.

I

It often fairs, in course of common life,  
That right long time is overborne of wrong  
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,  
That weakens her, and makes her party strong,  
But Justice, though her dome she doe prolong,

Yet at the last she will her owne cause right.  
As by sad Belgè seemes whose wrongs though  
long  
She suffered, yet at length she did requight,  
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton  
Knight.

## II

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant  
brought,

How that the Ladv Belge now had found  
A Champion, that had with his Champion  
fought,

And laid his Seneseball low on the ground,  
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,  
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,  
Doubting sad end of principle unsound  
Yet, sith he heard but one that did appeare,  
He did him selfe encourage and take better  
cheare

## III

Nathelesse him selfe he armed all in hyst,  
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,  
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last  
Unto the Castle which they conquerd had  
There with huge terror, to be more y dard,  
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate,  
And, with bold vunts and ydle threatning, bid  
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,  
To which they had no right, nor any wrong-  
full state

## IV

The Prince staid not his aunswere to devise,  
But, opening streight the Sparre, forth to him  
came,

Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize,  
And asked him, if that he were the same,  
Who all that wrong unto that wofull Dime  
So long had done, and from her native land  
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame  
He boldly answered him, He there did stand  
That would his doings justife with his owne  
hand

## V

With that so furiously at him he flew,  
As if he would have over-run him streight,  
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew  
So ludeously npon his armour bright,  
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight,  
That the bold Prince was forced foote to give  
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight,  
The whilst at him so dreadfully he drave,  
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could  
have rive.

## VI

Thereto a great advantage eke he had  
Through his three double hands thrise multi-  
plyde, [was  
Besides the double strength which in them  
For stil, when fit occasion did betide,  
He could his weapon shuft from side to syde,  
From hand to hand, and with such nimblenesse  
sly  
Could wield about, that, ere it were espide,

The wicked stroke did wound his enemy  
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply

## VII

Which uncouth use when as the Prince per-  
ceived,

He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,  
Least by such slight he were unware deceivd,  
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,  
He would it meete and warily withstand  
One time when he his weapon fynynd to shift,  
As he was wont, and chynge'd from hand to  
hand,

He met him with a counterstroke so swift,  
That quite smit off his arme as he it up did  
lift.

## VIII

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdaine,  
He braved aloud for very fell despight,  
And sodainely, t' avenge him selfe againe  
Gan into onoe assemble all the might  
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,  
Thinking to pay him with that one for all  
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,  
Upon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,  
And lighting on his horses head him quite did  
maill

## IX

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht  
steed,  
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare,  
But he him selfe full lightly from him freed,  
And gan him selfe to fight on foote prepare  
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,  
He was right blith, as he had got thereby,  
And laughd so loud that all his teeth wide  
bare

One might have scene enraung'd disorderly,  
Like to a ranke of piles that pitched are wry

## X

Eftsoones agayne his axe he rought on him,  
Ere he were thoroughly buckled to his geare,  
And can let dnye at him so dreadfullie,  
That had he chauneed not his shield to reare,  
Ere that huge stroke arrivd on him neare,  
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine  
But th' Adamantine shield which he did beare  
So well was tempered, that for all his mame  
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose  
same

## XI

Yet was the stroke so forebly applide,  
That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,  
As if he would have tottered to one side  
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan assay

That curtsie with like kindnesse to reply,  
And smote at him with so importune might,  
That two more of his armes did fall away,  
Like fruitlesse branches, which the hatehels  
slight [quight,  
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped

## XII

With that all mad and furious he grew,  
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,  
And erst, and band, and blasphemies forth  
threw  
Against his Gods, and fire to them did threat,  
And hell into him selfe with horreur great  
Thenceforth he ear'd no more which way he  
strooke, [sweat,  
Nor where it light, but gan to chauncle and  
And gnashit his teeth, and his head at him  
shooke, [looke  
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly

## XIII

Nought fear'd the childe his looks, ne yet  
his threats,  
But onely wexed now the more aware  
To save him selfe from those his furious heats,  
And watch advantage how to worke his care,  
The which good Fortune to him offred faire,  
For as he in his rage him overstrooke,  
He, ere he could his weapon breake repaire,  
His side all bare and naked overtooke,  
And with his mortal steel quite through the  
body strooke.

## XIV

Through all three bodies he him strooke at-  
tonee,  
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,  
Else should he thrise have needed for the nonee  
Them to have stricken, and thrise to have  
slaine.  
So now all three one senelesse lump remaine.  
Enwallow'd in his owne blaake bloody gore,  
And by ting th' earth for very deaths disdaine,  
Who, with a eloud of night him eovering, bore  
Downe to the house of dole, his daies there to  
deplere.

## XV

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,  
Where she with her two sonnes did looking  
stand,  
She toward's him in hast her selfe did draw  
To greet him the good fortune of his hand  
And all the people, both of towne and land,  
Which there stood gazing from the Citties wall  
Upon these varriours, greedy t' understand  
To whether should the victory befall,  
Now when they saw it false, they eke him  
greeted all

## XVI

But Belgè, with her sonnes, prostrated low  
Before his feete in all that peoples sight,  
Mongst joyes mixing some tears, amongst wele  
some wo,  
Him thus bespake 'O most redoubted Knight  
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,  
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,  
And these weakeimpes replanted by thy might,  
What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,  
But even that which thou savedst thine still  
to remane?'

## XVII

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,  
And her recomforted the best he might,  
Saying, 'Deare Lady, deedes ought not be  
scand  
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,  
But by their trueth and by the causes right  
That same is it which fought for you this day  
What other meed, then, need me to requight,  
But that which yeldeth vertues meed alway?  
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth  
pay'

## XVIII

She humbly thank't him for that wondrous  
grace, [please,  
And further sayd 'Ah! Sir, but mote ye  
Sith ye thus farre have a tendred my poore case,  
As from my chiefest foe me to release,  
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,  
Till ye have rooted all the reliques out  
Of that wilde race, and established my peacee.  
'What is there else' (sayd he) 'left of their  
rent? [dout.'  
Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand in

## XIX

'Then wote you, Sir, that in this Chureh  
hereby  
There stands an Idole of great note and name,  
The which this Gyant reared first on him,  
And of his owne name faneies thought did  
frame  
To whom, for endlesse horreur of his shame,  
He offred up for daily sacrificio  
My children and my people, burnt in flame  
With all the tortures that he could devise,  
The more t' aggrate his God with such his  
bloudy guize

## XX

'And underneath this Idoll there doth lie  
An hideous monster that doth it defend,  
And feedes on all the earkasses that die  
In sacrificio unto that cursed feend,

## THE FAIRIE QUEENE

[BOOK V]

Whoso ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,  
That ever scap'd for of a man, they say,  
It has the voice, that perches forth doth send,  
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray,  
Out of her poysonous entrails franght with dire  
deeny.

XXI

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart  
gan crie  
For great desire that Monster to assay,  
And pray'd the place of her abode to learne,  
Which being shew'd, he gan him selfe streight-  
way

Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display  
So to the Church he came where it was told  
The Monster underneath the Altar lay  
There he that Idoll saw of many gold  
Most richly made, but there no Monster did  
behold

XXII

Upon the Image with his naked blade  
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke,  
And the third time out of an hidden shade  
There forth issued from under the Altar smooke,  
A dreadful feend with fowle deformed looke,  
That stretcht it selfe as it had long been still,  
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,  
That all the Temple did with terrour fill  
Yet him nought terrified that feared nothing  
ill

XXIII

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length  
Was stretcht forth, that nigh filld all the place,  
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength  
Horrible, hideous, and of hellich race,  
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,  
Or other like infernall furies kinde,  
For of a Mayd she had the outward face,  
To hide the horror which did lurke behinde,  
The better to beguile whom she so fond did  
finde.

XXIV

Thereto the body of a dog she had,  
Full of fell rayn and fierce greedinesse,  
A Lyons clawes, with powre and rigour clad,  
To rend and teare what so she can oppresse,  
A Dragons tyle, whose stung without redresse,  
Fyll deadly wounds where so it is empight,  
And Eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,  
That nothing may escape her reaching might,  
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

XXV

Much like in foulnesse and deformity  
Unto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,  
The father of that fatal progeny,  
Made kill her selfe for every hearts despight

That he had red her Riddle, which no wight  
Could ever loose but suffred deadly doole  
So also did this Monster use like slight  
To many a one which came unto her schoole,  
Whom she did put to death, deceived like a  
foole

XXVI

She coming forth, when as she first beheld  
The armed Prince with shield so blazing bright  
Her ready to assaile, was greatly quell'd,  
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,  
That backe she would have turn'd for great  
affright

But he gan her with courage fierce assay,  
That fort her turne againe in her despight  
To save her selfe, least that he did her slay,  
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turn'd  
her way

XXVII

Tho, when she saw that she was forst to fight,  
She flew at him like to an hellich feend,  
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,  
As if that it she would in peeces rend,  
Or remo out of the hand that did it hend  
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe  
To loose his shield, and long while did contend,  
But, when he could not quite it, with one stripe  
Her Lyons clawes he from her feete away did  
wipe

XXVIII

With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,  
And fowle blasphemous speeches forth did cast,  
And bitter curses, horrible to tell,  
That even the Temple, wherein she was plac't,  
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast,  
Tho with her huge long tailes she at him strooke,  
That made him stagger and stand halfe agast,  
With trembling joynts, as he for terrour  
shooke,

XXIX

Who nought was terrible, but greater courage  
As when the Mast of some well-timbred hulke  
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme  
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the  
hulke,  
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne,  
Whilst still she stands, as stonish and for-  
lorne  
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile;  
But, ere that it she backe againe had borne,  
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile  
He jointed it, and mard the swinging of her  
finale

XXX

Then gan she cry much louder then afore,  
That all the people there without it heard,

And Belge selfe was therewith stonied sore,  
As if the onely sound thereof she feard  
But then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard  
Upon her wide great wings, and strongly flew  
With all her body at his head and beard  
That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,  
And thrown his shield atween, she had him  
done to rew

XXXI

But, as she prest on him with heavy sway,  
Under her wombe his fatal sword he thrust,  
And for her entrailes made an open way  
To issue forth, the which, once being brast,  
Looke to a great Mill-damb forth fiercely gusht,  
And powred out of her infernall sinke  
Most ugly filth, and poyson therewith rusht,  
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke  
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake  
or thinke

XXXII

Then downe to ground fell that deformed  
Masse,  
Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and  
In which a puddle of contagion was, [blacke,  
More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,  
That any man would nigh awshaped make  
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full  
glad, [take  
And streight went forth his gladnesse to par-  
With Belge, who watcht all this while full sad,  
Wayting what end would be of that same  
daunger drad.

XXXIII

Whom when she saw so joyously come forth,  
She gan rejoyce and shew triumphant chere,  
Lauding and praying his renowned worth  
By all the names that honorable were  
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there  
The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,  
And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere,  
Whom he did ill to peeces breake, and foyle  
In filthy durt and left so in the loathely soyle

XXXIV

Then all the people which beheld that day  
Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rong,  
And all the damzels of that towne in ray  
Come dauneng forth, and joyous carols song  
So him they led through all their streetes along  
Crowned with garlands of immortall baies,  
And all the vulgar did about them throng  
To see the man, whose everlasting praise  
They all were bound to all posterities to raise

XXXV

There he with Belge did av hile remaine  
Making great feast and joyous merriment,

Untill he had her settled in her raine  
With safe assurance and establishment  
Then to his first emprise his mind he lent,  
Full loath to Belge and to all the rest,  
Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,  
And to his former journey him address,  
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did  
rest.

XXXVI

But turne we now to noble Artegall,  
Who, having left Mercilla, streight way went  
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,  
To weet, to worke Irenaes franchisement,  
And eke Grantortoos worthy punishment.  
So forth he fared, as his manner was,  
With onely Talus wayting diligent,  
Through many perils, and much way did pas,  
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he  
has

XXXVII

There as he travelld by the way, he met  
An aged wight wayfaring all alone, [set  
Who through his yeares long since aside had  
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone  
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone  
That it was he which whilome did attend  
On faire Irene in her affliction,  
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,  
Unto his soveraine Queene her suite for to com-  
mend.

XXXVIII

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan  
'Haile, good Sir Sergis, truest Knight alive,  
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than  
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive,  
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,  
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?  
Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?  
To whom he thus 'She liveth sure and sound,  
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thralldome  
bound

XXXIX

'For she presuming on th' appointed tyme,  
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,  
To meete her at the saluige Iland<sup>s</sup> syde,  
And then and there for triall of her right  
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,  
Did thither come, where she afraid of nought,  
By guilefull treason and by subtilt slight  
Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,  
Who her imprisond hath and her life often  
sought

XL

'And now he hath to her prefixed a day,  
By which if that no champion doe appeare,  
Which will her cause in battalious array  
Against him justifie, and prove her cleare



Of all those crimes that he ganst her doth  
 reare,  
 She death shall sure aby. Those tidings sad,  
 Did much abash Sir Artegall to heare,  
 And grieued sore that through his fault she had  
 Fallen into that Tyrants hand and usage bad.

XL  
 Then thus rephide 'Now sure anil by my  
 life,  
 Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,  
 That have her drawne to all this troublous  
 strife,

Through promise to afford her timely aide,  
 Which by default I have not yet defraide  
 But witnessse unto me, ye heavens' that know  
 How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide,  
 For ye into like thraldome me did throw,  
 And kept from complishing the faith which I  
 did owe

XLI  
 'But now arend, Sir Serris, how long space  
 Hath he her lent a Champion to provide?',  
 'Ten daies,' (quoth he) 'he grannted hath of  
 grace,

For that he weeneth well before that tide  
 None can have tidings to assist her side  
 For all the shores, which to the sea acoste,  
 He day and night doth ward both farre and  
 wide,  
 That none can there arrive without an hoste  
 So her he sleeneth already but a damned  
 ghoste'

XLII  
 'Now turne againe,' (Sir Artegall then sayd)  
 'For, if I live till those ten daies have end  
 Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall have  
 ayd,  
 Though I this dearest life for her doe spend  
 So backward he attone with him did wend  
 Tho, as they rode together on their way,  
 A rout of people they before them lemd,  
 Looking together in confusile array  
 As if that there were some tumultuous affray

XLIII  
 To which as they approacht the cause to know,  
 They saw a Knight in dangerous distress  
 Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,  
 That sought with lawlesse powre him to op-  
 presse,  
 And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse  
 And farre away, amid their rakehell hands,  
 They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,  
 Crying, and holding up her wretched hands  
 To him for aide, who long in vain their rage  
 withstands

XLIV  
 Yet still he strives, ne any peril spares,  
 To rescue her from their rude violence,  
 Anil like a Lion wood amongst them sires,  
 Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dis-  
 pence,  
 Gainst which the pallid death findes no de-  
 fence,  
 But all in vaine their numbers are so greit,  
 That naught may boot to banishe them from  
 thence,  
 I or soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,  
 They turne afresh, and oft renew their former  
 threat.

XLV  
 And now they doe so sharpeely him assaie,  
 That they his shield in peeces hatted have,  
 And forced him to throw it quite away,  
 Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save,  
 Albe that it most safety to him give,  
 Anil much did magnifie his noble name  
 For, from the day that he thus did it leave,  
 Amongst all Knights he blotted was with  
 blame, [les shame.

And counted but a recreant Knight with end-

XLVI  
 Whom when they thus disresced did behold,  
 They drew unto his aide, but that rude rout  
 Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,  
 And forced them, how ever strong and stout  
 They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,  
 Backe to reekle untill that yron man  
 With his huge slaie began to lay about,  
 From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,  
 Like scatterd chaffe the which the wind away  
 doth fan

XLVII  
 So when that Knight from peril cleare was  
 freed,  
 He driving neare began to grette them faire,  
 Anil veld great thanks for their so goodly  
 In saving him from dangerous despaire [leed,  
 Of those which sought his life for to empure  
 Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire  
 The whole occasion of his late misfayre,  
 And who he was, and what those villaines were,  
 The which with mortal mahee him pursu'd so  
 nere

XLVIII  
 To whom he thus 'My name is Burbo  
 light,  
 Well knowe, and far renowned heretofore,  
 Untill late mischance did upon me light,  
 That all my former praise hath blemisht sore  
 Anil that faire Lady, which in thair uprore  
 Ye with those eviltives saw, Flourdehs hight,  
 Is mine owne love, though me she have forlore,

Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,  
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read  
anight

L

'But sure to me her faith she first did plight  
To be my love, and take me for her Lord,  
Till that a Tyrant, which Grandtorto light,  
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word  
Entyce her to him for to accord [tempted]  
O' who may not with gifts and words be  
Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,  
And to my foe hath guilefully consented  
Ay me, that ever guile in women was invented'

LI

'And now he hath this troupe of villains sent  
By open force to fetch her quite away  
Gainst whom my selfe I long in vaine have  
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay, [bent  
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may,  
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,  
And with unequall might doe overlay,  
That oft I driven am to great distresse,  
And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedlesse'

LII

'But why have ye' (said Artegall) 'forborne  
Your owne good shield in dangerous dismay?  
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,  
Which unto any knight be happen may,  
To loose the badge that should his deedes dis-  
play' [shame  
To whom Sir Burbon blushing halfe for  
'That shall I unto you' (quoth he) 'bewray,  
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,  
And deeme it doen of will, that through in-  
forcement came.

LIII

'True is that I at first was dubbed knight  
By a good knight, the knight of the Red-  
crosse, [fight  
Who, when he gave me armes in field to  
Gave me a shield, in which he did enlosse  
His deare Redeemers bulge upon the bosse  
The same long while I bore, and therewithall  
Fought many battels without wound or losse.  
Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,  
And made him oftentimes in field before  
me fall

LIV

'But for that many did that shield envie,  
And cruell enemies increased more,  
To stint all strife and troublous emmitie,  
That blonkie senthim, being battered sore,  
I layd aside, and have of late forborne,  
Hoping thereby to have my love obtained,  
Yet can I not my love have nithemore,

For she by force is still fro me detayned,  
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth  
mis-trayned'

LV

To whom thus Artegall 'Certes, Sir knight,  
Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine  
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light  
That it to such a straight note ye constrain)  
As to abandon that which doth continue  
Your honours stile, that is your warlike shield  
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine  
Then losse of fame in disaventrous field  
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote dis-  
honour yield'

LVI

'Not so,' (quoth he) 'for yet, when time  
doth serve,  
My former shield I may resume againe.  
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,  
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,  
When as necessitie doth it constraime'  
'Ire on such forgone' (sayd Artegall)  
'Under one hood to shadow faces twaine  
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all  
Of all things, to dissemble, souly may befall'

LVII

'Yet let me you of courtesie request'  
(Said Burbon) 'to assist me now at need  
Against these pesants which have me oppress,  
And forced me to so infamous deed,  
That yet my love may from their hands be  
Sir Artegall, albe he erst did wyte [freed]  
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,  
And, buckling him estoones unto the fight,  
Did set upon those troupes with all his powre  
and might

LVIII

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme  
Of flies upon a birchen bough doth cluster,  
Did them assaile with terrible allarme,  
And over all the fields themselves did muster,  
With bills and glayves making a dreadfull  
hister, [retire  
That forst at first those knights backe to  
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,  
Nought may abide the tempest of his ye,  
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe  
inquire

LVIX

But, when as overblown was that brunt,  
Those knights began afresh them to assyle,  
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt,  
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,  
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,  
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,  
And chased them both over hill and dale

LX

The raskall manne soone they overthrow  
But the two knights themselves their captains  
did subdew

IX

At last they came whereto that Ladie bode,  
Whom now her keepers had for-gone quight  
To save themselves: and scattered were abroad  
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull  
plight,

As neither glad nor sorie for their sight,  
Yet wondrous false she was, and richly clad  
In rounell robes, and many Jewels dight  
But that those villens through their rage had  
Them foully rent, and shamefully defaced had

IXI

But Burbon, streight dismounting from his  
Unto her ran with greedie steed to see, stood  
And catelung her fast by her ragged weed  
Would have embraced her with hart entyre,  
But she backstarting with disdainfull ire  
Bad him as aunt: he would unto his love  
Allured be for pryncer nor for meed. [Calare  
Whom when those knights so froward and  
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbraided sore

IXII

Sayd Artegall: 'What soule disgrace is this  
To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in sight  
To blot your beratic, that unblemishd is  
With so soule blame as breach of faith once  
plight,

Or change of love for any worlds delight  
Is ought on earth so pretious or deare  
As pryncer and honour? Or is ought so bright  
And beutifull as glories beames appeare,  
Whose goodly light then Phobus lampe doth  
shine more clear?

IXIII

'Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted  
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed, [be  
For gustes of gold or any worldly glee  
To leave the love that ye so fore embraced,  
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?  
Ye on the pulfe for which good name is sold,  
And honour with malignant defaced  
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold  
But dearer then them both your faith once  
plighted hold,

IXIV

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind  
Abaht at his rebuke, that it her name,  
Ne ought to answer thereunto did find.  
But, bending down her head with lowly  
chere,  
Stood long amayd as she amayd were  
Which Burbon seeing her name assayed,  
And, clasping twixt his armes, her up dal  
reare. [said  
Upon his sterle whiles she no vint false-  
So bore her quite away, nor vll nor ill  
apayd

IXV

Notlesse the yron man did still persue  
That raskall manne with unprynced spyle,  
Ne crossed not, till all this scathful crew  
Into the sea he drove quite from that coyle  
The which they troublid had with great tur-  
moyle  
But Artegall seeing his cruell deed,  
Commended him from slaughter to recorde,  
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,  
For that the terme, approach fast, required  
speed

## CANTO XII

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide  
And blame for changing childe.  
He with the great Gynarion fight  
And slateth him in field

I

O sycerous honger of ambitious mudes,  
And impotent desire of men to rule  
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,  
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales con-  
taine, [strume,  
Nor bands of nature, that wilde bestes re-  
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,  
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine

No faith so firme no trust can be so strong,  
No love so lasting then, that may enduren  
long

II

Witness may Burbon be, whom all the  
hinds  
Which may a Knight as sure had surely bound,  
Untill the love of Lordship and of lands  
Made him become most faithles and unbound

And wisse he Geroneo found,  
Who for like cause faire Belge did oppresse,  
And right and wrong most cruely confound  
And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse  
Then all the rest burst out to all outrageous-  
nesse

## III

Gaunst whom Sir Artegall, long having since  
Taken in hand th' exploit, (being theretoo  
Appointed by that mightie Faerie Princee,  
Great Gloriane, that Ty rant to fardoo,)  
Through other great adventures hethertoo  
Had it forsackt But now time drawing ny  
To him assynd her hugh behest to doo,  
To the sea-shore he gan his way apply,  
To weete if shipping readie he mote there  
descry

## IV

Tho when they came to the sea coast they  
found  
A ship all readie (as good fortune fell)  
To put to sea, with whom they did compound  
To passe them over where them list to tell.  
The winde and weather served them so well,  
That in one day they with the coast did fall,  
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,  
Great hostes of men in order martiall,  
Which them forbad to land, and footing did  
forstall.

## V

But nathemore would they from land refraine  
But, when as nigh unto the shore they drew  
That foot of man might sound the bottome  
plaine,  
Talus into the sea did forth issew [him threw,  
Though darts from shore and stones they at  
And wading through the waves with stedfast  
sway,  
Mangre the might of all those troupes in vew,  
Did win the shore, whence he them chast away,  
And made to fly like doves whom the Eagle  
doth affray

## VI

The whyles Sir Artegall with that old knight  
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,  
And forward marched to a towne in sight  
By thus came tydings to the Tyrants care,  
By those which earst did fly away for feare,  
Of their arrival wherewith troubled sore  
He all his forces streight to him did reare,  
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,  
Meant them to have encountred ere they left  
the shore

## VII

But ere he marched farre he with them met,  
And fiercely charged them with all his force

But Talus sternely did upon them set,  
And brusht and batted them without remorse,  
That on the ground he left full many a corse,  
Ne any able was him to withstand,  
But he them overthrew both man and horse,  
That they lay seattred over all the land, [hand  
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers

## VIII

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage  
Wildd him to stay, and signe of truce did make  
To which all harkning did a while assuage  
Their forces fure, and their terror slake,  
Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,  
Willing him wend unto the Tyrant streight,  
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake  
He thether came, but for to trie the right  
Of fayre Irenaes cause with him in single fight.

## IX

And willed him for to reclayme with speed  
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine,  
And time and place convenient to reed,  
In which they two the combat might darraigne  
Which message when Grantorto heard, full  
fayne  
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,  
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne  
The morrow noxt, no gave him longer day  
So sounded the retrain, and drew his folke  
away.

## X

That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent  
There to be pitched on the open plaine,  
For he had given streight commaundement  
That none should dare him once to entertaine,  
Which none durst breake, though many would  
right faine  
For faire Irena, whom they loved deare  
But yet old Sergis did so well him pame,  
That from close friends, that dar'd not to ap-  
peare, [full weare  
He all things did purway which for them need-

## XI

The morrow next, that was the dismall day  
Appointed for Irenas death before,  
So soone as it did to the world display  
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,  
The heavy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore  
Of Artegals arryvall her to free,  
Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,  
Weening her lifes last howe then neare to bee,  
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor  
see.

## XII

Then up she rose, and on her selfe did dight  
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day,

And with dull countenancee and with doleful  
spright  
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay  
For to receive the doome of her deere  
But coming to the place, and finding there  
Sir Artegall, in battailous array  
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,  
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly  
feare.

## XIII

Like as a tender Rose in open plaine,  
That with untimely drough tigh withered was,  
And hung the head, soon as a few drops of raine  
Thereon distill and dew her daintie face,  
Gins to looke up, and with fresh wonted grace  
Dispreys the glorie of her leaves gay,  
Such was Irenas countenancee, such her case,  
When Artegall she saw in that array,  
There wayting for the Tyrant till it was farre  
day

## XIV

Who came at length with proud presumptuous  
gate

Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,  
All armed in a coto of yron plate  
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,  
And on his head a steele-cap he did weare  
Of colour rustie-bronne, but sure and strong,  
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,  
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,  
With which he wont to fight to justifie his  
wrong

## XV

Of stature huge and hideous he was,  
Like to a Giant for his monstrous light,  
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,  
Ne ever any found his match in might,  
Thereto he had great skill in single fight  
His face was ugly, and his countenance sterne,  
That could have frayd one with the very sight,  
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne,  
That whether man or monster one could searse  
diserne.

## XVI

Soone as he did within the hstes appeare,  
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,  
As if he would have daunted him with feare,  
And, gruning griesly, did against him weld  
His deadly weapon which in haad he held  
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like  
sight,  
Was with his ghastly countenancee nothing  
queld,  
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,  
And cast his shield about to be in readie  
plight

## XVII

The trumpets sound, and they together goe  
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent,  
And their huge strokes full dangerously be-  
stow,  
To do most damage where as most they ment.  
But with such force and farre violent  
The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,  
That through the yron walles their way they  
And even to the vitall parts they past, [rent,  
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft  
or brast

## XVIII

Which cruell outrage when as Artegall  
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed  
He shund his strokes, where ever they did fall,  
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed  
As when a skilfull Marriner doth reed  
A storme approching that doth perill threat,  
He will not bide the danger of such dread,  
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-  
sheet, [beet  
And lends unto it leave the empty ayre to

## XIX

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abeare,  
And stouped oft his head from shame to shield  
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to  
reare  
And, much to gune, a litle for to yield  
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field,  
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,  
And did his yron axe so numbly wield,  
That many wounds into his flesh it made,  
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did  
overlade

## XX

Yet when as fit advantage he did spy,  
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare  
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,  
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare  
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly  
dreare,  
That the gore-blond tience gushing grievously  
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,  
And all his armour did with purple dye  
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully

## XXI

Yet the hugestroke, which he before intended,  
Kept on his course as he did it direct,  
And with such monstrous poise adowne des-  
cended, [protect,  
That seemed nought could him from death  
But he it well did ward with wise respect,  
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,  
Which thereon seizing tooke no great effect,

But, by tynge deepe therein did sticke so fast  
That by no means it bakke againe he forth  
could wrast

## XXII

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,  
And all his powre applyed thereunto,  
That he therewith the knight drew all about  
Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,  
His axe he could not from his shield undoe,  
Which Artegall perceiuing strooke no more,  
But loosing soone his shield did it forgoe,  
And, whiles he combred was therewith so sore,  
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then  
afore.

## XXIII

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last  
He stroke him with Chrysosor on the hed,  
That with the souse thereof full sore aghast  
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted  
Againe, whiles he him saw so ill bested,  
Ho did him smite with all his might and  
maime,  
That, falling on his mother earth he fed  
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,  
He lightly reft his head to ease him of his  
paine.

## XXIV

Which when the people round about him  
saw,  
They shouted all for joy of his successe,  
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,  
Which with strong powre did them long time  
oppresse,  
And, running all with greedie ioyfulnessse  
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,  
And her adored with due humblenessse  
As their true Icege and Princesse naturall,  
And eke her champions glorie sounded over-  
all

## XXV

Who streight her leading with meete mayestie  
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,  
Did her therein establish peaceable,  
And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne  
And all such persons, as did late maintayne  
That Tyrants part with close or open ayde,  
He sorely punished with heuie payne,  
That in short space, whiles there with her he  
stayd, [obayd  
Not one was left that durst her once haue dis-

## XXVI

During which time that he did there remayne,  
His studie was true Justice how to deale,  
And day and night employ'd his busie paine  
How to reforme that ragged common-weale

And that same yron man, which could reveale  
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he  
sent

To search out those that usd to rob and steale,  
Or did rebell gaunst lawfull government,  
On whom he did inflict most grievous punish-  
ment.

## XXVII

But, ere he coulede reforme it thoroughly,  
He through occasion called was away  
To Faerie Court, that of necessity  
His course of Justice he was forst to stay,  
And Talus to revoke from the right way  
In which he was that Realme for to redresse  
But envies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.  
So, having freed Irena from distresse,  
He tooke his leave of her there left in heavi-  
nesse.

## XXVIII

Tho, as he bakke returned from that land,  
And there arriv'd agayne whence forth he set,  
He had not passed farre upon the strand,  
When as two old ill favour'd Hags he met,  
By the way side being together set,  
Two griesly creatures and, to that their faces  
Most foule and filthie were, their garments  
yet,  
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces  
Did much the more augment, and made most  
ugly cases

## XXIX

The one of them, that elder did appeare,  
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,  
That her mis-shape much helpt, and her foule  
heare  
Hung loose and loathsomely Thereto her hew  
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth were,  
And all her bones might through her cheekes  
be red  
Her lips were, like raw leather, pale and blew  
And as she spake therewith she slavered;  
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more the  
lesse she sed.

## XXX

Her hands were foule and durtye, never  
washt  
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,  
Like puttocks claws, with th' one of which  
she scracht  
Her cursed head, although it itched naught  
The other held a snake with venime fraught,  
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,  
As if that long she had not eaten ought,  
That round about her jawes one might descry  
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping loth-  
somely

XXVI

Her name was Envie, knownen well thereby,  
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all  
That ever she sees doon prays-worthily,  
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,  
And vexeth so that makes her eat her grill,  
For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,  
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,  
And of her owne soule entrayles makes her  
meat,  
Meat fit for such a monsters monstrous dy eat

XXVII

And if she hapt of any good to heare,  
That had to any happily betid,  
Then would she only fret, and grieve, and  
teare  
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid  
But if she heard of ill that any did,  
Or harme that any had, then would she make  
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid,  
And in another losse great pleasure take,  
As she had got thereby and gayned a great  
strike

XXVIII

The other nothing better was then shee,  
Agreeing in bad will and cankered kynd,  
But in bad maner they did disagree,  
For what so Envie good or bad did find  
She did conceale, and murder her owne  
mynd,  
But this, what ever evill she conceived  
Did spread abroad and throw in th' open  
wynd  
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,  
That all she sought was mens good name to  
have bereaved

XXIX

For, whatsoever good by any syd  
Or doon she heard, she would straightwayes  
invent  
How to deprave or slanderously upbrayd,  
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,  
And turne to ill the thing that well was  
ment  
Therefore she used often to resort  
To common haunts, and companies frequent,  
To hearken what any one did good report,  
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in  
wicked sort

XXX

And if that any ill she heard of any,  
She would it eke, and make much worse by  
telling,  
And take great joy to publish it to many  
That every matter worse was for her melling

Her name was hight Detraction, and her  
dwelling  
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next,  
A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excelleng  
In mischief, for her selfe she only vext,  
But this same both her selfe and others eke  
perplext

XXXI

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,  
Foming with poyson round about her gils,  
In which her cursed tongue, full sharpe and  
short,  
Appear'd like Aspis sting that closely kils,  
Or cruelly does wound whom so she wils  
A distaffe in her other hand she had,  
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils,  
And favnest to catch false titles and leasings braid,  
To throw amongst the good which others had  
disprad

XXXII

These two now had themselves combynd in  
one,  
And linct together gainst Sir Artegall  
For whom they waited as his mortall sone,  
How they might make him into mischief  
fall,  
For freeing from their snares Irens thrall  
Besides, unto themselves they gotten had  
A monster, which the Blatant Beast men  
call,  
A dreadful feend of gods and men ydrad  
Whom they by slighte allur'd, and to their  
purpose had

XXXIII

Such were these things, and so unhandsome  
drest  
Who when they nigh approaching had espyde  
Sir Artegall, return'd from his late quest,  
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,  
As it had bene two shepherds curres had  
scryde [flookes  
A ravenous Wolfe amongst the scattered  
And Envy first, as she that first him evdo,  
Towardes him runs and, with rude flaring lookes  
About her eeres, does beat her brest and for-  
head knuckles

XXXIV

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does  
take,  
The which whyle she was so greedily  
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,  
And at him throwes it most despyghtfully  
The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily  
Earst chaw'd thereon, yet was not all so dead  
But that some life remayned secretly,

And as he past afore withouten died,  
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to  
be read

## XL

Then th' other comming neare gan him re-  
vile,

And foul ryle with all she could invent,  
Saying that he had, with unmanly guile  
And foule abusion, both his honour blent,  
And that bright sword, the sword of Justice  
Had stayned with reprochfull erneltie [lent  
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent  
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie  
And traynes having surpriz'd, he foully did  
to die.

## XLI

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,  
At him began aloud to barke and bay  
With bitter rage and fell contention, [way  
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that  
Began to quake and tremble with dismay,  
And all the aire rebellowed againe,  
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bry  
And evermore those hags them selves did pame  
To sharpen him, and their owne curs'd tongs  
did straine

## XLII

And still among most bitter wordes they spake,  
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most un-  
trew,

That they the mildest man alive would make  
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce  
dew

To her, that so false selaunders at him threw.  
And more, to make them pierce and wound  
more deepe, [grew

She with the sting which in her vile tongue  
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe.  
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no  
keepe

## XLIII

But Talus, hearing her so lewdly raile,  
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,  
Would her have chastiz'd with his yron flaile,  
If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,  
And him forbidden, who his heast observed  
So much the more at him still did she scold,  
And stones did cast, yet he for nought would  
serve

From his right course, but still the way did hold  
To Faerie Court, where what him fell shall  
else be told



## THE SIXTE BOOKE

or

## THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR COURTESIE

I

THE waies, through which my weary steps I  
In this delightfull land of Faery, [guyde  
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,  
And sprinkled with such sweet variety  
Of all that pleasant is to care or eye, [light,  
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts de-  
My tedious travell doe forget thereby,  
And, when I gin to feele decay of might,  
It strength to me supplies, and chears my  
dulled spright

II

Such secret comfort and such heavenly  
pleasures,  
Ye sacred mps, that on Parnasso dwell,  
And there the keeping have of learnings  
treasures  
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,  
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,  
And goodly fury into them infuse,  
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well  
In these strange waies where never foote dal-  
use, [the Muse.  
Ne none can find but who was taught them by

III

Revele to me the sacred nursery  
Of vertue, which with you doth there re-  
maine,  
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly  
From view of men, and wicked worlds dis-  
daine,  
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine  
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at first  
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,  
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,  
Till it to ripeness grew, and forth to honour  
burst.

IV

Amongst them all grows not a fayrer  
flowre  
Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie,  
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,  
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,  
And spreads it selfe through all civilitie  
Of which though present age doe plenteous  
seeme,  
Yet, being mateht with plaine Antiquitie,  
Ye will them all but fayned shewes esteeme  
Which carry colours faire that feeble eyes mis-  
deeme

V

But, in the triall of true eurtessie,  
Its now so farre from that which then it was,  
That it indeed is nought but forgerie.  
Fashion'd to please the eyes of them that pas,  
Which see not perfect things but in a glas  
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd  
The wisest sight to thinke gold that is bras,  
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,  
And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts  
delynd

VI

But where shall I in all Antiquity  
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene  
The goodly praise of Princely eurtessie,  
As in your selfe, O soveraine Lady Queene?  
In whose pure minde as in a mirrour sheene,  
It shewes, and with her brightnesse doth in-  
flame  
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,  
But menteth indeede an higher name  
Yet so from low to high uplifted is your fame

VII

Then pardon me, most dreweled Sovaine  
That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,

And to your selfe doe it returne againe  
So from the Ocean all riuers spring,  
And tribute backe repay as to their King  
Right so from you all goodly vertues well

Into the rest which round about you ring,  
Faire Lords and Ladies which about you dwell,  
And doe adorne your Court where courtesies  
excell.

## CANTO I

Calidore saves from Maleffort  
A Damzell used wyld  
Doth vanquish Orndor, and doth make  
Brianna wexe more mylde

## I

OF Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,  
For that it there most useth to abound,  
And well beseemeth that in Princes hall  
That vertue should be plentifully found,  
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,  
And roote of civill conversation  
Right so in Faery court it did redound, [won  
Where eurtuous Knights and Ladies most did  
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse para-  
gon.

## II

But mongst them all was none more courteous  
Then Calidore, beloved over-all, [Knight  
In whom, it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright  
And manners mylde were planted naturall,  
To which he adding comely guize withall  
And graecious speach, did steale mens hearts  
away  
Nathlesse thereto he was full stont and tall,  
And well approv'd in batteilous affray,  
That him did much renowme, and far his fame  
display

## III

Ne was there Knight ne was there Lady  
found  
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace  
For his faire usage and condicions sound,  
The which in all mens likug gayned place,  
And with the greatest purchast greatest greece  
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,  
To please the best, and th' evill to embase,  
For he loathd leasing and base flattery,  
And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

## IV

And now he was in travell on his way,  
Upon an hard adventure sore bestad,  
Whenas by chaunce he met upon a day  
With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad  
From his late conquest which he gotten had  
Who whenas each of other had a sight,  
They knew them selves, and both their per-  
sons rad,

When Calidore thus first 'Haile, noblest  
Knight  
Of all this day on ground that breathe living  
spright'

## V

'Now tell, if please you, of the good successe  
Which ye have had in your late enterprize'  
To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse  
His whole exploits and valorous emprise,  
In order as it did to him arise  
'Now, happy man,' (sryd then Sir Calidore)  
'Which have, so goodly as ye can devise,  
Achiev'd so hard a quest, as few before,  
That shall you most renowned make for ever-  
more

## VI

'But where ye ended have, now I begin  
To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guide  
Or good direction how to enter in,  
Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,  
In perils strange, in labours long and wide,  
In which although good Fortune me befall,  
Yet shall it not by none be testifide'  
'What is that quest,' (quoth then Sir Artegall)  
'That you unto such perils presently doth call?'

## VII

'The Blatant Beast' (quoth he) 'I doe pursue,  
And through the world incessantly doe chase,  
Till I him overtake, or else subdew  
Yet know I not or how, or in what place  
To find him out, yet still I forward trace'  
'What is that Blatant Beast?' (then he re-  
plide)  
'It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,'  
(Then answered he) 'which often hath annoyd  
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else  
destroyd

## VIII

'Of Cerberus whilome he was begot  
And fell Chumera, in her darkesome den,  
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot,  
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,

Till he to perfect ripenesse grew and then  
 Into this wicked world he forth was sent  
 To be the plague and scourge of wretched men  
 Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent  
 He sore doth wound, and late, and cruelly torment.

## IX

'Then, since the salvage Island I did leave,  
 Said Artegall, 'I such a Beast did see  
 The which did seeme a thousand tongues to  
 have,  
 That all in spite and malice did agree,  
 With which he brayd and loudly barked at mee,  
 As if that he attonee would me deuoure  
 But I, that knew my selfe from perill free  
 Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,  
 But he the more his wicked poyson forth did  
 poure'

## X

'That surely is that Beast' (saide Calidore)  
 'Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad  
 To heare these tidings, which of none afore  
 Through all my weary travell I have had,  
 Let now some hope your words unto me add'  
 'Now God you speed,' (quoth then Sir Arte-  
 gall)  
 'And keepe your body from the danger drad,  
 I or ye have much adoe to deale withall'  
 So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall

## XI

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,  
 When as by chunee a comely Squire he found  
 That thorough some more mighty enemies  
 wrong  
 Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound,  
 Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous  
 sound  
 Of his shrill cries him called to his aide  
 To whom approching, in that painefull stonnil  
 When he him saw, for no demands he staide,  
 But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him  
 saide.

## XII

'Unhappy Squire' what hard mishap thee  
 Into this bay of perill and disgrace? [brought  
 What cruel hand thy wretched shalldome  
 wrought,  
 And thee captiued in this shamefull place?'  
 To whom he answered thus 'My haplesse  
 case  
 Is not occasioned through my misdesert,  
 But through misfortune, which did me abuse  
 Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,  
 Ere that I in her guilefull trames was well  
 expert

## XIII

'Not farre from hence, uppon vnd rocky hill,  
 Iland by a streight, there stands a castle strong  
 Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,  
 And it hath long manured with might  
 wrong

For may no Knight nor Lady passe along  
 That way, (and yet they needs must passe  
 that way,  
 By reason of the streight and rocks among)  
 But they thirt Ladies lockes doe shave away  
 And that knights berd, for toll which they for  
 passage pay'

## XIV

'A shamefull use as ever I did heare,  
 Said Calidore, 'and to be overthrowne.  
 But by what meenes did they at first it reare,  
 And for what cause? tell, if thou have it  
 knowne.'  
 Said then that Squire, 'The Lady which doth  
 This Castle, is by name Briana light,  
 Then which a prouder Lady lieth none  
 She long time hath deere lov'd a doughty  
 Knight, [she might,  
 And sought to win his love by all the meanes

## XV

'His name is Crudor, who, through high dis-  
 daine  
 And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,  
 Refused hath to receiue her love againe,  
 'Till a Mantle she for him doe fynd [I find  
 With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies  
 Which to provide she hath this Castle light,  
 And therein hath a Seneschall assaynd,  
 Cold Malesort, a man of mickle might,  
 Who executes her wicked will with worse de-  
 spight.

## XVI

'He, this same day, as I that way did come  
 With a sure Damsell, my beloved deare,  
 In execution of her lawlesse doome  
 Did set upon us flying both for fire,  
 For little bootes against him hand to reare.  
 Me first he tooke unable to withstand,  
 And whiles he her pursued every where,  
 Till his returne unto this tree he bond,  
 Ne wote I surely whether her he yet have fond'

## XVII

Thus whiles they spake they heard a ruefull  
 shriek  
 Of one loud crying, which they straightway  
 That it was she the which for helpe did seeke,  
 Tho looking up unto the er to lest, [unblest  
 They saw that Carle from farre, with hand  
 May ling that may den by the yellow heere,  
 That all her garments from her snowy brest,

And from her head her lookes he nigh did teare,  
 He would he spare for pittie, nor refraine for  
 feare

## XXIII

Which hainous sight when Calidore beheld,  
 Lifsoues he loosed that Squire, and so him left  
 With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,  
 For to pursue that villaine, which had rest  
 That piteous spoile by so injurious theft,  
 Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde  
 'Leave, say tor, quickly that misgotten west  
 To him that hath it better justifi de,  
 And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art  
 desyde.'

## XXIV

Who, hearkning to that voice, him selfe up-  
 reard,  
 And seeing him so fiercely towrdes make,  
 Against him stoutly ran, as nought afear'd,  
 But rather more enrag'd for those words sake,  
 And with sterne count'naunce thus unto him  
 spake  
 'Art thou the caryve that desiest me?  
 And for this May d, whose party thou doest take,  
 Wilt give thy beard, though it but htle bee?  
 Yet shall it not her lookes for raunsome fro me  
 free'

## XXV

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd  
 On ludeous strokes with most importune might,  
 That oft he made him stagger as unstar'd,  
 And oft recule to shunne his sharpe despyght  
 But Calidore, that was well shild in fight,  
 Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,  
 Lying in waite how him he damadgo might,  
 But when he felt him shrinke, and come to  
 ward, [hard]

He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more

## XXVI

Like as a water-streame, whose swelling sourse  
 Shall drive a Mill, within strong baneks is pent,  
 And long restrayned of his ready course,  
 So soone as passage is unto him lent,  
 Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent,  
 Such was the fury of Sir Calidore  
 When once he felt his foeman to relent,  
 He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore  
 Who as he still decay'd so he encreased more

## XXVII

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull night  
 Whenas the Carlo no longer could sustaine,  
 Has heart gan fuint, and streight he tooke his  
 flight  
 Toward the Castle, where, if need constraene,

His hope of refuge used to remaue  
 Whom Calidore perceiving fast to fle,  
 He him pursu'd and elaced through the plaine,  
 That he for dread of death gan loude to crie  
 Unto the ward to open to him hastilie

## XXVIII

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,  
 The gate soone opened to receive him in,  
 But Calidore did follow him so fast,  
 That even in the Porch he him did win,  
 And cleft his head asunder to his clun  
 The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore  
 Did eloke the entrancee with a lumpe of sin  
 That it could not be shut, whilst Calidore  
 Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore

## XXIX

With that the rest the which the Castle kept  
 About him flockt, and hard at him did lay,  
 But he them all from him full lightly swept,  
 As doth a Steare in heat of sommers day,  
 With his long taile the brayes brush away  
 Thence passing forth into the hall he erme,  
 Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay  
 He was ymett, who with uncomely shame  
 Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty  
 blame.

## XXX

'False traitor Knight' (said she) 'no Knight  
 at all,  
 But scorne of armes that hast with guilty hand  
 Murdred my men, and slaine my Seneschall,  
 Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,  
 And spoile my selfe that ern not thee with-  
 stand'  
 Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight  
 Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,  
 Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right,  
 And if none do, yet shame shal thee with shame  
 requight'

## XXXI

Much was the Knight abashed at that word  
 Yet answer'd thus 'Not unto me the shame,  
 But to the shamefull doer it afford  
 Bloud is no blemish, for it is no blame  
 To punish those that doe deserve the same,  
 But they that breake Lands of eivalrite,  
 And wicked customes make, those doe defame  
 Both noble armes and gentle curtesie  
 No greater shame to man then inhumanitie

## XXXII

'Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, for-  
 goe  
 Thus evill manner wherby ye here maintaine,  
 And doe instead thereof mild curtesie shewe  
 To all that passe That shall you glory game

More then his love, which thus ye seeke t' ob-  
taine'

Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde  
'Vile recreant I know that I doe much dishonour  
Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deuide,  
Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be  
defye.'

## XXVIII

'To take defiance at a Ladies word  
(Quoth he) 'I hold it no indignity,  
But were he here, that would it with his sword  
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby'  
'Cowherd' (quoth she) 'were not that thou  
wouldst fly

Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place'  
'If I doe so,' (sayd he) 'then liberty  
I leave to you for aye me to disgrace  
With all those shames, that erst ye spake me  
to deface'

## XXIX

With that a Dwarfie she cald to her in hast,  
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,  
A privy token which betwene them past,  
Brd him to she with all the speed he could  
To Crudor, and desire him that he would  
Vouchsafe to reskue her agunst a Knight,  
Who through strong powre had now her self  
in bound,  
Having late slaine her Seneschall in fight,  
And all her people murdered with outrageous  
might

## XXX

The Dwarfie his way did hirst, and went all  
night,  
But Calidore did with her there abyde  
The coming of that so much threatned  
Knight, [pride  
Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull  
And fowle entreary him indignifyde,  
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine  
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,  
Did well endure her womanish disdain,  
And did him selfe from frile impatience re-  
fraine

## XXXI

The morrow next, before the lampe of light  
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,  
The Dwarfie, which bore that message to her  
knight, [bread  
Brought answer backe, that ere he tasted  
He would her succour, and alive or dead  
Her foe deliver up into her hand  
Therefore he wold her doe away all dread,  
And, that of him she mote assured stand,  
He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull  
band.

## XXXII

Thereof full blith the Lady straight became,  
And gan t' augment her bitternesse much  
more,  
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,  
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore,  
But rather did more chearefull seeme there-  
fore

And having soone his armes about him dight,  
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore,  
Where long he staid not, when as a Knight  
He spide come pricking on with all his powre  
and might

## XXXIII

Well weend he straight that he should be the  
same

Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine,  
No stayd to aske if it were he by name,  
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine  
They bene met in middest of the plaine  
With so fell fury and disputeous force,  
That neither could the others stroke sustaine.  
But rudely rowld to ground, both man and  
horse,  
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse.

## XXXIV

But Calidore uprose againe full light,  
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senselesse swound,  
Yet would he not him hurt although he might,  
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound  
But when Brian saw that drery sound,  
Thure where she stood upon the Castle wall,  
She deyd'md him sure to have bene dead on  
ground,  
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,  
That from the battlements she ready seemd  
to fall

## XXXV

Nathlesse at length him selfe he did upreare  
In lustlesse wise, as if aganst his will,  
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,  
And gan to stretch his limbs, which feeling ill  
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still  
But, when he saw his foe before in view,  
He shooke off luskinesse, and courage chill  
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew, [enew  
To prove if better foote then horsebacke would

## XXXVI

There then began a ferrefull cruell fray  
Betwixt them two for mastery of might,  
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,  
And prising well expert in single fight,  
And both misund with furious despight,  
Which as it still encreast, so still encreast  
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright,

Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,  
Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest  
eeast.

XXXXII

Thus long they trae d and traverst to and fro,  
And tryd e all waies how eache mote entrance  
make

Into the life of his malignant foe [brake,  
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder  
As they had potshares bene, for nought mote  
slake

Their greedy vengeancees but goary blood,  
That at the last like to a purple lake  
Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,  
Which from their riv'n sides forth gushed like  
a flood.

XXXXIII

At length it chaunst that both their hands on  
lie [might,

At once did heave with all their powre and  
Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,  
And prove the finall fortune of the fight,  
But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight  
And nimbler handed then his enemye,  
Prevented him before his stroke could light,  
And on the helmet smote him formerlie,  
That made him stoupe to ground with meeke  
humilitie

XXXXIV

'And, ere he could recover foote againe,  
He, following that faire advantage fast,  
His stroke redoubled with such might and  
maine,

That him upon the ground he groveling cast,  
And leaping to him hight would have unlust  
His Helme, to make unto his vengeance way  
Who, seeing in what daunger he was plast,  
Cryde out, 'Ah merie, Sir' doe me not slay,  
But save my life, which lot before your foot  
doth lay'

XL

With that his mortall hand a while he stard,  
And, having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull  
heat

With goodly patience, thus he to him said  
'And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,  
That menaced me from the field to beat,  
Now brought to this? By this now may ye  
learne

Strangers no more so rudely to entreat,  
But put away proud looke and usage sterne,  
The which shal nought to you but foule dis-  
honor yearne.

XLI

'For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,  
That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,

However strong and fortunate in fight,  
Then the reproch of pride and crueltiesse.  
In vaine he seeketh others to suppressse,  
Who hath not leard him selfe first to subdew  
All flesh is frailte and full of feblenesse,  
Subject to fortunes chauce, still chaunging new  
What haps to day to me to morrow may to  
you

XLII

'Who will not merie unto others shew,  
How can he merie ever hope to have?  
To pay each with his owne is right and dew,  
Yet since ye merie now doe need to crave,  
I will it grant, your hopelesse life to save,  
With these conditions which I will propound  
First, that ye better shall your selfe behave  
Unto all errant knights, wherso on ground,  
Next, that ye Ladies aye in every stead and  
stound'

XLIII

The wretched man, that all this while did  
dwell

In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,  
And promist to performe his precept well,  
And whatsoever else he would requere  
So, suffering him to rise, he made him sweare  
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,  
To take Briana for his loving fere  
Withouten dowre or composition,  
But to release his former foule condition

XLIV

All which aaccepting, and with faithfull oth  
Bynding himselfe most firmly to obey,  
He up arose, howe'er liefte or loth,  
And swore to him true fealtie for aye  
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay  
The sad Briana which all this beheld,  
Who coming forth yet full of late affray  
Sir Calidore upheard, and to her told  
All this accord to which he Crudor had com-  
peld

XLV

Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,  
All overcome with infinite affect  
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst  
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,  
Before his feet her selfe she did project,  
And him adoring as her lyes deare Lord,  
With all due thanks and datifull respect,  
Her selfe aeknowledg'd bound for that accord,  
By which he had to her both life and love re-  
stord.

XLVI

So all returning to the Castle glad,  
Most joyfully she them did entertaine,

Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,  
To show her thankefull mind and meaning faine,  
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine  
And after all, unto Sir Calidore  
She freely gave that Castle for his paine,  
And her selfe bound to him for evermore,  
So wondrously now churnd from that she was  
afore

## LXII

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine  
Nor laud nor see for hye of his good deede,

But gave them streight unto that Squire  
Againe,  
Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,  
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed  
For recompence of all their former wrong  
There he remand with them right well  
agreed,  
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and strong  
And then to his first quest he passed forth  
along

## CANTO II

Calidore sees young Tristram slay  
A proud discourteous knight  
He makes him Squire and of him learns  
His state and present plight.

## I

WHAT vertue is so fitting for a knight,  
Or for a Ladie whom a knight should love,  
As Curteisie to beare themselves aright  
To all of each degree as doth behoove?  
For whether they be placed high above  
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know  
Their good, that none them rightly may re-  
prove  
Of rudenesse for not yielding what they owe  
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow

## II

There to great helpe dame Nature selfe doth  
lend,  
For some so goodly gracious are by kind  
That every action doth them much commend,  
And in the eyes of men great liking find,  
Which others that have greater skill in mind,  
Though they enforce themselves, cannot at-  
taine,  
For evere thing to which one is inclin'd  
Doth best become and greatest grace doth  
gaine  
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforced  
with paine

## III

That well in courteous Calidore appears  
Whose every deed and word, that he did say,  
Was like enchantment, that through both the  
eares  
And both the eyes did steale the hart away  
He now againe is on his former way  
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde  
A tall young man, from thence not farr away,  
Fighting on foot, as well he him deserve,  
Against an armed knight that did on horse-  
backe ryde

## IV

And them beside a Ladie faire he saw  
Standing alone on foot in foule array  
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw  
To weet the cause of so unconely fray,  
And to depart them if so be he may  
But, ere he came in place, that youth had kill'd  
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay  
Which when he saw, his hart was wily childe  
With great amazement, and his thought with  
wonder filld

## V

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee  
A goodly youth of amiable grace,  
Yet but a slender ship that scarce did see  
Yet seventene yeares but tall and sure of face,  
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race  
All in a woodmans jacket he was clad  
Of Lincoln greene, belayd with silver lace,  
And on his head an hood with wrets spread,  
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging  
had

## VI

Butkins he wore of costliest cordwaine,  
Punct upon gold, and paled part per part,  
As then the guize was for each gentle swaine  
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,  
Whose fellow he before had sent apart,  
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,  
With which he wont to launch the salvage  
hart

Of many a Lion and of many a Beare,  
That first unto his hand in chase did happen  
nare

## VII

Whom Calidore awhile well having viewed  
At length bespake, 'What meanes thus, gentle  
Swaine.

Why hath thy hand too hold it selfe embrowed  
In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,  
By thee no knight, which armes impugneth  
blame?

'Certes,' (said he) 'loth were I to have broken  
The law of armes yet breake it should againe,  
Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,  
So long as these two armies were able to be  
wroken

XIII

'For not I him, as this his Ladie here  
May witness well, did offer first to wrong,  
Nesurely thus unarm'd I likely were, [strong  
But he me first through pride and püssance  
Assaild, not knowing what to armes doth long'  
'Perdie great blame' (then said Sir Calidore)  
'I or armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong  
But then arend thou gentle chyld, wherefore  
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne  
upreare.'

XIV

'That shall I, sooth,' (said he) 'to you de-  
clare

I, whose myrry per yeres are yet unfit  
For thung of weight or worke of greater care  
Doespend my daies and bend my carlesse wit  
To salvage chace where I thereon may hit  
In all this forest and wild wooddoe raine  
Where as this day I was enraunging it, [slaine  
I chaunst to meete this knight, who there lyes  
Together with this Ladie, passing on the plaine

XV

'The knight, as ye did see, on horsebriek was,  
And this his Ladie (that him ill became)  
On her fure feet by his horse side did pæe  
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame  
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,  
When so she lagged as she needs mote so,  
He with his speare, that was to him great blame,  
Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,  
Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous  
woe

XVI

'Which when I saw, as they me passed by,  
Much was I moved in indignant mind,  
And gan to blame him for such cruelty  
Towards a Ladie whom with usage kind  
He rather should have taken up behind,  
Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disclame  
Tooke in soule scorn that I such fault did find,  
And me in hen thereof revild againe [pertuine  
Threatning to chastize me, as doth this chyld

XVII

'Which I nolesse disdayning, backe returned  
His scornfull taunts unto his teeth againe,

That he streightway with haughtie choler  
burned,

And with his speare strooke me one stroke or  
Which I, enforst to beare though to my  
paine,

Cast to requite, and with a slender dart,  
Fellow of this I beare, throwue not in vaine,  
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,  
That through the wound his spirit shortly  
did depart'

XVIII

Much did Sir Calidore admire his spech  
Temperd so well, but more admyr'd the stroke  
That through the mayles had made so strong  
a breach

Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke  
His wrath on him that first occasion broke,  
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire  
Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke  
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire  
Of her owne knight had given him his owne  
due hire?

XIX

Of all which when as she could nought deny,  
But cleard that stryphing of th' imputed  
blame.

Said then Sir Calidore, 'Neither will I  
Ihun charge with guilt, but rather doe quite  
clame

For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame,  
And what he did, he did him selfe to save  
Against both which that knight wrought  
knightlesse shame,

For knights and all men this by nature have,  
Towards all womenkind them kindly to be-  
have

XX

'But, with that he is gone irrevocable,  
Please it you, Ladie, to us to arend  
What cause could make him so dishonourable  
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread  
And lackey by him against all womanhead'  
'Certes, Sir knight,' (said she) 'full loth I  
were

To raise a lying blame against the dead,  
But since it me concernes my selfe to clere,  
I will the truth discover as it chaunst why I  
ere

XXI

'This day, as he and I together roale  
Upon our way to which we weren bent,  
We chaunst to come forely a covert glade  
Within a wood, wherers a Ladie went  
Sate with a knight in joyous pollment  
Of their franke loves, free from all genious  
spyes

Faire was the Ladie, sure, that mote content



An hart not curried with too curious eyes,  
And unto him did shew all lovely courtesies

## XXII

'Whom when my knight did see so lovely  
faire,  
He myn gan her lover to envy,  
And wish that he part of his spoyle might  
share

Whereto when as my presence he did spy  
To be a let, he bad me by and by  
For to alight but when as I was loth  
My loves owne part to leave so suddenly,  
He with strong hand downe from his steed me  
throw'th  
And with presumptuous powre agunst that  
knight streight go'th.

## XXIII

Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more  
meete  
For Ladies service, and for loves delight,  
Then ferryng any foeman there to meete  
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him  
dight

Himselfe to yeld his Love, or else to fight  
Whereat the other starting up dismayd,  
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,  
To leave his love he should be ill appoyd,  
In which he had good right gaynst all that it  
gumeyd

## XXIV

'Yet since he was not presently in plight  
Her to defend, or his to justifie,  
He him requested, as he was a knight,  
To lend him day his better right to trie,  
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,  
Might lightly fetch But he was herce and  
whot,

Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,  
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot,  
From which to thinko to save himselfe it  
booted not.

## XXV

'Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage  
saw,  
Whilset they together for the quarrey strove,  
Into the covert did her selfe withdraw,  
And closely hid her selfe wthun the grove  
My knight hers soone, as scemes, to danger  
drove,  
And left sore wounded but, when her he mist,  
He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan  
rove  
And range through all the wood, where so he  
She hidden was, and sought her so long as him  
list

## XXVI

'But, when as her he by no meanes could  
find,

After long search and chauff he turned backe  
Unto the place where me he left behind  
There gan he me to cur-e and bin, for lacke  
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke  
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong  
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe  
Strove to appease him, and perswaded long,  
But still his passion grew more violent and  
strong

## XXVII

'Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,  
When forward we should fare he flat refused  
To take me up (as this young man did see)  
Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,  
But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,  
Pounching me with the butt end of his speare,  
In a me complaining to be so abused,  
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,  
But more enforst my prync, the more my plants  
to heare

## XXVIII

'So passed we till this young man us met,  
And being moov'd with pittie of my plight  
Spoke, as was meet, for ease of my regret  
Whereof befell what now is in your sight.'  
'Now sure,' (then said Sir Calidure) 'and  
right

Me scemes, that him befell by his owne fault  
Who ever thinks through confidence of  
might, [hault,  
Or through support of count'nance proud and  
To wrong the weaker, oft filles in his owne  
assault'

## XXIX

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,  
Which had himselfe so stoutly well requit,  
Seeing his face so lovely sternie and coy,  
And hearing th' answers of his pregnant wit,  
He pry'd it much, and much admyred it,  
That sure he wrend him borne of noble blood,  
And when he long had him beholding stood,  
He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed  
good

## XXX

'Faire gentle swarne, and yet as stout as fyre,  
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs  
dost wonne,  
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repaire,  
As they are wont unto Iatonaes sonne  
Alter his chace on woodie Cynthus donne,  
Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,  
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,

Or surely borne of some Heroicke seed,  
That in thy face appeares and gracious goodly-  
head

## XXVI

But, should it not displease thee it to tell,  
(Unless thou in these woods thy selfe conceale  
For love amongst the woodie Gods to dwell)  
I would thy selfe requie thee to reveale,  
For deare affection and unfayned zeale  
Which to thy noble personage I beare,  
And wish thee grow in worship and great  
weale,  
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,  
I never saw in any greater hope appeare

## XXVII

To whom then thus the noble Youth 'May  
be,  
Sir knight, that, by discovering my estate,  
Harme may arise unweeting unto me,  
Nathelasse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,  
To you I will not feare it to relate  
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,  
Sonne of a King, (how ever thorough fate  
Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,  
And lost the crowne which should my head  
by right adorne,)

## XXVIII

'And Tristram is my name, the onely heire  
Of good king Melchogras which did rayne  
In Cornewale, till that he through lives desper-  
peire  
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine  
Ripe yeares of reason my right to maintaine  
After whose death his brother, seeing mee  
An infant, weake a kingdom to sustaine,  
Upon him took the rovall high degree,  
'And sent me, where him list, instructed for to  
bee.

## XXIX

'The widow Queene my mother, which then  
light  
Fare Emiline, conceiving then great feare  
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the night  
Of him that did the kingly Scepter beare,  
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare  
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,  
Thought best away me to remove somewhere  
Into some forrein land, where is no need  
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull hu-  
mor feed

## XXX

'So, taking counsell of a wise man red,  
She was by him adviz'd to send me quight

Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,  
Thie which the fertile Lionesse is hight,  
Into the land of Faerie, where no wight  
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong  
To whose wise read she hearkning sent me  
streight

Into this land, where I have wond thus long  
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to  
stature strong

## XXXI

'All which my daies I have not lewdly  
spent,  
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares  
In ydlesse, but, as was convenient,  
Have trayned bene with many noble feres  
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres  
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies  
been

To hunt the silvrage chace, amongst my peres,  
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,  
Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r  
was seene

## XXXII

'Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on  
pearch,  
Whether high towring or accoasting low,  
But I the measure of her flight doe search,  
And all her pray and all her diet know  
Such be our joyes which in these forrests grow  
Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,  
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,  
I have not tasted yet, yet past a boy, [to employ  
And being now high time these strong joynts

## XXXIII

'Therefore good Sir, sith now occasion fit  
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,  
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,  
That ye will make me Squire without delay,  
That from henceforth in battailons array  
I may beare armes and learne to use them right,  
The rather, since that fortune hath this day  
Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,  
These goodly gilden armes which I have won  
in fight

## XXXIV

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,  
Him much more now then earst he g in admire  
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,  
And thus replide 'Faure child, the high de-  
sire  
To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,  
I may not, certes, without blame denie,  
But rather wish that some more noble hure  
(Though none more noble then, is chevalrie)  
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie

## XXXV

There him he causd to kneele, and made to  
swear  
Fmth to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,  
And never to be recreant for feare  
Of perill, or of ought that might befall  
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call  
Full glad and joyous then yong Tristram grew,  
Like as a flower, whose silken leaves small  
Long shut up in the bud from heavens iew,  
At length breakes forth, and brode displays  
his smyling hew.

## XXXVI

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,  
And Calidore betooke him to depart, [goe  
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might  
On his adventure, iowing not to start,  
But wayt on him in every place and part  
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,  
And greatly joyd at his so noble hart,  
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight  
Yet for the time this answer he to him behight

## XXXVII

'Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,  
To have thy presence in my present quest,  
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,  
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest,  
But I am bound by vow, which I protest  
To my dread Sovereigne, when I it assayd,  
That in atchevement of her high behest  
I should no creature joyne unto mine iude  
For-thy I may not graunt that ye so greatly  
prayde

## XXXVIII

'But since this Ladie is all desolate,  
And needeth safeguard now upon her way,  
Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state,  
To succour her from danger of dismay,  
'That thankfull guerdon may to you repay'  
The noble ympe, of such new service fyne,  
It gladly did accept, as he did say  
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne,  
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne

## XXXIX

But Tristram, then despyling that dead knight  
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,  
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight  
Of the bright mettallshyning like Sunne rayes,  
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes  
And, after having them upon him dight,  
He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rise  
Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight,  
So with her marched forth, as she did him  
behight

## XL

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,  
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore,  
Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,  
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore [sore  
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded  
Another knight in his despitous pryde  
There he that knight found lying on the flore  
With many wounds full perillous and wyde,  
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill  
dyde.

## XLI

And there beside him sate upon the ground  
His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning  
With loud laments that most unlookie stound,  
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayn-  
ing,  
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter  
payning  
Which sorne sight when Calidore did vew  
With heavey eyne, from teares unceath refrayn-  
ing,  
His mightie hart their mournfull case can rew,  
And for their better comfort to them nigher  
drew

## XLII

Then speaking to the Ladie thus he said  
'Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieve empeach  
To tell what cruell hand hath thus aryd  
This knight unarm'd with so unknightly breach  
Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,  
I may menge him of so foule despight.'  
The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,  
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,  
And from her sory hart few heavey words forth  
sight

## XLIII

In which she shewd, how that discourteous  
knight,  
(Whom Tristram slew) them in that shadow  
found  
Joving together in unblam'd delight,  
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,  
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did  
wound,  
Withouten cruse, but onely her to reave  
From him to whom she was for ever bound  
Yet when she fled into that covert greave,  
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead  
did leave.

## XLIV

When Calidore this ruefull storie had  
Well understood, he gan of her demand,  
What manner wight he was, and how clad,  
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked  
hand.

She then, like as she best could understand,  
Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,  
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band  
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe  
A Ladie on rough waves row'd in a sommer  
birge.

## ALV

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse streight-  
way,  
By many signes which she described had,  
That this was he whom Tristram earst did  
slay,  
And to her said 'Dame, be no longer sad,  
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,  
Is now him selfe in much more wretched plight  
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,  
The meede of his desert for that despight,  
Which to your selfe he wrought and to your  
loved knight

## ALVI

'Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this griefe,  
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart  
For that displeasure, and thinke what reliefe  
Were best devise for this your lovers smart,  
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,  
Convey to be recurd' She thank't him deare  
Both for that newes he did to her impart,

And for the courteous care which he did beare  
Both to her love and to her selfe in that sad  
dreare

## ALVII

Yet could she not devise by any wit, [place;  
How thence she might convey him to some  
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,  
That was a stranger to her wretched case,  
And him to beare she thought it thing too base.  
Which when as he perceiv'd he thus bespake  
'Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace  
To beare this burden on your dainty backe,  
My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your  
packe'

## ALVIII

So off he did his shield, and downward layd  
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare,  
And pouring balme, which he had long pur-  
chayd,  
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,  
And twist them both with parted paines did  
beare, [donne  
That life and death not knowing what was  
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,  
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne  
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be be-  
gonne

## CANTO III

Calidore brings Priscilla home,  
Pursues the Blatant Beast  
Saves Serena, whilst Calpine  
By Turpine is oppress.

## I

TRUE is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,  
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne  
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd  
As by his manners; in which plaine is  
showne  
Of what degree and what rice he is growne  
For seldome seene a trotting Stalion get  
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne  
So seldome seene that one in basenesse set  
Doth noble courage shew with courteous man-  
ners met

## II

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,  
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed,  
As well may be in Calidore deseryde,  
By late ensample of that courteous deed  
Done to that wounded Knight in his great  
need, [brought  
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him  
Unto the Castle where they had decreed

There of the Knight, the which that Castle  
ought, [besought.  
To make abode that might he greatly was

## III

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,  
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,  
And borne great sway in armes amongst his  
peares,  
But now weake age had dimd his candle-light  
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,  
And loved all that did to armes incline,  
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,  
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine,  
And Aldus was his name, and his sonnes,  
Aladine.

## IV

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight  
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a  
beare  
By a faire Lady and a stranger Knight,

Was inly touched with compassion deare,  
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,  
That he these words burst forth 'Ah, sory  
boy'

Is this the hope thit to my heary heare  
Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely joy,  
Which I expected long, now turnd to sal  
annoy?

'Such is the weaknesse of all mortall hope,  
So tickle is the state of earthly things,  
Thit, ere they come unto their wined scope,  
They fall too short of our fraile reckoning,  
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowing.  
Instead of comfort which we should embrace  
This is the state of Kearsars and of Kings!  
Let none therefore, thit is in meaner place,  
Too greatly grieve at any his unluke case.'

So well and wisely did that good old Knight  
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,  
To cheare his guests whom he had staid  
that night,

And make their welcome to them well appeare  
That to Sir Calidore was came geare  
But that faire Lady would be chearful for  
nought,  
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,  
And inly did affhet her pensive thought  
With thinking to what case her name should  
now be brought

For she was daughter to a noble Lord  
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to  
aff

To a great pere, but she did disaccord,  
No could her liking to his love apply  
But lov'd this fresh young Knight who dwelt  
her by,

The lusty Aladine, though meener borne  
And of lesse blood and habiliti,  
Yet full of valour the which did adorne  
His meernesse much, and make her th' others  
riches scorae

So, having both found fit occasion,  
They met together in that lucklesse glade  
Where that proud Knight in his presumption  
The gentle Aladine did erst invade,  
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade  
Whereof she now be thinking, gan t' advise  
How great a hazard she at erst had made  
Of her good fame, and further gan devise  
How she the blame might save with coloured  
disguize

But Calidore with all good courtesie  
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away  
The pensive hit of her melancholie,  
And thit old Knight by all meanes did asay  
To make them both as merry as he my  
So they the evening past till time of rest,  
When Calidore in s'mly good array  
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest  
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of  
his quest

But faire Prisseila (so that Lady might)  
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,  
But by her wounded love did watch all night  
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,  
And with her teares his wounds did wash and  
steepe  
So well she wrait them, and so well sho  
Thit of the death sound, in which full deepe  
He drenched was, she at the length dispreht  
him.  
And drove away the sound which mortally

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,  
He also gan uplooke with dreery eye,  
Like one that out of deathly dreame awooke  
Where when he saw his faire Prisseila by,  
He deeply sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,  
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood,  
To which she for his sake had weetingly  
Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble  
blood  
For first, next after life, he tendered her good

Which she perceiving did with plenteous  
tear

His care more then her owne compassionite,  
Forgetfull of her owne to munde his feares  
So both con-piring gan to intimate  
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,  
And trust them twaine with equall care to  
erst

How to save hole her hazarded estate  
For which the onely helpe now left them last  
Seem'd to be Calidore all other helpes were  
past

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he  
seemed,  
A courteous Knight and full of faithfull trust,  
Therefore to him their cause they best es-  
teemed  
Whole to commit, and to his dealing just

Earely, so soone as Titans beames forth brust  
Through the thicke clouds in which they  
steeped lay  
All night in darknesse, duld with yron rust,  
Calidore rising up as fresh as day  
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way

## XIV

But first him seemed fit that wounded  
Knight  
To visite, after this nights perillous passe,  
And to salute him, if he were in plight,  
And eke that Lady, his faire lovely lasse  
Thero he him found much better then he was,  
And moved speach to him of things of course,  
The anguish of his paine to overpasse  
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse  
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked  
source.

## XV

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold  
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,  
And all his disadvantages to unfold,  
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move  
In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,  
He him by all the bands of love besought,  
And as it mto a faithfull friend behove,  
To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought  
To leave, till to her fathers house he had her  
brought.

## XVI

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight  
It to performe so after little stay,  
That she her selfe had to the journey dight,  
He passed forth with her in faire array,  
Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did  
say, [from wite  
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare  
So, as they past together on their way,  
Ho can devize this counter-cast of sight,  
To give faire colour to that Ladies cause in  
sight

## XVII

Streight to the earlshasse of that Knight he  
went,  
The cause of all this evil, who was blame  
The day before by just avengement  
Of noble Tristram, where it did remaine  
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,  
And tooke with him the head, the signe of  
shame.  
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,  
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,  
Most pensiv'o man, through feare what of his  
childe became.

## XVIII

There he arriving boldly did present  
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,  
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent  
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,  
Since first he saw her, and did free from ferro  
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had left  
And by outragious force away did beare  
Witness thereof he shew'd his heart there left,  
And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of  
his theft.

## XIX

Most joyfull man her sire was her to see,  
And heard th' adventure of her late mis-  
chance,  
And thousand thanks to Calidore for see  
Of his large paines in her deliverance  
Did yield. Ne lesse the Lady did advance  
Thus having her restored trustily,  
As he had vow'd, some small continuance  
He there did make, and then most carefully  
Unto his first explate he did him selfe apply

## XX

So, as he was pursuing of his quest,  
He chaunst to come whereas a jolly Knight  
In covert shade him selfe did safely rest,  
To solace with his Lady in delight  
His warlike armes he had from him undight,  
For that him selfe he thought from daunger  
free, [spight,  
And far from envious eyes that mote him  
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,  
And courteous withall, becomming her degree

## XXI

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,  
Ere they were well aware of living wight,  
Them much abasht, but more him selfe  
thereby,  
That he so rudely did upon them light,  
And troubled had their quiet loves delight  
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,  
Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,  
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,  
That he gaunst courtesie so fowly did default.

## XXII

With which his gentle words and goodly wit  
He soone allayd that Knights conceiv'd dis-  
pleasure,  
That he besought him downe by him to sit,  
That they mote treat of things abroad at  
leasure,  
And of adventures, which had in his measure  
Of so long waies to him befallen late  
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure

His long adventures gan to him relate,  
Which he endured had through dangerous  
debate

## XXXX

Of which whilst they discoursed both to-  
gether,

The faire Serena (so his Lady light)  
Allur'd with mildnesse of the gentle wether  
And pleasantnes of the place, the which was  
dight

With diuers flowres distinct with rare delight,  
Wandred about the fields, as hking led  
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,  
To make a garland to adorno her hed,  
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred

## XXV

All sodainely out of the Forrest nere  
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware  
Caught her, thus loosely wandring here and  
there,

And in his wide great mouth away her bare  
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfere  
Unto the Knights, and calling oft for aide,  
Who with the horror of her haplesse care  
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,  
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde

## XXV

The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,  
Into the wood was bearing her apee  
For to have spoyled her, when Calidore,  
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,  
Him overtooke in midst of his race,  
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,  
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,  
And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight,  
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight

## XXVI

Who nathelesse, when he the Lady saw  
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,  
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did  
draw,

Stande not to succour her in that affright,  
But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight  
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,  
That he would let him brent, nor gather  
spright,

But forst him gaspe and gaspe, with dread aghast,  
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder  
brast

## XXVII

And now by this Sir Calpine (so hight)  
Came to the place where he his Lady found  
In dolorous dismay and dendl plight,  
All in gore blond there tumbled on the ground

Having both sides through grypt with gresly  
wound

His weapons soone from him he threw away,  
And stooping downe to her in drey swound  
Uppear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,  
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay

## XXVIII

So well he did his busie pynes apply,  
That the faint sprito he did revoke agayne  
To her fraile mansion of mortality  
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,  
And setting on his steede her did sustaine  
With carefull hands, soft footing her beside.  
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,  
Where she in safe assurancce mote abide,  
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

## XXIX

Now when as Phœbus with his fiery waine  
Unto his Inne began to draw apee,  
The waxing weare of that toylesome pame,  
In travelling on foote so long a space,  
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,  
Downe in a dale forby a riversyde  
He chancust to spie a faire and stately place,  
To which he meant his weary steps to guide,  
In hope there for his love some succour to  
provyde

## XXX

But, comming to the rivers side, he found  
That hardly passable on foote it was,  
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,  
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote  
pas  
Thus whilst he was in this distressed case,  
Desiring what to doe, he nigh espyle  
An armed Knight approaching to the place  
With a faire Lady linked by his side,  
The which themselves prepar'd thorough the  
foord to ride

## XXXI

Whom Calpine saluting (as became)  
Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,  
For safe conducting of his sickely Dams  
Through that same perillous foord with better  
heele,  
To take him up behinde upon his steed,  
To whom that other did thus taunt returne  
'Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly  
Mo then to be full base and evill borne, [reed  
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne

## XXXII

'But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne with  
shame,  
So fare on foote till thou another gaine,

And let thy Lady likewise doe the same,  
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,  
And prove thy manhood on the billowes wayne  
With which rude speech his Lady much dis-  
pleased

Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,  
And would on her owne Palfrey him haue eased,  
For pity of his Dame whom she saw so diseased

## XXXIII

Sir Calepine her thanekt, yet, inly wroth  
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,  
And carelesly into the river goth,  
As in despite to be so fowle abused  
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused  
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for Knight,  
And, strongly wading through the waves unused,  
With speare in th' one hand stayd him selfe  
upright, [might  
With th' other staide his Lady up with stedy

## XXXIV

And all the while that same discourteous  
Knight  
Stood on the further baneke beholding him,  
At whose calamity for more despite,  
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim  
But when as Calepine came to the brim,  
And saw his carriage past that perill well,  
Looking at that same Carle with count'nance  
grim,  
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,  
And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe  
and fell

## XXXV

'Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that  
name,  
And blot of all that armes upon them take,  
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,  
Loe! I defie thee, and here challenge make,  
That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,  
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,  
Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare Ladies sake  
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight  
To justifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight'

## XXXVI

The dastard, that did heare him selfe defyde,  
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,  
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde  
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall,  
Or had no courage, or else had no gall  
So much the more was Calepine offended,  
That him to no revenge he forth could call,  
But both his challenge and him selfe contemned,  
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned

## XXXVII

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,  
Turned his steede about another way,  
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,  
Where was his wonne did the other stay,  
But after went directly as he may, [secke,  
For his sick charge some harbour there to  
Where he arriving with the fall of day  
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke  
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke

## XXXVIII

But the rude Porter that no manners had  
Did shut the gate against him in his face,  
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad  
Nathelesse the Knight, now in so neede case,  
Gan him entreat even with submission bise,  
And humbly praied to let them in that night,  
Who to him answerd, that there was no place  
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,  
Unlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

## XXXIX

'Full loth am I,' (quoth he) 'as now at earst  
When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,  
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst  
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost,  
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,  
That should to me such courtesie afford,  
Unlesse that I were therunto enforst  
But yet aread to me, how light thy Lord,  
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the  
Ford?'

## XL

'His name,' (quoth he) 'if that thou list to  
learne,  
Is hight Sir Turpine, one of nuckle might  
And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne  
In all assaies to every errant Knight,  
Because of one that wrought him fowle  
despight.'  
'Ill seemes,' (sayd he) 'if he so valiaunt be,  
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight,  
For seldome yet did living creature see  
That courtesie and manhood ever disagree

## XLI

'But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,  
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,  
That horse-rome craves, yet would be loth t'  
assay  
The proofe of battell now in doubtfull night,  
Or courtesie with rudenesse to requite  
Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till  
morne,  
And tell with all the lamentable plight



In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,  
That pittie craves, as he of woman was y borne

## XLII

The groome went streight way in, and to his  
Lord [move  
Declar'd the message which that Knight did  
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,  
Not onely did with his demand approve,  
But both himselfe revild and eke his love,  
Albe his Lady, that Blinding light,  
Him of ungente usage did reprove,  
And earnestly entreated, that they might  
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same  
night.

## XLIII

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,  
Ne from his currish will a whit reclime  
Which answer when the groome retning  
To Calpeine, his heart did mly flame [brought  
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,  
That he could not thereof avenged bee,  
But most for pittie of his dearest Dame,  
Whom now in deadly drunger he did see,  
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her  
glee.

## XLIV

But all in vaine for why no remedy  
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,  
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,  
Which that nights fortune would for him  
addresse.  
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,  
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,  
Cover'd with cold and wrapt in wretchednesse  
Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but  
weepe, [keepe.  
And wary watch about her for her safeguard

## XLV

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day  
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,  
Serena full of dolorous dismay, [light,  
Twist darknesse drend and hope of living,  
Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.  
Then Calpeine, howe'er mly wroth,  
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,  
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth  
To make there lenger stay, forth on his journey  
goth

## XLVI

He goth on foote all armed by her side,  
Upstaving still her selfe upon her steede,  
Being unable else alone to ride,  
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede,  
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,  
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy  
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede,

Whom well he wist to be some enemy,  
That meaut to make advantage of his misery

## XLVII

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,  
To weet what issue would thereof betyde  
Tho, whenas he approached nigh in view,  
By certayne signes he plainly him descryde  
To be the man that with such scornfull pryde  
Had him abuse and shamed yesterday,  
Therefore, misdoubting lest he should mis-  
guyde  
His former malice to some new assay,  
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may

## XLVIII

By this the other came in place likewise,  
And couching close his speare and all his powre,  
As bent to some malicious enterprise,  
He had him stand t' abide the bitter stoure  
Of his sore vengeance, or to make avoure [done  
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had  
With that ran at him, as he would devour  
His life attonce, who nought could do but shun  
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run

## XLIX

Yet he him still pursu'd from place to place,  
With full intent him cruelly to kill,  
And like a wilde goate round about did chace  
Flynge the fury of his bloody will  
But his best succour and refuge was still  
Behind his Ladies back who to him cryde,  
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,  
As ever he to Lady was affide,  
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason  
pacifyde

## L

But he the more thereby enriged was,  
And with more eager fellesse him pursu'd,  
So that at length, after long weary chace,  
Havyng by chaunce a close advantage sewd,  
He over raught him, having long eschew'd  
His violence in vaine, and with his speere  
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood en-  
In great abundance, as a well it were [sewd  
That forth out of an hull fresh gushing did  
appere.

## LI

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,  
But chaste him still for all his Ladies cry,  
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground  
He saw his life powrd forth despiteously,  
The which was certes in great jeopardy,  
Had not a wondrous chaunce his rescue  
And saved from his cruell villain [wrought  
Such chaunces oft exceed all humane thought  
That in another Canto shall to end be brought

## CANTO IV

Calepine by a salvage man  
From Turpine rescued is,  
And, whilst an Infant from a Beare  
He saves, his love doth misse

LIKE as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,  
Having spent all her mastes and her ground-  
hold,

Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,  
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,  
That giveth comfort to her courage cold  
Such was the state of this most courteous knight  
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,  
That he remained in most perilous plight,  
And his sad Ladie left in pitfull asfright

## II

Till that, by fortune passing all foresight,  
A salvage man, which in those woods did wome,  
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous  
shright,  
Toward the same incessantly did runne  
To understand what there was to be donne  
There he this most discourteous craven found,  
As fiercely yet as when he first begonne,  
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,  
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous  
wound

## III

The salvage man, that never till this houre  
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,  
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure,  
Was much emmoyed at his perils new,  
That even his ruder hart began to rew,  
And feeble compassion of his evill plight,  
Against his foe that did him so pursue,  
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,  
And him avenge of that so villenous despight

## IV

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,  
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,  
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite,  
But naked, without needfull vestiments  
To clad his corpse with meete habilliments,  
He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,  
No more then for the stroke of straves or  
bents [beare,  
For from his mothers wombe, which him did  
He was invulnerable made by Magieke leare

## V

He staved not t'advize which way were best  
His foe t'assaye, or how himselfe to gart,  
But with fierce fury and with force infest  
Upon him ran, who being well prepard  
His first assault full warily did ward,  
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speere  
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and  
hard  
That forst him backe receyve and reele areare,  
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor blond  
appeare

## VI

With that the wylde man more enraged grew,  
Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,  
And with mad moode againe upon him flew,  
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,  
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dis-  
may  
The salvage nation doth all dread despize,  
Tho on his shield he gryple hold did lay,  
And held the same so hard, that by no wize  
He could him force to loose, or leave his en-  
terprize

## VII

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,  
And every way did try, but all in vaine,  
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,  
But hayld and puld with all his might and  
maime,  
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe  
Who having now no use of his long speare  
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,  
Both speere and shield, as things that need-  
lesse were, [feare  
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for

## VIII

But after him the wylde man ran apace,  
And him pursewed with importune speed,  
(For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)  
And, had he not in his extreamest need  
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his  
He had him overtaken in his flight. [steed,  
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,

Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,  
And shrieked out, a thing uncomely for a knight.

## IX

But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine  
In following of him that fled so fast,  
He wearie woxe, and brake return'd againe  
With speede unto the place, whereas he last  
Had left that couple nere their utmost cast  
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,  
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,  
Both for the perill of the present stound,  
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound

## X

For though she were right glad so rid to bee  
From that vile lozell which her late offended,  
Yet now no lesse encombrancee she did see,  
And perill, by this salvage man pretended,  
Gaunst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,  
By reason that her knight was wounded sore  
Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended  
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore  
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore

## XI

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,  
Came to her creeping like a sawning hound,  
And by rude tokens made to her appeare  
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,  
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground,  
For other language had he none, nor speach,  
But a soft murmur and confused sound  
Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach  
T' expresse his passions, which his reason did [empeach

## XII

And, comming likewise to the wounded knight,  
When he beheld the streames of purple blood  
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,  
He made great mone after his salvage mood,  
And, running straight into the thickest wood,  
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,  
Whose vertue he by use well understood,  
The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,  
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched thought.

## XIII

Then taking up that Recreants shield and speare,  
Which earst he left, he signes unto them made

With him to wend into his winning nere,  
To which he easily did them perswade  
Farre in the Forrest, by a hollow glade [brode  
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spreading  
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,  
Where foot of living creature never trode,  
Ne searse wylde beests durst come, there was  
this nights abode

## XIV

Thether he brought these unacquainted guests,  
To whom faire semblancee, as he could, he shewed  
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests,  
But the bare ground with hoarie mosse bestrowed  
Must be their bed, their pillow was unsowed  
And the frutes of the Forrest was their feast,  
For their bad Stuard neither plough d nor sowed,  
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wylde beest  
Did taste the bloud, obaying naturs first behest.

## XV

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,  
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,  
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,  
And sav'd from being to that envye thrall  
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)  
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,  
Glad of that easement, though it were but small,  
That having there their wounds awhile redrest,  
They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

## XVI

During which time that wyld man did apply  
His best endeavour and his daily paine  
In seeking all the woods both fure and nere  
For herbes to dresse their wounds, still seeming  
faine  
When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.  
So as ere long he had that knightes wound  
Recured well, and made him whole againe,  
But that same Ladies hurt no herbe he found  
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound

## XVII

Now when as Calepine was woxen strong,  
Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,  
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song,  
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,  
And without sword his person to defend.  
There him befell, unlooked for before,  
An hard adventure with unhappie end,  
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore [gore.  
Betwixt his bloodie jawes, besprinkled all with

## XXIII

The litle babe did loudly serike and squall,  
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,  
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call  
To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill,  
Percing his hart, with pities point did thrill,  
That after him he ran with zealous haste  
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill  
Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,  
Yet by the cry he heare w'd, and pursewed fast

## XXIV

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to  
want, [speed,  
Whose burden mote emperch his needfull  
And hinder him from libertie to pant,  
For having long time, as his daily weed, [need,  
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for  
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,  
That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe  
freed  
From bels and jesses which did let her flight,  
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed  
delight

## XXV

So well he sped him, that the wearie Beare  
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay,  
And without weapon him assayling neare,  
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay  
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray  
Upon him turned, and with greedie foree  
And furie to be crosed in his way,  
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse  
To be aveng'd on him and to devour his corse

## XXVI

But the bold knight no whit therat dismayd,  
But catehning up in hand a ragged stone  
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)  
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone  
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone  
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,  
Being unable to digest that bone,  
Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,  
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony  
masse

## XXVII

Whom when as he thus combred did behold,  
Striving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,  
He with him elosd, and, laying mightie hold  
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,  
That wanting breath him downe to ground he  
cast,  
And, then oppressing him with urgent paine,  
Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,  
Gnashing his ernell teeth at him in vaine,  
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting  
povre to traue.

## XXVIII

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine  
The litle babe, sweet reliques of his pray,  
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,  
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,  
And from his face the filth that did it rye,  
And every litle limbe he serreht around  
And every part that under sweat-bands lay,  
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any  
wound  
Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all  
he found

## XXIX

So, having all his bauds againe uptide,  
He with him thought baek to returne againe,  
But when he lookt about on every syde,  
To weet which way were best to entertaine  
To bring him to the place where he would faime,  
He could no path nor triet of foot desery,  
Ne by inquire learne, nor ghesse by ayme,  
For nought but woods and forrests farre and  
nye,  
That all about did close the compasse of his  
eye

## XXX

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell  
Which way to take now West he went a-  
while,  
Then North, then nether, but as fortune fell  
So up and downe he wandred many a mile  
With weary travell and uncertaine toile,  
Yet nought the nearer to his journeyes end,  
And evermore his lovely litle spoile  
Crying for food did greatly him offend  
So all that day in wandring vainely he did  
spend

## XXXI

At last, about the setting of the Sunne,  
Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,  
And by good fortune the plaine chamption  
wonne  
Where, looking all about where he mote fynd  
Some place of succour to content his mynd,  
At length he heard under the forrests syde  
A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,  
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,  
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft  
defyde

## XXXII

To whom approching, when as she perceived  
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she  
staid,  
As if she doubted to have bene deceyved,  
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd  
Whom when as Calepine saw so dismayd,  
He to her drew, and with faire blundishment  
Her echeering up, thus gently to her sayd

'What be you, wofull Dame, which thus la-  
ment, [repent]  
And for what cause, declare, so mote ye not

XXXVIII

To whom she thus 'What need me Sir, to  
tell [right?

That which your selfe have earst aied so  
A wofull dame ye have me termed well,  
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight  
Cannot redressed be by living wight'  
'Nathlesse,' (quoth he) 'if need doe not you  
bynd,

Doe it disclose to ease your grieved spright  
Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd  
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot  
fynd'

XXXIX

Then thus began the lamentable Dame  
'Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I  
hoord,

I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,  
The wife of bold Sir Bruin who is Lord  
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword  
From a grent Gyant, called Cormorant,  
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord,  
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,  
That he dare not returne for all his dayly  
vaunt.

XL

'So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,  
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,  
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,  
Ne any dares with him for it debate  
And to these happie fortunes cruell fate  
Hath joyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow  
All these our joyes, and all our blisse abate,  
And like in time to further ill to grow,  
And all this land with endlesse losse to over-  
flow

XLI

'For th' heavens, envying our prosperitie,  
Have not vouchsaf't to graunt unto us twaine  
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,  
Which we might see after our selves remaine  
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine  
So that for want of heires it to defend,  
All is in time like to returne againe  
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend  
To leapo into the same after our lives end

XLII

'But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,  
And makes exceeding mone, when he does  
thinke  
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,  
For which he long in vaine did sweate and  
swinke,

That now the same he greatly doth forthinke  
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a soune  
Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke  
And dry up all the water which doth ronne  
In the next brooke, by whom that feind should  
be fordonne

XLIII

'Well hop't he then, when this was prophe-  
side, [rise,  
That from his sides some noble chyld should  
The which through fame should farre be mag-  
nifide,  
And this proud gyant should with brave emprize  
Quite overthrow, who now gunnes to despise  
The good Sir Bruin growing farre in yeares,  
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.  
Lo' this my cause of griefe to you appeares,  
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth  
ceaselesse teares'

XLIV

Which when he heard, he only touch'd was  
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe,  
And, when he had devized of her ease,  
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe  
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe,  
And, having cleared her, thus said 'Faile  
Dame,  
In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe,  
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,  
Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsaf'e it without  
blame

XLV

'If that the cause of this your languishment  
Be lacke of children to supply your place,  
Lo' how good fortune doth to you present  
This litle babe, of sweets and lovly face,  
And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enchaee  
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,  
Being now soft and fit them to embrace,  
Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,  
Or nourse up in lore of learn'd Philosophy

XLVI

'And, certes it hath oftentimes bene scene,  
That of the like, whose linage was unknowne,  
More brave and noble knights have rayseed  
beene  
(As their victorious deedes have often shoven,  
Being with fame through many Nations  
blown,) [lap  
Then those which have bene dandled in tho  
Therefore some thought that those brave mps  
were sown  
Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly saps,  
That made them grow so hight t' all honorable  
hap'

## XXVI II

The Ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speech,  
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor  
gerson,

Having oft scene it tryde as he did teach  
Therefore inclining to his goodly reason,  
Agreeing well both with the place and season,  
She gladly did of that same brabe accept,  
As of her owne by livery and seisin,  
And, having over it a lile wept,  
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it  
kept.

## XXVII III

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid  
Of his young charge whereof he skilled  
nought,

Ne she lesse glad, for she so wisely did,  
And with her husband under hand so  
wrought,

That, when that infant unto him she brought,  
She made him think it surely was his owne,  
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,  
That it became a famous knight well knowne,

And did right noble deedes, the which els-  
where are showne

## XXXIX

But Calepine, now being left alone  
Under the greenewoods side in some plight,  
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,  
Or house to hide his head from heavens spight,  
Albe that Dame, by all the meanes she might,  
Him oft desired home with her to wend,  
And offered him, his courtesie to requite,  
Both horse and armes and what so else to lend,  
Yet he them all refusd, though thankt her as  
a frend,

## XL

And, for exceeding grieve which only grew  
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,  
On the cold ground mangre himselfe he threw  
For fell despight to be so sorely crost,  
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,  
Vowing that never he in bed againe  
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,  
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,  
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine

## CANTO V

The salvage serves Serena well,  
Till she Prince Arthure fynd,  
Who her, together with his Squire,  
With th' Hermit leaves behynd

## I

O WHAT an easie thing is to desery  
The gentle blond, how ever it be wrapt  
In sad misfortunes foule deformity  
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt  
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,  
Like this wyld man being undisciplind,  
That to all vertue it may seeme unwapt,  
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,  
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper  
lynd

## II

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,  
Who, though he were still in this desert wood,  
Mongst salvage beasts both rudely borne and  
bred,

Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,  
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood  
By gentle usage of that wretched Dame  
For certes he was borne of noble blood,  
How ever by hard hap he hether came,  
As ye may know when time shall besto tell the  
same

## III

Who, when as now long time he lacked had  
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was stryde,  
Did wepe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,  
As he of some misfortune were afraid,  
And, leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,  
Went forth streightway into the Forrest wyde  
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,  
Or what so else were unto him betyde  
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no  
where he spyde

## IV

Tho, backe returning to that sorie Dame,  
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone  
By speaking signes, as he them best could  
frame,  
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,  
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,  
That ruth it was to see him so lament  
By which she well perceiving what was done,  
Gin teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,  
And bent her breast, and piteously her selfe  
torment.

## V

Upon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,  
 Regardless of her wounds yet bleeding rife,  
 That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,  
 As if her breast, new launcheit with murderous  
 knife,  
 Would streight dislodge the wretched weame  
 life [lay,  
 There she long groveling and deepe grouning  
 As if her vitall powers were at strife  
 With stronger death, and feared their decay  
 Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous  
 assay.

## VI

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distrest,  
 He reared her up from the bloudie ground,  
 And sought by all the meanes that he could  
 best  
 Her to recure out of that stony wound,  
 And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound  
 Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,  
 Nor cease her sorrow and impatient sound,  
 But day and night did vexe her carefull  
 thought, [wrought  
 And ever more and more her owne affliction

## VII

At length, when as no hope of his retourne  
 She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,  
 And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,  
 To seeke some comfort in that sore case.  
 His steede, now strong through rest so long a  
 space,  
 Well as she could she got, and did bedight,  
 And being thereon mounted forth did pace  
 Withonten guide her to conduct aright,  
 Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors  
 might.

## VIII

Whom when her Host saw rendie to depart,  
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,  
 But gan himselfe addresse to take her part  
 Those warlike armes which Calepine whyleare  
 Had left behind he gan eftsoones prepare,  
 And put them all about himselfe unfit,  
 His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare,  
 But without sword upon his thigh to sit  
 Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it

## IX

So forth they trued, an uneven payre  
 That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight,  
 A salvage man matcht with a Ladie fyre,  
 That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,  
 Gotten by spyle then purchased aright  
 But he did her attend most carefully,  
 And faithfully did serve both day and night

Withouten thought of shamo or villeny,  
 Ne ever shewed signes of foule disloyalty.

## X

Upon a day, as on their way they went,  
 It chaunst some furniture about her steed  
 To be disordred by some accident,  
 Which to redresse she did th' assistance need  
 Of this her groomme, which he by signes did  
 reede,  
 And streight his combrous armes aside did lay  
 Upon the ground withouten doubt or dreed,  
 And in his homely wise began to assay  
 To amend what was amisse, and put in right  
 aray

## XI

Bout which whilste he was busied thus hard,  
 Lo' where a knight, together with his squire,  
 All arm'd to point came ryding thitherward,  
 Which seemed, by their portance and attire,  
 To be two errant knights, that did inquire  
 After adventures, where they mote them get  
 Those were to meet (if that ye it require)  
 Princee Arthur and young Timias, which met  
 By straunge occasion that here needs forth be  
 set.

## XII

After that Timias had againe recured  
 The favour of Belphebe (as ye heard)  
 And of her grace did stand againe assured,  
 To happie blisse he was full ligh assured,  
 Neither of envj nor of chaunge afraid  
 Though many foes did him maligno therefore,  
 And with unjust detraction him did beard,  
 Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,  
 That in her soveraine kyng he dwelt evermore

## XIII

But of them all which did his ruine seeke,  
 Three mightie enemies did him most despight,  
 Three mightie ones, and cruell munded eke,  
 That him not onely sought by open might  
 To overthrow, but to supplant by sight  
 The first of them by name was calld Despetto,  
 Exceeding all the rest in powre and light,  
 The second, not so strong but wise, Deetto  
 The third, nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest,  
 Defetto

## XIV

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,  
 And severall deceits but all in vaine,  
 For neither they by force could him destroy,  
 Ne yet entrap in treasons subtil traine.  
 Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,  
 They did their counsels now in one compound  
 Where angled forces faile, conjoynd may game.

The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found  
To worke his utter shame, and throughly him  
confound

## XV

Upon a day, as they the time did wate,  
When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,  
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite  
To draw him from his deare beloved damo  
Unwares into the daunger of defame,  
For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,  
That no one beast in forrest, wyld or tame,  
Met him in chase but he it challenge would,  
And plucke the pray oftymes out of their greedy  
hould

## XXI

The hardy boy, as they devised had,  
Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,  
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,  
Ne skilfull of the uncouth jeopardie,  
And charged him so fierce and furiously,  
That his great force unable to endure,  
He forced was to turne from him and fly  
Yet ere he fled he with his tooth impure  
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof  
secure.

## XVII

Securely he did after him pursue,  
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight,  
Who through thicke woods and brakes and  
brizers him drew,  
To weary him the more and waste his sight,  
So that he now has almost spent his spright,  
Till that at length unto a woody glade  
He came, whose covert stoppeth his furlthersight  
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade  
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to  
invade

## XVIII

Sharpely they all attonee did him assaile,  
Burning with inward rancour and despight,  
And heaped strokes did round about him haile  
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might  
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough  
quite  
Yet he them all so warily did ward,  
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,  
And all the while his backe for best safeguard  
He lent against a tree, that backward onset  
bard

## XIX

Like a wyld Bull, that, being at a bay,  
Is layted of a mastiffe and a hound  
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay  
On every side, and beat about him round,  
But most that curre, barking with bitter sownd,  
And creeping still behinde, doth him incombear,  
That in his chaffe he digs the trampled ground,

And threats his horns, and bellows like the  
thonder [asonder  
So did that Squire his foes disperse and drive

## XX

Him well behoved so, for his three foes  
Sought to encompasse him on every side,  
And dangerously did round about enclose  
But most of all Defetto him annoyde,  
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde,  
So did Decetto eke him circumvent,  
But stout Despetto in his greater pryde  
Did front him, face to face against him bent  
Yet he them all withstood, and often made  
releat

## XXI

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former  
chace,  
And weary now with careful keeping ward,  
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,  
Full like ere long to have escaped hard,  
When as unwares he in the forrest heard  
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast  
Did warne his rider be upon his gard,  
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh  
aghast,  
Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

## XXII

Etsoones he spide a Knight approaching  
nye,  
Who, seeing one in so great daunger set  
Amongst many foes, him selfe did faster hie  
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,  
For pity so to see him overset  
Whom soone as his three enemies did see,  
They fled, and fast into the wood did get  
Him booted not to thinke them to pursue,  
The covert was so thicke that did no passage  
shew

## XXIII

Then turning to that swaine him well he knew  
To be his Timias, his owne true Squire,  
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,  
And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,  
Him thus bespake 'My hefe, my lifes desie,  
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?  
Tell me what worlds despight, or heav'ns yre,  
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?  
Where have ye all this while bin wandring,  
where bene weft?'

## XXIV

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne  
To whom the Squire nought answered againe,  
But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,  
His dear affect with silence did restraime,  
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine



There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,  
As to them seemed fit time to entertaine,  
After all which up to their steeles they went,  
And forth together rode, a comely complement

XXX

So now they be arrived both in sight  
Of this wylde man whom they till now found  
About the sad Serena things to dight,  
With those brave armoury lying on the ground,  
That seem'd the spoile of some right well re-  
nown'd knight. [stept  
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them  
Thinking to take them from that hilding  
hound,  
But he it seeing lightly to him leapt,  
And sternely with strong hand it from his  
handling kept

XXXI

Gnashing his grinded teeth with grieu-  
looke,  
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,  
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he  
strooke,  
That made him downe unto the earth echine  
Whence soone upstartyng much began repine,  
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade  
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have  
slaine,  
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,  
And greedily him griping his avengement  
stayd

XXXII

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde  
Unto the Knight, them to depart in twaine,  
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,  
And did from further violence restraine,  
Altho the wylde-man hardly would refrain  
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand  
What and from whence she was, and by what  
traue  
She fell into that salvage villaines hand?  
And whether free with him she now were, or  
in band?

XXXIII

To whom she thus 'I am, as now ye see,  
The wretchedest Dame that lyes this day on  
ground,  
Who both in minde, the which most grieveth  
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound, [me,  
That hath me driven to this dreary stound.  
I was crewhile the love of Calepine,  
Who whether he alive be to be found,  
Or by some deadly chauce be done to pine  
Since I him lately lost, unceath is to deigne.

XXXIV

'In salvage Forrest I him lost of late,  
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,  
Or else remained in most wretched state,  
Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead  
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread  
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kind,  
Amongst wilde beastes in desart Forrests bred  
It is most strange and wonderfull to fynd  
So milde humanity and perfect gentle wynd

XXXV

'Let me therefore thus favour for him finde,  
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,  
With he cannot expresse his simple minde,  
Ne your conceive, ne but by tokens speake  
Small praise to prove your powre on wight so  
weake' [swage,  
With such faire words she did their heat us-  
And the strong course of their displeasure  
breake.  
That they to pity turnd their former rage,  
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

XXXVI

So having all things well about her dight,  
She on her way cast forward to proceede,  
And they her forth conducted whers they  
might  
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede,  
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed-  
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was  
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed  
Now gan to faint, nill further could not pas  
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes op-  
pressed has

XXXVII

So forth they rode together all in troupe  
To seek some place the which mote yeeld  
some ease [droupe  
To these sick twaine, that now began to  
And all the way the Prince sought to appease  
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease  
By all the courteous meanes he could invent,  
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,  
And otherwhile with good encouragement  
To make them to endure the pains did them  
torment

XXXVIII

Amongst which Serena did to him relate  
The toyle discourtesies and unknaghtly parts,  
Which Turpine had unto her shewen late,  
Without compassion of her cruell smarts  
Although Blanchina did with all her arts  
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,  
Yet he of malice, without her de-arts,

Not onely her exeluded late at night,  
But also trayterously did wound her weary  
Knight

## XXIV

Wherewith the Princesore mov'd there avond  
That soone as he returned baek againe,  
He would avenge th' abuses of that proud  
And shamefull Knight of whom she did com-  
plane

This wize did they each other entertaime  
To passe the tedious travell of the way,  
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,  
By which a little Hermitage there lay,  
Far from all neighbourhood the which annoy  
it may

## XXV

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stoode,  
Which being all with Yvy overspred  
Deckt all the rooffe, and, shadowing the roode,  
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over-hed  
Therem the Hermite, which his life here led  
In streight observance of religious vow,  
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed,  
And therein he likewise was praying now,  
Whenas these Knights arriv'd, they wist not  
where nor how

## XXXVI

They stayd not there, but straightway in did  
pas

Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,  
From his devotion streight he troubled was,  
Which breaking off he toward them did paece  
With stayed steps and grave beseeching grace  
For well it seem'd that whilome he had bene  
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,  
That could his good to all, and well did  
weene [seene]

How each to entertaime with curtsie well be-

## XXXVII

And soothly it was said by common fame,  
So long as age enabled him thereto,  
That he had bene a man of mickle name,  
Renowned much in armes and derring doe,  
But being aged now, and weary to  
Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,  
The name of knighthood he did disavow,  
And, hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,  
From all this worlds incombraunce did himselfe  
assoyle.

## XXXVIII

He thence them led into his Hermitage,  
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene  
Small was his house, and like a little cage,  
For his owne turne, yet muly neate and elene,  
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay  
besene

Therem he them full fure did entertaime  
Not with such forged shoves, as fitter beene  
For courting fooles that cirtesies would faine,  
But with entire affection and appearaunce  
plaine

## XXXIX

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee  
Did use his feeble body to susteine,  
The which full gladly they did take in gree,  
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,  
But being well suffiz'd them rested faine  
But fair Serene all might could take no rest,  
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine  
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant  
Beast

Had given them, whose griefe through suf-  
fraunce sore increast

## XL

So all that night they past in great disease,  
Till that the morning, bringing early light  
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,  
And some asswagement of their painefull plight  
Then up they rose, and gan them selves to fight  
Unto their journey, but that Squire and Dame  
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might  
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame  
Their hearts were sicke, their sides were sore,  
their feete were lame

## XLI

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in  
mynd

Would not permit to make there lenger stay,  
Was forced there to leave them both behynd  
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did  
pray

To tend them well So forth he went his way,  
And with him eke the salvage, (that why leare  
Seeng his royall usage and array  
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere)  
Would needes depart, as shall declared be else-  
where

## CANTO VI

The Hermite heales both Squire and dame  
Of their sore maladies  
He Turpine doth defente, and shame  
For his late villanies

## I

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy  
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth  
light

As doth the poysonous sting which infamy  
Inficteth in the name of noble wight  
For by no art, nor any leaches might,  
It ever can recured be againe,  
No all the skill, which that immortall spright  
Of Podalyrus did in it retaine,  
Can remedy such hurts such hurts are hellish  
paine

## II

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant  
Beast

Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame,  
And, being such, were now much more increast  
For want of taking heede unto the same,  
That now corrupt and carelesse they became  
Howebeit that carefull Hermite did his best,  
With many kandes of medicines meete, to  
tame

The poysonous humour which did most infest  
Their rancelling wounds, and every day them  
duely drest

## III

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene,  
And through the long experience of his dayes,  
Which had in many fortunes tossed heene  
And past through many perillous assayes,  
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,  
And in the mindes of men had great insight,  
Which with sage counsell, when they went  
astray,

He could enforme, and them reduce aright,  
And all the passions heale which wound the  
weaker spright.

## IV

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,  
As any one that lived in his daies,  
And proved oft in many perillous fight,  
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,  
And in all battels bore away the baies  
But being now attacht with timely age,  
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,

He tooke him selfe unto this Hermitage,  
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in  
cage

## V

One day, as he was searching of their  
wounds,  
He found that they had festred privily,  
And rancelling inward with unruly stounds,  
The inner parts now grew to putrify,  
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery,  
And rather needed to be disciplinde  
With wholesome reede of sad sobriety,  
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde  
Give sahes to every sore, but counsell to the  
minde

## VI

So, taking them apart into his cell,  
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,  
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,  
And che could doe as well as say the same,  
And thus he to them sayd 'faire daughter  
Dame, [now he  
And yon, faire Sonne, which here thus long  
In piteous languor since ye hither came,  
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,  
And I likewise in vaine doe sahes to you  
applie

## VII

'For in your selfe your onely helpe doth he  
To heale your selfe, and must proceed alone  
From your owne will to cure your maladies  
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?  
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one  
First learne your outward senses to refraine  
From things that stirre up frile affection,  
Your eyes, your cares, your tongue, your talk  
restraine [containe  
From that they most affect, and in due termes

## VIII

'For from those outward senses, ill affected,  
The seede of all this evil first doth spring,  
Which at the first, before it had infected,  
Mote easie be suppress with little thing,  
But being grown strong it forth doth bring  
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,  
In th' inner parts, and lastly, scattering

Contagious poyson close through every vaine,  
It never rests till it have wrought his finall  
bane

## IX

'For thit beastes teeth, which wounded you  
tofore,  
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,  
Made all of rusty iron rancelling sore,  
That where they bite it booteth not to weene  
With salve, or antidote, or other mene,  
It ever to amend ne mirvaile ought,  
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,  
And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,  
Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is  
taught

## X

'Echidna is a Monster dreffull dred,  
Whom Gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to  
see,

So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,  
That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee  
At sight thereof, and from her presenee flee  
Yet did her face and former parts professe  
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee,  
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse  
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglinesse

## XI

'To her the Gods, for her so dreddfull face,  
In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the skie  
And from the earth, appointed have her place  
Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrold  
doth lie

In hideous horror and obscurity,  
Wasting the strength of her immortal age  
There did Typhaon with her company,  
Crnell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage  
Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him with  
vowes assuage

## XII

'Of thit commition they did then beget  
This hellish Dog, that hight the Blatant  
Beast,

A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet  
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and  
least,  
And pours his poysonous gall forth to infest  
The noblest wights with notable defame  
Nolever Knight that bore so lofty crest,  
Nelever Lady of so honest name,  
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete  
shame

## XIII

'In vaine therefore it were with medecine  
To goe about to sive such kynd of sore,

Thit rather needes wise reid and discipline,  
Then outward salves that may augment it  
more.'

'Aye me!' (sayd then Serena, sighing sore)  
'What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,  
If that no salves may us to health restore?'  
'But sith we need good counsell,' (sayd the  
swaine) [sustaine'  
'Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may us

## XIV

'The best' (sayd he) 'that I can von advise,  
Is to avoide the occasion of the ill  
For when the cause, whence evill doth arise,  
Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still [will,  
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your  
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,  
Use scantted diet, and forbear your fill,  
Shun secrecie, and talke in open sight  
So shall you soone repaire your present evill  
plight'

## XV

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients  
Did gladly hearken to his grave behest,  
And kept so well his wise commaundements,  
That in short space their malady was ceast,  
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast  
Was thoroughly heal'd Tho when they did  
perceave

Their wounds recurd, and forces reincreast,  
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their  
leave, [leave  
And went both on their way, ne ech would other

## XVI

But each the other vow'd t' accompany  
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,  
Now left alone in great extremity,  
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,  
Would not her leave alone in her great need  
So both together traveld, till they met  
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,  
Upon a mangy jade unmeetely set,  
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry  
and wet

## XVII

But by what meanes that shame to hei  
befell,

And how thereof her selfe she did requite,  
I must awhile forbear to you to tell,  
Till that, as comes by course I doe relate  
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lye,  
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which  
whileare

Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight,  
And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,  
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

To fight with many foes about him ment,  
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,  
Turnes him about with fell avengement  
So likewise turnde the Prince upon the Knight,  
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might

## XXVIII

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had  
Durst not the furie of his force abyde, [tasted,  
But turn'd abacke, and to retire him hasted  
Through the thick prease, there thinking him  
to hyde [eide,  
But, when the Prince had once him plainly  
He foot by foot him followed alway,  
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde,  
But joyning close huge lode at him did lay,  
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly  
away

## XXIX

But, when his foe he still so eager saw,  
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,  
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw  
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake  
Where so he went, but after him did make  
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,  
Whylest every joynt for dread of death did  
quake,  
Still looking after him that did him chace,  
That made him evermore increase his speedie  
pace.

## XXX

At last he up into the chamber came  
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,  
Waiting what tydings of her folke became  
There did the Prince him overtake anone,  
Crying in vaine to her him to besome,  
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,  
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone  
Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,  
The tempredd steele did not into his braynepan  
by te

## XXXI

Which when the Ladie saw, with great af-  
fright

She starting up began to shrinke aloud,  
And with her garment covering him from sight,  
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud,  
And falling lowly at his feet her bowd  
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,  
And often him besought, and prayd, and coud,  
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,  
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand  
abase

## XXXII

Her need she then withdrawing did him dis-  
cover,  
Who now come to himselfe yet would not rise,

But still did heasdead, and quake, and quiver,  
That even the Prince his basenesse did de-  
spize,

And eke his Dame, him seeing in such guize,  
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare  
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,  
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,  
As one that had no life him left through for-  
mer feare

## XXXIII

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,  
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,  
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd  
'Vile coward dogge' now doe I much repent,  
That ever I this life unto thee lent,  
Whereof thou, caytive, so unworthe art,  
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,  
And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,  
And eke all knights hast shamed with this  
knightlesse part

## XXXIV

'Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,  
And erme to crime, by this thy coward  
feare

For first, it was to thee reprochfull blame  
To erect this wicked custome, which I heare  
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost  
reare,

Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms de-  
Or of their upper garment they weare,  
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile,  
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to  
foile

## XXXV

'And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,  
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize  
Is greatest shame, for oft it falles, that strong  
And valiant Knights doe rashly enterprize  
Either for fame, or else for exercise,  
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;  
Yet have through prowesse and their brave  
emprize

Gotten great worship in this worldes sight  
For greater force there needs to maintaine  
wrong then right

## XXXVI

'Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie sayre  
I given have, live in reproch and scoine,  
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dire  
Hence to professe, for shame is to adorne  
With so bray e badges one so basely borne  
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive'  
So having from his craven bodie torne  
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,  
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live

## XVIII

The Prince, according to the former token  
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,  
Pursu'd him streight, in mynd to bene y wro-  
Of all the vile demeaner and usage bad, [ken  
With which he had those two so ill bestad  
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,  
But that wilde man, whom though he oft  
forbad,  
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,  
Would he restrayned be from his attendement

## XIX

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,  
He found the gate wvde ope, and in he rode,  
Ne stay'd, till that he came into the hall,  
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,  
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,  
As he unable were for very neede  
To move one foote, but there must make  
abode  
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,  
And in some stable neare did set him up to  
feede

## XX

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,  
That in rude wise him asked, what he was  
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,  
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe?  
To whom the Prince, him sayning to embase,  
Milde answer made he was an errant knight,  
The which was fill u into this feeble case  
Through many wounds, which lately he in  
light  
Received had, and pray'd to pittie his ill plight.

## XXI

But he, the more outrageous and bold,  
Sternely did bid him quickly thence avault,  
Or deare aby, for why his Lord of old  
Did hate all errant Knights which there did  
haunt,  
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt,  
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,  
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt,  
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,  
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assa

## XXII

Which when the Salvage, cunning now in  
place,  
Beheld, est-soones he all enraged grew,  
And, running streight upon that villaine base,  
Like a full Lion at him fiercely flew,  
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,  
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore,  
So miserably him all helplesse slew,

That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,  
The people of the house rose forth in great up-  
rore

## XXIII

Who when on ground they saw their fellow  
slaine, [by,  
And that same Knight and Salvage standing  
Upon them two they fell with might and  
And on them lay dso huge and horribly, [name,  
As if they would have slaine them presentlv  
But the bold Prince defended him so well,  
And their assault withstood so mightih,  
That, maugre all their might, he did repell  
And beat them back, whilst many underneath  
him fell

## XXIV

Yet he them still so sharply did pursue,  
That few of them he left alive, which fled  
Those evil tidings to their Lord to shew  
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,  
Came forth in hast, where, when as with the  
dead [Knight  
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same  
And salvage with their bloud fresh steening  
red, [spight,  
He wove nigh mad with wrath and fell de-  
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake  
on light

## XXV

'Art thou he, traitor, that with treason vile  
Hast slaine my men in this unmanly manner,  
And now triumphest in the piteous spoile  
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black  
dishonor  
And foule defame doe decke thy bloody baner?  
The meede wherof shall shortly be thy shame,  
And wretched end which still attendeth on her,  
With that him selfe to battell he did franc,  
So did his forty women, which there with him  
came

## XXVI

With dreaddfull force they all did him assaile,  
And round about with boystrous strokes op-  
presse,  
That on his shield did rattle like to hails  
In a great tempest, that in such distresse  
He wist not to which side him to addresse  
And evermore that errant cowherd Knight  
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,  
Waiting if he unwaies him murder might,  
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

## XXVII

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,  
He to him turned with furious intent,  
And him against his powre gau to prepare,  
Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent

## CANTO VII

Turpine is bisfild, his two knights  
Doe grune their treasons need  
Payre Mirabellacs punishment  
For Loves diuaine decreed

## I

LIKE as the gentle hart it self bewryes  
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,  
Even so the baser mind it selfe displays  
In canered malice and reuengefull spight  
For to maligne, t' envie, t' nase shifting slight,  
Be arguments of a vile doughull mind,  
Whelch, what it dare not doe by open might,  
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth ind,  
By such discourteous deedes discouering his base  
kind.

## II

That well appears in this discourteous knight,  
The coward Turpine, wherof now I treat,  
Who notwithstanding that in former sight  
He of the Prince his life receiued late,  
Yet in his mind, malitions and nigrite,  
He gan devise to be aueng'd anew  
For all that shrome, which kindled mward hate  
Therefore, so soone as he was out of view,  
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast  
pursew.

## III

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,  
Yet would not neare approach in duncers eyes,  
But kept aloofe for dread to be deseryde,  
Untill hit time and place he mote espy,  
Wher he mote worke him scath and villeny  
At last he met two knights to him unknowne,  
The which were armed both agreably,  
And both combynd, whateuer chaunce were  
blowne  
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his  
owne

## IV

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,  
To cloke the mischiefe which he intly ment,  
Gin to complaine of great discourtesie,  
Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him  
went,  
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent  
Which if they would afford him ayde it need  
For to reuenge in time conuenient,  
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,  
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly  
meed.

## V

The knights belceid that all he sayd was  
trew,  
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,  
Were glad to heare of that aduenture new,  
In which they mote make triall of their might  
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,  
And eke desirous of the offred meed  
Said then the one of them, 'Where is that wight,  
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,  
That we may it avenge, and punish him with  
speed?'

## VI

'Herides' (said Turpine) 'there not farre afore,  
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde,  
'That, if ye list to haste a litle more,  
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde'  
Escoones they prieked forth with forward pryde,  
And, ere that litle while they radden had,  
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,  
Ryding a softly pace with portunee sad,  
Deuizing of his love more then of daunger drad

## VII

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,  
Bidding him turne agame, false traytonr  
knight,  
Foule woman-wrouger, for he him desyde  
With that they both at once with equall spight  
Did bend their speares, and both with equall  
might [marke,  
Against him ran, but th' one did misse his  
And being carried with his force forthright  
Glaunst swiftly by, hke to that heavenly  
sparke,  
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the  
heauen darke

## VIII

But th' other, ayming better, did him smite  
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,  
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,  
And scattered all about fell on the flowre  
But the stout Prince, with much more steddly  
stowre,  
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,

## XXXVII

There whilst he thus was a thing things above,  
 Atwene that Ladie myld and fierce mit knight,  
 To whom his life he graunted for her love,  
 He gan be thynke him in what perillous plight  
 He had bebynd him left that salvage wight  
 Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought  
 By this quite shute in so unquell fight  
 Therefore descending brake in haste he sought  
 If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought

## XXXVIII

There he him found environed about (saine,  
 With sloughter'd bodies which his hand had  
 And laying yet as he, with courage stout,  
 Upon the rest that did alive remaine,  
 Whom he likewise right sorely did constraime,  
 Like scattered sheepe, to seek for succour,  
 After he gotten had with busie paine  
 Some of their weapons which thereby did he,  
 With which he layd about, and made them fast  
 to die

## XXXIX

Whom when the Prince so fully saw to rise,  
*Approching to him in ire, his hand he tryd,*  
 And sought by making signes him to assaye,  
 Who them perceyving straight to him obeyd,  
 As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,  
 As if he long had to his hearts bene tryed  
 Thence he him brought away, and up conveyd  
 Into the chamber where that Dame remaynd  
 With her unworthy knight, who all him en-  
 tertaynd

## XL

Whom when the Salvage saw from danger  
 Sitting beside his Ladie there it came (free,  
 He well remembred that the same was hee,  
 Which lately sought his Lord for to displice  
 Tho all in rage he on him straight did see,  
 As if he would in peeces him have rent  
 And, were not that the Prince did him appeize,  
 He had not lett one limbe of him surrent  
 But straight he held his hand it his com-  
 mandement

## XLI

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,  
 The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest,

Where him Blandina fayrly entertaynd  
 With all the courteous glee and goodly feast  
 The which for him she could imagine best  
 For well she knew, the wayes to win good will  
 Of every wight, that were not too much,  
 And how to please the minds of good and ill,  
 Through tempering of her words and looks by  
 wondrous skill

## XLII

Yet were her words and lookes but false and  
 fayned,  
 To some had end to make more easy way,  
 Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned  
 Into her trap into their owne decay  
 Thence, when needed, she could weepe and  
 pray,  
 And when her hated she could fawne and flatter  
 Now smiling smoothly, like to summers day,  
 Now plooming sadly, so to close her matter,  
 Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares  
 but water

## XLIII

Whether such grise were given her by hand,  
 As women wote their fowle will way to gyde,  
 Or learn of the art to please, I doe not fynd  
 This well I wote, that she so well applyde  
 Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde  
 The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her hus-  
 bands peace  
 Who with the same, not therewith satisfyde,  
 His rancorous despyght did not release,  
 So secretly from thought of full revenge  
 surreasse

## XLIV

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did  
 rest  
 In earlesse couch, not witting what was ment,  
 He watcht in close wayt with weapons prest,  
 Willing to worke his villainous intent  
 On him that had so shewfully him shent  
 Yet durst he not for very cowardize  
 Meet the same, whylest all the night was  
 spent

The morrow next the Prince did early rise,  
 And passed forth to follow his first enter-  
 prize



That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,  
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched  
bale.

## XVIII

Much did the Craven seeme to mone his  
case,

That for his sake his deare life had forgone,  
And, him bewayling with affection base,  
Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none  
For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor  
mone

Thence passing forth, not farre away he found  
Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,  
Loosely displaid upon the grassie ground,  
Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft  
in s wound

## XIX

Wearie of travell in his former fight,  
He there in shade himselfe had layl to rest,  
Having his armes and warlike things un-  
dight,

Fearlesse of foes that mote his peace molest,  
The whyles his salvage page, that wont be  
piest,

Was wandred in the wood another way,  
To doe some thing that seemed to him best,  
The whyles his Lord in silver slomber lay,  
Like to the Evening starre adorn'd with dewy  
ray

## XX

Whom when as Turpin saw so loosely layd,  
He weened well that he in deed was dead,  
Like as that other knight to him had sayd,  
But, when he nigh approchit, he mote read  
Plaine signes in him of life and liveliehead  
Wherert, much griev'd aginst that stranger  
knight,

That him too light of credence did mislead,  
He would have backe retyred from that sight,  
That was to him on earth the deadliest desight

## XXI

But that same knight would not once let  
him start,

But pluelly gan to him declare the ease  
Of all his mischiefe and late lucklesse smart,  
How both he and his fellow there in place  
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,  
And how that he, in hen of life him leut,  
Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace  
And follow through the world where so he  
went,

Till that he him delivered to his punishment

## XXII

He, therewith much abashed and affrayd,  
Beguon to tremble every limbe and vaine,

And, softly whispering him, entyrelly prayd  
T'advize him better then by such a traue  
Him to betray unto a stranger swaine  
Yet rather counsell him contray wize,  
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaue,  
To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,  
Whylest tyme dul offer meanes him sleeping to  
surprize

## XXIII

Nathelesse, for all his speach the gentle  
knight

Would not be tempted to such villemie,  
Regarding more his faith which he dul plight,  
All were it to his mortall euenie,  
Then to entrap him by false treacherie  
Great shame in heges blood to be embrew'd  
Thus why lest they were debating diversie,  
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd  
Backe to thio place, whereas his Lord he sleep-  
ing vew'd

## XXIV

There when he saw those two so neare him  
stand, [bee,  
He doubted much what mote their meaning  
And throwing downe his hand out of his hand,  
(To weet, great store of Forrest fruite which hee  
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)   
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,  
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee  
Rent by the root, which he so sternely shooke,  
That like an hazell wand it quivered and  
quooke

## XXV

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde  
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,  
He staited up, and snatching neare his syde  
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,  
Like a tell Ly on leaped to him light,  
And his lett hand upon his collar layd  
Therewith the cowheard, dealed with affright,  
Fell flat to grounll, ne woul unto him sayd,  
But, holding up his hands, with silence merie  
payd

## XXVI

But he so full of malignation was,  
That to his prayer nought he would incline,  
But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,  
His foot he set on his vile neeke, in signe  
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine  
Then, letting him arise like abject thiall,  
He gan to him object his haynous crime,  
And to revile, and rate, and releant call,  
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall

## XXVII

And after all, for greater infamie,  
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,

That the cold steele, through piercing, did de-  
vowre  
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore.  
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody  
gore

As when a cast of Iancons make their flight  
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,  
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse  
might,  
The wane foule his bill doth backward wing,  
On which the first, whose force her first doth  
bring,

Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,  
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse,  
But th' other, not so swift as she before, [thing,  
Tayles of her soue, and passing by doth hurt  
no more

By thus the other, which was prassed by,  
Himselfe recovering was returned to fight,  
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,  
He much was daunted with so dismall sight,  
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,  
Let drive at him with so malicious mynd,  
As if he would have passed through him quight,  
But the steele-head nosterdast hold could synel,  
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he de-  
sind

Not so the Prince, for his well-learned spere  
Tooke surer hould and from his horse, bricke  
Above a launces length him forth did beare,  
And against the cold hard earth so forc him  
strake.

That all his bones in peeces might he brake  
Where seing him so he, he left his steed,  
And to him leaping vengeances thought to take,  
Of him for all his former folies need, [breed  
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to

The fearfull swaine beholding death so nie,  
Cryde out aloud for merene, him to save,  
In lieu whereof he would to him describe  
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave  
The Prince some hearkend, and his life forgave  
Then thus said he 'There is a straunger  
knight,

The which, for promise of great meed, us drave  
To this attempt to wreake his lnd despight,  
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient  
might'

The Prince much mused at such villenie,  
And said 'Now surs ye well have earn'd  
your meed,

For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,  
Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed,  
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed,  
He glad of life, and wiling eke to wreake  
The guilt on him which did this mischiese  
breed,  
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke  
He would surceasse, but him where so he were  
would seek.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went  
Broke to the place where Turpine lay he lore,  
There he him found in great astonishment,  
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,  
And gresly wounds that him appalled sore,  
Yet thus at length he said 'How now, Sir  
knight,  
What meaneth this which here I see before?  
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,  
So different from that which earst ye seem'd  
in sight?'

'Perdie,' (said he) 'in evill houre it fell,  
That ever I for meed did undertake  
So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell,  
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake  
Witnessse the wounds, and thus wyde bloudie  
lake,  
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.  
Therefore now ye celd, as ye did promise make,  
My due reward, the which right well I deeme  
I earned have, that life so dearly did re-  
deeme.'

'But where then is' (quoth he halfe wroth-  
fully) [bought,  
'Where is the bootie, which therefore I  
That curs'd crative, my strong enemy,  
That recreant knight, whose lited life I  
sought? [ought?  
And where is eke your friend which halfe it  
'He lyes (said he) 'upon the cold bare ground,  
Slayne of that errant knight with whom he  
sought,  
Whom afterwards my selfe with many a wound  
Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the  
stound'

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,  
And needs with him streight to the place  
would ride,  
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine,  
For else his feare could not be satisfyde  
So as they rode he saw the way all dyde  
With streames of blood, which tractyng by  
the traile,  
Lre long they came, whereas in evill tyde

## XXXXII

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd  
But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,  
Unto her prayers piteously enelynd,  
And did the rigour of his doome represser,  
Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse  
Hie unto her a penance did impose,  
Which was, that through this worlds wyde  
wildernes  
She wander should in companie of those,  
Till she had say'd so many loves as she did lose

## XXXXIII

So now she had bene wandring two whole  
yeares  
Throughout the world in this uncomely case,  
Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares,  
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace  
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space  
Saved but two, yet in two yeares before,  
Through her dispitious pride, whilost love  
lackt place,  
She had destroy'd two and twenty more  
Aie me! how could her love make half amends  
therefore?

## XXXXIV

And now she was upon the weary way,  
When as the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,  
Met her in such misseeming foule array,  
'The whiles that mighty man did her demeane  
With all the evil termes and cruell meane  
That he could make And eke that angry foole  
Which follow'd her, with cur'd hands unclean  
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting tooles  
Oft whip her dauntie selfe, and much augment  
her doole

## XL

No ought it mote availe her to entreat  
The one or th' other better her to use,  
For both so wilfull were and obstinate  
That all her pitifull plant they did refuse,  
And rather did the more her beate and bruse  
But most the former villaine, which did lead  
Her tyreling jade, was bent her to abuse,  
Who, though she were with wearinesse nigh  
dead,  
Yet would not let her lye, nor rest a little stead

## XLI

For he was sterne and terrible by nature,  
And eke of person huge and hideous,  
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,  
And rather like a Gyant monstrous  
For sooth he was descended of the hous  
Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine  
Against the heaven in order battailous,

And sub to great Orgoh, which was slaine  
By Arthure, when as Unas Knight he did  
maintaine

## XLII

His lookes were deadfull, and his fiery eyes,  
Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,  
Glaueneing askew, as if his enemies  
He scorned in his overweening pryde,  
And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stide  
At every step upon the tiptoes hie  
And, all the way he went, on every syde  
He gaz'd about and stared horrible,  
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie

## XLIII

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,  
As no whit dreading any living wight,  
But in a Jacket, quilted richly rare  
Upon cheekelaton, he was strangely dight,  
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,  
Like to the Moors of Malabar, he wore,  
With which his lookes, as blake as pitchy night,  
Were bound about and voyded from before,  
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore

## XLIV

This was Disdaine, who led that Ladies horse  
Through thiek and thin, through mountains  
and through plains,  
Compelling her, wher she would not, by force,  
Haling her palfrey by the hempen rames  
But that same foole, which most increast her  
paines,  
Was Scorne, who having in his hand a whip,  
Her therewith ynks, and still, when she com-  
plaines,  
The more he laughs, and does her closely quip,  
To see her sore lament and bite her tender lip

## XLV

Whose cruell handling when that Squire be-  
held,  
And saw those villaines her so vildely use,  
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,  
And could no lenger beare so great abuse  
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse,  
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,  
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,  
And maugre all his might backe to relent  
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly  
shent

## XLVI

The villaine, with roth for greeting him so sore,  
Gathered him selfe together soone againe,  
And with his yron batton which he bore  
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,

And baffled so, that all which passed by  
The picture of his punishment might see,  
And by the like ensample warned bee,  
How ever they through reason doe trespassse  
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,  
Whom into we left riding upon an Asse,  
Led by a Carlo and foole which by her side did  
passe.

## XXXIII

She was a Ladie of grent dignitie,  
And lifted up to honorable place,  
Famous through all the laud of Faerie  
I though of meave parentage and kindred base,  
Yet deckt with wondrous gifts of natures grace,  
That all men did her person much admire,  
And prais'd the feature of her goodly face,  
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire  
In th' harts of many a knight, and many a  
gentle squire.

## XXXIV

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,  
That none she worthy thought to be her fere,  
But scorn'd them all that love unto her went  
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere  
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,  
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright,  
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,  
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,  
And noblest she that served is of noblest  
knight

## XXXV

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwise,  
That such proud looks would make her pray sed  
more,  
And that, the more she did all love despize,  
The more would wretched lovers her adore  
What cared she who sighed for her sore,  
Or who did wawe or watch the weerie night?  
Let them that hat their lucklesse lot deplote,  
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,  
And so would ever live, and love her owne de-  
light

## XXXVI

Through such her stubborne stiffnesse and hard  
Many a wretch for want of remedie [hart,  
Did languish long in life consuming smart,  
And at the last through dreary dolour die  
Whilist she, the Ladie of her libertie,  
Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,  
That with the onely twinkle of her eye  
She could or save or spill whom she would might  
Wh it could the Gods doe more, but doe it more  
aright?

## XXXVII

But loe! tho Gods, that mortall folkes rev,  
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;

And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,  
Did laugh at her that many did deride,  
Whilist she did weepe, of no man mercifide  
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,  
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,  
Unto the which all lovers doe resort,  
That of their loves successe they there may  
make report,

## XXXVIII

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were  
red [sied,  
In which the names of all loves folke were  
That many there were missing, which were ded,  
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,  
Or by some other violence despoiled  
Which when as Cupid heard he vexed wroth,  
And doubting to be wronged or beguiled,  
He brd his eyes to be unblinded both,  
That he might see his men, and muster them  
by oth

## XXXIX

Then found he many missing of his crew,  
Which wont doe suit and service to his might,  
Of whom what was becomen no man knew  
Therefore, a Iurie was unpruned streight  
T' enquire of them, whether by force or slight,  
Or their owne guilt, they were away convey'd?  
To whom foule Infrinie and fell Despight  
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd  
And murtherd cruelly by a rebellious Mayd

## XL

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby  
Of all those crymes she there indicted was  
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by  
In great displeasure wold a Cryas  
Should issue forth t' attach that scornfull  
lasse  
The warrant straight was made, and there-  
withall  
A Baylesse-errant forth in post did passe,  
Whom they by name there Portamore did call,  
He which doth summon lovers to loves judge-  
ment hall

## XLI

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought  
Unto the barre whereus she was arriv'd,  
But she thereto would plead, nor answer ought,  
I ven for stubborne pride which her restrayned  
So judgement past, as is by law ordayned  
In cases like, which when at last she saw,  
Her stubborne hart, which love before dis-  
dained,  
Gan stoupe, and, falling downe with humble  
awe,  
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of Law

## V

The Squire him selfe, when as he saw his Lord  
The witnesse of his wretchednesse in place,  
Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord  
He like a dog was led in captive ease,  
And did his head for bashtinesse abase,  
As loth to see or to be seene at all  
Shame would be hid But whenas Enias  
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,  
His manly minde was much emmoued there-  
withall,

## VI

And to the Prince thus sayd 'See you, Sir  
Knight,  
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,  
Your Lady and her Squire with foule despight  
Abuse, against all reason and all law,  
Without regard of pitty or of awe?  
See, how they doe that Squire beat and revile  
See, how they doe the Lady haile and draw  
But, if ye please to lend me leave awhile,  
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame  
assole'

## VII

The Prince assented, and then he, straight-  
way  
Dismounting light, his sheld about him threw,  
With which appoehing thus he gan to say  
'Abide, ye captive treachetours untrew,  
'That have with treason thrilled into you  
These two, unworthy of your wretched brads,  
And now your crime with cruelty pursue  
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands,  
Or else abide the death that hard before you  
stands'

## VIII

The villaine staid not answer to invent,  
But with his iron club prepring way,  
His mindes sad message backe unto him sent,  
The which de-cended with such dreadfull sway  
'That seemed nought the course thereof could  
stay,

No more then lightening from the lofty sky  
No list the Knight the powre thereof assav,  
Whose doome was death, but, lightly slipping  
by,  
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny

## IX

And, to requite him with the like againe,  
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,  
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with  
paine  
Saved him selfe but that he there him slew,  
Yet say'd not so, but that the blood it drew,  
And gave his foe good hope of victory  
Who therewith flesht upon him set anew,

And with the second stroke thought certainly  
To have supplyde the first, and paid the usury

## X

But Fortune answerd not unto his call,  
For, as his hand was heaved up on high,  
The villaine met him in the middle fall,  
And with his club bet brake his brondy ron  
bright  
So sorely, that with his owne hands might,  
Rebenten backe upon himselfe againe,  
He driven was to ground in selfe despight,  
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,  
He in his necke had set his foote with fell dis-  
claime

## XI

With that the foole, which did thit end awayte,  
Came running in, and, whilst on ground he  
lay,  
Laide heavy hands on him and held so stravyte,  
That downe he kept him with his scornfull  
sway,  
So as he could not weld him any way  
The whiles that other villaine went about  
Him to have bound and thrall without delay,  
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,  
Threatning to voke them two and tame their  
courage stout

## XII

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde  
By strength have overthrowne a stubborne  
steare, [hynde,  
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do  
Till they him force the buyone voke to beare  
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare  
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing  
by,  
He left his lofty steede to vido him neare,  
And, buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly  
Upon that Carle to save his friend from  
jeopardy

## XIII

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate  
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,  
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,  
And with his club him all about so blist,  
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist  
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes a low,  
Now here, now there, and oft him nere he  
mist,  
So doubtfull, that hardly one could know  
Whether more wary were to give or ward the  
blow

## XIV

But yet the Prince so well enured was  
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,

That for his safety he did him constrain  
To give him ground, and shift to every side,  
Rather then once his burden to sustain  
For bootlesse thing him seemed to abide  
So mighty blowes, or prove the painfullness of  
his pride.

## XCIII

I take as a Mithile having at a by  
A salvage Gull, whose cruell hornes doe threaten  
Desperate danger, if he thinke a by  
Trace th his ground, and stand about doth lean,  
To spy where he may some advantage get,  
He whisks the beak doth rise and handleth  
So did the Squire, the whisks the Circle did set  
And smote in his disdaine full round the more,  
And oftentimes by turning int and Mithile,  
swore

## XCIV

Nathlesse so sharply still he him pursued,  
That it was intage him at last he took  
When his teete slept, (that ship he deadly  
rewel)  
And with his iron club to ground him strooke,  
Where still he lay, ne out of swon so awoke,  
Till heavy hand the Circle upon him layd,  
And bound him fast the, when he up did looke

And saw him self captiv'd, he was dismayd,  
No power had to withstand, no hope of any  
ryd

## XCV

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,  
Fed in a rope which both his hands did bind,  
Ne might thatooke for pity did him spare,  
But with his whip, him following behind,  
Him ofte scourg'd, and fast his feet to tread  
A dother-whip's with bitter meases and moves  
He wold him scourge, that to his gentle myrd  
Was much more grevous then the others  
blowes  
Words sharply wound, but greatest griefe of  
scurvyng blowes

## L

The ture Doreen, when she saw him fall  
Took that villaines club, then surely thought  
That blame he was, or made a wretched thrall,  
And fled away with all the speede she might,  
To seek for safety which long times he sought,  
And past through many perils by the way,  
Till she came to the place was brought  
He which discourse as now I must delay,  
Till Mirabellas fortunes I doe further say.

## CANIO VIII

Prince Arthur o creones D'Aalno,  
Quint a Mirabell from dread  
From the end of the world,  
By Calpula is freed

## I

Ye gentle Fader, in whose sovereign power  
I live with the glory of his Kingdome left,  
And th' hearts of men as your eternall dower,  
In iron chains of liberty be left,  
Delivered hith into your hands by gift,  
Be well to me how so the same doe use,  
That pride doe not to turne my list,  
I east, if men you of crueltie accuse,  
He from you take that chaitedome which ye doe  
abuse

## II

And as ye soft and tender are by kinde,  
Adorned with goodly gifts of beauties grace,  
So be ye soft and tender eke in mynde,  
But cruelty and hardness from you chace,  
That all your other praises will decrease,  
And from you turne the love of men to hate  
I nsample take of Mirabellas case,  
Who from the high degree of happy state  
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented  
late

## III

Who after thralldome of the gentle Squire,  
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,  
Was toucht with compassion enter,  
And much lamented his calamity,  
That for her sake fell into misery,  
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threat,  
To hope, nor to release or mollify,  
For he the more that she did them entreat,  
The more they him misused, and cruelly did  
beat

## IV

So as they forward on their way did pass,  
Him still reviling and abusing sore,  
Thy met Prince Arthur with Sir Lmas,  
(That was that courteous knight, whom he  
before  
Having subdew'd yet did to life restore,  
To whom as they approacht, they gave augment  
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,  
Scourging and haling him more vehement,  
As if it them should grieve to see his punishment

## XXIII

'Certes,' (sayd then the Prince) 'the God is  
just,  
That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile,  
For were no law in love, but all that lust  
Might them oppresse, and pamefully turmoile,  
His kingdome would continue but a while  
Bnt tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare  
This bottle thus before you with such toile,  
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,  
That for these Curles to carry much more  
comely were?'

## XXIV

'Here in this bottle' (sayd the sory Mayd)  
'I put the teares of my coudition,  
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd  
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,  
I put repentance for things past and gon  
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,  
That all which I put in fals out anon,  
And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne  
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the  
more I mourn.'

## XXV

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,  
And wondred much at Cupids judg'ment wise,  
That could so meekly make proud hearts  
ayale,  
And wreake him selfe on them that him despise  
Theu suffred he Disdaune up to arise,  
Who was not able up him selfe to reare,  
By meanes his leg, through his late luckelesse  
prise,  
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare  
Was holpen up, who him supported standing  
neare

## XXVI

But being up he lookt againe aloft,  
As if he never had recen'd fall,  
And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,  
As if he would have daunted him withall  
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,  
Downe on his golden teete he often gazed,  
As if such pride the other could apall,  
Who was so far from being ought amazed,  
That he his lookes despised, and his boast  
disprazed.

## XXVII

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,  
Who all this while stood there beside them  
bound,  
Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,  
He from those bands weend him to have un-  
wound,

But when approaching neare he plainly found  
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,  
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,  
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,  
Ne could with seemg satishe his great desire

## XXVIII

Meane-while the Salvage man, when he be-  
held [Knight,  
That huge great foole oppressing th' other  
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he  
held,  
He flew upon him like a greedy hight  
Unto some carrion offered to his sight,  
And, downe him plucking, with his nailes and  
teeth  
Gan him to hale, and teare and scratch, and bite,  
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith  
So sore him scourgeth that the blood downe  
followeth.

## XXIX

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry  
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,  
He would with whipping him have done to  
dye,  
But being checkt he did abstaine streightway,  
And let him rise Then thus the Prince gan  
say  
'Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,  
That if ye list have liberty ye may,  
Unto your selfe I freely leave to chose,  
Whether I shall you leave, or from these vil-  
laines lose'

## XXX

'Ah' nay, Sir Knight,' (said she) 'it may  
not be,  
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill  
This penance, which enjoyned is to me,  
Least unto me betide a greater ill,  
Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will'  
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside,  
But Arthure with the rest went onward still  
On his first quest, in which did him betide  
A great adventure, which did him from them  
devide

## XXXI

But first it filleth me by course to tell  
Of faire Serena, who, as erst you heard,  
When first the gentle Squire at vantage fell  
With those two Curles, fled fast away, afeard  
Of villany to be to her infeild  
So fresh the image of her former dread,  
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,  
That every foote did tremble which did tread,  
And every body two, and two she foure did  
read

That way to them he gave forth right to pas,  
He would endure the daunger of their might,  
But wayt advantage when they downe did  
light

At last the day tve, after long discourse,  
When all his strokes he saw avoided quite,  
Resolved in one t<sup>e</sup> assemble all his force,  
And make one end of him without ruth or re-  
morse.

## XXV

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,  
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre  
Thought sure hve powderd him to powder  
soft,  
Or deepe enboweld in the earth entyre  
But Fortune did not with his will conspire,  
For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,  
The noble childe preventing his desire,  
Under his club with wry boldnesse went,  
And smote him on the knee that never yet was  
bent

## XXVI

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,  
Albe the stroke so strong and pmissant were,  
That stemd a mirble pillour it could bow,  
But all that leg, which did his body beire,  
It crackt throughout, (yet did no bloud ap-  
peare.)

So as it is unable to support  
So huge a burden on such broken gerre,  
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of dunt  
Whence he assaid to rise, but could not for his  
hurt

## XXVII

Eftsoones the Prince to him full numbly stept,  
And least he should recover foote againe,  
His head meant from his shoulders to have  
swept

Which when the Lady saw, she erde imaine,  
'Stay, stay, Sir Knight' for love of God  
abstaine

From that unwares ye wantlesse doe intend,  
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be  
slaine,

For more on him doth then him selfe depend  
My life will by his deare hve lamentable end

## XXVIII

He staide his hand according her desire,  
Yet nathmore him suffred to arise,  
But, still suppressing, gra of her inquire,  
What meaning mote those mouth words  
comprize,  
That in that villaines health her safety lies,  
That, were no might in man, nor heart in  
Knights,

Which durst her deierd rescue enterprize,  
Yet heavens them selves, that favour steble  
rights,  
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such  
despights

## XXIX

Then bursting forth in teares, which gashed  
fast

Like many water streames, awhile she stayd,  
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,  
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd  
'Nor heavens, nor men, can me, most wretched  
mayd,

Deliver from the doome of my desert,  
Tho which the God of love hath on me layd,  
And dauned to endure this dreffull smart,  
For penance of my proud and hard rebellous  
hart

## XXX

'In prime of youthly yeares, when first the  
flown

Of beauty gun to bud, and bloosme delight,  
And Nature me endu'd with plantous dowre  
Ot all her gifts, that pleside each living sight,  
I was below d of many a gentle Knight,  
And sude and sought with all the service dew  
full in my one for me deepe ground and  
sight,

And to the dore of death for sorrow draw,  
Complying out on me that would not on  
them rev

## XXXI

'But let them love that list, or live or die,  
Me list not die for any lovers dole,  
Ne list me leave my loved libertie

To putty him that list to play the foole,  
To love my selfe I learned had in schoole  
Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,  
And, sitting carelesse on the scorniers stooles,  
Did laugh at those that did lument and  
plume,

But all is now repayd with interest againe

## XXXII

'For loe! the winged God that wondrous  
harts

Cause me be called to account therefore,  
And for reengement of those wrongfull  
smarts,

Which I to others did inflict afore,  
Addreend me to endure this penance sore,  
That in this wise and this unmeet array,  
With these two leud companions, and no more,  
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world  
should stry,

Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay'



And of the pray each one a part doth beare  
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes  
The goodly treasures of nature appeare  
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,  
Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest  
envy es —

## XLII

Her yorne neck, her alabaster brest,  
Her paps, which like whitesilken pillowes were  
For love in soft delight thereon to rest;  
Her tender sides, her bellie white and clere,  
Which like an Altar did itselfe upreare  
To offer sacrifice divine thereon,  
Her goodly tighes whose glorie did appeare  
Like a triumphal Arch, and thereupon  
The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were in  
battel won

## XLIII

Those dautie parts, the dearlings of delight,  
Which mote not be prophand of common  
eyes,  
Those villains view'd with loose lascivious sight,  
And closely tempted with their craftie spves,  
And some of them gan mongst themselves  
devize

Thereof by force to take their berstly pleasure  
But them the Priest rebuking did advize  
To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure  
Vow'd to the gods religion held even theeves  
in measure.

## XLIV

So, being stay'd, they her from thence directed  
Unto a litle grove not furre asyde,  
In which an altar shortly they erected  
To stay her on And now the Eventyde  
His brode black wings had through the heavens  
wyde

By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned  
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde  
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they savned,  
And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh  
hand obtayned

## XLV

Tho, when as all things readie were aright,  
The Damzell was before the altar set,  
Being already dead with fearefull fright  
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net  
Approching nigh, and murderous knife well  
whet

Can mutter close a certaine secret charme,  
With other divish ceremonies met  
Which doen, he gan aloud advaunce his arme  
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud  
alarme.

## XLVI

Then gan the bagpipes and the hornes to  
shrill  
And shriek aloud, that, with the peoples  
Contused, did the ayre with terror fill,  
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce  
The whyles she wayld, the more they did  
rejoyce

Now mote ye understand that to this grove  
Sir Calepine, by chauce more then by choyce,  
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,  
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did  
rove

## XLVII

Long had he sought her, and through many  
a soyle  
Had travelld still on foot in heavie armes,  
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,  
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes  
And now all weetelesse of the wretched stormes,  
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast,  
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,  
He lightly started up like one aghast,  
And, catching up his arms, streight to the  
noise forth past

## XLVIII

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,  
And, by the twinkling of their sacred fire,  
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight  
Of all which there was doing in that quire.  
Mongst whom a woman spoild of all attire  
He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,  
And groning sore from grieved hart entire  
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife  
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved  
life.

## XLIX

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng  
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,  
He him preventing layes on earth along,  
And sacrificeth to th' infernall scends  
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,  
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,  
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he  
sends

The rest, that scape his sword and deatheschew,  
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons  
view

## L

From them returning to that Ladie Lacke,  
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting, and  
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lucke  
Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind,  
He first her hands becometh to unbind,  
And then to question of her present woe  
And afterwards to cheare with speeches lowd,

## XXXVI

Through hils and dales, through bushes and  
through breres  
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought  
Her selfe now past the perill of her feires  
Then looking round about, and seeing nought  
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,  
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine,  
And, sitting downe, her selfe while bethought  
Of her long travell and turmoyleing paine,  
And often did of love, and oft of sheke complaine

## XXXVII

And evermore she blamed Calpine,  
The good Sir Calpine, her owne true Knight,  
As th' onely author of her wofull time,  
For being of his love to her so light,  
As her to leave in such a pitcon's plight  
Yet never Turtle truer to his make,  
Then he was true unto his Lady bright,  
Who all this while endured for her sake  
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did  
take

## XXXVIII

Tho when as all her plants she had displayd,  
And well disburdened her engriev'd breast,  
Upon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd,  
Where, being tyde with travell, and opprest  
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest  
There in hilest in Morpheus bosomes safe helly,  
Feeblesse of ought that mote her peace molest,  
False Fortune did her safety betray  
Unto a strange mischaunce that menaced her  
decay

## XXXIX

In these wilde deserts where she now abode,  
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live  
Of stealth and spoile, and making mightily rode  
Into their neighbours borders, ne did give  
Them selves to any trade, (as for to drive  
The pryncessfull plough, or cattell for to breed,  
Or by adventrous marchandize to thrive)  
But on the labours of poore men to feed,  
And serve their owne necessities with others  
need

## XL

Thereto they use one most accursed order,  
To eate the flesh of men whom they mote fynde,  
And straungers to devour, which on their  
border  
Were brought by error or by wrecchfull wande,  
A monstious cruelty gainst course of kynde  
They, towards evening wandering every way  
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde  
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,  
Nowdrowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse  
lay

## XXXVII

Soone as they spide her, Lord! what gladfull  
glee  
They made amongst them selves, but when  
her face  
Like the faire yory shining they did see,  
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace  
For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace  
Then gan they to devise what course to take,  
Whether to slay her there upon the place,  
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,  
And then her eate at once, or many meales to  
make

## XXXVIII

The best advizement was, of bad, to let her  
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment,  
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill  
better  
Then when she wakt they all gave one consent  
That, since by grace of God she there was sent,  
Unto their God they would her sacrifice,  
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud, they would  
present,  
But of her dauntly flesh they did devise  
To make a common feast, and feed with gur-  
mandize.

## XXXIX

So round about her they them selves did place  
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose space  
As each thought best to spend the lying  
Some with their eyes the damtest morsels chose,  
Some praise her paps, some praise her hips and  
nose,  
Some whet their knives, and strip their elboes  
bare  
The Priest him selfe a garland doth compose  
Of finest flowers, and with full busie care  
His bloudy vessels wash, and holy fire prepare

## XL

The Damzell wakes, then all at once upstart,  
And round about her flooke, like many shies,  
Whooping and hallowing on every part,  
As if they would have rent the brassen skies  
Which when she sees with ghastly griefull eyes,  
Her heart does quake, and deadly palld her  
Benumbes her cheekes Then out aloud she  
cries,  
Where none is nigh to heare that will her rewe,  
And rends her golden locks, and snowy breasts  
emblew

## XLI

But all bootes not, they hands upon her lay,  
And first they spoile her of her jewells deere,  
And afterwards of all her rich array,  
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,

## VIII

Upon a hille lilloeke she was placed  
Higher then all the rest, and round about  
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,  
Of lovely lasses, and them all without  
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,  
The which did pye and sug her prayes dew,  
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,  
As it some miracle of heavenly hew  
Were downe to them descended in that earthly  
iew

## IX

And soothly sure she was full fyre of face,  
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,  
Which she did more augment with modest  
grace

And comely eunage of her count'nance trim,  
That all the rest like lesse laups did dim  
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,  
Did for their soveraine goddesses her esteeme,  
And, caroling her name both day and night,  
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight

## X

Ne was there heard, no was there shepherds  
swayne,  
But her did honour, and eke in wy a one  
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing  
payne  
Full in wy a night for her did sigh and groune  
But most of all the shepheard Coridon  
For her did l'ingush, and his deere hfe spend,  
Yet neither she for him nor other none  
Did care a whit, ne any liking had  
Though meant her lot, yet higher did her  
mound ascend

## XI

Her whyles Sir Calidore there viewed well,  
And markt her rare demeanure, which him  
seemed  
So farr the meane of shepherds to excell,  
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed  
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,  
He was unware surpris in subtil bands  
Of the blynd boy, ne thence coulde be redeemed  
By any skill out of his cruell hands,  
Caught like the bird which gazing still on  
others stands.

## XII

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,  
Ne any will had thence to move away,  
Although his quest were farr afor him gon  
But after he had sed, yet did he stay  
And sate there still untill the flying day  
Was farr forth spent, discoursing diversly  
Of sundry things as fell, to worke delay,

And ever more his speech he did apply  
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels  
fantazy

## XIII

By this the moyste night appocheing fast  
Her dewy humour gan on th' earth to shed,  
That warn'd the shepherds to their homes to  
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed, [hast  
for feare of wetting them before thair bed.  
Then came to them a good old aged syre,  
Whose silver loekes bedeckt his beard and hed,  
With shepherds looke in hand, and fit attyre,  
That wold the damzell rise, the day did now  
eapyre

## XIV

He was, to weet, by common voice esteemed  
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,  
And of her selfe in vry deede so deemed,  
Yet was not so, but, as old stories tell,  
Found her by fortune, which to him lesell,  
In th' open fields an Infant left alone,  
And, taking up, brought home and noursed well  
As his owne chylde, for other he had none,  
That she in tract of tyme accompted was his  
owne

## XV

She at his bidding meekely did arise,  
And streight unto her litle floske did fare  
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,  
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care  
Gathered together, and them homeward bare  
Whylest everie one with helping hands did  
strive, [share,  
Amongst themselves, and did their labours  
To helpe fairo Pastorell home to drive  
Her fleecy floske, but Coridon most helpe did  
give

## XVI

But Melibee (so hight thit good old man)  
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,  
And night arrivd hard at hand, began  
Him to invite unto his simple home,  
Which though it were a cottige clad with lome,  
And all things therein meane, yet better so  
To lodge then in the salvage fields to come  
The knight full gladly soonie agreed thereto,  
(Being his harts owne wish,) and home with  
him did go

## XVII

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre  
And of his aged Beldame homely well,  
Who him besought himselfe to disattire,  
And rest himselfe till supper tyme befell,  
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,  
After her floske she in thier told had tyde  
And supper readie dight they to it fell

But she, for nought that he could say or doe,  
One word durst not take, or answer him availing  
thureto

II

So inward shune of her uncomely case  
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,

That though the night did cover her disgrace,  
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood  
Would not betray the state in which she stood  
So all that night to him unknown she past,  
But day, that doth discover bad and good,  
Enswearing, made her knowne to him at last  
The end wherof He keeps untill another east.

## CANIO IX

Calidore hest with Melibee,  
And loveth byre Pastorell  
Coridon envied him yet he  
For ill revails him well

I

Now turne againe my tunic, thou jolly swaine,  
Hicke to the furrow which I lately left  
I lately left a furrow one or twayne,  
Unplough'd, the which my coultter hath not  
left.

Yet seem'd the soyle both fyre and frute full left,  
As I it past that were too great a shrome,  
That so rich frute should be from us bereft,  
Besides the great dishonour and defame,  
Which should befall to Calidore's immortal  
name

II

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore  
And toyle endured, such I left him last  
Sewing the Blisfull Beast, which I forbore  
To finish then, for other present hast  
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,  
Through hills, through dales, through forests,  
and through plumes

In that same quest which fortune on him cast,  
Which he achieved to his owne great graces,  
Reaping eternall glorie of his restles paines

III

So shurly he the Monster did pursue,  
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,  
Ne rested he himself, but natures dew,  
For dread or danger not to be redrest,  
If he for slouth forslack't so famous quest.  
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,  
And from the citties to the townes him prest  
And from the townes into the countrey forced,  
And from the countrey back to private farmes  
he scored

IV

From thence into the open fields he fled,  
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their  
neat, [fed]  
And shepherds singing to their flocks (that  
Layes of sweete love and youthes delightfull  
hent

Him thither eke, for all his wearfull travell,  
He followed fast, and chaced him so ne,  
That to the fold, where sheepe at night doe  
rest,  
And to the litle cots, where shepherds he  
In winter, wearfull time, he forced him to the.

V

There on a day, as he pursue'd the chace,  
He chanc'd to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,  
Playing on pipes and caroling spruce,  
The whyles their beasts there in the budded  
broomes

Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes,  
For other worldly wealth they cared nought,  
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating com'd,  
And them to tell him courteously brought,  
If such a beast they saw, which he had thither  
brought

VI

They answer'd him that no such beast they  
Nor my wicked hand that mote offend saw  
Their happie flocke nor danger to them drew,  
But if that such there were (as now they kend)  
They prayd high God them fure from them to  
send

Then one of them, him seeming so to sweat,  
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,  
Offer'd him drinke to quench his thirstie heat,  
And, if he hungry were, him offer'd eke to eat

VII

The knight was nothing mee, where was no  
need,

And took their gentle offer so adowne  
They prayd him sit, and gave him sor to feed  
Such homely what serves the simple clowne,  
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.  
Thus having fed his ill, he then best do  
Saw a faire damzell, which did wear a crowne  
Of sundry floures with silken ribbands tyde  
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands  
had dyde

## XXVII

Yet to ocession meanes to worke his mind,  
And to insuinate his harts desire,  
He thus replyle 'Now surely, syre, I find,  
That all this worlds gray shoves, which we  
admire,  
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre  
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,  
Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wiackfull yre  
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread  
The mightie ones, affrayd of every channages  
dread

## XXVIII

'That even I, which daily doe behold  
The glorie of the great mongst whom I won,  
And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold  
In this small plot of your dominion,  
Now loath great Lordship and ambition,  
And wish th' heavens so much had graced mee,  
As grantt me live in like condition,  
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee  
From pitch of higher place unto this low de-  
gree'

## XXIX

'In vaine' (said then old Meliboe) 'doe men  
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse,  
Sith they know best what is the best for them,  
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,  
As they doe know each evn most aptly use  
For not that which men covet most is best,  
Nor that thing worst which men do most re-  
but fittest is, that all contented rest [fuse,  
With that they hold each hath his fortune in  
his brest

## XXX

'It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,  
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore,  
For some, that hath abundanee at his will,  
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,  
And other, that hath litle, asks no more,  
But in that litle is both rich and wise,  
For wisdom is most riches fooles therefore  
They are which fortunes doe by voves devize,  
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize'

## XXXI

'Since then in each mans self' (said Calidore)  
'It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,  
Give leave awhyle, good father, in this shore  
To rest my bareke, which hath bene beaten late  
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate  
In seas of troubles and of taylesome paine,  
That, whether quite from them for to retrate  
I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,  
I may here with your selfe some small repose  
obtaine

## XXXII

'Not that the burden of so bold a gnest  
Shall chargefull be, or change to you at all,  
For your menne food shall be my daily feast,  
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall  
Besides, for recompence hereof I shall  
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,  
That may perhaps you better much withall,  
And in this quiet make you safer live'  
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him  
it drive

## XXXIII

But the good man, nought tempted with the  
offer  
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,  
And thus bespake 'Sir knight, your boun-  
teous proffer  
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display  
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,  
That mote empaire my peace with dunnagers  
But, if ye algates covet to assay [dread,  
This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,  
Be it your owne our rudenesse to your selfe  
aread'

## XXXIV

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,  
And long while after, whilst him list remane,  
Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,  
And feeling on the bat of his owne bane  
During which time he did her entertaine  
With all kind courtesies he could invent,  
And every day, her comname to gaine,  
When to the held she went he with her went  
So for to quench his fire he did it more aug-  
ment.

## XXXV

But she that never had acquainted beene  
With such quaint usage, fit for Queenes and  
Kings,  
Ne ever had such knightly service seene,  
But, being bred under brise shepherds wings,  
Had ever learm'd to love the lonely things,  
Did litle what regard his courteous guise,  
But crred more for Colus carolings  
Then all that he could doe, or ever devize  
His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them  
all despuze

## XXXVI

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best  
To change the manner of his losfe looke,  
And doffing his bright aimes himselfe addrest  
In shepherds weed, and in his hand he tooke,  
Instead of Steele-head speare, a shepherds  
hooke, [thought  
That who had seene him then, would have be-  
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus booke,

With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,  
The which doth little crave contented to abyde

## XXIII

Tho when they had their hunger slack'd well,  
And the faine maid the table takne away,  
The gentle knight, as he that did excell  
In courtesie and well could doe and say,  
For so great kindnesse as he found that day  
Can greatly thanke his host and his good wife  
And drawing thence his speech another way,  
Can highly to commend the happie life  
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or  
bitter strife

## XXIV

How much (sayd he) 'more happie is the  
state  
In which ye, fithr here doe dwell at ease,  
Leading a life so free and fortunate  
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,  
Which tesse the rest in dangerous disease,  
Where warres, and wrackes, and wicked en-  
mities  
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease  
That certes I your happinesse crave,  
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie

## XXV

Surly my sonne, (then answerd he agayne)  
If happie then it is in this intent,  
That living small yet doe I not complaine  
Of want, nor wish for more to augment,  
But doe my selfe with that I have content,  
So taught of nature, which doth little need  
Of forreine helpe, to life due nourishment  
The fields my toole, my flocke my rayment  
breed,  
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

## XXVI

Therefore I doe not any one envy,  
Nor am envye of any one therefore  
They, that have much, feare much to lose  
thereby,  
And store of cares doth tollow riches store  
The hile that I live grows daily more  
Without my care, but onely to attend it,  
My lambes doe every yeare increase their store,  
And my flockes rather daily doth amound it  
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that  
doth send it

## XXVII

To them that list the worlds gay shewes I  
leave,  
And to great ones such follies doe forgive  
Which oft through pride do their owne perill  
weave,  
And through ambition downe themselves doe

To sad decay, that might contented live.  
Me no such cares nor combrons thoughts  
offend,

Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve,  
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,  
And all the day to what I list I doe attend

## XXVIII

' Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe  
Unto my Lambes, and him dislodg away,  
Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe  
Or from the Goat her hidde, how to convey  
Another while I baytes and nets display  
The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle,  
And when I wane am, I downe doe lay  
My lumbes in every shade to rest from toyle,  
And drinke of every brooke when thirst my  
throate doth boyle.

## XXIX

' The time was once in my first prime of yeares,  
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,  
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares  
To follow sheepe and shepheards base attire  
For further fortune than I would inquire;  
And leaving home to roall court I sought,  
Where I did sell my selfe for vearly hire,  
And in the Princes garden daily wrought  
Then I beheld such vanities as I never  
thought.

## XXX

With slight whereof soonc djoyd, and long  
deluded  
With idl hopes which them doe entertaine,  
After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded  
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,  
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,  
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then  
appeare  
Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe,  
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more  
deare  
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here

## XXXI

Whylest thus he talkt the knight with greedy  
eare  
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent.  
Whose sensefull words emptierst his hart so  
neare.  
That he was rapt with double ravishment,  
Both of his speech, that wrought him great  
content,  
And also of the object of his view,  
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;  
That twist his pleasing tongue, and her furr  
hen,  
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entranced

Which having got, he used without crime  
Or blamefull blot, but menaged so well,  
That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,  
Was favoured and to her grace commended

But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,  
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,  
Shall more conveniently in other place be  
ended

## CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce  
To Collins melody,  
The whiles his Pastorell is led  
Into captivity

## I

Who now does follow the soule Blatant  
Beast,  
Whilset Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,  
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheast  
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,  
That he should never le iue, nor be del iyd  
From chasing him, till he had it attchieved ?  
But now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,  
He mndeth more how he may be relieved  
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath  
sore engriued

## II

That from henceforth he meanes no more to  
sew  
His former quest, so full of toile and paine  
Another quest, another game in vew  
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaîne,  
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,  
And set his rest amongst the rustiecke sort,  
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine  
Of courtly favour, fed with light report  
Of every blaste, and sayling alwaies in the  
port.

## III

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be  
From so high step to stoupe unto so low,  
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)  
The happy peace which there doth overflow,  
And provid' the perfect pleasures which doe  
grow [dales,  
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in  
Would never more delight in painted show  
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales  
To unwary fooles in their eternall  
bales

## IV

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze  
like to one sight which Calidore did vew ?  
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eyes would  
daze,  
That never more they should endure the shew

Of that sunne-shine that makes them looke  
askev  
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,  
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,  
To which what can compare ?) euen it compare,  
The which, as cometh now by comise, I will  
declare

## V

One day, as he did rounge the fields abroad,  
Whilset his fure Pastorella was elsewhere,  
He chaunst to come, far from all people trod,  
Unto a place whose pleasance did appere  
To passe all others on the earth which were  
For all that ever was by natures skill  
Devized to worke delight was gathered there,  
And there by her were poured forth at fill,  
As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did fill

## VI

It was an hill plasto in an open plaine,  
That round about was bordered with a wood  
Of matchlesse light, that seem'd th' earth to  
disdaime,  
In which all trees of honour stately stood,  
And did all winter as in sommer bud,  
Spredde pavilions for the birds to bowre,  
Which in their lower branched sung aloud,  
And in their tops the spring hauke did towre,  
Sitting like King of fowles in majesty and  
powre

## VII

And at the foote thereof a gentle fild  
His siler waves did softly tumblo downe,  
Unmarid with ragged mosse or filthy mud,  
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder  
elowne,  
Thereto approach, ne filth moto therein drowne  
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did  
sit [croune,  
In the woods shade which did the waters  
Keeping all noysome things away from it,  
And to the waters fall tuning their accents  
fit

When he the love of fayre Oenone sought,  
Whnt time the golden apple was unto him  
brought

XXXII

So being elad unto the fields he went  
With the faire Pastorella every day,  
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,  
Watching to drive the ravenous Wolke away,  
The whyldest at pleasure she mote sport and  
play,

And every evening helping them to fold  
And otherwhyles, for need, he did assay  
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,  
And out of them to presse the milke love so  
much could

XXXIII

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise  
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to  
game,

He much was troubled at that straungers guise,  
And many ge'ous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,  
That this of all his labour and long paine  
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened vaine  
That made him seoule, and pout, and oft com-  
plaine

Of Pastorell to all the shepherds there,  
That she did love a stranger swayer then him  
more dere

XXXIV

And ever, when he came in companie  
Where Calidore was present, he would loure  
And byte his lip and even for gerlousie  
Was ready oft his owne heart to devoure,  
Imprudent of any par amour  
Who, on the other side, did seeme so farre  
From malicing or grudgung his good houre,  
That all he could he graced him with her,  
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of jurre

XL

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought  
Of litle sparrows stolen from their nest,  
Or wanton squirrels in the woods fire sought,  
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,  
He would commend his gift, and make the  
Yet she no whit his presents did regard, [best,  
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest  
This new-come shepheard had his market mard  
Old love is litle worth when new is more  
prefard

XLI

One day, when as the shepheard swaynes  
Were met to make their sports and merrie [glee,  
As they are wont in faire sunshyne weather,  
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded  
bee,

They fell to daunce then did they all agree  
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit,  
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee  
That most in Pastorells grace did sit  
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closelv  
bit

XLII

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,  
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,  
That he should lead the daunce, as was his  
fashion,  
For Coridon could dannee, and trimly trace  
And when as Pastorella, him to grace,  
Her floury garland tooke from her owne head,  
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,  
And did it put on Coridons instead  
Then Coridon wore frolicke, that earst seemed  
dead

XLIII

Another time, when as they did dispose  
To practise games and masteries to try,  
Then for their Judge did Pastorella chose,  
A girl and was the meed of victory  
There Coridon forth stepping openly  
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game,  
For he, through long and perfect industry,  
Therein well practis'd was, and in the same  
Thought sure t'avenge his gudge, and worke  
his foe great blame

XLIV

But Calidore he greatly did mistake,  
For he was strong and mightily stiff-pight,  
That with one fall his necke he almost brake,  
And had he not upon him fallen light,  
His dearest joynt he sure had broken quight  
Then was the orken crowne by Pastorell  
Given to Calidore as his due right,  
But he, that did in courtesie excell,  
Gave it to Coridon, and to her wonne it well

XLV

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abear  
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,  
That even they, the which his rivals were,  
Could not maligne him, but commend him  
needs,  
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds  
Good will and favour So it surely wrought  
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the  
seeds

Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought  
The fruite of joy and blisse, though long time  
dearly bought

XLVI

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time  
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell,



And standing long astonish'd in spright  
And iapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to  
weene,

Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,  
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted show,  
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene  
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,  
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did  
go

## XVIII

But, soone as he appeared to their view,  
They vnsht all away out of his sight, [knew  
And cleane were gone, which way he never  
All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight  
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,  
And made great mone for that unhappy turne  
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight  
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,  
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him  
mote learne

## XIX

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake  
"Hail, jolly shepheard, which thy joyous  
dayes

Here ledest in this goodly merry-make,  
frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,  
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely  
layes"

Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,  
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant  
playes?

Right happy thou that mayst them freely see!  
But why, when I them saw, fled they away  
from me?"

## XX

"Not I so happy," answerd then that swaine,  
"As thou unhappy, which them thence didst  
chaace,

Whom by no means thou canst recall againe,  
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,  
But whom they of them selves list so to grace"  
"Right sory I," (saide then Sir Calidore)

"That my ill fortune did them hence displace,  
But since things passed none may now restore,  
Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thee  
grieues so sore?"

## XXI

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate  
"Then wote, thou shepheard, whatsoever thou  
bee,

That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,  
Are Venus Damzels, all within her fee,  
But differing in honour and degree  
They all are Graces which on her depend,  
Besides a thousand more which ready bee

Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend  
But those three in the midst doe chiefe on her  
attend

## XXII

"They are the daughters of sky-ruling Iove,  
By him begot of faire Eury nomie,  
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,  
As he, this way comming from feastfull glee  
Of Thetis wedding with Æacidee,  
In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary  
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,  
Next faire Aglaur, last Thalia merry,  
Sweete Goddesses all three, which me in mirth  
do cherry"

## XXIII

"These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,  
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,  
To make them lovely or well-favoured show,  
As comely earringe, entertainment kynde,  
Sweete semblant, friendly offices that bynde,  
And all the complements of courtesie  
They teach us how to each degree and kynde  
We should our selves demean, to low, to hie,  
To friends, to foes, which skill men call Civility

## XXIV

"Therefore they alwayes smoothly seeme to  
smile,

That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,  
And also naked are, that without guile  
Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,  
Simple and true, from covert malice free,  
And eke them selves so in their daunce they  
bore,

That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,  
But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore,  
That good should from us goe, then come, in  
greater store

## XXV

"Such were those Goddesses which ye did see,  
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them  
trailed,

Who can read what creature mote she bee,  
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced  
With heavenly gifts from heaven first encreed?  
But what so sure she was, she worthy was  
To be the fourth with those three other placed  
Yet was she certes but a cuntry lasse,  
Yet she all other cuntry lasses farre did  
passe

## XXVI

"So farre, as doth the daughter of the day  
All other lesser lights in light excell,  
So farre doth she in beauty full array  
Above all other lasses beare the bell,

## VIII

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine  
Did spread it selfe, to serve to all delight,  
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would  
tame,

Or else to course about their bases light,  
Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure  
Desired be, or thence to banish byle, [might  
So pleasantly the hill with equall light  
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale,  
Therefore it rightly cleped was mount Acutale

## IX

They say that Venus, when she did dispose  
Her selfe to pleasurée, used to resort  
Unto this place, and therein to repose  
And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,  
Or with the Graces there to play and sport,  
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it  
She used most to keepe her royal court,  
And in her soveraine Majesty to sit,  
She in regard hereof refused and thought  
unfit

## X

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight  
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound  
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on light,  
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow  
ground, [bound  
That through the woods their Echo did re  
He nigher drew to weete what mote it be  
There he a troupe of Ladies druning found  
Full merrily, and in king gladdfull glee,  
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did  
see

## XI

He durst not enter into th' open Greene,  
For dread of them unware to be descryde  
For breaking of their daunce, if he were scene,  
But in the covert of the wood did he  
Beholding all, yet of them unespide  
There he did see that pleased much his sight,  
That even he him selfe his eyes envide,  
An hundred naked in idens hilly white  
All ranged in a ring and dauncing in delight

## XII

All they without were ranged in a ring,  
And daunced round, but in the midst of them  
Three other Ladies did both dauce and sing,  
The whilst the rest them round about did  
hemme,  
And like a girlond did in compasse steeme  
And in the midst of those same three was  
placed  
Another Damzell, as a precious gemmo

Amidst a ring most richly well enehaced,  
That with her goodly presence all the rest  
much graced

## XIII

Looke! how the crowne, which Ariadne wore  
Upon her yvory forehead, that same day  
That Theseus her unto his bridle bore, [saw  
When the bold Centaures made that bloody  
With the herce Laphthes which did them dis-  
Being now placed in the firmament, [saw,  
Through the bright heaven dath her beam-  
di-play,  
And is unto the starres an ornament, [lent.  
Which round about her move in order exceed-

## XIV

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,  
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell,  
But she that in the midst of them did stand  
Seemed all the rest in beauty to excell,  
Crowned with a rosie girlond that right well  
Did her beseme And ever, as the crew  
About her must, sweet flowres that far did  
smell  
And fragrant odours they upon her threw,  
But most of all those three did her with gifts  
endow

## XV

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,  
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to  
haunt  
Upon this hill, and dauce there day and  
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,  
And all that Venus in her selfe doth want  
Is borrowd of them But that faire one,  
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,  
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,  
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none

## XVI

She was, to weete, that jolly Shepherds  
lasse,  
Which piped there on that merry rout,  
That jolly shepheard, which there piped, was  
Poore Colin Clout, (who knowes not Colin  
Clout?)

He pypt apace, whilst they him daunst about  
Pype, jolly shepheard, pipe thou now apace  
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout  
Thy love is present there with thee in place,  
Thy love is there advaunst to be another  
Grace

## XVII

Much wondred Childre at this straunge  
sight,  
Whose like before his eye had never seeno,

With which so sternely he the monster strooke,  
That to the ground astonished he fell,  
Whence, ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,  
And, hewing off his head he it presented  
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell,  
Who, scarcely yet from former ferre exempted,  
A thousand times him thank't that had her  
death prevented

## XXXII

From that day forth she gan him to affect,  
And daily more her favour to augment,  
But Coridon for cowherdize rejeet,  
Fit to keepe sheepe, unft for loves content  
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.  
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,  
But usde him friendly for further intent,  
That by his fellowship he colour might  
Both his estate and love from skil of any wight

## XXXVIII

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought  
her,  
With humble service, and with daily sute,  
That at the last unto his will he brought her,  
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,  
That of his love he reapt the timely fruite,  
And joyed long in close felicity, [brute,  
Till fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and  
That envies lovers long prosperity,  
Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity

## XXXIX

It fortuned one day when Calidore  
Was hunting in the woods, (as was his trade)  
A lawlesse people, Brigants light of vore,  
That never use to live by plough nor spade,  
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made  
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them  
border  
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,  
And spoyld their houses and them selves did  
murder,  
And drove away their flocks, with other much  
disorder

## XI

Amongst the rest, the which they then did  
They spoyld old Melibee of all he had, [pry,  
And all his people captive led away, [lad,  
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was  
Faie Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,  
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight,  
Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants  
bad,

Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight  
That ever liv'd and th' only glory of his  
might.

## XLI

With them also was taken Coridon,  
And carried captive by those theeves away,  
Who in the covert of the night, that none  
Mote them descry, nor rescue from their pray,  
Unto their dwelling did them close convey  
Their dwelling in a little Island was, [way  
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no  
Appeard for people in nor out to pas,  
Nor any footing fynde for overgrown gras.

## XLII

For underneath the ground their way was  
made [cover  
Through hollow caves, that no man mote dis-  
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwayes  
shade  
From view of living wight and covered over,  
But darkenesse dreid and dailie night did hover  
Through all the inner parts, wherein they  
dwelt,  
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,  
But with continuall candle-light, which delt  
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene  
as felt.

## XLIII

Hither those Brigants brought their present  
pray, [ward,  
And kept them with continuall witch and  
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,  
For slaves to sell them for no small reward  
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage  
hard,  
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell  
Into this place was brought, and kept with  
gard  
Of griesly theeves she thought her self in hell,  
Where with such damned fiends she should in  
darknesse dwell

## XLIV

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment  
And pitifull complaints which there she made,  
Where day and night she nought did but l-  
ment  
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,  
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade  
Like to a flowre that feelles no heate of sunne,  
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort  
glade—  
And what befell her in that theerish wonne,  
Will in another Canto better be begonne

Ne lesse in vertue th it besemes her will  
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,  
For which the Graces that here want to dwell,  
Hive for more honor brought her to this place,  
And graced her so much to be another Grace

## XXXII

'Another Grace she well deserves to be,  
In whom so many Graces gathered are,  
Excelling much the meane of her degree,  
Divine resemblance, beauty so craine rare,  
Firme Christity, that spight no wicked dare  
All which she with such courtesie doth grice,  
That all her peers cannot with her compare,  
But quite are dummed when she is in place  
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe againe

## XXXIII

'Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,  
That all the earth dost lightn with thy rayes,  
Great Gloriana, greatest Majesty  
Pardon thy shepherde, mongst so many Layes  
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,  
To make one minime of thy poore handwryd,  
And underneath thy fete to place her prayse,  
That with thy glory shall be farre displayd  
To future age of her this mention may be made

## XXXIV

When thus that shepherde ended had his  
speech,  
Said Calidore 'Now sure it vrketh mee,  
That to thy blame I made this lucklesse breach,  
As now the author of thy hyle to be, [tho  
Thus to bereave thy loves deare sight from  
But, gentle Shepherde pardon thou my shame,  
Who rashly sought th it which I motenot see  
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his  
blame, [frame  
And to recomtort him all comely meanes did

## XXXV

In such discourse they together spent  
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led,  
With which the Knight him selfe did much  
content,  
And with delight his greedy fancy fed  
Both of his words, which he with reason red,  
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare  
With such regard his senses ravished,  
That thence he had no will away to fere,  
But wisht that with that shepherde he mote  
dwelling share

## XXXVI

But that envenim stong, the which of yore  
His poysonous point deepe fixed in his hart

Had left, now gan afresh to ruele sore,  
And to runne the rigour of his surer,  
Which to cure no skill of I chiches art  
Mote him avale, but to returne againe  
To his wounds worke, th it with lovely dart  
Dinting his brest had breid his restlesse paine  
Like as the wounded Whale to shore thies from  
the mine

## XXXVII

So, taking leave of that same gentle Swaine,  
He bid e returned to his rusticke wounne,  
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine  
To whom in sort as he at first begonne,  
He duly did apply him selfe to dwne  
All shewfull service vnde of thoughts impure,  
Ne any pannes in perill did he shonne,  
By which he might her to his love allure,  
And liking in her yet untruned heart procure

## XXXVIII

And evermore the shepherde Coridon,  
What ever thing he did her to aggrat,  
Did strive to inrich with strong contention,  
And all his pannes did closely emulife,  
Whether it were to caroll, as they ate  
Keeping their sheepe, or tunes to exercise,  
Or to present her with their labours lite,  
Through which if any grave chaunst to arise  
To him, the Shepherde straight with jealousie  
did frize

## XXXIX

One day, as they all three together went  
To the greene wood to gather strawberies,  
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident  
A Tygre forth out of the wood did rise,  
That with fell claws full of trecegourmandize,  
And greatly mouth wide gaping like hell-gate,  
Did runne at Pastorell her to surprize,  
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,  
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late

## XL

Which Coridon first hearing, ran in first  
To rescue her, but when he saw the feend,  
Through cowardly feare he fled away as fast,  
Ne durst abide the danger of the end  
His he he steemed clearer then his friend  
But Calidore soone coming to her ayde,  
When he the best saw ready now to rend  
His loves deare spoile, in which his heart was  
prayed,  
He ran at him enraged, instead of being trayde

## XLI

He had no weapon but his shepherds hooke  
To serve the vengeance of his wrathfull will,

And seeking all things meete for remedy,  
But she resolv'd no remedy to synde,  
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,  
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde  
Her sicknesse was not of the body, but the  
mynde

## IX

During which space that she thus sicke did  
lie, [wound  
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were  
To skim those coastes for bondmen there to  
buy,  
And by such trafficke after grunes to hunt,  
Arrived in this Isle, though bare and blunt,  
To inquire for slaves, where being readie met  
By some of these same thee es at the instant  
brunt,  
Were brought unto their Captaine, who was set  
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull re-  
gret.

## X

To whom they shewed, how those marchants  
were  
Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy;  
And therefore prayd that those same captives  
there  
Mote to them for their most commoditie  
Be sold, and amongst them shared equally  
This their request the Captaine much appalled,  
Yet could he not their just demaund deny,  
And walled straight the slaves should forth be  
called,  
And sold for most advantage, not to be for-  
stalled.

## XI

Then forth the good old Melibee was brought,  
And Coridon with many other moe, [caught,  
Whom they before in diverse spoyle had  
All which he to the marchants sale did howe  
Fill some, which did the sundry prisoners  
knowe,  
Can to inquire for that faire shepherdesse  
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,  
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,  
The more to augment her price through prudence  
of comelinesse

## XII

To whom the Captaine in full angry woe  
Made answer, that the maid of whom they  
spoke  
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize;  
With which none had to doe, we ought partake,  
But he himselfe which did that conquest make  
Little for him to have one silly lasse [weake  
Besides, through sicknesse now so wan and

That nothing meet in merchandise to passe  
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and  
weake she was.

## XIII

The sight of whom, though now decayd and  
mard,  
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,  
Yet, like a Diamond of rich regard,  
In doubtfull shadow of the darke some night  
With starrie beames about her shining bright,  
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,  
That what through wonder, and what through  
delight,  
A while on her they greedily did gaze,  
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly  
praise.

## XIV

At last when all the rest them offred were,  
And prizes to them placed at their pleasure,  
They all refused in regard of her,  
Ne ought would buy, how ever priz'd with  
measure, [sure  
Withouten her, whose worth above all threa-  
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold  
But then the Captaine, fraught with more  
displeasure  
Bad them be still his love should not be sold,  
The rest take it they would, he her to him  
would hold

## XV

Therewith some other of the chiefest theeves  
Boldly him bad such injurie forbear,  
For that same mayd, how ever it him grieves,  
Should with the rest be sold before him  
there,  
To make the prizes of the rest more deare  
That with great rage he stoutly doth deny,  
And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth  
swear  
That who so lardie hand on her doth lay,  
It dearly shall aby, and death for hand-ell  
pay

## XVI

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply,  
They fall to strokes, the frute of too much  
talke.  
And the mad steale about doth fiercely fly,  
Not sparing wight ne leaving any balk,  
But making way for death at large to walke,  
Who in the horror of the grievely night,  
In froward and dreadful shapes doth amongst them  
stalke, [light  
And makes huge havocke, whiles the candle-  
Out quenched leaves no skul nor difference of  
wight.

## CANTO XI.

The Theeves fall out for Pastorell,  
Whilest Mellicce is slaine  
Her Callidore from them rescues,  
And bringeth backe againe

I

The joyes of love, if they should ever last  
Without affliction or disquietnesse  
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them  
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,  
I like to be even then most ill wretchednesse  
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet  
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,  
A thousand sorres hath tempered with one  
sweet, [meete]  
To make it seeme more deere and dainty, is it

II

Like as is now befall to this faire Mayd,  
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song  
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse lay  
Amongst these theeves, which her in bondage  
Delayd yet fortune not with all this wrong  
Contented, greater mischief on her threw  
And sorrowe kept on her in greater throng  
That who so lieths her heaviness, would run  
And putt her end plight, so chingd from  
pleasant hear

III

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens re-  
mayneth,  
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,  
It so befell (as fortune had ordaind)  
That he which was their Capitaine profest,  
And had the chiefe command of all the rest,  
One day, as he did all his prisoners view,  
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,  
Faire Pastorell, whose sad mournfull how  
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did  
shew

IV

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was  
turd,  
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,  
That her alone he for his part desired  
Of all the other pray which they had got,  
And her in mynde did to him selfe allot  
From that day forth he kynnesse to her  
showed, [mote]  
And sought her love by all the meanes he

With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her  
woneth,  
And moved thierits among, and much unto her  
soweth.

V

But all that ever he could doe or say  
His constant mynde could not a whit remove,  
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,  
To graunt him favour or afford him love -  
Yet erst he not to see, and all waies prove,  
By which he mote accomplish his request,  
Saying and doing all that mote behove,  
No day nor night he suffred her to rest,  
But her all night did witch, and all the day  
molest.

VI

At last, when him she so importune saw,  
Feeling lest he at length the raimes would  
lend  
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,  
Sith in his powre he was in foe or friend,  
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend  
Some shew of favour, by him grieving would,  
That she thereby mote euer free be wold,  
Or at more ease continue there, his thrall  
A little well is lent that ganneth more withall

VII

So from thenceforth, when love he to her  
made,  
With better tearmes she did him entertaine,  
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe per-  
swade,  
That he in time her joy mee should obtaine  
But when she saw through that small inours  
game,  
That further then she wlding was he prest,  
She found no meanes to hurre him, but to save  
A sodaine sicknesse which her sore opprest,  
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes  
best

VIII

By meanes whereof she would not him permit  
Once to approach to her in privacy,  
But onely amongst the rest by her to sit,  
Mourning the rigour of her malady,

That more increas'd the anguish of his paine  
He sought the woods, but no man could see  
there [heare]  
He sought the plaines, but could no tidings  
The woods did nought but echoes vaine re-  
bound,  
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare,  
Where went the shepheards oft their pipes  
resound, [he found]  
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one

## XXVII

At last, as there he romed up and downe,  
He chaunst one coming towards him to py,  
That seem'd to be some simple clowne.  
With ragged weede, and lockes upstaring  
As if he did from some late daunger fly, [hye,  
And yet his feare did follow him behynd  
Who as he unto him approached nye,  
He mote perceiue by signes which he did fynd,  
That Coridon it was, the silly shepherds  
hynd

## XXVIII

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay  
To greet him first, but askt where were the  
rest?  
Where Pastorell?—Who full of fresh dismay,  
And gushing forth in teares, was so oppress.  
That he no word could speake, but smit his  
brest,  
And up to heaven his eyes fast-trembling threw  
Whereat the knight amaz'd yet did not rest  
But askt againe, what meant that rufull brow  
Where was his Pastorell? where all the other  
crew?

## XXIX

'Ah, well-away!' (sayd he, then sighing  
sore)  
'That ere I did lye this day to see  
This dismall day, and was not dead before,  
Ere I saw furt Pastorell dye'  
'Die' out alas!' then Calidore did cry,  
'How could the death dare ever her to quell?  
But read thou shepherd, read what destiny  
Or other dysrefull hip from heaven or hell  
Hath wrought this wicked deed doe feare  
away, and tell'

## XXX

Tho, when the Shepherd breathed had a-  
while [menec]  
He thus begun 'Where shall I thin com-  
This wofull tale? or how these Brigants vyle,  
With ernell rage and dreadfull violence,  
Spoyld all our cots and cined us from hence,  
Or how sure Pastorell should have bene sold  
To marchants, but was sav'd with strong de-  
fence,

Or how those theeves, whilst one sought her  
to hold, [and bold]  
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce

## XXXI

'In that same conflict (woe is me) befell  
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,  
Whose heere v tidings now I have to tell.  
First all the captives, which they here had  
hent,  
Were by them slaine by generall consent  
Old Melibee and his good wife withall  
These eyes saw die, and dearly did lament,  
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall,  
Their Captaine long withstood, and did her  
death forstall.

## XXXII

'But what could he gainst all them doe alone?  
It could not boot needs mote she die at last.  
I onely scapt through great confusione  
Of cries and clamors which amongst them past,  
In dreadfull d irknesse dreadfully aghast,  
That better were with them to have bene dead,  
Then here to see all desolate and wast,  
Deprived of those joyes and jolly-head,  
Which with these gentle shepherds here I  
wont to lead'

## XXXIII

When Calidore these ruefull newes had draught,  
His hart quite deadened was with anguish great,  
And all his wits with doole were ough dis-  
trought,  
That he his face, his head, his brest did bent,  
And death it selfe unto himselfe did threat,  
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruell were  
To her, whose name he often did repeat,  
And wishing oft that he were present there  
When she was slaine, or had bene to her  
succour nere

## XXXIV

But after griefe while had had his course,  
And pent it selfe in mourning, he at last  
Began to mitigate his swelling source,  
And in his mind with better reason cast  
How he might save her life, if life did last,  
Or, if that dead, how he her death might  
wreake,  
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past,  
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,  
Then for to die with her, and his lives threat  
to breake.

## XXXV

Tho Coridon he pryd sith he well knew  
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,  
To mend with him, and be his counsell trew  
Unto the place, to see wh it should be donne,

## XXII

Like a sort of hungry dogs, ymet  
About some carcase by the common way,  
Doe fall together, stryving each to get  
The greatest portion of the greedie pray,  
All on confused heapes themselves assay,  
And snatch, and by te, and rend, and tug, and  
teire,  
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,  
And who sees not would be afrayd to heare  
Such was the conflict of those cruell Brigants  
there

## XXIII

But first of all their captives they doe kill,  
Least they should joyne against the weaker  
side,  
Or rise against the remnant at their will  
Old Meliboe is slaine, and him beside  
His aged wife, with many others wide,  
But Cordon, escaping craftily, [hide,  
Creepes forth of dore, whilst darknes him doth  
And flies away as fast as he can hie,  
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe  
dye.

## XXIV

But Pastorella, wofull wretched Elfe,  
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,  
Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,  
His target alwayes over her pretended,  
By means whereof, that mote not be amended,  
He at the length was slaine and layd on  
ground,  
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended  
Fyre Pastorell, who, with the selfe same  
wound  
Launcht through the arme, fell down with him  
in dreerie swoond.

## XXV

There lay she covered with confused preasse  
Of carcases, which dying on her fell [ceasse,  
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan  
And each to other calling did compell  
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,  
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone  
Hereto they all ittonce agreed well,  
And, fighting caudles new, gan search anone,  
How many of their friends were slaine, how  
many fone

## XXVI

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,  
And in his armes the dreary dying maid,  
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds uphid,  
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd  
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd,

Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed  
light  
Seeme much more lovely in that darkness layd,  
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright  
To sparke out little beames, like starres in fog-  
gie night

## XXVII

But when they mov'd the carcases aside,  
They found that life did yet in her remaine  
Then all their helps they busily applyde  
To call the soule backe to her home againe,  
And wrought so well, with labour and long  
That they to life recovered her at last [paine,  
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine  
Had riven bene and all her hart-strings brast,  
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one  
aghast

## XXVIII

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,  
Her father and her friends about her lying,  
Her selfe sole left a second spoyle to bee  
Of those, that, having sved her from dying,  
Renew'd her death by timely death denyng  
What now is left her but to weep and weepe,  
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?  
Ne eared she her wound in teares to steepe,  
Albe with all their might those Brigants her  
did keepe

## XXIX

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,  
They left her so, in charge of one, the best  
Of many worst, who with unkind disdain  
And cruell rigour her did much molest,  
Scarse yielding her due food or timely rest,  
And scarcely suffering her mistred wound,  
That sore her paynd, by any to be drest  
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,  
And turne we backe to Calidore where we him  
found

## XXX

Who when he backe returned from the wood,  
And saw his shepherds cottage spoiled  
quight,  
And his love rest away, he wexed wood  
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight,  
That even his hart, for very fell despight,  
And his owne flesh be readie was to teare  
He chaust, he griev'd, he fretted, and he  
And fared like a furious wylde Beare, [sight,  
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being  
otherwhere

## XXXI

Ne wight he found to whom he might com-  
plaine,  
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire,



Knowing his voice, although not heard long  
 sin,  
 She sudden was revived therewithall,  
 And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall  
 Like him that being long in tempest tost,  
 Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,  
 At length espyes at hand the happie cost,  
 On which he safely hopes that earst feard to  
 be lost.

## XLV

Her gentle hart, that now long season past  
 Had never joyance felt nor chearefull thought,  
 Began some smache of comfort new to tast,  
 Like lyfull heat to nummed senses brought,  
 And life to feele that long for death had sought  
 Ne lesse in hart rejoyced Calidore,  
 When he her found, but, like to one distraught  
 And robd of reason, towards her hum bore,  
 A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand  
 more.

## XLVI

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,  
 The hue and cry was rayased all about,  
 And all the Brigants doclaung in great store  
 Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having  
 dout  
 Of that was doen, and entred in a rout  
 But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,  
 And enterayning them with courage stout,  
 Still slew the foremost that came first to hand  
 So long till all the entry was with bodies mand

## XLVII

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approach,  
 He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day,  
 Which when he spyde upon the earth t'  
 eneroch,  
 Through the dead carcases he made his way,  
 Mongst which he found a sword of better  
 say,  
 With which he forth went into th' open light,  
 Where all the rest for him did readie stay,  
 And, fierce assaying him, with all their might  
 Gan all upon him lay there gan a dreadfull  
 fight.

## XLVIII

How many flies, in whottest sommers day,  
 Do seize upon some beast whose flesh is bare,  
 That all the place with swarmes do overlay,  
 And with their little stugs right felly fare,  
 So many theeves about him swarming are,  
 All which do him assaile on every side,  
 And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare,  
 But he doth with his raging brood divide  
 Their thickest troupes, and round about him  
 scattreth wide

## XLIX

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,  
 Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray,  
 So did he fly amongst them here and there,  
 And all that nero him came did hew and slay,  
 Till he had strowd with bodies all the way,  
 That none his daunger daring to abide  
 Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convey  
 Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,  
 Ne any left that victorie to him envide

## L

Then, backe returning to his dearest deare,  
 He her gan to recomfort all he might  
 With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare,  
 And forth her brangung to the joyous light,  
 Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,  
 Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive  
 The sad remembrance of her wretched plight  
 So her nneath at last he did revive  
 That long had lyen dead, and made again alive

## LI

This doen, into those theevish dens he went,  
 And thence did all the spoyles and thresasures  
 take,  
 Which they from many long had robd and rent,  
 But fortune now the victors meed did make  
 Of which the best he did his love betake,  
 And also all those flockes, which they before  
 Had rett from Mehboe and from his make,  
 He did them all to Cordon restore  
 So drove them all away, and his love with  
 him bore.

But he whose hart through feare was late for-  
doone,  
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,  
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did  
shonne  
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,  
And sure bespoke with words that he at last  
gred

XXXVI

So forth they goe together (God before)  
Both clid in shepheards weeds agreeably.  
And both with shepheards hookes But  
Calidore  
Had, under cloth him armed privily  
Tho, to the place whither they approached nye,  
They churmt, upon a hill not farre away,  
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to  
espy

To whom they both agreed to take their way,  
In hope there eyes to learne, how they mote  
best assay

XXXVII

There did they find, that which they did not  
feare, [had rest,  
The selfe same flockes the which those theeves  
from Melibee had from themselves whyfeare,  
And curstome of the theeves there by them lent  
The which, for want of heards, themselves  
then kent.

Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,  
And seeing them for tennet pittie wept,  
But when he saw the theeves which did them  
keepe, [sheepe,  
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all

XXXVIII

But Calidore recomforting his grief,  
Though not his feare, for nought may feare  
disswale  
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the theefe  
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,  
Whom Coridon him counseld to invade  
Now all unware, and like the spow he aw ay,  
But he, that in his mind had closely made  
A further purpose, would not so them slay,  
But gently waking them gave them the time  
or day

XXXIX

Tho, sitting downe by them upon the greene,  
Of sundry things he purposd gan to wene,  
That he by them might certain tydings weene  
Of Pastorell were she alive or slaine  
Amongst which the theeves them questioned  
araine

What master men and eke from whence they  
To woeen they answered, as did appertaine,

That they were poore heardgroomes, the which  
whyfere  
Had from their maisters fled, and now sought  
hyre elsewhere

XL

Whereof right glad they seemd, and offer  
made [keepe,  
To hyre them well if they their flockes would  
For they themselves were evill groomes, they  
said [sheepe,  
Unwout with heards to watch or pasture  
But to lorry the land, or scoure the deepe  
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke  
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe,  
For they for better hyre did shortly looke  
So there all day they bode, till light the sky  
forsooke

XLI

Tho, when towards darksome night it drew,  
Unto their hellish dens those theeves them  
brought,  
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,  
And all the secrets of their entayles sought  
There did they find contrivance to their thought,  
That Pastorell yet livd, but all the rest  
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught  
Whereof they both full glad and blith did rest,  
But chiefly Calidore, whom grette had most  
possest.

XLII

At length, when their occasion hittest found,  
In dead of night when all the theeves did rest,  
After a late sorray, and slept full sound,  
Sir Calidore him armed as he thought best,  
Having of late by diligent inquest  
Provided him a sword of meanest sort;  
With which he streight went to the Captaines  
nest  
But Coridon durst not with him consort,  
Nor durst abide behind, nor dread of worse effort

XLIII

When to the Cave they came, they found it  
fast,  
But Calidore with huge resistlesse might  
The dores assailed and the locks upbrast  
With noise whereof the men awaking light  
Unto the entree ran where the bold knight  
Encountering him with small resistance slew,  
The whiles sure Pastorell through great affright  
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new  
Some uprore were like that which lately she  
did ray

XLIV

But when as Calidore was comen in,  
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,

Would for the wretched infants helpe provide,  
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde,

## IX

At length a Shepheard, which there by did  
keepe  
His fleecie flock upon the playnes around,  
Led with the infants cry that loud did weepe,  
Came to the place, where, when he wrapped  
found  
Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound,  
And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,  
He tooke it up and in his mantle wound,  
So home unto his honest wife it bore,  
Who as her owne it nurst (and named) ever-  
more

## X

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,  
And Bellamour in bands, till that her syre  
Departed life, and left unto them all  
Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre  
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre  
Thenceforth they joy'd in happinesse together,  
And lived long in peace and love entyre,  
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,  
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella  
thether.

## XI

Both whom they goodly well did enttaine,  
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,  
And loved for his proveresse, sith they twaine  
Long since had fought in field Als Claribell  
No lesse did tender the faire Pastorell, [long  
Seeing her weake and wan through durance  
There they a while together thus did dwell  
In much delight, and many joyes among,  
Untill the Damzell gan to vex more sound and  
strong.

## XII

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize  
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,  
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,  
The which the Faery Queene had long afore  
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore,  
That much he feared least reprochfull blame  
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore,  
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,  
As through the world thereby should glorifie  
his name.

## XIII

Therefore, resolving to returne in hast  
Unto so great achievement, he bethought  
To leave his love, now perill being past,  
With Claribell, whylest he that monstersought  
Throughout the world, and to destruction  
brought.

So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,  
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,  
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,  
He went forth on his quest, and did that him  
befell.

## XIV

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell  
In this exploite, me needeth to declare  
What did betide to the faire Pastorell  
Durung his absence, left in heavy care  
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare  
Yet did that aunient matrone all she might,  
To cherish her with all things choise and rare,  
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,  
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

## XV

Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire  
Wasighting her having her snowy brest  
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire  
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,  
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest  
The rosie marke, which she remembered well  
That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,  
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,  
The which she bore the whiles in prison she  
did dwell

## XVI

Which well wizing, straight she gan to cast  
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire Mayd  
Was that same infant, which so long sith past  
She in the open fields had loosely layd  
To fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd  
So, full of joy, straight forth she ran in hast  
Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,  
To tell her how the heavens had her graste  
To save her chyld, which in misfortunes  
mouth was plaste.

## XVII

The sober mother seeing such her mood,  
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine  
thro,  
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,  
And what the matter was that mov'd her so?  
'My hefe,' (sayd she) 'ye know that long ygo,  
Whylest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave  
A litle mayde, the which ye chylded tho,  
The same agayne if now ye list to have,  
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did  
save'

## XVIII

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,  
And gan to question straight, how she it knew?  
'Most certaine markes' (sayd she) 'do me it  
teach,

## CANTO XII

Fayre Pastorella by great hap  
Her parents understands.  
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast  
Subdew, and bynd in bands

## I

LIKE as a ship, that through the Ocean wy do  
Directs her course unto one certayne coast,  
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,  
With which her winged speed is let and erost,  
And she her selfe in stormie surges tost,  
Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,  
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost  
Right so it fares with me in this long way,  
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray

## II

For all that hetherto hath long delayd  
This gentle knight from seeing his first quest,  
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-  
To shew the courtesie by him profest [sayd,  
Even unto the low est and the least  
But now I come into my course againe,  
To his recheivment of the Blatant Beast  
Who all this while at will did range and rume,  
Whilst none was lum to stop, nor none lum to  
restraine

## III

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught  
Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,  
Unto the Cistle of Belgari her brought,  
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamonre,  
Who whilome was, in his youtthes freshest  
flowre,  
A lustie knight as ever wielded speare,  
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure  
In bloody battell for a Ladie deare,  
The fayrest Ladie then of all that living were

## IV

Her name was Claribell, whose father hight  
The Lord of Many Hands, faire renownd  
For his great riches and his greater might  
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,  
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have  
bound  
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere,  
But she, whose sides before with secret wound  
Of love to Bellamoure emperced were,  
By all means shund to match with any for-  
rein fere

## V

And Bellamoure againe so well her pleased  
With d'vly service and attendance dew,  
That of her love he was entyrelly seized,  
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few  
Which when her father understood, he grew  
In so great rage that them in dongeon deepo  
Without compassion cruelly he threw.  
Yet did so strenghtly them asunder keepe,  
That neither could to company of th' other  
creepe.

## VI

Nathlesse Sir Bellamoure, whether through  
grace  
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,  
That to his love sometimes he came in place,  
Whereof her wombe, unwist to wight, was  
fraught, [brought  
And in dew time a mayden child forth  
Which she strenghtway, (for dread least if her  
syre [sought.)  
Should know thereof to slay he would have  
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre  
She should it cause be fostred under straungo  
attyre.

## VII

The trustie danczell bearing it abrode  
Into the emptie fields, where living wight  
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,  
She forth gan lay unto the open light  
The litle babe, to take thereof a sight  
Whom whylest she did with watne eyne  
behold,  
Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,  
She moto perceive a litle purple mold,  
That like a rose her silken leaves did faire  
unfold

## VIII

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,  
Yet could not remedie her wretched case,  
But, closing it againe like as before,  
Bedew'd with teares there left it in the place  
Yet left not quite, but draw a litle sprec  
Behind the bushes, where she did her hyde,  
To weet what mortall hand, or heavens grace

But most of them were tongues of mortall men,  
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where  
nor when.

## XXVIII

And them amongst were mingled here and there  
The tongues of Serpents, with three forked  
That spat out poyson, and gore-bloudy gere,  
At all that came within his ravenings,  
And spake licentious words and hatefull  
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie, [things  
Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings,  
But either blotted them with infamie,  
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury

## XXIX

But Calidore, thereof no whit afayd,  
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,  
That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,  
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,  
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight  
That fomed all about his bloody jawes  
Tho, rearing up his former feete on hight,  
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,  
As if he would have rent him with his cruell  
clawes

## XXX

But he, right well aware, his rage to ward  
Did cast his shield to eene, and, therewithall  
Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,  
That backward he enforced him to fall,  
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,  
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe  
held

Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall  
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,  
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly  
queld

## XXXI

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore  
To be downe held, and maystred so with  
might,  
That he gan fret and fume out bloudy gore  
Striving in vaine to rere him selfe upright  
For still, the more he strove, the more the  
Knight

Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew,  
That made him almost mad for fell despight  
He grnd, hee bit, he scratcht, he venom threw,  
And fared like a feend right horrible in hev

## XXXII

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they  
fume  
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,  
After that he had laboured long in vaine  
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new

Forth budded, and in greater number grew  
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,  
Whilost Calidore him under him downe threw,  
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,  
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his  
powre increast.

## XXXIII

Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought  
availe  
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,  
And sharply at him to revile and raile  
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy,  
Of interlacing many a forged lie,  
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,  
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily  
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,  
But strained him so straightly that he chokt  
him neare

## XXXIV

At last, when as he found his force to shrinke  
And rage to quale, he tooke a muzzel strong  
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke  
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,  
And theren shut up his blasphemous tong,  
For never more defaming gentle Knight,  
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong,  
And thereunto a great loog chaine he tight,  
With which he drew him forth, even in his  
own despight.

## XXXV

Like as whylome that strong Trynthian  
swaine [hell,  
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of  
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,  
And, roring horribly, did him compell  
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell  
To gresly Pluto what on earth was donne,  
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell  
For aye in darkenesse, which day-light doth  
shonne  
So led this Knight his captyve with like con-  
quest wonne

## XXXVI

Yet greatly did the Beast repune at those  
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never  
Ne ever any durst till then impose, [borc,  
And chaufed inly, seeing now no more  
Him liberty was left aloud to rore  
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once with-  
stand  
The proved powre of noble Calidore,  
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,  
And like a fearefull dog him followed through  
the land

For on her brest I with these eyes did view  
The little purple rose which thereon grew,  
Whereof her name ye then to her did give  
Besides, her countenance and her like hew,  
Matched with equall years, do surely pricke  
That yond same is our daughter sure, which  
yet doth live.

## XXV

The matrone stayd no longer to enquire,  
But forth in hast run to the stranger Mayd,  
Whom catchling greedily, for great desire  
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,  
In which that rose she plainly saw displaid  
Then, her embracing twixt her armes twaine,  
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd,  
'And livest thou, my daughter, now againe?  
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did  
faine?'

## XXVI

The further asking her of sundry things,  
And times compring with their accidents,  
She found at last, by very certaine signes  
And speaking markes of passed monuments,  
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her  
presents,  
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.  
Tho, wondring long at those so straunge  
events,  
A thousand times she her embraced nere,  
With many a joyfull kisse and many a melt-  
ing teare

## XXVII

Who ever is the mother of one chyld,  
Which having thought long dead she fyndes  
alive,  
Let her by proofe of that which she hath fynde  
In her owne breast, this mothers joy deserve,  
For other none such passion can contrive  
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,  
When she so sure a daughter saw survive,  
As Pistorilla was, that night she swelt  
For passing joy, which did all into pittie melt.

## XXVIII

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,  
She unto him recounted all that fell,  
Who, joyning joy with her in one accord,  
Acknowleg'd for his owne sure Pistorill  
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell  
Of Calidore, who, seeking all this while  
That monstrous Beast by small force to quell,  
Through every place with restlesse paine and  
toile  
Him follow'd by the tract of his outrageous spoile.

## XXIX

Through all estates he found that he had  
In which he many massacres had left, [past,

And to the Clergy now was come at last,  
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such  
theft

He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he berift,  
That candlese were to tell. The Libn Knight,  
Who now no place besides unsought had left,  
At length into a Monastere did light,  
Where he him found despoyling all with maine  
and might.

## XXIV

Into their cloysters now he broken had,  
Through which the Monches he chaced here  
and there,  
And then pursu'd into their dortours sad,  
And searched all their eels and secrets neare  
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,  
Were ykesome to report, yet that foule Beast,  
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and  
teare,  
And ransacke all their dennes from most to last,  
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy  
heast

## XXV

From thence into the sacred Church he broke,  
And robd the Chancell, and the desks downe  
threw,  
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,  
And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,  
Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to  
rew,  
So all confounded and disordered there  
But, seeing Calidore, awy he flew,  
Knowing his fatall hand by former scare,  
But he him fast pursuing soone approached  
neare

## XXVI

Him in a narrow place he overtook,  
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe  
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him  
strooke  
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him awaine  
With open mouth, that seemed to continue  
A full good pecke within the utmost brawn,  
All set with iron teeth in runges twaine,  
That terrible his foes, and armed him,  
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly  
grim

## XXVII

And therein were a thousand tongues empight  
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality,  
Some were of dogs, that barked day and  
night,  
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry,  
And some of Beares, that grownd continually;  
And some of Tygres, that did sceme to gren  
And snar at all that ever passed by

TWO CANTOS OF  
MUTABILITIE

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME  
FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER

THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleas'd in mortall things  
Bereath the Moone to rughe)  
Pretends as well of Gods as Men  
To be the Sovereigne

I

WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele,  
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth  
sway,  
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,  
How MUTABILITY in them doth play  
Her cruell sports to many mens decay?  
Which that to all may better yet appeare,  
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,  
How she at first her selfe began to reare  
Gainst all the Gods, and th' empire sought  
from them to beare

II

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold  
Her antique race and linage ancient,  
As I have found it registred of old  
In Faery Land mongst records permanent  
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent  
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive  
With Saturnes sonne for heavens regement,  
Whom though high Jove of kingdome did  
deprive, [vive  
Yet many of their stemme long after did sur-

III

And many of them afterwards obtain'd  
Great power of Jove, and high authority  
As Hecate, in whose mighty hand  
He plac't all rule and principalltie,

To be by her disposed diversly  
To Gods and men, as she them list divide,  
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie  
Warres and allarums unto Nations wide,  
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble  
at her pride

IV

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire  
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine,  
That as a Goddesse men might her admire,  
And heavenly honors yield, as to them twaine  
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine,  
Where shee such prooffe and sad examples  
shewed  
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,  
That not men onely (whom shee soone subdued)  
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings  
rewed

V

For she the face of earthly things so changed,  
Thit all which Nature had establisht first  
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,  
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst  
And all the worlds faire frame (which none  
yet durst  
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)  
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst  
That God had blest, and did at first provide  
In that still happy state for ever to abide





And, beating at his gates full earnestly,  
Gan call to him aloud with all their might  
To know what meant that suddaine lacke of  
light

The father of the Gods, when this he heard,  
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,  
Doubting leaſt Typhon were againe uprear'd,  
Or other his old foes that once him sorely  
feard.

## XXI

Elſtsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent  
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe  
The cause of this so strange astonishment,  
And why she did her wonted course forslowe,  
And if that any were on earth belowe  
That did with churmes or Magick her molest,  
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe,  
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest  
The Author, and him bring before his presence  
prest

## XXII

The wingd-foot God so fast his plumes did  
beat,

That soone he came where-as the Titanesso  
Was straving with faire Cynthia for her sert,  
At whose strange sight and highty hardi-  
nesse

He wondred much, and feared her no lesse  
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,  
At last he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)  
Cesse to molest the Moone to walke at large,  
Or come before high Jove her dooings to dis-  
charge

## XXIII

And there-with-all he on her shoulder laud  
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose anfull power  
Doth make both Gods and hellish hends affraid  
Where-at the Titanesso did sternly lower,  
And stoutly answer'd, that in evil hower  
He from his Jovosneh message to her brought,  
To bid her leave faire Cynthia's silver bower,  
Sith shee his Jove and him esteemed nought,  
No more then Cynthia's selfe, but all their  
kingdoms sought.

## XXIV

The Heavens Herald stand not to reply,  
But prest away, his doings to relate  
Unto his Lord, who now, in th' highest sky,  
Was placed in his principall Estate,  
With all the Gods about him congregat  
To whom when Hermes had his message told,  
It did them all exceedingly amate,  
Sive Jove, who, changing nought his count-  
'nance bold, [unfold,  
Did unto them at length these speeches wise

## XXV

'Harken to mee awhile, yee heavenly  
Powers'

Ye may remember since th' Earths enursed seed  
Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,  
And to us all exceeding feare did breed,  
But, how we then defeated all their deed,  
Yee all do knowe, and them destroyed quite,  
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed  
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite  
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet  
despite

## XXVI

'Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,  
That now with bold presumption doth aspire  
To thrust faire Phoebe from her silver bed,  
And eke our selves from heavens high Empire,  
If that her might were match to her desire  
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise  
What way is best to drive her to retire,  
Whether by open force, or counsell wise  
Areed, ye sonnes of God, as best as yee in de-  
vise'

## XXVII

So having said, he ceast, and with his brow  
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded  
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow, [beck  
And even the highest Powers of heaven to  
check)

Made signe to them in their degrees to speake,  
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave  
and wise [nought did reek  
Mean-while th' Earths daughter, thogh she  
Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise  
What course were best to take in this hot  
bold emprise.

## XXVIII

Elſtsoones she thus resolv'd, that whil'st the  
(After returne of Hermes Embaſſie) [Gods  
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at  
Before they could new counsels re-alie, [ods,  
To set upon them in that extaſie, [lend  
And take what fortune, time, and place would  
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky  
To Joves high Palace straight east to ascend,  
To prosecute her plot Good on-set boads  
good end

## XXIX

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass,  
Where all the Gods she found in counsell  
close,  
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was  
At sight of her they suddaine all arose  
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose

## VI

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,  
But eke of Justice, and of Policie,  
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make  
And death for life exchanged foolishlie  
Sinco which all living wights have learn'd to  
And all this world is woeen daily worse [die,  
O pittous worke of MUTABILITY,  
By which we all are subject to that curse,  
And death, instead of life, have sucked from  
our Nurse'

## VII

And now, when all the earth she thus had  
brought  
To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,  
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought  
T' attempt the empire of the heavens light,  
And Jove himselfe to shoulder from his right.  
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight  
Made no resistance, ne could her contraine,  
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare

## VIII

Thence to the Circle of the Moone she clamb,  
Whero Cynthia ragues in everlasting glory,  
To whose bright shinning palace strught she  
came,  
All fairely deckt with heavens goodly storie,  
Whose silver gates (by which therests an hory  
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasso in hand,  
Night Time) she entred, were he hese or sory.  
No stude till she the highest stage had scand,  
Whero Cynthia did sit, that never still did  
stand.

## IX

Her sitting on an Ivory throne shee found,  
Drawn of two steeds, th' one black, the other  
white,  
Environd with tenne thousand starres around  
That duly her attended day and night,  
And by her side thereran her Page, that light  
Vesper, whom we the Evening-starro intend,  
That with his Torch, still twinkling like  
twilight, [wend,  
Her lightened all the way where she should  
And joy to weary wandring travelers did lend

## X

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld  
The goodly building of her Palace bright,  
Made of the heavens substance, and up-held  
With thousand Crystall pillars of huge light,  
She gan to burne in her ambitious spright,  
And t' envie her that in such glory ragued  
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might

Her to displace, and to her selfe to have gamed  
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her  
wamed

## XI

Boldly she bid the Goddessse downe descend,  
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne,  
For she her selfe more worthy thereof wend,  
And better able it to guido along,  
Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,  
Or unto Gods, whose stato she did maligne,  
Or to th' infernall Powers her need giv e lone  
Of her faire light and bounty most benigne,  
Her selfe of all that rule she deemed most  
condigne

## XII

But she, that had to her that soveraigne seat  
By highest Jove assign'd, therein to beire  
Nights burning lump, regarded not her threat,  
No yielded ought for favour or for feare,  
But with sterne count'naunce and disdainfull  
cheare,  
Bending her horned browes, did put her back,  
And, boldly blaming her for comming there,  
Bade her ritonce from heavens coast to prick,  
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders  
vrack.

## XIII

Yet nathemore the Giantesse forbare,  
But boldly preacing-on ranght forth her hand  
To pluck her downe perforce from off her  
chairro,  
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,  
Threatned to striko her if sho did with-stand  
Where-at the starres, which round about her  
blazed,  
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did  
stand,  
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,  
And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke  
still gazed

## XIV

Mean-while the lower World, which nothing  
knew  
Of all that chaunced heere, was darkned quite,  
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly  
crew  
Of happy wights, now unpur and of light,  
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight,  
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,  
And brought againe on them eternall night,  
But chiefly Mercur, that next doth ragne,  
Ran forth in haste unto the king of Gods to  
plaine

## XV

All ran together with a great out-cry  
To Joves faire place first in heavens light,

For we by conquest, of our soveraine might,  
And by eternal doome of Fates decree,  
Have wonne the Empiroo of the Heavens bright,  
Which to our selves we hold, and to whom  
wee  
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to  
bee

## XXXIV

'Then cease thy idle claime, thou foolish  
gerle,  
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine  
That place, from which by folly Titan fell  
There to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine  
Have Jove thy graecious Lord and Soveraine  
So having said, she thus to him replide  
'Ceasse, Saturnes sonne, to seeke by proffers  
vaine  
Of idle hopes t' allure me to thy side,  
For to betray my Right before I have it tride

## XXXV

'But thee, O Jove' no equall Judge I deeme  
Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right,  
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme  
But to the highest him, that is behigh  
Father of Gods and men by equall might,  
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale  
There-at Jove waxed wroth, and in his spight  
Did unv grudge, yet did it well conceale,  
And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her Appellation  
seale

## XXXVI

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,  
Where all, both heavenly Powers and earthly  
wights,  
Before great Natures presenece should appeare,  
For triall of their Titles and best Rights  
That was, to weet, upon the highest hights  
Of Arlo-hill (Who knowes not Arlo-hill?)  
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)  
Of my old father MOLL, whom Shepheards  
quill [skill  
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rurall

## XXXVII

And, were it not ill fitting for this file  
To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres and  
Knights,  
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,  
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft  
delights,  
And tell how Arlo, through Dianæ's spights,  
(Beeing of old the best and fairest Hill  
That was in all this holy Islands hights)  
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill  
Meane-while, O Chio! lend Calhope thy quill

## XXXVIII

Whylome when IRLAND florished in fame  
Of wealths and goodnesse, far above the rest  
Of all that beare the British Islands name,  
The gods then us'd (for pleasure and for rest)  
Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best,  
But none of all there-in more pleasure found  
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine Queene profest  
Of woods and forrests which therein abound,  
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most  
on ground

## XXXIX

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,  
Eyther for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,  
Or for to shrowde in shade from Phœbus flame,  
Or bathe in fountaines that do freshly flowe  
Or from high hilles or from the dales belowe,  
She chose this Arlo, where she did resort  
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,  
With whom the woody Gods did oft consort,  
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play  
and sport

## XL

Amongst the which there was a Nymph that  
Molanna, daughter of old Father Mole, [might  
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright,  
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,  
That Shepherd Cohn dearly did condole, [be  
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to  
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,  
Were no lesso faire and beautiful then shee,  
Yet, as she is, a fayrer flood may no man see

## XLI

For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,  
On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted  
grows,  
That as a gurlond seemes to deek the locks  
Of som faire Brade, brought forth with pom-  
pous shoves  
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes  
So through the flowry Dales sho tumbling  
downe  
Through many woods and shady covert's flowes,  
(That on each side her silver channell crowne)  
Till to the Plaine sho come, whose Valleyes  
she doth drowne.

## XLII

In her sweet streames Diana used oft  
(After her sweaty chace and toylesome play)  
To bathe her selfe, and, after, on the soft  
And downy grasse her dauntie limbes to lay  
In covert shade, where none behold her may,  
For much she hated sight of living eye  
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day  
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly [vity  
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in pri-

But Jove all fearelesse, foret them to iby,  
And in his sovaine throne gan straight dispo-  
Himselfe, more full of grace and Myghtie,  
That mote enchaire his friends, and fies mote  
terrible

## XXV

That when the haughty Titaness beheld,  
All were she fraught with pride and unpu-  
dence,  
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld,  
Amid, in quaking, seem'd as rest of sense  
And void of speech in that dread audience,  
Until that Jove himselfe her selfe bespake  
'Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with con-  
science,  
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here  
What alle crand hast thou earths mansion to  
forsake?'

## XXVI

She hulse confus'd with his great com-  
mand,  
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,  
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demand  
'I am a daughter, by the mothers side,  
Of her that is Grand-mother in guide  
Of all the Gods, great Earth, great Chaos,  
But by the fathers, (be it not envide) child,  
I greater am in blood (whereon I build)  
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from  
heaven exild.

## XXVII

'For Titan (as ye all acknowledge must)  
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,  
Both sonnes of Uranus, but by unjust slight,  
And guilfull meanes, through Coribantes  
The younger thrust the child from his right  
Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast heit  
The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by  
might,  
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld  
Witness, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I  
have told'

## XXVIII

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods, that gave  
good care  
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,  
(Being of stature tall as any there  
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face  
As any of the Goddesses in place)  
Stood all astonied, like a sort of steeres,  
Mongst whom some beast of strange and for-  
raine race  
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his  
So did their ghastly gaze bewry their hidden  
feares

## XXIX

Till, having priz'd awhile, Jove thus be-  
spake  
'Will never mortall thoughts cease to aspire  
In this bold sort to He even claime to make,  
And touch celestiall vertis with earthly mire?  
I would have thought that bold Prometheus  
Or Ixions fall or proud Ixions paine, (hurt,  
Or great Promethus tasting of our ire,  
Would have suffiz'd the rest for to re-trune,  
And warn'd all men by their example to re-  
fraine

## XXX

'But now this off-spring of that cursed fry  
Dare to renew the like bold enterprise,  
And chunke th' heritage of this our sky  
Whom what should hinder, but that we like-  
Should handle as the rest of her allies, (wise  
And thunder-drive to hell?) With that, he  
shooke  
His Next-derward locks with which theskyes  
And all the world bewarsh for terror quooke,  
And left his burning levin-brood in hand he  
tooke.

## XXXI

But when he looked on her lovely face,  
In which faire beemes of beauty did appeare  
That could the greatest wrath soonne turne to  
grace,  
(Such swy doth beauty even in Heaven beare)  
He staid his hand, mid, having chang'd his  
He thus againe in milder wise began (cheer-  
'But ah' if Gods should strive with the h-  
ysere,  
Then shortly should the progeny of man  
Be rooted out, if Jove should do still what he  
can

## XXXII

'But thee, sure Titans child, I rather weene,  
Through some vaine crour, or inducement  
light,  
To see that mortall eyes have never seene,  
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,  
Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,  
Since thou hast seene her dreadful power be-  
lowe, (adright)  
Mongst wretched men (dismaine with her  
To banish Crownes, and Kingdoms to bestowe  
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth  
seem to shewe.

## XXXIII

'But wote thou this, thou hardy Titaness,  
That not the worth of any living wight  
May challenge ought in Heavens interesse,  
[Much lesse the Title of old Titans Right

## LII

But him (according as they had decreed)  
 With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then  
 chaste  
 With all their hounds that after him did speed,  
 But he, more speedy, from them fled more  
 fast  
 Then any Deere, so sore him dread aghast  
 They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,  
 Shouting as they tho heavens would have  
 brast, [sic,  
 That all the woods and dales, where he did  
 Did ring agame, and loud re-echo to the skie

## LIII

So they him follow'd till they weary were,  
 When, back returning to Molann' againe,  
 They, by commaundment of Diana, there  
 Her whelm'd with stones Yet Faunus (for  
 her paine)  
 Of her beloved Fenchin did obtaine,  
 That her he would receive unto his bed  
 So now her waves passe through a pleasant  
 Paine,  
 Till with the Fanehin sho her selfe do wed,  
 And (both combin'd) themselves in oue faire  
 river spread.

## LIV

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,  
 Thenceforth abandoud her delicious brooke,  
 In whose sweet streame, before that bad oc-  
 casion,  
 So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke  
 Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke  
 All those faire Forrests about Arlo lud,  
 And all that Mountaine, which doth over-looke  
 Tho richest champain that may else be rid,  
 And the faire Shure, in which are thousand  
 Salmons bred.

## LV

Them all, and all that sho so deare did way,  
 Thenceforth she left, and, parting from the  
 place,  
 There-on an heavy haplesse curse did lay,  
 To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to  
 space,  
 Should harbour'd be and all those Woods deface,  
 And Thieves should rob and spoile that Coast  
 around [Chase  
 Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly  
 Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves a-  
 bound [since have found  
 Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers

## CANTO VII

Peeling from Jove to Nature's bar,  
 Bold Alteration pleades  
 Large Evidence but Nature soone  
 Her righteous Doome areads

## I

Air' whithor doost thou now, thou greater  
 Minse, [bring,  
 Me from these woods and pleasing Forrests  
 And my frail spirit, (that dooth oft refuse  
 Thus too high flight, unfit for her weake wing)  
 Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King  
 (Thy soveraine Sire) his fortunate successe,  
 And victory in bigger notes to sing  
 Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,  
 That him of heavens Empire sought to dis-  
 possesse?

## II

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,  
 Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,  
 Fit for this turno, and in my feeble brest  
 Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire  
 Which learned minds inflameth with desire

Of heavenly things for who, but thou alone  
 That art yborne of heaven and heavenly  
 Sire,  
 Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,  
 So farre past memory of man that may be  
 knowne?

## III

Now, at the time that was before agreed,  
 The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill,  
 As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,  
 As those that all the other world do fill,  
 And rule both sea and land unto their will  
 Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare,  
 As well for horror of their count'nance ill,  
 As for th' unruly fiends which they did  
 feare,  
 Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present  
 there.

## XVIII

No way he found to compas: his desire,  
But to corrupt Molanna, that his maid,  
Her to discover for a secret fire.  
So her with flattering words he first assaile,  
And after, pleasing gifts for her pursue,  
Queen apples, and red Cherries from the tree,  
With which he her allured, and be-travell  
To tell what time he might her find  
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might  
secret bee.

## XIX

There-to he promis'd, if shee would him  
pleasure  
With this small token, to quit her with a  
To weat, that where-as shee had out of usured  
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did  
set her,

That he would undertake for this to get her  
To be his Love, and of him liard well  
He did all which, he vow'd to be her debitor  
For many more good services then he could tell,  
The least of which this little pleasure should  
excell

## XX

The simple mayd did yield to him all shee.  
And oft him plac'd where he close might view  
That never any saw, save onely one,  
Who, for his love, to so soote hardy dew,  
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunter's hee  
Tho, as her minnie was on sunny day,  
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew  
In this sweet spring, when, chasing her array,  
She bath'd her lovely limbs, for joye & likely  
pray.

## XXI

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,  
And made his heart to tickle in his breast,  
That, for great joy of some what he did spy,  
He could him not continue in silent rest,  
But, brisling forth in laughter, loud protest  
His foolish thought. A foolish Faune and self,  
That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest  
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit arrest  
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed

## XXVII

The Goddess, all abashed with that noise,  
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke,  
And, running straight wher-as she heard his  
voice,  
Eucly'd the bush about, and there him tooke,  
Like darr'd Larke, not daring up to looke  
On her whose sight before so much he sought  
Thence forth they draw him by the horns, and  
shooke

Such all to passe, that this left him tonight,  
And th' heere the open light they forth led in  
luculent.

## XXIII

I take an huwif, that with busie care  
Thine of her Day to make was busie care,  
Finding wher-as some wicked bea, unwear  
That braves u to her Day's home, there dith  
dra so  
Hee examining paine, and frustrate all her  
flath, in such rare or unexch'stable  
He trapped him, and caus'd into her traine,  
Then thimke what punishments were best  
as he'd,  
A dith sound that's deth in her voice  
full much

## XXIV

So did Diana and her maydens all  
To sullye fact as were within their hailes  
They nake and scorne him, and him scule  
misall,  
Some by the nose butt pluckt, some by the  
And by his guttish beard some d'it in law,  
Yet he spake sweetly with patience all did  
leare,  
Her too, lit against their wild night counter-  
No on, St he said, what ever he did heare,  
But, hanging downe his head, did like a Moone  
appeare.

## I

At length, when they had stouted him that  
fill,  
They got to cast what penance him to give,  
Some would have felt him but that some  
would spill  
The Wood gods breed, which must for ever  
Others would through the river him drive  
And ducked deape, but that some penance  
li hit  
But mo't agreed, and did this sentence give,  
Him in Deeres skin to clad, and in that plight  
To hunt him with the hounds, him selfe saye  
how hee might.

## LI

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,  
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,  
And of her shame to make a paine some fest,  
But can examine him in straighter sort,  
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,  
Him thither brought, and her to him be-trud  
He, much afraid, to her confest all short  
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewail  
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna  
laid

Before her came dame Mutability,  
And, being lowe before her presenche feld  
With meek obaysance and humilitie,  
Thus gan hei plauntif Plea with words to  
amplifie

## XIV

'To thee, O greatest Goddesses, onely great  
An humble suppliant loe ' I lowely fly,  
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat,  
Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,  
Damning all Wrong and tortious Injune,  
Which any of thy creatures do to other  
(Oppressing them with power unequally.)  
Sith of them all thou art the equal mother,  
And knittest eueh to each, as brother unto  
brother

## XV

'To thee therefore of this same Jove I plaime,  
And of his fellow gods that same to be,  
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds  
raign,  
Of which the greatest part is due to me,  
And heaven it selfe by heritage in Fee  
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,  
Sith heven and earth are both alike to thee  
And gods no more then men thou dost esteeme,  
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do  
seeme

## XVI

'Then weigh, O soveraigne goddesses' by  
what right {rauntie,  
These gods do claime the worlds whole sove-  
And that is onely dew unto thy might  
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously  
As for the gods owne principality,  
Which Jove usurpes unjustly, that to be  
My heritage Jove's selfe cannot denie,  
From my great Grandsire Titan unto mee  
Deriv'd by dew descent, as is well known to  
thee

## XVII

'Yet manguer Jove, and all his gods beside,  
I do possesse the worlds most regiment,  
As if ye please it into parts divide,  
And every parts inhoulders to convent,  
Shall to your eyes appeare mecontinent  
And, first, the Earth (great mother of us all)  
That only seemes unmov'd and permanent,  
And unto Mutabilitie not thrall, [all  
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eke in gene-

## XVIII

'For all that from her springs, and is y bredde,  
How-ever faine it flourish for a time,  
Yet see we soone decay, and, being dead,  
To turne againe unto their earthly slime

Yet, out of their deeday and mortall crime,  
We daily see new creatures to arise,  
And of their Winter spring anothei Prime,  
Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange dis-  
guise [lesso wise  
So turne they still about, and change in rest-

## XIX

'As for her tenants, that is, man and beasts,  
The beasts we daily see massaired dy  
As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts,  
And men themselves do change continually,  
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,  
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all  
Ne doe their bodies only sit and fly,  
But eke their minds (which they immortall  
call) [sious fall  
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occa-

## XX

'Ne is the water in more constant case,  
Whether those same on high, or these belowe,  
For th' Ocean moveth still from place to  
place,  
And every River still doth ebbe and flowe,  
Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,  
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse  
holde  
When any winde doth under heaven blowe,  
With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,  
Now like great Hills, and streight like sluices  
them unfold

## XXI

'So likewise are all watry living wights  
Still tost and turned with continuall change,  
Never abiding in their stedfast plights  
The fish, still floting, doe at random range,  
And never rest, but evermore exchange  
Their dwelling places, as the streames them  
carrie  
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange  
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry,  
But sitting still doe flie, and still their places  
vary

## XXII

'Next is the Ayre, which who feesles not by  
sense  
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)  
To sit still, and with subtil influence  
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine  
In state of life? O weake life! that does  
On thing so teele as th' unsteady ayre, [leane  
Which every howre is chang'd and alfred  
eleane  
With every blast that bloweth, fowle or faire  
The faire doth it prolong, the fowle doth it  
impaire

## IV

And thither also came all other creatures,  
What-euer life or motion do retaine,  
According to their sundry kind of features,  
That Arlo searly could them all containe,  
So full they filled every hill and Plaine,  
And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)  
Them well disposed by his busie paine,  
And ranged farre abroad in every border,  
They would have caused much confusion and  
disorder

Then forth issued (great goddess) great  
dame Nature  
With graciously port and gracious Majesty,  
Being far greater and more full of nature  
Then any of the gods or Powers on he  
Yet certes by her face and phy-nomy,  
Whether she man or woman intly were,  
That could not any creature well descry,  
For with a veile, that wimpled every where,  
Her beut and free was hid that mote to none  
appeare.

## V

That, some do say, was so by skill devised,  
To hide the terror of her uncouth how  
From mortall eyes that should be sore gazed,  
For that her face did like a Lion shew,  
That eye of might could not endure to view  
But others tell that it so becaution was,  
And round about such beames of splendor  
threw  
That at the Summe a thousand times did pass,  
Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass

## VII

That well may seemen true, for well I  
weene,  
That this same day when she on Arlo sat,  
Her garment was so bright and wondrous  
sheene,  
That my fraile wit cannot devise to what  
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that  
As those three sacred Saints, though almost  
wise,  
Yet on mount Thabor quite their wits forgot,  
When they their glorious Lord in strange dis-  
guise [their eyes  
Transfigur'd sawe, his garments so did daze

## VIII

In a fayre Plaine upon an equal Hill  
She placed was in a pavilion,  
Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill  
Are wont for Princes states to fashion,  
But th' Earth herself, of her owne motion,  
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe

Most duntie trees, that, shooting up anon,  
Did seeme to bow their blossoming heads full  
lowe  
For homage unto her, and like a throne did  
showe,

## IX

So hard it is for any living wight  
All her array and vntiments to tell  
That old Din Gullrey (in whose gentle spright,  
The pure well be id of Poesie did dwell)  
In his *Fables parley* durst not with it mel,  
But it trim'd to Alane, who he thought  
Had in his *Plant of Iude* describ'd it well  
Which who will not set forth so as it ought,  
Go seek he out that Alane where he may be  
sought

And all the earth fir underneath her fete  
Was dight with flowers that voluntary grow  
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet,  
Lanne thousand mores of sundry scent and heu,  
That might delight the smell, or please the view,  
The which the Nymphes from all the brooks  
thence  
Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole throw,  
That richer seem'd then my tapestry,  
That Princes bowres adorne with painted  
imagery

## XI

And Mole himself, to honour her the more,  
Did deck himself in freshest fure attire,  
And his high head, that seemeth alwayes hon-  
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,  
He with an Oken garland now did tire,  
As if the love of some new Nymph, late seene,  
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,  
And made him change his gray attire to greene.  
Ah, gentle Mole! such joyance hath thee well  
bestene

## XII

Was never so great joyance since the day  
That all the gods who him assembled were,  
On Hæmus hill in their diuine array,  
To celebrate the solenne bridall cheere  
Twixt Pelens and Dame Ihetis pointed there,  
Where Phæbus selfe, that god of Poets light,  
They say, did sing the sponsall hymne full  
cheere,  
That all the gods were rapt with delight  
Of his celestiall song, and Musicks wondrous  
might

## XIII

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,  
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of old,  
Still moouing, yet unmoued from her sted,  
Unseene of any, yet of all beheld,  
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have told,



## XXXII

These, marching softly, thus in order went,  
And after them the Monthes all riding came  
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly  
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram, [bent  
The same which over Hellespontus swam,  
Yet in his hand a spade he also bent,  
And in a bag all sorts of seeds yeame,  
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,  
And fild her wombe with fruitfull hope of  
nourishment

## XXXIII

Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,  
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds  
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led  
Europa floating through th' Argolick fuds  
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,  
And garnished with garlands goodly dight  
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds  
Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he  
seem'd in sight [loves delight  
With waves, through which he waded for his

## XXXIV

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on  
ground,  
Deckt all with daunties of her seasons pryde,  
And throwing flowres out of her lap around  
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,  
The twinnes of Leda, which on eyther side  
Supported her like to their soveraigne Queene  
Lord' how all creatures laught when her they  
spide  
And leapt and daunc't as they had rayisht beene!  
And Cupid selfe about her flutted all in  
greene.

## XXXV

And after her came jolly June, arrayd  
All in greene leaves, as he a Player were,  
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,  
That by his plough-yrons mote right well  
appeare.  
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare  
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,  
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to  
fare  
Bending their force contrary to their face,  
Like that ungracious crew which faines demur-  
rest grace

## XXXVI

Then came hot July boyling like to fire,  
That all his garments he had cast away  
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire  
He boldly rode, and made him to obey  
It was the beast that whylome did forray  
The Nemean Forrest, till th' Amphitryonide  
Him slew, and with his hide did him array

Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side  
Under his belt he bore a sickle curving wide.

## XXXVII

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd  
In garment all of gold downe to the ground,  
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd  
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crown'd  
With eares of corne, and full her hand was  
found

That was the righteous Virgin, which of old  
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound  
But after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice solde,  
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to  
heaven extold.

## XXXVIII

Next him September marched, ecke on foote,  
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle  
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,  
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle  
In his one hand, as sit for harvests toyle,  
He held a knife-hook, and in th' other hand  
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle  
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did  
stand,  
And equall gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.

## XXXIX

Then came October full of merry glee,  
For yet his noule was totty of the must,  
Which he was trading in the wine-shops see,  
And of the joyous oyle whose gentle gust  
Made him so frolicke and so full of lust  
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,  
The same which by Dianæ doom unjust  
Slew great Orion, and ecke by his side [tyde  
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready

## XL

Next was November, he full grosse and fat  
As fed with lard, and that right well might  
seeme,  
For he had been a fatted hog of late, [steem,  
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and  
And yet the season was full sharp and breem  
In planting ecke he took no small delight  
Whereon he rode not easie was to deene,  
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,  
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chron-  
light.

## XLI

And after him came next the chill Decenber  
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made  
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember,  
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad  
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,  
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender eares,  
They say, was nourishd by th' Idæan mayd,  
FF

## XXIII

'Therein the changes infinite beholde,  
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce,  
Now boyling hot, streight freezing deadly cold,  
Now faire sun-shine, that makes all ship and  
dannee, [tenance  
Streight bitter stormes, and balefull coun-  
That makes them all to shiver and to shake  
Rayne, haile, and snowe do pay them sad  
penance, [quake  
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them  
With flames and flashing lights that thousand  
chauges make.

## XXIV

'Last is the fire, which, though it live for  
Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day, [ever,  
We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,  
To lose their heat and shortly to decay,  
So makes himself his owne consuming pray  
No any living creatures doth he breed,  
But all that are of others bredd doth slay,  
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed,  
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without  
seede

## XXV

'Thus all these fower (the which the ground-  
work bee  
Of all the world and of all living wights)  
To thousand sorts of Change we subject see  
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous  
slights)  
Into themselves, and lose their native mights,  
The Fire to Ayre, and th' Ayre to Water  
sheere,  
And Water into Earth, yet Water fights  
With Fire, and Ayre with Earth, approaching  
neere  
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare

## XXVI

'So in them all rugnes Mutabilitie,  
How-ever these, that Gods themselves do call,  
Of them do clume the rule and soveruntie,  
As Vesta, of the fire, [thereall,  
Vulcan, of this with us so usuall,  
Ops, of the earth, and Juno, of the ayre,  
Neptune, of seas, and Nymphes, of Rivers all  
For all those Rivers to me subject are,  
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my  
share.

## XXVII

'Which to approven true, as I have told,  
Vouchsafe, O Goddesses to this presence call  
The rest which doe the world in being hold,  
As times and seasons of the yeare that fall

Of all the which demand in generall,  
Or judge thyselfe, by verdict of thine eye,  
Whether to me they are not subject all'  
Nature did yeld thereto; and by-and-by  
Bade Order call them all before her Majesty.

## XXVIII

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare.  
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of  
flowres [beare,  
That freshly budded and new bloomes did  
(in which a thousand birds had built their  
bowres  
That sweetly sung to call forth Paramours)  
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,  
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)  
A gullt engraven morion he did weare,  
That as some did him love, so others did him  
feare

## XXIX

Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight  
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,  
That was unlynd all, to be more light,  
And on his head a garland well besene  
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,  
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore  
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene  
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,  
And now would bathe his limbes with labor  
heated sore.

## XXX

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,  
As though he joyed in his plentiful store,  
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full  
glad  
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore  
Had by the belly oft him pined sore  
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold  
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore,  
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,  
To reape the ripened fruits the which the  
earth had y old

## XXXI

Lastly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,  
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him  
chill, [freese,  
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did  
And the dull drops, that from his purpled  
bill  
As from a lumbeck did adown distill  
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,  
With which his feeble steps he stayd still,  
For he was faint with cold, and weak with old,  
That scarce he loosed limbes he hable was to  
veld,

Now hard, now round, now bright, now browne  
and gray,  
So that 'as changefull as the Moone' men use  
to say

II

'Next Mercury, who though he lesse appeare  
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,  
Yet he his course doth alter every yere,  
And is of late far out of order gone.  
So Venus cele, that goodly Paragone,  
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day.  
And Phœbus selfe, who light some is alone,  
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,  
And fills the darkned world with terror and  
dismay

LII

'Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed  
most,

For he sometimes so far runnes out of square,  
That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,  
And cleave without his usuall spheare to fire,  
That even the sootie-gazers stonish are  
At sight of it, and dumber their lying bookes  
So likewise grim old Saturne out doth spare  
His stern respect, and calmes his crabbed lookes  
So many turning cranks these have, so many  
evokes

LIII

'But you, Dm Jove, that only constant are,  
And King of all the rest, as ye doe claime,  
Are you not subject eke to this miserie?  
Then, let me aske you this withouten blame,  
Where were ye borne? Some say in Crete by  
name,

Others in Thibez, and others other-where,  
But, where ever they comment the same,  
They all consent that ye begotten were  
And borne here in this world, no other can  
appeare

LIV

'Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me  
Unless the kingdomes of the sky ye make  
Immortall and unchangelable to be  
Besides that power and vertue which ye spake,  
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,  
And your owne nature change; for each of  
you,

Thy vertue have or this or that to make,  
Is cheekt and changed from his nature trew,  
By others opposition or obliquid view.

LV

'Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares,  
So sundry wayes and fashions as clerkes faine,  
Some in short space, and some in longer  
ye see,  
What is the same but alteration plaine?

Onely the starry skie doth still remaine  
Yet do the staires and signes therein still  
move,  
And even it selfe is mov'd, as wizards same.  
But all that moveth doth mutation love,  
Therefore both you and them to me I subject  
prove.

LVI

'Then, since within this wide great Universe  
Nothing doth steme and permanent appeare,  
But all things tost and turned by transverse,  
What then should let, but I should should reare  
My Trophée, and from all the triumph beare?  
Now, judge thou, (O thou greatest goddessesse  
trew)

According as thy skie doest see and heare,  
And unto me addoome that it is my dew,  
'That is, the rule of all, all being rul'd by you'

LVII

So having ended, silence long enewed,  
No Nature to or iron spake for a space,  
But with arme eyes afflict the ground still  
viewed

Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,  
Expecting the end of this so doubtfull case,  
Did hang in long suspense what would ensue,  
To whether side should fall the soveraine  
place.

At length she, looking up with cheerefull view,  
The silence brake, and gave her doome in  
speeches new

LVIII

'I well consider all that ye have said,  
And mnd that all things stedfastnesse do hate  
And changed be, yet, being rightly waid,  
They are not changed from their first estate,  
But by their change their being do dilate,  
And turning to themselves at length againe,  
Do worke their owne perfection so by fate  
Then over them Change doth not rule and  
raigne,  
But they raigne over Change, and do their  
states maintaine

LIX

'Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,  
And take content thus to be rul'd by mee,  
For thy deety thou seekst by thy desire,  
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,  
And from thenceforth none no more change  
shall see.'

So was the Titnesse put downe and whist,  
And Jove confirm'd in his imperall see  
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,  
And Natur's selfe did vanish, whether no in in  
wist

P P 2

And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,  
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his  
peeres.

## XLII

Then came old January, wrapped well  
In many weeds to keep the cold away,  
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,  
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may,  
For they were numb'd with holding all the day  
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood  
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray  
Upon an huge grent Earth-pot steanne he stood,  
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the  
Romane Flood

## XLIII

And lastly came cold February, sitting  
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,  
Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting,  
Which through the flood before did softly slide  
And swim an' yet had he by his side  
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,  
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride  
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein  
round.

So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew  
places found

## XLIV

And after these there came the Day and  
Night,  
Riding together both with equall pace,  
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white,  
But Night had covered her uncomely face  
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,  
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,  
And sleep and darknesse round about did  
trace

But Day did beare upon his scepters hight  
The goodly Sun encompassed all with beames  
bright

## XLV

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high  
Jove  
And timely Night, the which were all endewed  
With wondrous beauty fit to kundle love,  
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed  
That might forsake the charge to them for-  
shewed

By mighty Jove, who did them porters make  
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods issued)  
Which they did daily watch, and mightily wake  
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge for-  
sake.

## XLVI

And after all came Life, and lastly Death,  
Death with most grim and griesly visage  
scene,

Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,  
No ought to see, but like a shade to weene,  
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene  
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,  
Such as they faine Drin Cupid to have beene,  
Full of delightfull health and lively joy,  
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit  
to employ

## XLVII

When these were past, thus gan the Tita-  
nesse  
'Lo' mighty mother, now be judge, and say  
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesso  
CHANGE doth not reign and bear the greatest  
sway,  
For who sees not that Time on all doth prave?  
But Times do change and move continually;  
So nothing heere long standeth in one stay  
Wherefore thus lower world who can deny  
But to be subject still to Mutability?

## XLVIII

Then thus gan Jove 'Right true it is, that  
these  
And all things else that under heaven dwell  
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all  
disseise  
Of being But who is it (to me tell) [pell  
That Time himselfe doth move, and still coun-  
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee  
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell  
That moves them all, and makes them changed  
be?

So them we gods do rule, and in them also  
thee.

## XLIX

To whom thus Mutability 'The things,  
Which we see not how they are mov'd and  
swayd

To may attribute to your selves as Kings,  
And say, they by your secret powre are made  
But what we see not, who shall us perswade?  
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,  
Mov'd by your might and ordered by your  
Yet what if I can prove, that even ye [wyde,  
Your selves are likewise chang'd, and subject  
unto mee?

## L

'And first, concerning her that is the first,  
Even you, faire Cynthia, whom so much ye  
make  
Joves dearest darling, she was bred and nurst  
On Cynthia hill, whence she her name did  
take,

Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake  
Besides, her face and countenance every day  
We changed see and sundry formes partake,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## THE VIII. CANTO, UNERFITE

I

WHEN I bethinke me on that speech why-  
 Of Mutabilitie, and well it way ' [leare  
 Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were  
 Of the Heav'ns Rule, yet, very sooth to say,  
 In all things else she beares the greatest sway  
 Which makes me loath this state of life so  
 tickle,  
 And love of things so vaine to cast away,  
 Whose flowing pride, so fading and so fickle,  
 Short Time shall soon cut down with his con-  
 suming sickle.

II

Then giv I thinke on that which Nature sayd,  
 Of that same time when no more Change shall  
 be,  
 But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd  
 Upon the pillours of Eternity,  
 That is contray r to Mutabilitie,  
 For all that moveth doth in Change delight  
 But thence-forth all shall rest eternally  
 With Him that is the God of Sabaoth lught  
 O' that great Sabaoth God, grant me that  
 Sabaoths sight

THE  
SHEPHEARDES CALENDER:

CONTEYNING TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE

TO THE TWELVE MONETHES

ENTITLED

To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of  
all titles both of learning and chevalrie,

MAISTER PHILIP SIDNEY.





TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED,

BOTH ORATOR AND POETE,

MAYSTER GABRIELL HARVEY,

HIS VERIE SPECIAL AND SINGULAR GOOD FREND E K COMMENDETH THE GOOD LYKING OF THIS  
HIS LABOUR, AND THE PATRONAGE OF THE NEW POETE.

UNCOUTH, unkiste, sayde the old famous Poete Chaucer whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skil in making, his scholler Ladgate, a worthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loadestarre of our Language and whom our Colin Clout in his *Æglogue* calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus, Virgile Which proverbe, myne owne good friend Ma Harvey, as in that good old Poete it served well Pandares purpose for the bolstering of his bawdy brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new Poete, who for that he is uncouth (as said Chaucer) is unkist, and unknown to most men, is regarded but of few But I dout not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthines be sounded in the tromp of fume, but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloved of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse, I thinke, deserveth his wittinesse in devising, his pithinesse in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudenesse, his morall wisesnesse, his dewe observing of Decorum everye where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech, and generally, in al seemely simplicitie of handling his matter, and framing his words the which of many things which in him be straunge, I know will seeme the strangest, the words themselves being so ancient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole Periode and compass of speache so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so grave for the stranngenesse And firste of the wordes to speake, I graunt

they be something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English, and also used of most excellent Authors, and most famous Poetes In whom, whenas this our Poet hath bene much traveled and thoroughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that walking in the sonne, although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt, and, having the sound of those ancient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in singing, hit out some of theyr tunes But whether he useth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rusticall, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most used of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amusse, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, auctoritie to the verse For albe, amongst many other faultes, it specially be objected of *Valla* against *Lwie*, and of other against *Sulaste*, that with over much studie they affect antiquitie, as coveting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those ancient solemne wordes are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other, the one laboaring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravitie and importance For, if my memory faile not, *Tullie*, in that booke wherein he endeavourereth to set forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, sayth that oftentimes an ancient worde maketh the style seeme grave, and as it were

## TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe, little booke! thy selfe present,  
As child whose parent is unkent,  
To him that is the president  
Of Noblesse and of cheualree  
And if that Envie barke at thee,  
As sure it will, for succoure flee  
Under the shadow of his wing,  
And asked who thee forth did bring,  
A shepheards swaine, saye, did thee sing  
All as his straying flocks he fedde  
And, when his honor has thee recide,  
Crave pardon for my hardyhedde  
But, if that any asle thy name,  
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame,  
For thy thereof thou takest shame  
And, when thou art past jeoparddee,  
Come tell me what was sayd of mee,  
And I will send more after thee.*

IMMERITO.



## THE EPISTLE

reuerend, no otherwise then we honour and  
 reverence gray heares, for a certein religious  
 regard, which we haue of old age Yet nether  
 every where must old words be stuffed in, nor  
 the common Dialecte and manner of speaking  
 so corrupted thereby, that, as in old buildings,  
 some disorderly and ruinous But all as  
 some exquisite pictures they use to blaze  
 and portraict not only the daintie lineaments  
 the rude thickets and craggy cliffs, that, by the  
 basenesse of such parts, more excellency may  
 aecrew to the principall, for oftimes we synde  
 our selues, I knowe not how, singularly de-  
 lighted with the shewe of such naturall rule-  
 nesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly  
 order Even so doe those rough and harsh  
 termes enlumine, and make more clearly to  
 appeare, the brightness of brave and glorious  
 words So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick  
 maketh a conely concordance so great delight  
 tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a  
 blemish in the joynt of a wel shaped body But,  
 if any will rashly blame such his purpose in  
 choise of old and uncounted words, him may I  
 more justly blame and condemne, or of  
 witlesse headnesse in judging, or of heedlesse  
 the compasse of hys bent, he wil judge of the  
 length of his east for in my opinion it is one  
 special prayse of many, which are dew to this  
 Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to  
 their rightfull heritage, such good and  
 naturall English words, as haue ben long  
 time out of use, and almost cleane disherited  
 Which is the onely cause, that our Mother  
 tongue, which truly of it self is both ful enough  
 for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath  
 long time ben counted most bare and barren  
 of both Which default whenas some en-  
 decoured to salve and recure, they patched  
 up the holes with peces and rags of other  
 languages, borrowing here of the French, there  
 of the Italian, every where of the Latine,  
 of the Italian, every where of the Latine,  
 with themselves, but much worse with ours  
 So now they have made our English tongue  
 a gullinaufray, or hodgepodge of al other  
 speakes Other some, not so wel seene in the  
 English tongue as perhaps in other languages,  
 if they happen to here an olde word, albeit  
 very naturall and significant, crye out streight-  
 way, that we speak no English, but quibbrish,  
 or rather such as in old time Ecandars  
 mother spake whose first shame is, that they  
 are not ashamed, in their own mother tongue,  
 to be counted straungers and alienes The  
 second shame no lesse then the first, that

what so they understand not, they streight  
 way deeme to be senselesse, and not at al to be  
 understode Much like to the Mole in *Æsopes*  
 fable, that, being blind her selfe, would in no  
 wise be perswaded that any beast could see  
 The last, more shameful then both, that of  
 their owne country and naturall speech, which  
 they have so base regard and bastard judge-  
 ment, that they will not onely themselves not  
 labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine,  
 that of other it shold be embellished Like to  
 the dogge in the mawger, that him selfe can eate  
 no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock,  
 that so fine would feede ichose currish kind,  
 though it cannot be kept from barking, yet  
 conne I thum thanke that they refrain from  
 byting

Now, for the knitting of sentenees, whiche  
 they call the joynts and members therof, and  
 for al the compasse of the speech, it is round  
 without roughnesse, and learned without hard-  
 nes, such indeede as may be perceived of the  
 leaste, understode of the moste, but judged  
 onely of the learned For what in most  
 English wryters useth to be loose, and as it  
 were ungryt, in this Authour is well grounded,  
 finely framed, and strongly trussed up together  
 In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the  
 rakehellie route of our ragged rymers (for so  
 themselves use to hunt the letter) which without  
 learning boste, without judgement jangle,  
 without reason rage and fume, as if some  
 instinct of Poeticall spirit had newly ravished  
 them above the meanenesse of common capaxitie  
 And being, in the midst of all they bragery,  
 suddenly eyther for want of matter, or of ryme,  
 or having forgotten theyr former conceipt, they  
 seeme to be so pained and traveled in theyr  
 remembrance, as it were a woman in child-  
 birth, or as that same Pythia, when the trauice  
 came upon her 'O's rabidum ferr corda  
 domans, &c'

Nethelesse, let them a Gods name jude on  
 theyr owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the  
 beames of others glory As for Colin, und.,  
 whose person the Authour selfe is shudowed,  
 how surre he is from such vaunted titles  
 glorious shouces, both him selfe sheweth, as  
 he sayth,

'Of Muses Hobbin, I conne no skill.  
 And

'Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c'  
 And also appeareth by the basenesse of  
 name, wherein it semeth he chose rather to  
 fold great matter of argument covertly



## THE GENERALL ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOKE.

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of *Eglogues*, having already touched the same. But, for the word *Eglogues*, I know, is unknowne to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned (as they think,) I will say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Eglogai*, as it were *αιγων*, or *αιγωνων λογοι*, that is, Gotheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be more Shepheards then Gotheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgile, thus specially from that deriving, as from the first head and wellspring, the whole Invention of these *Eglogues*, maketh Gotheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossnesse of such as by colour of learning would make us beleieve that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessary matter which definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the *αναλυσις* and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Eglogues*, which sentence this author very well observing, upon good judgement, though indeede few Gotheards have to doe herein notwithstanding doubteth not to call them by the used and best known name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These *xij* *Eglogues*, every where answering to the seasons of the twelve monthes, may be well divided into three formes or ruckles. For eyther they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixth, the eleventh, and the twelfth, or Recreative, such as all those be, which containe matter of love, or commendation of special personages, or Moral, which for the most part be mixed with some Satyirical bitterness, namely, the second, of reverence dewe to old

age, the fifth, of coloured deceit, the seventh and ninth, of dissolute shepheards and pastours, the tenth, of contempt of Poetrie and pleasaunt wits. And to this division may every thing herein be reasonably applyed a few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not privie to. And thus much generally of these *xij* *Eglogues*. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first monethes name, Jannarie wherem to some he may seeme fowly to have faulted, in that he erroneously begunneth with that moneth, which begunneth not the yeare. For it is well known, and stoutely mainteyned with strong reasons of the learned, that the yeare begunneth in March, for then the sonne reneweth his finished course and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof, being buried in the sadness of the dead winter now worne away, relieth.

This opinion may intene the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which reconmpt also was generally observed both of Greekes and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned heads, we mayntaine a custome of counting the seasons from the moneth January, upon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers ever could conceive, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Saviour, and eternall redeemer the L Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compasse of expired yeres to their former date and first commencement, left to us his heres a memoriall of his birth in the endo of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our salvation, leaneth also upon good proofe of speciall judgement.

For albeit that in elder tymes, when as yet the count of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Julius Cesar, they be-



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# THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER

JANUARIE

## ÆGLOGA PRIMA. ARGUMENT

In this first Æglogue Colin Cloute, a shepherdes boy, complaineth him of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countre lasse called Rosalinde with which strong affection being very sore traveled, he compareth his carefull case to the saule season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winter-beaten flocke And, lastlye, synding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground

COLIN CLOUTE

A SHEPHEARDS boye, (no better doe him call)  
When Winters wastful spight was almost  
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall, [spent,  
Led forth his flock, that had bene long pent  
So saynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,  
That now unnethes their fecte could them  
uphold

'Such rage as winters reigneth in my heart,  
My life-bloud friesing with unkindly cold,  
Such stormy stoures do breede my brilefull  
smart,  
As if my care were wast and woxen old,  
And yet, alas! but now my spring begonne,  
And yet, alas! yt is already donne

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards  
looke,  
For pile and wanne he was, (alas the while!)  
May seeme he lord, or els some care he tooke,  
Well coult he tune his pipe and frame his  
stile  
Tho to a hill his saynting flocke he ledde,  
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe  
there fedde

'You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,  
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their  
bowre,  
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary  
[frost  
Instede of bloosmes, wherewith your buds did  
flowre,  
I see your teares that from your boughes doe  
[raine,  
Whose drops in dreary sides remaine

'Ye Gods of love, that pitie lovers payne,  
(If my gods the paine of lovers pitie)  
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,  
And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie  
And, Pan, thou shepherds God that once  
didst love,  
Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst  
[prove

'All so my lustfull lense is drie and sere,  
My tynely buds with wailing all are wasted,  
The blossome which my brunch of youth did  
beare  
With breathed sighes is blowne away and  
[blasted,  
And from mine eyes the drizzling teares de-  
scend,  
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

'Thon barren ground, whome winters wrath  
hath wasted,  
Art mado a myrrhour to behold my plight  
Whulome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after  
hasted  
Thy sommer provide, with Daffadilhes dight,  
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,  
Thy niantle mard, wherein thou maskedst  
late.

'Thon feeble flocke, whose flooce is rough and  
rent,  
Whose knees are weake through fast and erill  
[fare,  
Mayst witness well, by thy ill government,  
Thy maysters mnd is overcome with care  
Thou weake, I wanne, thou lerne, I quite  
forlorne  
With monning pyne I, you with pynng  
mourne

'A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower  
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see,  
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the  
stoure

Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight as shee  
Yet all for naught such sight hath bred  
my bane. [and payne!  
Ah, God! that love should breede both joy

'It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine,  
Albee my love he seeke with dayly suit,  
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,  
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.  
Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy gifts bene wayne,  
Colin them gaves to Rosalind againe

'I love thilke lasse, (alas! why doe I love?)  
And am forlorne, (alas! why am I lorne?)  
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth re-  
prove,  
And of my rurall musicke holdeth scorne.

Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake,  
And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth  
make

'Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou  
please,  
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would  
And thou, unlucky Muse, that wost to ease  
My musing mynd, yet canst not when thou  
shoald,  
Both pype and Muse shall sore the while  
abye'  
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye

By that, the welked Phoebus gan avale  
His weary waine, and nowe the frosty Night  
Her mantle black through heav en gan overhaile  
Which seene, the pensive boy, halfe in despiht,  
Arose, and homeward drove his sonned sheepe,  
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull  
case to weepe.

## COLINS EMBLEME

*Anchōra speme*

## GLOSSE

*Colin Cloute*, is a name not greatly used, and yet  
havo I sene a Poemo of M Skeltons under that  
title But indeede the word Colin is Trenchie,  
and used of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy  
of the name of a Poete) in a certein *Æglogue*  
Under which name this Poete secretly shudoweth  
himself, as sometimes did Virgil under the name  
of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter then such  
Latine names, for the great unlikelyhoode of the  
language

*Unnelles*, scarcely  
*Coulthe*, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to  
know, or to have skill As well interpreteth the  
same, the worthy Sir Tho Smith, in his booke of  
government wherof I have a perfect copie in  
wryting, lent me by his kinseman, and my verie  
singular good freend, M Gabriel Harvey as also  
of some other his most grave and excellent wryt-  
ings

*Sylthe*, tune  
*Neighbour towne*, the next towne expressing the  
Latine *Vicinia*  
*Stoure*, a fitt  
*Sere*, withered  
*His clownish gifts*, imitateth Virgils verse

'Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis'

*Hobbinol*, is a fained country name, whereby, it  
being so commune and usuall, seemeth to be hidden  
the person of some his very speciall and most  
familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordin-  
arily beloved, as peradventure shall be more large-  
ly declared hereafter In this place seemeth to be  
some savour of disorderly love, which the learned  
call *paderastice*, but it is gathered besido his mean-

ing For who that hath read Plato his dialogue called  
*Alcybiades*, Xenophon, and Maximus Tyrus, of  
Socrates opinions, may easily percieve, that such  
love is much to be allowed and liked of, specially  
so meant, as Socrates used it who sayth, that  
indeede he loved Alcybiades extremely, yet not  
Alcybiades person, but his soule, which is Alcybi-  
ades owne selfe And so is *paderastice* much to be  
preferred before *gynestastice*, that is, the love whiche  
enflameth men with lust toward womankind But  
yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand with  
Lueinn, or his devlish disciple Unico Artino, in  
defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbid-  
den and unlawful fleshnesse Whose abominable  
ecrou is fully confuted of Perionius, and others

*I love*, a pretty *Epanorthosis* in these two verses,  
and withall a *Paronomasia* or playing with the  
word, where he sayth *I love thilke lasse alas*, &c

*Rosalinde*, is also a feigned name, which, being  
wel ordered, wil bewray the very name of hys love  
and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth  
So as Ovide shadoweth hys love under the name of  
Corynna, which of some is supposed to be Julia,  
themporor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to  
Agryppa So doth Aruntius Stella every where  
call his Lady Asteris and Ianthus, albe it is wel  
known that her right name was Violantilla as  
witnesseth Statius in his *Epithalamium* And so  
the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Cœlia, in  
her letters en-clopeth her selfe under the name of  
Zima and Petrona under the name of Bellochia  
And thus generally hath bene a common custome  
of counterfeiting the names of secret Personages  
*Avail*, bring downe  
*Overhaile*, drawe over

## EMBLEME

*His embleme or Poesie is here under added in Italian, Anchōra speme the meaning wherof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and* | Incklesse love yet, leaning on hope, he is some what recomfited

## FEBRUARIE

## ÆGLOGA SECONDA ARGUMENT

*THIS Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any eccite or particular purpose. It specially conteyneth a discourse of old age, in the persone of Thenot, an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and unlustinesse is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the month, the yeare now drouping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood and fieseth the weatherbeaten flesh with stormes of Fortune and hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Brue, so lively, and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.*

Cuddie

Cuddie

Ah for pittie! wil rancke Winters rage  
These bitter blasts never giue tassage?  
The hene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,  
All as I were through the body gryde  
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake  
As doen high Towers in an earthquake  
They wout in the wind wagge their wrigle  
tayles,  
Perke as a Peacock, but now it ayles

Thenot

Lendly complainest thou laesie ladde,  
Of Winters wracke for making thee siddie  
Must not the world wend in his common course,  
From good to badde, and from badde to worse,  
From worse unto that is worst of all,  
And then returne to his former fall?  
Who will not suffer the stormy time,  
Where will he live tyll the lusty prime?  
Selfe have I worne out thirre thirtie yeares,  
Some in much joy, many in many teares,  
Yet never complained of cold nor heate  
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat,  
Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,  
But gently tooke that ungentle cyme,  
And ever my flooke was my chiefe care,  
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare

Cuddie

No marveile, Thenot, if thou can beare  
Cherefully the Winters wrathful chaire,  
For Ago and Winter accord full nie,  
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrie,  
And as the lowering Wether looks downe,  
So semest thou like Good Fryday to frowne  
But my flowing youth is foe to frost,  
My shippo unwont in stormes to be tost

Thenot

Thenot

The soveraigne of sears he blames in vaine,  
That, once sea-beate, will to sea againe  
So loytring live you little heardgroomes,  
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes  
And, when the shining sunne laugheth once,  
You deemen the Spring is come attonce,  
Tho grasse you, fond flies! the cold to  
seorne,  
And, crowing in pypes made of greene come,  
You thinke to be Lords of the yeare,  
But oft, when ye count you freed from feare,  
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,  
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes,  
Drearily shooting his stormy darte,  
Which cruddles the blood and pricks the harte  
Then is your errelesse eorrig accored,  
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoyed  
Theu paye you the price of your surquedrie,  
With weeping, and wayling, and misery

Cuddie

Ah, foolish old man! I scorne thy skill,  
That wouldest me my springing yowngth to  
I deeme thy braine emperished beo [spil  
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee  
Or sicker thy head very tottie is,  
So on thy corbe shoullder it leanes umisse.  
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,  
Als my budding brumbe thou wouldest crott  
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne  
To other delights they would incline  
Thou wouldest thou learne to caroll of Love,  
And hery with hymnes thy lasses glove,  
Thou wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse,  
But Phyllis is myno for many dayes  
I woune her with a gyrdle of gelf,  
Embost with buegle about the belt.

Such an one shepherds would make full fame,  
Such an one would make thee younge agraine

*Thenot*

Thou art a son of thy love to beote,  
All thou is lent to love will be lost

*Cuddie*

Deest love I see yond Bulloke e beeres  
So smutke so smoothie, his prickel eares?  
His hornes bent as bowde as Buncowe bent,  
His dewlap as lythe as lawe of Kent  
So have he ventur'd him into the ynd,  
Wet out of love yet of his mynde  
Seen'th the flocke this counsell can,  
So he does bend they, so weake, so wan,  
Clothed with cold, and hoary with frost,  
The flocke farther his courage hath lost,  
In fowle that want to have blowne bags,  
I do well full widdowes hengen their eages,  
The rather lambs be starved with cold  
All for their Master's lustlesse and old

*Thenot*

Cuddie I wote thou hast little good  
So varelly advanc'd thy headle e howl,  
For yongtun is a bubble blown up with breath  
Whose wit is weak as se, whose wyl is death,  
Whose way is wildeerne way, whose name Pen-  
naunce

And strepe-gallant Age, the hoste of Gre  
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth, Examine  
Which I read of Titus in my youth  
Keeuing his sheepe on the hills of Kent

*Cuddie*

To nought more Thenot, my mind is bent  
The to beare no vills of his deuse  
They bent so well thewed, and so wise  
What ever that good old man bespake

*Thenot*

Many meete tales of youth did he make,  
And some of love and some of chivalrie,  
But none better then this to apply  
Now I then a while and hearken the end  
There grewe an ake I saw on the greene,  
A goodly Oake sometime had it be,  
With arme full strong end large displayd,  
But of their leaves they were disarayd  
The bodie byge, and mightely might,  
Thoroughly rooted, a d of wonderous light,  
Whilome had bene the King of the field  
And moebell must to the husband did yield,  
And with his nute lardd many a me  
But now the gray mouse murred his rme,

His bare boughes were beaten with stormes,  
His topp was bald and wastd with wormes,  
His honor decayd, his branches sere  
Hard by his side grewe a bragging Breere,  
Which proudly thrust into thicketment,  
And seemed to threat the ornament  
It was embellisht with blossomes fayne,  
And thereto ay wound to repaire  
The shepherds daughters to gather flowres  
To pemet their girlonds with his colourres,  
And in his small bushes used to shrowde  
The sweet Nightingale singing so lowde  
Which made this foolish Breere weke so hold,  
That e a time he cast him to scold  
And snobbe the good Oake for he was old  
Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish  
bloke?

Nor for fruit nor for shadowe serves this  
Seest how fresh my flowers bene spredde,  
Deed in lilly white and Cressen redde,  
With Leaves engrained in lusty greene,  
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene?  
Thy wast bygues but combers the ground  
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes round  
The mouldie mosse which thee acloeth,  
My sinamon smell too much annooth  
Wherefore soone I rido thee hence remove,  
Least thou the price of my disphaire prove  
So spake this bold breere with gre it did me  
Lath him answered the Oake againe,  
But yielded, with shame and greefe adawed,  
That of a weik he was overerawed  
At chaunced after upon a day,  
The hus husbandman selfe to come that way,  
Of custome for to survey his ground,  
And his trees of state in compasse rownd  
Him when the spitefull breere had espied  
Causelesse complaind and loudly cryd  
Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife  
'O, my hege Lord' the God of my life!  
Pleaseth you powder your Suppliants plaint,  
Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,  
Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure,  
And but your goodnes the same recure,  
Am like for deeper dale to dye,  
Through felonious force of mine encinie  
Greatly agast with this piteous plea,  
Him rested the Goodman on the le,  
And bidded the Breere in his plaint procede  
With painted words thogau this proude weede  
(As most use Ambitious folle)  
His colourd crime with craft to eloke  
'Ah, my soveraigne' Lord of creatures all,  
Thou plar of plants both humble and tall,  
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,  
To be the primrose of all thy land,  
With blowing blossomes to furnish the prime,  
And scarlet berries in Sommer time?

How falls it then that this faded Onke,  
Whose bodie is sere, whose branched broke,  
Whose naked Armes stretch unto the fyre,  
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire,  
Hindring with his shade my lovely light,  
And robbing me of the sweet sonnes sight?  
So beate his old boughes my tender side,  
That oft the blond springeth from wounds  
Untimely my flowres forced to fall, [wyde,  
That bene the honor of your Coronall  
And oft he lets his cancker-wormes light  
Upon my brauni lies, to worke me more spight,  
And oft his horne locks downe doth cast  
Where with my fresh flowrets bene difast  
For this, and many more such outrage,  
Craving your goodlikerd to asuage  
The rancorous rigour of his might,  
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right,  
Submitting me to your good sufferance,  
And praying to be gradd from greivance  
'Tis this the Onke cast him to replie  
Well as he coult but his enemye  
Had kindled such colers of displeasure,  
That the good man woulde stay his leasure,  
But home him hasted with furious heate,  
Encreasing his wrath with many a threite  
His harmefull Hateliet he hent in hand,  
(Alas! that it so ready should stand!)  
And to the field alone he speedeth,  
(A little helpe to harme there needeth!)  
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,  
Ennunter his rage mought cooled bee,  
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroake,  
And made many wounds in the wast Onke  
The Axes edge did oft turne agayne,  
As halfe unwilling to entre the graine,  
Semed, the sencelesse ronyd ferre,  
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear,  
For it had bene in ancient tree,  
Sacred with many a mystere,  
And often erost with the prestes crewe,  
And often halowed with holy-water dewe

But sike fancies weren foolerie,  
And broughten this Onke to this miserye;  
For nought mought they quitten him from  
decey,  
For fiercely the good man at him did laye  
The bloeke oft groned under the blow,  
And sighed to see his neare overthrow.  
In fine, the steele had pierced his pith,  
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith.  
His wonderous weight made the ground to  
quake,  
Therthly shronke under him, and seemed to  
shake —  
There lyeth the Onke, pitied of none!  
Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,  
Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasance,  
But all this glee had no continuance  
For erstones Winter gan to approche,  
The blustering Boreas did encroche,  
And beate upon the solitarie Brere,  
For now no succoure was seene him nere  
Now gan he repent his pryde to late,  
For, naked left and disconsolate,  
The byng frost nipt his strike dead,  
The watric wette weighed downe his head,  
And herped snowe burdned him so sore,  
That now upright he can stand no more,  
And being downe, is trodde in the dirt  
Of cattell and hrouzed, and sorely hurt  
Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,  
For scorning Eld—

## Cudde

Now I pray thee, shepberd, tel it not forth  
Here is a long tale, and little worth  
So longe have I listened to thy speche,  
That grassed to the ground is my breeche  
My hart-blood is wel nigh frome, I feele,  
And my galge growne fast to my heele  
But little ease of this lewd tale I tasted  
Ile thee home, shepheard, the day is nigh  
wasted

THEFOTS I MREMT

*Iddio, perche è vecchio,  
Fu suol al suo essemplio*

CUNDIUS IMBLEVE

*Quia vecchio  
Spemula Iddio*

## GLOSSE

Kene, sharpe

Grave perced an olde word much need of Liddie,  
but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer

Hons young bullockes

Bracke, ruine or violence, whence cometh

shipwracke and not reake, that is vengeance or

wrath

Forman a foe

Thenot the name of a shepheard in Marot his

Flogues

The *soueraigne of Seas*, is Neptune the God of the seas The saying is borrowed of Mimus Publilius, which used this proverb in a verse

'Improbè Neptuneum accusat, qui iterum naufragum facit'

*Heardgromes*, Chaucers verse almost whole  
*Fond Fyies*, He compareth carelesse sluggardes, or ill husbandmen, to fyies that, so soone as the sunnes shyneth, or yt wexeth any thing warme, begin to flye abroad, when sodenly they be overtaken with cold

But *etf when*, a verie excellent and lively description of Winter, so as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for Winter season

*Breme*, chill, bitter

*Chamfred*, chapyt, or wrinkled

*Accorded*, plucked downe and daunted

*Sun qned it*, pryde

*Eldre*, olde age

*Sickel*, sure

*Tottle*, wasering

*Croke*, crooked

*Heire* worship

*Phyllis*, the name of some mayde unknowne, whom Cuddie whose person is secrete, loved The name is usuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Man tname

*Belle*, a girdle or wast-band

*A fon*, a foole

*Luttre*, soft and gentle

*Yenteth* sunneth in the wind

*Thy flockes faller*, the Ramme

*Crans* neckes

*Rather* lambes, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeare

*Yough us*, a verie moral and pithy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man

*Tulin us*, I suppose he meanes Chaucer, whose praiise for pleasant tales cannot dye so long as the memorie of his name shal live, and the name of Poetrie shal endure

*Well-thenced*, that is, *Bene morale*, full of morall wisenesse

*There greue* This tale of the Ouke and the Brewe, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to *Æsops* fables It

is very excellent for pleasant descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon, or Hypotyposis of disdainfull yomkers

*Embellisht*, beautified and adorned

*To vonne*, to haunt or frequent

*Sneb*, cheque

*Why standst*, The speech is scornful and very presumptuous

*Ingrened*, dyed in grain

*Aclooth*, encombreth

*Adared*, daunted and confounded

*Trees of state*, taller trees, fitte for timber wood

*Stene of tryfe*, stid Chaucer, s fell and sturdy

*O my liege*, a manner of supplication wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speche of Ambitious men

*Coronall*, Garlande

*Flourets* yong blossomes

*The Primrose*, the chiefe and worthiest

*Asked at mes*, metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spovled of leaves This colourably he speaketh, as adjudging hym to the fyre

*The blood*, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a living creature, figuratively, and (as they say)

κατ' εικασιν

*Hoarie lockes*, metaphorically for withered leaves

*Hent*, caught

*Aould*, for would not

*Av*, evermore

*Hounds*, gashes

*I nauter*, least that

*The priests cener*, holy water pott, wherewith the popish priest used to sprinkle and hallowe the trees from mischaunce Such blindness was in those times, which the Poete suppoeth to have bene the final decay of this ancient Oike

*The blocke off groned*, a lively figure which giveth sence and feeling to unsensible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth 'Saxa gemunt gravido, &c

*Boieas* The Northerne wynd, that bringeth the moste stormie weather

*Glee*, chere and jollitie

*For scorning Eld*, And minding (as shoulde seme) to have made ryme to the former verse, he is cunningly entte of by Cuddie, as disdainyng to here any more

*Galage* A startupe or clownish shoe

## EMBLEM

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale namelye that God, which is him selfe most aged, being before al ages, and without beginninge, maketh those, whom he loveth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeares unto theyre dayes, and blessing them with longe lyfe For the blessing of age is not given to all, but unto those whom God will so bessele And albeit that many evil men reche unto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also were old in myserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not ago ever the lesse blessing for even to such evil men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home So the old man cheeketh the rash headed boy for despysing his gray and frostie heere.

Whom Cuddie doth counterbuss with abyting

and bitter proverbe, spoken indeede at the first in contempt of old age generally for it was an old opinion and yet is continued in some mens conceipt, that men of yeares have no feare of God at al, or not so much as yonger folke for that being ripened with long experience, and having passed many bitter brants and blastes of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Torment, nor wrath of God, nor daunger of menne, as being either by longe and ripe wisdom armed agairst al mischaunces and adversitie, or with much trouble hardened against al troublesome tydes Like unto the Ape, of which is said in *Æsops* fables, that, oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at first sore aghest and dismayed at the grannes and austerity of hys countenance, but at last, being acquainted with his lookes, he was so free from fearing him, that

he would familiarly gybe and jest with him Enche  
longe experiences breedeth in some men securitie  
Although it please Frasmus, a great clerke, and  
good old father more fatherly and favourably to  
construe it, in his Adages, for his own behoofe,  
That by the proverbe, 'Nemo senex metuit Iovem,'  
is not meant, that old men have no feare of God

at all, but that they be furre from superstition and  
Idoltrous regard of false Gods as is Jupiter  
But his greater learning notwithstanding, it is to  
plaine to be gainesaid, that olde men are muche  
more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger  
heades.

## MARCH

## ÆGLOGA TERTIA. ARGUMENT

In this Æglogue two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of love, and  
other pleasure which to spending time is most agreeable The speciall meaning hereof is, to give certaine  
markes and tokens to know Cupide, the Gods God of Love But more particularly, I thinke, in the  
person of Thomalin is meant some secret friend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at length  
him selfe was entangled, and unweares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupide's  
arrow

## WILLIE

Will THOMALIN why sytten we see,  
As wren overt with woe,  
Upon so fayre a morow  
The joyous time now nighes fast,  
That shall allegge this bitter blast,  
And slake the winters sorowe.  
Tho Sicker, Willie, than warrest well,  
For Winters wrath begins to quell,  
And pleasant spring appeareth  
The grasse noweannes to be refresht,  
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,  
And clowdie Welkin cleareth  
Will See'st not thilke same Hawthorne studd  
How brighly it begins to budde,  
And utter his tender heed?  
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,  
And bids make readie Maies bowre,  
That newe is uprist from bedde  
Tho shall we sporten in delight,  
And learne with Lettice to we're light.  
That scornfully looks ashaunce,  
Tho will we litle Love awake.  
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,  
And pray him ledden our daince.  
Tho With e, I wene thou bee assot,  
For lustie Love still sleepeth not,  
But is abroad at his game.  
Will How kenst thou that he is awake?  
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke,  
Or made preve to the same?  
Tho No but happily I him spyde,  
Where in a bush he hid him hide,  
With winges of purple and blew,  
And, were not that my sheepe would stray,  
The praye marks I would bewray,  
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe  
Will Thomalin, have no care for this,  
My selfe will have a double eye,  
Like to my flocke and thine,

## THOMALIN

For als at home I have a sere,  
A stepdame eke, as wott as fyre,  
That dewly adaves counts mine  
Tho Nay but thy seeing will not serve,  
My sheepe for that may channce to swere,  
And fall into some mischiefe  
For sithens is but the third morowe  
That I churust to fall asleepe with sorowe  
And waked againe with grefe,  
The while thilke same unhappie Iwe,  
Whose clouted legge her hart doth shewe,  
Kell headlong into a dell,  
And there joynted both her bones  
Mought her treeke bene joynted attones.  
She shoulde have neede no more spell,  
Thels was so wanton and so wood,  
(But now I trowe can better good.)  
She mought ne gang on the greene  
Will Let be, as may be, that is past  
That is to come. Let be forecast  
Now tell us what thou hast scene  
Tho It was upon a holiday,  
When shepheardes groomes han leave to playe,  
I cast to goe a shooting  
Long wandring up and downe the land,  
With bowe and bolts in either hand,  
For birds in bushes tooting,  
At length within an yve todde,  
(There shrouded was the litle God)  
I heard a busie bustling  
I bent my bolt against the bush,  
Listening if any thing did rustle,  
But then heard no more rustling  
Tho peeping close into the thicke,  
Might see the moving of some quicke,  
Whose shap appeared not,  
But were it sacrie, feend, or wake,  
My courage earnd it to awake.  
And manfully theat shotte

With that sprong forth a naked swayne  
With spotted winges, like Peacocks trayne,  
And laughing lope to a tree,  
His gylden quiver at his backe,  
And silver bowe, which was but slacke,  
Which lightly he bent at me  
That seeing, I levelde againe  
And shott at him with might and maine,  
As thicke as it had layed  
So long I shott, that al was spent,  
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent  
And threwe, but nought availed  
He was so wimble and so wight,  
From bough to bough he lepped light,  
And oft the pumies latched  
Therewith asrayd, I ranne away  
But he, that earl seemd but to playe,  
A shaft in earnest snatched.  
And hit me running in the heele  
For then I little smart did feelee,

But soone it sore encreased,  
And now it rancleth more and more,  
And inwardly it festreth sore,  
Ne wote I how to cease it  
W<sup>h</sup>l Thoma<sup>l</sup>in I pittie thy plight,  
Perdie with Love thou diddest fight.  
I know him by a token,  
For once I heard my father say,  
How he him caught upon a day,  
(Whereof he wil be wroken)  
Tutangled in a fowling net,  
Which he for carrion Crewes had set  
That in our Peere-tree haunted  
Tho sayd, he was a winged lid  
But bowe and shafts as then none had,  
Els had he sore be daunted  
But see, the Welkin thicks apace,  
And stooping Phebus steepes his face.  
Its time to hast us homeward.

WILLIAMS IMBITIONE

To be wise, and cle to love,  
Is graunted scarce to Gods above

THOMALINS EMBLEMME

Of Hony and of Gaule in love there is store,  
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more

GLOSSE

This Aglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble  
that same of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewise  
telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged  
boy in a tree, was by hym warned to beware of  
mischiefe to come

Overwent, overgone

Alegge, to lessen or aswage

To quell, to abate

Welkin, the skie

The scallow, which bird useth to be counted the  
messenger, and as it were, the forerunner, of  
springe

Flora, the Goddess of flowres, but indeede (as  
saith Tacitus) a famous harlot which, with the  
abuse of her body having gotten great riches,  
made the people of Rome her heyre who, in re-  
membrance of so great beneficence, appointed a  
yearly feste for the memoriall of her, calling her,  
not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica,  
but Flora, making her the Goddess of flowres, and  
doing yerely to her solemne sacrifice

Mayas bowre, that is, the pleasant field, or ra-  
ther the Maye bushes. Mala is a Goddess, and  
the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the  
moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth  
Macrobius

Lethe, the name of some country house

Ascaunce a skewe, or sequint

For-thu, therefore

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the Poes call the  
lake of forgetfulness. For Lethe signifieth forget-

fulness Wherein the soules being dipped did forget  
the cares of their former lyfe So that by love  
sleeping in Lethe lake, he meaneth he was almost  
forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of  
waters hardnesse, when all pleasures, as it were,  
sleepe and were oute of minde

Assolte, to dote.

His slomber To breake Loves slomber is to ever  
rise the delights of Love, and wanton pleasures  
Wings of purple so is he feyned of the Poes  
For als, he imitateth Virgils verse

'Est mihi namque domi pater, est injusta no-  
verca, &c'

A dell, a hole in the ground

Spell, is a kinde of verbe or charme, that in el-  
tymes they used often to say over every thing that  
they would have preserved, as the Night-spell for  
theeves, and the woodspell And hereynce, I  
thinke is named the gospel, as it were Gods spell,  
or worde And so sayth Chaucer, Lister e h Lord-  
ings to my spell

Gana, goe.

An rie tolde, a thicke bush

Swaine, a bove For so is he described of the  
Poes to be a bove, & always fresh and lustie  
blindedfold because he maketh no difference of  
personages with divers coloured winges, & full of  
flying fancies with bone and arow, that is, with  
glauce of beautye, which pryeth as a forked  
arrowe Helisayd also to have that swaine under





*Hob* Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shep-  
heardes boye. [darste

Him Love hath wounded with a deadly  
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,  
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me his madding mynd is starte  
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the  
glenne,

So nowe fayre Rosalind hath breilde his smart,  
So now his frend is chaunged for a freune.

*The.* But if his ditties bene so trimly dight,  
I pray thee, Hobbinoll, recorde some one,  
Tho whiles our flockes do graze about in sight,  
And we close shrowded in this shade alone

*Hob* Contented I then, will I singe his laye  
Of fayre Eliza, Queene of shepherdes all,  
Which once he made as by a spring he laye,  
And tuned it unto the Waters fall

'Ye dainty Nymphs, that in this blessed  
Doe bathe your brest, [brooke  
Forsoke your watry bowres, and hether looke,  
At my request

And eke you Virgins, that on Primrose dwell,  
Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,  
Helpe me to blazo

Her worthy praise,  
Which in her sexe doth all excell

'Of fayre Eliza be your silver song,  
Thi blessed weight,  
The flowre of Virgins may shee flourish long  
In princely plight'

For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,  
Which Pan, the shepherds God, of her begot  
So sprung her grace  
Of heavenly race,

No mortall blemishe may her blotte

'See, where she sits upon the grasse greene,  
(O seemely sight')

Yelad in Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,  
And ermines white

Upon her head a Craneskin coronet,  
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set

By leaves betweene,  
And primroses greene,  
Embellish the sweete Violet

'Tell me, have ye scene her angelick face,  
Like Phoebe saye?

Her heavenly haire, her princely grace,  
Can you well compare?

The Redde rose meiled with the White yfere,  
In either cheek depermeten lively chere  
Her modest eye,

Her Majestie,  
Where have you scene the like but there?

'I sawe Phoebe thrust out his golden hedde,  
Upon her to gaze [quedde,  
But, when he sawe how broade her beames did  
It did him amaze

He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,  
Ne durst againe his fyry face out showe  
Let him, if he daie,  
His brightnesse compare

With hers, to have the overthrowe

'Shewe thyselfe, Cynthia, with thy silver rayes,  
And be not abasht

When shee the beames of her beauty displays,  
O, how art thou dasht'

But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,  
Such folle the gret sorow to Niobe did breede

Now she is a stoupe,  
And makes dayly moue,  
Warning all other to take heede

'Pan may be proud that ever he begot

Such a Bellibone,  
And Syrinx rejoyce that ever was her lot  
To beate such an one

Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam  
To her will I offer a milkewhite Lamb

Shee is my goddesse plaine,  
And I her shepherds swayne,  
Albet forsworne and forswatt I am

'I see Caliope speede her to the place,

Where my Goddesse shunes,  
And after her the other Muses trace,  
With their Violins [beare,

Bene they not Day brannches which they do,  
All for Liza in her hand to weare?

So sweetely they play,  
And sing all the way,  
That it a heaven is to heare

'Lo' how finely the Graeces can it foote

To the Instrument  
They danceen dextly, and singen soote,

In their meriment  
Wants not a fourth Graece, to make the danee  
even?

Let that rowme to my Lady be yeven

She shal be a Graece,  
To fill the fourth place,  
And reigne with the rest in heaven

'And whither rennes this bevie of Ladies bight,  
Krunge in a rowe?

They bene all Ladies of the lake belught,  
That unto her goe

Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,  
Of Olive brannches beares a Coronall

Olives bene for peace,  
When wars doe surcease  
Such for a Princesse bene principall

'Ye shepheards daughters that dwell on the  
greene,  
Hye you there apace  
Let none come there but that Virgins bene,  
To adorne her grace  
And, when you come whereas shee is in place,  
See that your radnesse doe not you disgrace  
Binde your fillets faste,  
And gird in your waste,  
For more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace

'Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,  
With Gelliflowres,  
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,  
Worne of Paramoures  
Strowe me the ground with Daffidownillies,  
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies  
The pretie Pawnee,  
And the Chevisaunce,  
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice

'Now ryse up, Elisa, decked as thou art  
In royall aray,  
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart  
Eche one her way  
I feare I have troubled your troups to longe  
Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song  
And if you come hether  
When Damsnes I gether,  
I will part them all you among'

The, And was thilk same song of Colins  
owne making?

Ah, foolish Boy! that is with love y blent  
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,  
For naught caren that bene so lewdly bent

Hob Sicker I hold him for a greater son,  
That loves the thing he cannot purchase  
But let us homeward, for night draweth on,  
And twinceling starres the daylight hence  
chase

#### THYNOTS EMBLEM

*O quam te memorem Virgo!*

#### HOBBIOLS EMBLEME

*O dea certe!*

#### GLOSSE

*Gars thee grette*, causeth thee weep and complain  
*Fortorne*, left and forsaken

*Attempted to the yeare*, agreeable to the season of  
the yeare, that is Aprill, which moneth is most  
bent to shoures and reasonable rayne to quench  
that is, to de'aye the drought, caused through dry-  
nesse of March wyndes

*The Ladde*, Colin Clout

*The Lasse*, Rosalinda

*Tressel locks*, wrethed and curled

*Is he for a ladde?* a straunge manner of speak-  
ing s what manner of Ladde is he?

*To make, to rime and versifie* For in this word,  
*making*, our olde English Poetes were wont to  
comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to  
the Greeke word *poiesis*, to make whence com-  
meth the name of Poetes

*Colin thou kens*, knowest Seemeth hereby that  
Colin pertyeneth to some Southern noble man, and  
perhaps in Surrey or Kent the rather because he  
so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before,  
*As tythe as lasse of Kent*

*The Widowes*, He calleth Rosalind the Widowes  
daughter of the glenne, that is of a country Ham-  
let or borough which I thinke is rather sayde to  
coloure and conceale the person, then simply spoken  
For it is well known, even in spite of Colin  
and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentlewoman of no  
meane house, nor endued with anye vulgare and  
common gifts, both of nature and manners but  
suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed  
to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hob-

binol be grieved, that so she should be commended  
to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues  
Specially deserving it no lesse, then eyther Myrto  
the most excellent Poete Theocritus his darling,  
or Lauretta the divine Petrarches Goddess, or  
Himera the worthy Poete Stersichorns his idol,  
upon whom he is sayd so much to have doted that,  
in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote  
against the beauty of Helena For which his pre-  
sumptuous and unheedie hardnesse, he is sayde by  
vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to  
have lost both his eyes

*Frenne* a straunger The word, I thinke, was  
first poetically put and afterwards used in common  
custome of speech for forene

*Dight* adorned

*Lave* a songe as Ronndelayes and Virelayes

In all this songe is not to be respected, what the  
worthinesse of her Majestie deserveth, nor what the  
highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but what is  
more comely for the meannes of a shepherd  
wite or to conceive, or to utter And therefore  
he calleth her Eliza, as through rudenesse trip-  
ping in her name, and a shepherds daughter, it  
being very unfit that a shepheards boy, brought  
up in the shepfold, should know, or ever seeme to  
have heard of, a Queenes roialty

*Ye daintie*, is, as it were, an Exordium *ad pri-  
andos amicos*

*Virgins*, the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo  
and Memorie, whose abode the Poets fame to be  
on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that

countinge specially florished the honor of all excellent studies

*Hilicon* is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mountaine in Thracia, out of which floweth the famous spring Castalus dedicated also to the Muses, of which saying it is said that, when Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowne) trooke the crownle with his hoofe, suddenly there out spring a well of more cleare and pleasant water, which for thenceforth was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning

*Your silver song*, seemeth to imitate the like in Hesiodus ἀργαῖοι μέλος

*Syrinx* is the name of a Nympe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in love pursued she, flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damosell, and pulling hard (for he was almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype, which he seeing, tooke of them, and, in remembrance of his lost love, made him a pype thereof But here by Pan and *Syrinx* is not to bee thought, that the shephearde simply meante those Poeticall Gods but rather synnyping (as seemeth) her graces pragenle to be divine and immortal (so as the Paynims were wont to judge of all Kinges and Princes, according to Homers saying,

‘Θυμος δε μεγας εστι διοτρεφεις βασιλῆος,  
‘Τιμη δ’ εα Διος εστι, φιλει δε ε μητιετα Ζευς,)

could devise no parents in his judgement so worthy for her as Pan the shepheards God, and his best beloved *Syrinx* So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her high newe Father late of worthy memorie, King Henry the eight And by that name, oftymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted Kings and mighty Potentates And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the very Pan and god of Shepherdes

*Cremosin coronet*, he decketh her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instead of perles and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes use to be adorned and embost

*Imbellish*, beautilye and set out

*Phoebe*, the Moone, whom the Poets saine to be sister unto Phoebus, that is, the Sunne

*Mixed*, mingled

*Iferre*, together By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White is meant the uniting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and Yorke by whose longe discord and deadly debate this realm many yeeres was sore travelled, and almost cleane decayed Til the famous Henry the seventh, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous Princess Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eight aforesaid, in whom was the first union of the Whyte rose and the Redde

*Calliope*, one of the nine Muses to whome they asigne the honor of all Poeticall Invention, and the first glorie of the Heroicall verse Other say, that shee is the Goddess of Rethorick, but by Virgile it is manifeste, that they mistake the thing For there, in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying,

‘Signal onneta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu’

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Aetion, and eloquent, both special partes of Rethorick beside that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth also ther part but I holde rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Poly hymnia, of her good singing

*Dan bravercher*, be the signe of honor and victory, and therefore of mighty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets,

‘Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,

‘Honor d Imperadori et di Poeti,’ &c

*The Graces* be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, and Homer onely added a fourth, s Panthea) otherwise called Charites, that is, thanks whom the Poets, feyned to be the Goddesses of all bonnetie and comelines, which therefore (as sayth Theophrastus) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely, then to receiue benefites at other mens hands courteously, and thirdly, to requite them thankfully, which are three sundry Actions in liberality And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked (as they were indeede on the tombe of C Julius Caesar) the one having her backe toward us, and her face fromward, as proceeding from us, the other two toward us, noting double thanks to be due to us for the benefit we have done

*Defgly*, finelye and numbly

*Soote*, swete

*Merment*, mirth

*Berie*, a bevie of ladies, is spoken figuratively for a company, or troupe the terme is taken of Larkes For they say a Bevie of Larkes, even as a Cove of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasants

*Ladies of the lake* be Nymphes For it was an olde opinion amongst the Auncient Heathen, that of every spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Sovereigne Whiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by means of certain fine fablers, and lowd lyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthurs the great, and such like who tell many an unlawfull lering of the Ladies of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes For the word Nympe in Greeke, signifieth Well water, or other lye, a Spouse or Bryde

*Blisshitt*, called or named

*Clorio*, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greennesse, of whom is sayd that Zephyrus, the Westerne wind, being in love with her, and coveting her to wyfe, gave her for a dowrie the chiefe domo and sovereignty of all flowers, and greene herbes, growing on earth

*Olive bene* The Olive was wont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to as it ought, but in tyme of peace, or es for that the Olive tree, they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and used most for speares, and other instruments of wirre Whereupon is finelye feigned, that when Neptune and Minerva strove for the naming of the citie of Athens Neptune striking the ground with his muce caused a horse to come

forth, that surperleth warre, but at Minervaes stroke sprong out an Olive, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such penceable studies  
*Binde your spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicitie*

*Bring*, all these be names of flowers *Sops in wine*, a flower in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitie *Floure de lice*, flint which they use to misteine flowre deluce, being in Latine called *Flos delitui um*

*A Bellibone*, or a bonibell, homely spoken for a fayre mayde, or Bonilasse

*Forsiconck*, and *forscatt*, overlaboured and sunne burnt

*I saw Phœbus*, the sunne. A sensible narration, and present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *raporia*

*Cynthia*, the Moone, so called of *Cynthus* a hyl, where she was honoured

*Latonaes seede*, Was Apollo and Diana Whom, when as Niobe the Wife of Amphon scorned, in respect of the noble fruite of her wombe, namely her seven soones, and so many daughters, Latona, being therewith displeased, commaunded her sonne Phœbus to slen all the soones and Diana all the daughters whereat the unfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure was feigned of the Pœetes to be turned into a stone, upon the sepulchre of her children for which cause the shepheard sayth, he will not compare her to them, for feare of like misfortune

*Now rise*, is the conclusion For, having so decked her with prayes and comparisons, he returneth all the thank of hys labour to the excellencie of her Majestie

*When Daunsins*, A base reward of a clownish glver

*I blent*, Y is a poetically addition, *blent*, blinded

## EPILOGUE

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him used in the person of Aeneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likeness of one of Diancs damocells being there most divinely set forth To whieb similitude of diuinitie Hobbinoll, comparing the excellency of Elisa, and being, through the worthynes of Collins song, as it were, overcome with the hugeness of his imagination, brusteth

out in great admiration, (*O quam te memorem virgo*) being otherwise unable, then by suddela silence, to expresse the worthynesse of his conceipt. Whom Thetot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approvaunce, that Elisa is no whit inferiour to the Majestie of her, of whome that Poete so boldly pronounced *O dea certe*

## MAYE.

## ÆGLOGA QUINTA. ARGUMENT.

*In this fift Ænlogue, under the persons of two shepheards, Piers and Palinode, be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, of the Prote-dart and the Catholique whose chiefe talke standeth in reasonnyn, whether the life of the one must be like the other with whom having shered, that it is dangerous to mainteine any fellowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and fenned good will, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that, by such a countenpoint of ciustines, deceived and decoured the credulous kiddy*

## PALINODE.

## PIERS

*Palinode* Is not thulke the mery moneth of  
 When love-kids nrisken in fresh may [May,  
 How fallies it, then, we no merrier bene,  
 Ylike as oth r, girt in gandy greene,  
 Our bloncket livers bene all to saddle  
 For thulke same season, when all is yeladd  
 With plesurnee the grownd with grasse,  
 the Woods [buds

With greene leas, the bushes with blossoming  
 Youthes folke now floeken in every where  
 To gather May bus-kets and smelling breere  
 And home they hasten the poetes to dight,  
 And all the Kirke pillours erre day light,  
 With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,  
 And girlonds of roses, and Sops in wine  
 Such merimake holi smuts doth queme,  
 But we here sitten is drownd in dreame

*Piers* For Youmbers Palinode, such folles  
 But we twy bene men of elder witt [sitte,

*Pal* Sieker this morrowe, no lenger agoe,  
 I sawe a shole of shepheardes outgoe  
 With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere  
 Before them rode a lusty labrere,  
 That to the many a Horne-pye playd, [may d  
 Whereto they daunce, cebe one with his  
 To see those folkes make such joyssaunce,  
 Made my heart after the pype to daunce  
 I ho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,  
 To ferehen home Wry with their muscull  
 And home they bringen a royall throne,  
 Crowned as king and his Queene attono  
 Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend  
 A fayre floeke of Faeries, and a fresh bend  
 Of lovely Nymphs (O that I were there,  
 To helpen the Ladyes their May bush beare!)  
 Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to  
 thinke [synck?  
 How great sport they gaynen with little

*Piers* Perdie, so furre am I from envie,  
 First their foulnesse only I pitie  
 Those favours little regarden their charge,  
 While they, letting their sheepe runne at large,  
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,  
 In lashiende and wanton meryment [stedde,  
 Thilke same bene shepeheirdes for the Devils  
 That playen while their flockes be unfedde  
 Well is it seene theyr sheepe bene not their  
 owne,

That letten them runne at randon alone  
 But they bene hy red for little pay  
 Of other, that caren as little as they  
 What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,  
 And get all the gayne, paying but a peece  
 I muse, what account both these will make,  
 The one for the hire which he doth take,  
 And thother for leavyn his Lords taske, [nske.  
 When great Pan account of shepeherdes shall

*Pal* Sieker, now I see thou speakest of  
 spight,

All for thou lackest somedele chier delight  
 I (as I am) had rather be envied,  
 All were it of my foe, then sonly pitied  
 And yet, if neede were, pitied would be,  
 Rather then other should scorne at me  
 For pitied is nushippe that nas remedie,  
 But scorned bene dedes of fond foolerie  
 What shoulde shepheards oother things tend,  
 Then, sith their God his good does them send,  
 Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasnre,  
 The while they here liven at ease and leasure?  
 For, when they bene dead, their good is y goe,  
 They sleepen in rest, well as other moe  
 Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,  
 But what they left behind them is lost  
 Good is no good, but if it be spend,  
 God giveth good for none other end

*Piers* Ah! *Pal*modie, thou art a worldes  
 childe

Who touches Pitch, mought needes be defilde,  
 But shepheards (as *Algrind* used to sty)  
 Mought not live ylike as men of the laye  
 With them it sits to care for their heire,  
 Enaunter their heritage doe impaire [aunce,  
 They must provide for meanes of mainten-  
 And to continue their wont countenaunce  
 But shepheard must walke another way,  
 Sike worldly rovenance he must forsay  
 The sonne of his lounes why should he regard  
 To leave enriched with that he hath spard?  
 Should not thilke God, that gave him that  
 good,

Eke cherish his child, if in his waves he stood?  
 For if he mshye in leudnes and lust,  
 Little bootes all the welth and the trust,  
 That his tather left by inheritance,  
 All will be soone wasted with misgovernance,

But through this, and other their misereauence  
 They maken many a wroug chierisunce,  
 Heaping up waves of welth and woe,  
 The foddres whereof shall them overflowe  
 Sike mens folie I cannot compare  
 Better then to the Apes folish care,  
 That is so enamoured of her young one,  
 (And yet, God wote, such cause hath she none)  
 That with her hard hold, and straight em-  
 bracing,

She stoppeth the breath of her younging  
 So often times, when as good is meant,  
 Evil ensueth of wrong entent

The time was once, and may againe retorne,  
 (For ought may happen, that hath bene be-  
 some)

When shepheards had none inheritaunce,  
 Ne of land, nor fee in sufferance,  
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,  
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.  
 Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe  
 Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe,  
 For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,  
 And litle them served for their mayntenaunce  
 The shepheards God so wel them guided,  
 That of nought they were unprovided,  
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,  
 And their flockes fleeces them to traye  
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie,  
 That nource of vice, this of insolencie,  
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,  
 That, not content with loyall obaysaunce,  
 Some gan to gripe for greedie governaunce.  
 And match them selfe with mighty potentates,  
 Lovers of Lordship, and troublers of states  
 Tho gra shepheards swaines to looke aloft,  
 And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge  
 soft

Tho, under colour of shepheards, somewhile  
 There erept in Wolves, ful of fraude, and  
 That often devoured their owne sheepe, [guile,  
 And often the shepheards that did hem keepe  
 This was the first sourse of shepheards covowe,  
 That now will be quitt with baile nor borrowe.

*Pal* Three thinges to beare bene very bur-  
 denous,

But the fourth to forebare is outrageous  
 Wemen, that of Loves longing once lust,  
 Hardly forebaren, but have it they must  
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,  
 Wanting revenge, is hard to asswage  
 And who can counsell a thirstie soule,  
 With prudence to forebare the offred bowle?  
 But of all burdens that a man can beare,  
 Most is, a foolles talke to beare and to heare  
 I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,  
 That beeres on his shoulders the heavens  
 heght

Thou findest faulte where nys to be found,  
And buiddest strong warke upon a weake  
ground

Thou raylest on, right withouten reason,  
And blamest heat much for small chereleson  
Him shouldest shepherdes live, if not so?  
What? shouldest they paven in pyne and woe?  
Nay, say I thereto by my deare bairon,  
If I may rest, I will live in sorrowe

Sorrowe ne netde be hystened on,  
For he will come, without calling, anon  
While times enduren of tranquillite,  
I see we freely our felicitie,  
For, when approchen the stormie stowres,  
We mought with our shoulder beare of the  
chape stowres,

And, sooth to saye, nought seemeth sile-  
strife,

That shepherdes so witen eek others life,  
And laven her faulte the world before,  
The while their foes done eache of hem com-  
let none mislike of that may not be mended  
So cometh soone by concord mought be ended

Piers Shephard I list none accomaunce  
make

With shephard that does the right way for-  
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,  
Had lever my foe then my frend be he.  
For what concord han light and darke sam?  
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?  
Such fators, when their false hart bent lude,  
Will doe as did the Foxe by the kiddle

Fal Now, Piers, of felowship, tell us thi  
saying

For the kiddle can keepe both our flockes from

Piers Thilke same kiddle (as I can well  
was too very foolish and unwise,

For on a tyme, in Sommer season,  
The Gate her dune, that had good reason,  
Yode forth abroad unto the greene wood,  
To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good  
But, for shee had a motherly care  
Of her young soone, and wil to beware,  
Shee set her younging before her knee,  
That was both fresh and lovely to see,  
And full of favour as kiddle mon,ht be.  
His vellet head began to shoote out,  
And his wreathell hornes gan newly sprout  
The blossomes of lust to bud did beguine,  
And spring forth raaekly under his chunne,  
'My Sonne,' (quoth shee and with that gan  
weepe,  
For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)  
'God blesse thee, poore Orphane! as he  
mought me,  
And send thee joy of thy jollitee  
Thy father,' (that word shee spake with payne,  
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)

'Thy father, had he lived this day,  
To see the lammes of his body dispayle,  
How would he have joyed at this swete sight!  
But ah! false fortune such joy did him spight,  
And cutte of his dayes with untimely wee,  
Thrayning him into the trammes of this foe

Now I, a wayfull widdowe helght,  
Of my old age have this one delight,  
To see thee wende in thy fathers stede,  
And flourish in flowres of lusty head  
For even so thy father has head upheld,  
And so his hantie hornes did he wold'

The marking hua with melting eyes,  
A thrilling throbbe from her hart did arise  
And interrupted all her other speache  
With some wyl sorrowe that made a newe  
brach

Seemed thet awe in the younglings face  
The old lincunens of his fathers grace  
At last her solemn silence shee broke  
And gan his newe buidled head to stroke  
'Kiddle, (quoth shee) thou kenest the great  
care

I have of thy health and thy welfare,  
Which many wyl beasts ligger in waite  
For to entrip in thy tender state  
But most the Foxe, master of collusion  
For he has vaued thy last confusion  
For thy, my Kiddle, be ruld by mee,  
And never give trust to his trecherie  
And, if he chaunce come when I am abroad,  
Spere the vte fast for ure of fraude  
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,  
Open the dore at his request.'

So schoold the Gate her wanton soone,  
That answerd his mother, all should be done  
The went the pensive Damaur out of dore,  
And chaunst to stamble at the threshold noce  
Her stumbling steppes some what her amazed,  
(For such, as signes of ill luck, bene dis-  
prayed.)

Yet forth shee yode, therent halfe aginst  
And kiddle the dore sperrd after her fast  
It was not long, after shee was gone,  
But the false Foxe cyme to the dore anon  
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,  
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,  
Bearing a trusse of tryfles at his becke,  
As belis, and brases, and glasses, in his packe  
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,  
For in his headpicer he felt a sore payne  
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout  
For with great cold he had gotte the gont  
There at the dore he erst me downe his packe  
And layd him downe, and groned, 'Alack!  
Alack!

Alack!  
Ah, deare Lord! and sweete Saint Charitee!  
That some good body woulde once pitie mee!

Well heard Kiddie al this sore constraint,  
And lengd to know the cause of his complaint  
Tho, creeping close behind the Wicket chink,  
Preveile he peeped out through a chink,  
Yet not so plevilie but the Foxe him spyed,  
For decentfull meaning is double eyed

'Ah, good young maister' (then gan he  
erye)

'Jesus blesse that sweete face I espye,  
And keepe your corpe from thoe careful stounds  
That in my earren earens abounds'

The Kidd putting in his heavnesse,  
Asked the cause of his great distresse,  
And also who, and whence that he were?

Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,  
Thus medled his talke with many a teare  
'Sieke, sieke, alas' and little lack of dead,  
But I be relieved by your beastly head

I am a poore sheepe, albe my coloure donne,  
For with long travelle I am brent in the sonne  
And, if that my Grandsire me sayd be true,  
Sieke, I am very sybbe to you

So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne  
The wise hurred of so simple swanne  
Of mercy and favour, then, I you pray  
With your aid to fore-stall my neere decay

Tho out of his preeke a glasse he tooke,  
Wherein while Kiddie unware did looke,  
He was so enamored with the newell,  
That nought he deemed deare for the jewell  
Tho opened he the dore, and in came  
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame  
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,  
Lest he should be desceyved by his travine.

Being withim, the Kidde made him good glee,  
All for the love of the glasse he did see

After his ehre the Pedler can chat,  
And tell many lesinges of this and that,  
And how he could shewe many a fine knack.  
Tho shewed his ware and opened his pache,  
All save a bell, which he left behind  
In the basket for the Kidde to find

When when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,  
He popt him in, and his basket did lath  
Ne staid he once the dore to make fast,  
But ranne awaye with him in all hyst [hyde,

Home when the doubtfull Damme had her  
She mought see the dore stand open wyde  
All agast, lowdly she gan to call

Her Kidde, but he nould answer at all  
Tho on the flore she saw the merehaundise  
Of which her sonne had sette to deere a prise  
What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was  
gone

Sheeweeped and wailed, and made great mone.  
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned  
Of craft, colourd with simplicitie [be  
And such end, perdie, does all hem remayne,  
That of such falsers freendship bene fayne.

Full Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,  
Furthest from the marke, weening it to hit.

Now, I pray thee, lette me this tale borrowe  
For our Sir John, to say to morrowe  
At the Kerke, when it is holliday,  
For well he meanes, but little can say  
But, and if foxes bene so crafty as so,  
Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe

Piers, Of their falshode more could I re-  
count,

But now the bright Sunne giveth to dismount,  
And, for the dewie night now doth ny e,  
I hold it best for us home to hye

# PALINODUS EMBLEMAT

Ἡὸς μὲν ἀριστος ἀριστὸν

# PIERS HIS EMBLEMAT.

Τὴς δ' ἀρα τιστὶς αἰσῶτω,

# GLOSSE

Thille, this same moneth It is applyed to the  
season of the moneth, when all menne delight  
them selves with plessaunce of fieldes, and gardens,  
and garments

Bloucket liveries gray cortes  
I clad arrayed, I redoundeth, as before  
In every where, a strange, yet proper kind of  
speaking

Bushes, a diminutive, s. little bushes of hau-  
thorne

Kirke, church  
Queme, please

A shole, a multitude, taken of fishe, whereof some,

going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in  
a shole

I oile, went.

Joryssaunce, Joye

Swinck, labour

Inly, entirely

Faulous, vagabonds

Great Ian, is Christ, the very God of all shep-  
heards, which calleth himselfe the greates, and  
good shepherd The name is most rightly (me-  
thinke) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all, or  
onimpotent, which is onely the Lord Jesus And  
by that name (as I remember) he is called of Euse.



bins, in his fift booke *De Preparat Erana*, who thereof telleth a proper storie to that purpose Which story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of Oracles and of Iavtero translated in his booke of walking sprights, who saith, that about the same time that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certain passengers sailing from Italy to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Isles called Paodes, heard a voice calling aloude Thamus, Thamus (now Thamus was the name of an Egyp.ian, which was Pilote of the ship) who, giving care to the cry, was bidden, when he came to Paodes to tel that the great Pan was dead which he doubting to doe yet for that when he came to Paodes there suddenly was such a calme of vnde that the shippe stode still in the see unmoved he was forced to cry aloud, that Pan was dead where withall there was heard such piteous orneries, and dreadfull shriking as hath not bene the like By which Pan though of some be under-tooke the great Satyrus whose kingdom at that time was by Christ conquered the gates of hell broken up and death by Iheru delivered to eternall death (for at that time as he sayth, all Oracles surceased and enchanted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace) and also at the demand of the Emperoure Tiborius, who that Pan should be answered was made him by the wisest and best learned that it was the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Christ the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

*I as I am seemeth to imitate the common proverb, Malum irridere multi omnes, quam curare e.*

*As is a scoope for he has, or has not as would for would not*

*The with them doth imitate the Eptiphe of the famous king Sardanapalus which he caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke which verses be thus translated by Tullie*

*'Hec habui quæ edi, quæque exaurata libido  
'Hæc aut illa manent multa ac præclara re-  
licta'*

Which may thus be turned into English

*'All that I ate did I love and all that I greedily  
gorged  
'As for those many goodly matters I left I for  
others'*

Much like the Eptaph of a good olde Frie of Devonshire which though much more neede not be written then Sardanapalus yet hath a smilke of his seasonall delights and beaustine the rhyme these

*'Ho ho' who lies here?  
'I the good Frie of Devonshire  
'And Maunde my wife that was in denre  
'We lived together ly veure  
'That we spent we had  
'That we gave we have  
'That we left we lost.'*

Alarind the name of a shepheard

*Men of the law, Laymen.*

*Launler, least that.*

*Sorenaunce, remembrance*

*Miseraunce, despaire or misbeliefe*

*Cherlaunce* sometime of Chiver used for guine sometime of other for sporie or bootie, or enterprize, and sometime for chieftome

*Put himselfe*, God according as is said in Denteronome, That in division of the lande of Canaan to the tribe of Levie no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for God himselfe was their inheritaunce

*Some gan*, meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates which usurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Churche, and with Peters counterfet keyes open a wide gate to all wickednesse and violent government. *Nought here* spoken, as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and governance (as some maliciously of late have done, to the great unreste and hindernesse of the Churche) but to displace the pride and disorder of such as, in steede of feeding their shepe indeede feede of their sheepe

*Source*, welspring and originall

*Assure* pledge or surtie

*The Gaunle* is the greates Atlas, whom the poetes feign to be a huge gannit that beareth Heaven on his shoulders being indeede a mercurious highe mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie which to mans seeming perceeth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heavens. Other thinke and they not misse that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrey (of whom may bee that that hill had his denomination) brother to Prometheus who (as the Greekes say) did first find out the hidden courses of the starres by an excellent imagination wherefore the poetes feigned, that he sustented the firmament on his shoulders. *Ma* any other coniect ires needlesse be told hereof

*Maule, worke*

*Induction* cause occasion

*Deare borrow* that is our Saviour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death

*Wuten blame*

*Nought seemeth* is unseemely

*Content*, strife contention

*Hee* they as weth Chancer

*Han* for have

*Sam* together

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kilde may be understoode the simple sorte of the forthfull and true Christians. By hys dame Christe that hath already with careful watche worris (as heere doth the goate) warned her little ones, to beware of such doubting deceit. By the Foxe the false and faithlesse Papistes, to whom is no credit to be given nor felowshippe to be used

*The Gate* the Gote Northernly spoken to turne into A

*Iode* went sorrowfull

*She set* a figure called *Fictio* which useth to attribute reasonable actions and speeches to unreason-able creatures

*The Mornings of Iue*, be the young and moose heares which then be gonne to sproute and shoot forth when lustfull heate be gonneth to kindle

*And with* a very poetical *madoc*

*Orphane*, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tuitour and governour

*That word*, a patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull hyperbation

*The branch*, of the fathers body, is the child  
For even so, Alluded to the enyng of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile

'Sic ocnlos, sic ille manus, sic orn ferebnt'

*A thrilling throb*, a pereing sigh  
*Liggen*, lye

*Maister of collusion*, s coloured guile, because the Foxe, of al bersts is mo-t wily and crafty  
*Sperie the yate*, shut the dore

For such, the goles stonblin, is here noted as an evill signe The like to be mrked in all histories and that not the leaste of the Forde Hastingues in King Rychnrde the thurd his dayes For beside his dangerous dreame (which was a shreude prophete of his mishap that folowed) It is sayd thnt in the morning ryding toward the tower of London there to sitte uppon matters of counsell his horse stambled twise or thrise by the way which, of some, that ryding with him in his company were privie to his neere destenie was secretly mrked mid nfterward notad for memorie of his great mishap that ensued For being then as meryo as man might be, and leest donbtng ny mortall daunger he was, within two howres after, of the Tyranno put to a shamefull deathle

*A belles*, by such trifles are noted the reliques and ragges of poplsh superstition which put no

smal religion in Belles, and Babes, s Idole and glasses, s Faves, and such lyke trimperies

*Great cold*, for they boast much of their outward patience and voluntarye sufferance, as a worke of merite and holy humblenesse

*Sweete S Charite*, The Catholiques common othe, and onely speache, to have charitie alwayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outwrd Actioun but never inwardly in fayth and godly zeale

*Uncle*, a key hole Whose diminitive is elicket, used of Chancer for a Key

*Stounds*, fittes aforesayde

*His lere*, his lesson

*Medled*, mingled

*Besthead*, agreeing to the person of a beast.

*Sibbe* of kinne

*Neuell*, a newe thing

*To forestall*, to prevent

*Glee* chere mforesayde

*Deare a price* his lyfe which he lost for those toyes

*Such ende* is an Epiphonema or rather the moral of the whole tale, whose purpose is to warne the protestant beware how he giveth credit to the unfaythfull Catholique, wherof we have dayly proofes sufficient but one moste famous of all prynth-ed of late yeares in France, by Charles the mynth

*Fynge*, gladd or desyrrous

*Our sir John* a Popish priest A saying fit for the grossenesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunte unlearned Priestes

*Discount* descende or set

*Aye*, draweth nere

## FABLENF

Both these Emblemes make one whole Hexa metre The first spoken of Philnodle as in re proche of them that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognysverse intending that whodoth most mistrust is most false For such experience in falshod breedeth mistrust in the mynd thinking no lesse guile to lurke in others then in hymselfe But

Piers thereto strongly replyeth with an other peece of the same verse saying, as in his former fable, what fayth then is there in the faythlesse? For if fayth be the ground of religion which fayth they dayly false, what hold is then there of theyr religion? And this is all that they saye

## JUNE

## ÆGLOGA SEXTA ARGUMENT

*This Æglogue is wholly towed to the complaining of Collins ill successe in his love For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lasse, Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare friend Hobbinnol, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steede Mevalcus, another shepheard, received disloyally And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue*

## HOBBINOL

*Hob* Lo' Collin, here the place whose pleasant syte [mynde] From other shades hath weand my wandring Tell me, what wants me here to worke delight?

The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde, So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde The grasse ground with daintie Darcies light,

## COLIN CLOUT

The Bramble bush, where Byrds of every kynde To the waters fall their tunes attemper right Col O happy Hobbinnol! I blesse thy state, That Paradise hast founde whyle Adam lost

Here wander my thy flocke, early or late, Withouten drede of Wolves to bene ytost Thy lovely laves here mayst thou freely boste

But I, unhappy man! whom cruell fate  
And angry Gods pursue from coaste to coaste,  
Can nowhere find to shrowde my lucklesse  
pate

*Hob* Then, if by me thou list adviced be  
Forsooke the soyle that so doth thee bewitch  
Leave me those hilles where harbrough mis to  
see,

Nor holly-bush, nor breere, nor winding wathe  
And to the dales resort, where shepherds  
riteh,

And fruitfull flocks, bene every where to see  
Here no night-ravenes lodge, more black then  
puthe,

Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe slee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,  
And lightfoote Nymphes, ean chace the ling-  
ring Night

With Heydegives, and trunly trodden trices,  
Whilst ysters nyne, which dwell on Parnas-e  
light,

Doe make them musick for their more delight  
And Pan himselfe, to please their christall  
faces,

Will pipe and drunce when Phoebe shineth  
Such pietelesse pleasures have we in these places

*Col* And I, whilst youth and course of  
carelesse yeeres,

Did let me walke withouten lunds of love,  
In such delights did joy amongst my peeres  
But riper age such pleasures doth reprove  
My sinne eke from former follies move

To staved steps, for tunc in passing weeres,  
(As garments doon, which wexen old above,)  
And draweth new delights with hoary  
heares

Thou couldest I sing of love, and tunc my pype  
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made

*Tho* would I seeke for *Queene-apples* uary pe,  
To give my Rosalind and in Sommer shade  
Dight gaudy Girlands was my common trade,  
To crowne her golden locks but yeeres more  
rype,

And losse of her, whose love as life I wad,  
Those weary wanton toys away dyd wyve,

*Hob* Colin, to heere thy ryms and rounde-  
laves,

Which thou wert wont on wastfull hilles to  
I more delight then larke in Sommer daves  
Whose Echo made the neighbour groves to  
ring,

And thought the byrds, which in the lower  
Did shrowde in shady leaves from sunny rays,  
Frame to thy songe their chereful cherping  
Or hold thy peace, for shame of thy sweete  
laves,

I sawe Calliope with Muses moe,  
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound.  
They yvory Lyre and Tamlurlus forgoe,  
And from the fountaine, where they sat  
around,

Renue after hastely thy silver sound,  
But, when they came where thou thy skill  
didst shewe,

They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame con-  
Shepherd to see them in theyr art outgoe.

*Col* Of Muses, Hobbinol I counne no skill,  
I or they bene daughters of the hyghest Jove,  
And holden scorn of homely shepherds  
quill

For with I heard that Pan with Phabus strove,  
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger  
drove

I never list presume to Parnasse hyl,  
But pyping love in shade of lowly grove,  
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill

Nought wagh I who my song doth prayse or  
blame,

Ne strive to winne renowne or passe the rest  
With shepherd sitters not followe a flying fame,  
But feede his flocke in fields where falls him  
best.

I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest,  
The fitter they my carefull ease to frame  
I nough is me to paint out my mistrest,  
And poore my piteous plants out in the same

The God of shepherds, Tityrus, is dead  
Who taught me homely as I can to melle,  
He, whilst he lived, was the soveraigne head  
Of shepherds all that bene with love yake  
Well coulde he wylye his Woe, and lightly  
slake

The flames which love within his heart had  
And tell us mery tales to keepe us wake,  
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and heth wrapt in lead,  
(O! why should Death on hym such outrage  
shewe?)

And all his passing skil with him is fledde,  
The faune whereof doth daily greater growe.  
But, if on me some litle drops would flowe  
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,

I soone would learne these woods to wale my  
woe,

And teachie the trees their trickling teares to  
Then should my plants, caused of discourtesee,  
As messengers of this my painfull plight,

I live to my love, where ever that she bee,  
And pierce her heart with point of worthy  
wight

As shee deserves that wrought so deadly spight  
And thou, Menalcas, that by trechierce

Didst underfow my lasse to weve so light,  
Shouldst well be knowne for such thy  
villanee.

But since I am not as I wish I were,  
Ye gentle Shepheards, which your flocks do  
feede,  
Whether on hylle or dales, or other where,  
Beare witness all of this so wicked deede  
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a  
weede,  
And faultlesse fayth is turned to faultlesse  
fere,

That she the truest shepheards hart made  
bleede,  
That lyves on earth, and loved her most true

*Hob* O, carefull Colin I lamente thy case,  
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to slowe!  
Ah, faithlesse Rosalind and voids of grace,  
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe!  
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe  
Then ryse, ye blessed Flocks, and home apace,  
Least night with stealing steppes doe you  
forsloe, [traec,  
And wet your tender Lambes that by you

## COINIS IMBELLIV

Giu speme spenta

## GLOSSE

## Site, situation and place

*Paradisus* A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Gar-  
den of pleasure or place of delights. So he com-  
pareth the valle, wherein Hobbinoll made his abode,  
to that earthly Paradise in scripture called Eden,  
wherein Adam in his first creation was placed  
which of the most learned is thought to be in  
Mesopotamia the most fertile pleasant country  
in the world (as may appeare by Diogenes Senus  
description of it, in the historie of Alexanders  
conquest thereof) lying betwene the two famous  
Rivers, (which are said in scripture to flowe out  
of Paradise) Tygris and Euphrates, whereof it is  
so donominate

*Lorsale the soule* This is no Poetical fiction but  
unfeignedly spoken of the Poete himselfe, who for  
speciall occasion of private affaires, (as I have  
bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his  
more present remoyal, out of the Northparts  
came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede advised  
him privately

*Those hylles*, that is in the North country, where  
he dwelt

*As, is not*

*The Dales* The Southpartes, where he now  
abideth, which though they be full of hylles and  
woodes (for Kent is very hilly and woodye, and  
therefore so called, for *Kanth* in the Saxons tongue  
signifieth woodde,) yet in respect of the North  
partes they be called dales. For indeede the North  
is counted the higher countrey

*Night hares* &c By such latefall byrdes, here  
meth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens)  
flying every where

*Frendly fauns* The opinion of Faeries and  
elves is very old, and yet steketh very religiously  
in the myndes of some. But to roote that rucke  
opinion of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is,  
that there be no such things, nor yet the shadowes  
of the things, but onely by a sort of bald riers  
and foolish shavylings so folged, which as in all  
other things, so in that sought to non-sell the  
common people in ignorance, least, being once  
acquainted with the truth of things, they woulde

in tyme smell out the untruth of theyr pucked  
pelfe, and Mus epaule religion. But the sooth is,  
that when all Italy was distracted into the factions  
of the Guelles and the Gibelins, being two famous  
houses in Florence, the name began through their  
great mischeifes and many outrages to be odious,  
or rather detestfull, in the peoples eares, that, if  
their children at any tyme were frowarde and  
wanton they woulde say to them that the Guelfe  
or the Gibelne came. Which words now from  
then (as many things else) be come into our usage  
and for Guelles and Gibelnes, we say Elfes and  
Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmen used  
to say of that valliant captain, the very scourge  
of Fraunce, the Lorde Thalbot afterward Erie of  
Shrewsbury whose noble se bred such a terror in  
the hearts of the French, that oft tymes even great  
armies were defacted and put to flight at the onely  
hearing of his name. In somuch that the French  
women to affray theyr chyldren, would tell them  
that the Talbot commeth

*Many Graeces*, though there be indeede but three  
Graeces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the ut-  
most but foure, yet in respect of many gyftes of  
bonny there may be said more. And so Musens  
sayth that in Herodes cyther eye thero sat a hun-  
dred Graeces. And by that authoritie, this same  
Poete, in his Pigeants, sayth 'An hundred Graeces  
on her eynde sat,' &c

*Hendegues*, A country dance or rownd. The  
conceit is that the Graeces and Nymphes doe  
dauce unto the Muses and Pan his musick all  
night by Moonlight. To signifie the pleasant-  
ness of the soyle

*Preier* Tualles, and fellow shepheards  
*Quine-apples* *um tpe*, imitating Virgils verse

'Ipse ego canu legam tenera laugine mula

*Neighbour groves* a strange phrase in English,  
but word for word expressing the Latine *vicina  
nemora*

*Sprimg*, not of water, but of young trees springing  
*Calliope*, afforesayde. This stasse is full of aerie  
poetical invention

*Tamburines*, an old kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

*Pan* with *Phaebus* the tale is well knowne here the *Pan* and *Apollon*, striving for excellency in musicke, chose *Midas* for their iudge. Whose being corrupted with partiall affection, he the vicar to *Pan* and verred for well his *Phaebus* so to a parr of *Asses* eares upon his head &c.

*Tityrus* That by *Tityrus* is meant *Chaucer*, hath bene already sufficiently sayde and by this more plainly appeareth that he sayth, he tolde merry tales. Such as Leys *Canterburie* tales wherein he calleth the God of Poets for his excellencie, so as

Tulle calleth *Lentulus*, *Deum rita sua*, & the God of his life.

To make, to versifie  
Orly A private *Parvorth's*, or correction  
*Discreet* he meaneth the false-ness of his  
lover *Rosalinde*, who forsaking him had chose a  
another

*Payle of without* is the price of deserved blame  
*Menelaus* the name of a shepherde in *Virgile*  
but here is meant a person unknowne and secret,  
against whom he often bitterly inveigheth

In *disfange*, and myre and deceive by false  
suggestion

### IMPLEM.

To remember that in the first *Eclogue* *Colinus*  
Poole was *Anchora spero* for that as then there  
was hope of favour to be found in *tyne*. But now  
being cleane forlorne and rejected of her, as whose

hope that was is cleane extinguished and turred  
into despayre he renounceth all comfort and hope  
of goodnes to come which is all the meaning of  
this Embleme

## JULYE.

### ECLOGA SEPTIMA ARGUMENT

This *Eclogue* is made in the Honour and commendation of most shepherdes and to the shame and  
dispraise of proud and ambitious *Pis ours*. Such as *Morrell* is here imagined to be

#### THOMAS

#### MORRELL

Tho Is not this same a gotche and provide,  
That sittes on yonder bricke,

Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde  
Among the bushes rancke?

Mor What, how thou jolly shepherde,  
Come up the hyl to me [swayne

Better is then the lowly playne,  
As for thy flocke and thee

Thom Ah! God shield man, that I should  
And learne to looke alofte, [clune,

This reede is ryfe that oftentime  
Great climbers fall un-oft

In humble dales is footing fast,  
The trode is not so tickle

And though one fall through heedlesse hast,  
Yet is his misse not mickle

And now the Sonne hath reared up  
His fiery-footed tyme,

Making his way betweene the Cuppe  
And golden Diademe

The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,  
With dogges of noysome breath,

Whose befull barking brings in hast  
Pyne, plagues, and dreery death

Agaynst his cruell scorching heate,  
Where hast thou coverture?

The wastefull hyls unto his threate  
Is a playne coverture

But, if thee lust to holden chat  
With seely shepherds swayne,

Come downe and learne the litle what,  
That *Thomrill* can save

Mor Syke thou but a lesse loord,  
And rekes much of thy swynck,

That with fond termes, and witlesse words,  
To blynde mine eyes dost thynke,

In evill houre thou hentest in hand  
Thus holy hylles to blame,

For sacred mountaints they stond,  
And of them han their name

St Michels Mount who does not know,  
That witlesse the Westerne cote?

And of St Brigets howre I trow,  
All bent can rightly boaste

And they that can of *Muses* all  
Sayne most-what, that they dwell

(As gotcheards wout) upon a hill,  
Beside a learned well

And woudest not the great God Pan  
Upon mount *Olivet*

Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,  
Which dyll himselfe beget?

Thom O blessed sheepe! O shepherde great  
That bought his flocke so deere,

And them did save with bloudy sweat  
From Wolves that would them teare.

Mor Beside, as holy fithers sayne  
There is a hyllye place,

Where Titan ryeth from the mayne  
To renue his dayly race,

Upon whose toppes the starres bene stayed,  
 And all the skie doth leane,  
 There is the cave where Phœbe layed  
 The shepheard long to dreame  
 Whilome there used shepherds all  
 To feede their flocks at will,  
 Till by his folly one did fall,  
 That all the rest did spill  
 And, sithens shepherdes bene forsayd  
 From places of delight,  
 For thy I weene thou be affrayd  
 To elume thus hilles height  
 Of Synah can I tell thee more,  
 And of our Ladies bowre,  
 But little needes to strow my store,  
 Suffice this hill of our  
 Here han the holy Fannes reconurse,  
 And Sylanes haunten rathe,  
 Here has the salt Medway his source,  
 Wherein the Nymphes doe bathe,  
 The salt Medway, that trieking stremis  
 Adowne the dales of Kent,  
 Till with his elder brother Themis  
 His brackish waves be meynt  
 Here growes Melampode every where,  
 And Teribinth, good for Gotes  
 The one my madding kiddes to smere,  
 The next to heale their throates  
 Hereto, the hills bene higher heven,  
 And thence the passage ethe,  
 As well can prove the piercing levin,  
 That seeldome falles bynethe  
 Thom Syker, thou speakes lyke a lewde  
 Of Heaven to demen so, [lorrell,  
 How be I am but rude and borrell,  
 Yet nearer wayes I knowe  
 To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,  
 Has bene an old-sayd save,  
 And he, that strives to touch a starre,  
 Oft stumbles at a strawe.  
 Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye  
 That leades in lowly dales,  
 As Goteherd proud, that, sitting lye,  
 Upon the Mountaine sayles  
 My seely sheepe like well belowe,  
 They neede not Melampode  
 For they bene hyle enough, I trowe,  
 And liken theyr abode,  
 But, if they with thy Gotes should yede,  
 They soone myght be corrupted,  
 Or like not of the frowie fede,  
 Or with the weedes be gluttid  
 The hylls where dwelled holy saints  
 I reverence and adore  
 Not for themselfe, but for the saynets  
 Which han be dead of yore  
 And nowe they bene to heaven forewent,  
 Their good is with them goe

Theyr sample onely to us lent,  
 That als we mought doe soc  
 Shepherds they weren of the best,  
 And lived in lowlye leas  
 And, sith their soules bene now at rest,  
 Why done we them disease?  
 Such one he was (as I have heard  
 Old Algrind often sayne)  
 That whilome was the first shepheard,  
 And lived with litle gaine  
 And mecke he was, as mecke mought be,  
 Simple as simple sheepe,  
 Humble, and like in eche degree  
 The floeke which he did keepe  
 Often he used of hys keepe  
 A sacrifice to bring,  
 Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe,  
 The Altars hallowing  
 So lowed he unto hys Lord,  
 Such favour couth he fynd,  
 That sithens never was abhord  
 The simple shepherds kynd  
 And such, I weene, the brethren were  
 That came from Canaan  
 The brethren twelve, that kept yfere  
 The flockes of mighty Pan  
 But nothing such thilk shepheard was  
 Whom Ida hyl dyd beare,  
 That left hys floeke to fetch a lasse,  
 Whose love he bought to deare,  
 For he was proude, that ill was pyd,  
 (No such mought shepherds bee)  
 And with lewde lust was overlaid  
 Tway things doen ill agree.  
 But shepheard mought be mecke and mylde,  
 Well-ved, as Argus was,  
 With fleshly follyes undefyled,  
 And stoute as steede of brasse  
 Sike one (sayd Algrind) Moses was,  
 That sawe hys makers face,  
 His face, more cleare then Christall glasse,  
 And spake to him in place  
 Tins had a brother (his name I knewe)  
 The first of all his eote,  
 A shepheard trewe, yet not so true  
 As he that earst I hote  
 Whilome all these were lowe and hief,  
 And loved their flocks to feede,  
 They never stroven to be elnefe,  
 And simple was theyr weede  
 But now (thanked be God therefore)  
 The world is well amend,  
 Their weedes bene not so highly wore,  
 Sneh simplemisse mought them shend  
 They bene clad in purple and pall,  
 So hath theyr god them blist,  
 Thier reigne and rulen over all,  
 And lord it as they list

Ygert with belts of glitterand gold,  
 (Mought they good sheepeheards bene)  
 They r Pan they r sheepe to them has sold,  
 I saye as some have seene  
 For Palinode (if thou him ken)  
 Yode late on Pilgrimage  
 To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then  
 He saw thinke misusage,  
 For shepheards (sayd he) there doen leade,  
 As Lordes done other where,  
 They r sheepe han crustes, and they the bread,  
 The chippes, and they the chere  
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,  
 (O, seely sheepe, the while!)  
 The corne is theyrs, let other thresh,  
 Their handes they may not file  
 They han great stores and thriftye stockes,  
 Great freendes and feeble foes  
 What neede hem caren for their flocke,  
 They r boyes can looke to those  
 These wysards welter in welthis waves,  
 Pumpred in pleasures deepe  
 They han tatte lernes, and leamy knaves,  
 Their fasting flockes to keepe  
 Sike mister men bene all misgone,  
 They hepen in lles of wrath,  
 Sike sy rlye shepheards han we none,  
 They keepen all the path

Alor Here is a great deale of good matter  
 Lost for lacke of telling  
 Now, sicker, I see thou doest but clatter,  
 Harme may come of melling  
 Thou medlest more then shal have thanke,  
 To wytcn shepheards welth  
 When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,  
 It is a signe of helth  
 But say me, what is Algrind, he  
 That is so oft bynempt?  
 Thom He is a shepheard great in gree,  
 But hath bene long y pent  
 One d ye he sit upon a hyl,  
 (As now thou wouldest me  
 But I am taught, by Algrinds ill,  
 To love the lowe degree),  
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,  
 An Eagle sored hye,  
 That, weening hys whyte head was chalke,  
 A shell-fish downe let flye  
 She weend the shell-fishe to have broke,  
 But therewith bruzd his brayne,  
 So now, astonied with the stroke,  
 He lyes in lingring payne  
 Alor Ah! good Algrind! his hap was ill,  
 But shal be better in time  
 Now farwell, shepheard, with this hyl  
 Thou hast such doubt to chmbe

THOMALIN FVBLEVL

*In medio virtus*

WORMLLLS LVBLEVL

*In summo felicitas*

## GLOSSE

A *Gotehead* by Gotes in scripture, be repre-  
 sented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastour  
 also must needs be such

*Banck*, is the sentie of honor  
*Straying heard*, which wander out of the waye of  
 truth

*Als*, for also  
*Clymbe*, spoken of Ambition  
*Great clymbers*, according to Seneca his verse  
 'Decidunt celsa, graviores lapsus' Uickle much  
 The sonne, A reason why he refuseth to dwell on  
 Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the  
 scorching Sunne, according to the time of the year, e,  
 whiche is the whotest moneth of all

The *Cupp* and *Diademe*, be two signes in the  
 Firmament through which the sonne maketh his  
 course in the moneth of July

*Lion*, This is poetically spoken, as if the Sunne  
 did hunt a Lion with one dogge The meaning  
 whereof is, that in July the sonne is in Leo At  
 which time the Dogge starre, which is called  
 Syrus, or Canicula, reigneth with immoderate  
 heate, causing pestilence, droughth, and many dis-  
 eases

*Oten lye*, an open place The word is borrowed  
 of the French, and used in good writers

*To holden chail*, to talke and prate

A *lorde* was wont among the old Britons to  
 signifie a Lord And therefore the Danes, that  
 long time usurped the Tyrannie here in Bry-  
 taine were called, for more dread then dignitie,  
 Lurdanes a Lord Danes At which time it is  
 sayd that the insolence and pryde of that nation  
 was so outrageous in this Reame, that if it for-  
 tuned a Briton to be going over a bridge, and sawe  
 the Dane set foote upon the same, he muste re-  
 torne backe, till the Dane were cleane over, or els  
 abide the pryce of his displeasure which was no  
 lesse then present death But being afterward  
 expelled, that name of Lurdane became so odious  
 unto the people, whom they had long oppressed,  
 that even at this daye they use for more reproche,  
 to call the Quartane aque the Fever Lurdane

*Recks much of thy sunck*, counts much of thy  
 pryces

*Wetelesse*, not understoode  
*S Michels mount*, is a promontorie in the West  
 part of England

*A hill Parnassus afforesayd*  
*Pan, Christ*  
*Dan one try be is put for the whole nation, per*  
*Synecdochen*

Where *Titan*, the Sonne Which story is to be  
 redde in *Diodorus Sye* of the hyl *Ida*, from whenceo,  
 he sayth, all night time is to bee scene a mightye  
 fire, as if the skye burned, which toward morning  
 becomneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof  
 ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call *Titan*

The *Shepherd* is *Endrion* whom the Poets  
 fayne to have bene so beloved of *Phoebe* & the  
 Moone that he was by her kept asleepe in a cave  
 by the space of xxx yeeres, for to enjoye his com-  
 panie

There, that is in *Paradise*, where through errorr  
 of the shepherds understanding, he sayth, that all  
 shepherds did use to feede theyr flocks till one,  
 (that is *Adam*.) by hys follie and disobedience, made  
 all the rest of hys offspring be debarrd and shutte  
 out from thence

*Synah*, a hill in *Araby*, where *God* appeared  
 Our *Ladies boire*, a place of pleasure so called  
*Jannes*, or *Silvanes* be of Poetes feigned to be  
 Gods of the Woodes

*Mellican*, the name of a Ryver in *Kent*, which,  
 running by *Rochester* meeteth with *Thames*  
 whom he calleth his elder brother both because  
 he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea  
*Meynt* mingled

*Melampode* and *Terebinth* be hearbes good to cure  
 diseased Gotes of thome speaketh *Mantiane*, and  
 of thother *Theocritus*

*Τερψιδου τραγων εικατος ακρεμορα*

*Nigher heaven* Note the shepherds simplenesse,  
 which supposeth that from the hyls is never waye  
 to heaven

*Levin*, lightnig which he taketh for an argu-  
 ment to prove the nighnes to heaven, because the  
 lightning doth commonly light on hygh moun-  
 taines according to the saying of the Poete

'*Feruntque summos fulmina montes*'

*Lorrell*, a losell  
*A borrell*, a playne fellowe  
*Narre*, nearer  
*Hale*, for hole  
*Yede*, goe  
*Frowye*, mustyo or mossie  
*Of vore* long agoe  
*Fo ecente*, gone afore

The first shepherd, was *Abell* the righteous, who  
 (as Scripture sayth) bent hys mynd to keeping of  
 sheepe, as did hys brother *Cain* to tilling the  
 grounde

His keepe hys charge, & his flocke  
 Ioynted, did honour and reverence  
*The brethren*, the twelve sonnes of *Jacob*, which  
 were shepe-maisters, and lyved onelve thereupon  
 Whom *Ida*, *Paris* which being the sonne of  
*Priamus* king of *Troy*, for his mother *Heenbas*  
 dreame, which being with childe of hym, dreamed  
 shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the  
 towne of *Ilium* on fire, was cast forth on the hyl  
*Ida*, where being fostered of shepherds he eke in  
 time became a shepherd, and lastly came to the  
 knowledge of his parentage

A *lase*, *Helena*, the wyfe of *Menelaus* king of  
*Lacedemonia*, was by *Venus* for the golden *Aple* to  
 her given, then promised to *Paris*, who thereupon  
 with a sorte of lustie *Troyanes* stole her out of  
*Lacedemonia*, and kept her in *Troye*, which was  
 the cause of the tenne yeares warre in *Troye*, and  
 the moste famous clyte of all *Asia* lamentably  
 saked and defaced

*Arque*, was of the Poets devised to be full of eyes  
 and therefore to hym was committed the keeping  
 of the transformed Cow, so called because  
 that, in the print of a Cowes foote, there is  
 figured an *I* in the midst of an *O*

His name, he meaneth *Aaron*, whose name for  
 more Decorum the shepherds savth he hath for-  
 got, lest his remembrance and skill in antiquities  
 of holy wryt should seeme to excede the meane-  
 nesse of the Person

Not so true, for *Aaron*, in the absence of *Moses*,  
 started aside, and committed Idolatry

In purple, spoken of the Popes and Cardinales,  
 which use such tyrannical colours and pompons  
 painting

*Bells*, Girdles

Glitterand, glittering a partieple used sometime  
 in *Chaucer*, but altogether in *I Gower*

Then *Pan*, that is the Pope, whom they count  
 theyr God and greatest shepherd

*Palinode*, a shepherde, of whose report he seem-  
 eth to speake all thys

*Uards*, great learned herds

*Weller*, wallowe

*Kerne* & *Chnrle* or *Farmer*

*Sike muster men*, sikel kinde of men

*Sunly*, stately and powdrie

*Melting*, medling

*Jell* better

*Dunempe* named

*Gree*, for degree

*Alyrand*, the name of a shepherd afforesayde  
 whose mishap he alludeth to the chaunce that hap-  
 pened to the Poet *Aeschylus*, that was brynd with  
 a sheel-fishe

## EXHIBIT

By thys poesye *Thomahn* confirmeth that, which  
 in hys former spech by sondrye reasons he had  
 proved, for being both hymselfe sequestred from  
 all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys  
 eote, he taketh occasion to praysse the meane and  
 lowly state, as that wherem is safetie without feare,  
 and quiet without danger, according to the say-  
 ing of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in  
 the midst, being environed with two contrary  
 vices whereto *Morrell* replieth with continuance  
 of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all

bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felici-  
 tie dwelleth in supremacie for they say, and most  
 true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest  
 degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then  
 that straight way ceaseth to be perfect happinesse  
 Much like to that which once I heard alleged in  
 defence of humilitie, out of a great doctour '*Sno-  
 rum Christus humillimus*' which saying a gentle  
 man in the compaign taking at the rebownd,  
 brate baeko againe with a lyke saying of another  
 doctour, as he sayd '*Suorum Deus altissimus*



## AUGUST.

## ÆGLOGA OCTAVA ARGUMENT

*In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controversie made in imitation of that in Theocritus whereof also Virgile fashioned his third and set nith Æglogue. Thou choosest for umpire of their strife, Cuddie, a neatherds bove, who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin he sayth, was Authour*

WILLIE

PERIGOT

CUDDIE

Will Tell me, Perigot, what shalbe the game,  
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick  
matehe?  
Or bene thy Bagpipes rennefarre out of frame?  
Or hath the Crampe thy joynts benomd with  
ache?  
Per Ah! Willye, when the hart is ill assaide,  
How can Bagpipe or joynts be well apaid?  
Will What the foule evil hath thee so lies-  
tadde?  
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,  
And wont to make the jolly shepheards gladdie,  
With pyping and druncing did prisse the  
rest  
Per Ah! Willye, now I have learnd a newe  
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce  
Will Mischeffe mooght to that mischaunce  
befill,  
That so hath rapt us of our meriment  
But reede me what pryne doth thee so appall,  
Or lovest thou, or bene thy younglings mis-  
went?  
Per Love hath musled both my younglings  
I pryne for pryne, and they my pryne to see  
Will Perdie, and wellawaye, ill may they  
thrive!  
Never knew I lovers sheepe in good plight  
But, and if in rymes with methou dirstrive,  
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight  
Per That shall I doe, though mocheill worse  
I fared  
Never shall be sayde that Perigot was dared  
Will Then loe, Perigot, the Plodge which I  
plight,  
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre,  
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight  
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre,  
And over them spred a goodly wild vine,  
Entrailed with a wanton Yrie twine  
Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolves jawes  
But see, how fast renneth the shepherd  
swayne  
To save the innocent from the beastes pawes,  
And here with his shepe-hooke hath him  
slayne.

Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever sene?  
Well mooght it beseme any harvest Queene.  
Per Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted  
Lambe,  
Of all my flocke there nix sike another,  
For I brought him up without the Dambe  
But Colin Clout riste me of his brother,  
That he purchast of me in the playne field  
Sore against my will was I forst to yeld  
Will Sicker, make like account of his brother  
But who shall judge the wager wonne or  
lost?  
Per That shall yonder heardgrome, and none  
Winch over the pousse hetheward doth post  
Will But, for the Sunnebeame so sore doth us  
beate,  
Were not better to slunne the seortching heate?  
Per Well agreed, Wilhe then, sitte thee  
downe, swayne  
Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin  
Cud Gynne when ye lyst, ye jolly shepheards  
twas ne  
Sike a juldge as Cuddie were for a king  
Per It fell upon a holy eve,  
Will Hey, ho, holldrive!  
Per When holy fathers wont to shrieve,  
Will Now gynneth this roundelay  
Per Sitting upon a hill so hye,  
Will Hey, ho, the high hyl!  
Per The while my flocke did feede thereby,  
Will The while the shepheard selfe did  
Per I saw the bouncing Belhbone, [spill  
Will Hey, ho, Bombell!  
Per Tripping over the dale alone,  
Will She can tripe it very well  
Per Well decked in a frocke of grav,  
Will Hey, ho, gryn is greete!  
Per And in a Kirtle of greene saye,  
Will The greene is for maydens meete  
Per A chapelet on her head she wore,  
Will Hey, ho, chapelet!  
Per Of sweete Violets therein was store,  
Will She sweeter then the Violet  
Per My sheepe did leave their wonted food,  
Will Hey, ho, seely sheepe!

*Per* And gazd on her as they were wood,  
*Wil* Woode as he that did them keepe  
*Per* As the bonilasse passed by e,  
*Wil* Hey, ho, bonilasse!  
*Per* She roide at me with glanneing eye,  
*Wil* As cleare as the chrystall glasse,  
*Per* All as the Sunne's beame so bright,  
*Wil* Hey ho, the Sunne-beame!  
*Per* Glaunceth from Phæbus face forthright,  
*Wil* So love into thy hart did streame  
*Per* Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,  
*Wil* Hey, ho, the Thonder!  
*Per* Wherein the lightsome levi in shroudes,  
*Wil* So cleaves thy soule asonder  
*Per* Or as Dame Cynthia's silver raye,  
*Wil* Hey, ho, the Moonelight!  
*Per* Upon the glittering wave doth plave,  
*Wil* Such play is a pittuous plight.  
*Per* The glaunce into my hart did glide,  
*Wil* Hey, ho, the glyder!  
*Per* Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,  
*Wil* Such woundes soone wexen wider  
*Per* Hasting to ranne the arrow out,  
*Wil* Hey, ho Perigot!  
*Per* I left the herd in my hart-roote,  
*Wil* It was a desperate shot  
*Per* There it ranckleth, ay more and more,  
*Wil* Hey, ho, the arrowe!  
*Per* Ne can I find salve for my sore  
*Wil* Love is a curelesse sorrowe  
*Per* And though my bale with death I bought,  
*Wil* Hey, ho, heave cheere!  
*Per.* Yet should thulke lasse not from my thought,  
*Wil* So you may buye golde to deere  
*Per* But whether in paynfull love I pyne,  
*Wil* Hey, ho, pinching payne!  
*Per* Or thrive in welth, she shalbe mine,  
*Wil* But if thou can her obtaine.  
*Per* And if for gruellesse greefe I dye,  
*Wil* Hey, ho, gruellesse grieft!  
*Per* Witnesse shee slawe me with her eye,  
*Wil* Let thy folly be the priese  
*Per* And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,  
*Wil* Hey, ho, the fayre flocke!  
*Per* For priese thereof, my death shall weepe,  
*Wil* And mone with many a moche  
*Per* So leard I love on a holy eve,  
*Wil* Hey, ho, holidaye!  
*Per* That ever since my hart did greie,  
*Wil* Now endeth our roundelay  
*Cud* Sicker, sike a rounde never heard I  
 Little lacketh Perigot of the best, [none  
 And Willye is not greatly overgone,  
 So weren his under-songs well address  
*Wil* Herdgrome, I fear me, thou have a squint  
 eye  
 Areede uprightly who has the victorie

*Cud* Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech have  
 gayned  
 For-thy let the Lambe be Willye his owne  
 And for Perigot, so well hath hym payned,  
 To him be the wroughten mazer alone  
*Per* Perigot is well pleased with the doome  
 Ne can Willye wite the witelesse herdgroom  
*Wil* Never dempt more right of beautye, I  
 weene, [Queene  
 The shepheard of Ida that judged beauties  
*Cud* But tell me, shepherds, should it not  
 yshend  
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull  
 yerse  
 Of Roseland (who knowes not Rosalend?)  
 That Colin made? ylike can I you rehearse  
*Per* Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a ladde  
 With mery thing its good to medle sadde  
*Wil* Fayth of my soule, thou shalt yerounde  
 be  
 In Colins stede, if thou this song areede,  
 For never thing on earth so pleaseth me  
 As him to heare, or matter of his deede.  
*Cud* Then listneth ech unto my heavy laye,  
 And tune yonr py pes as ruthful as ye may  
 'Ye wastefull Woodes' beare witnesse of my  
 woe,  
 Wherein my plants did oftentimes resound  
 Ye carelesse byrds are privie to my cryes,  
 When in your songs were wont to make a part  
 Thou, pleasaunt spring, hst luld me oft asleepe,  
 Whose streames my triekinge teares did ofte  
 augment  
 'Resort of people doth my greifs augment,  
 The walled townes doe worke my greater woe,  
 The forest wide is fitter to resound  
 The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes  
 I hate the house, since thence my love did part,  
 Whose wayefull want debarrs my ne eves from  
 sleepe  
 'Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe,  
 Let all, that sweete is, voyd and all that may  
 augment [my woe  
 My doole, draw neare! More meete to wayle  
 Bene the wild woodes, my sorowes to resound,  
 Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with  
 cryes,  
 When I them see so waite, and find no part  
 'Of pleasure past Here will I dwell apart  
 In gastfull grove therefore, till my last sleepe  
 Doe close mine eyes so shall I not augment  
 With sight of sneh as chaunge my restlesse woe  
 Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking  
 sound  
 Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes

'Most ruthfully to tune And as my cryes  
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)  
You heare all night, when nature craveth sleepe,  
Increase, so let your yreksome yells augment.  
Thus all the night in plaints the dave in woe,  
I vowed have to wayst, till safe and sound

'She home returne, whose sweetes siter sound  
To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse  
cryes

Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,  
That blessed hrd, that spends her time of  
sleepe [ment

In songs and plaintive pleas, the more tang-  
The memory of hys misdeede that bred her woe

And you that seele no woe,  
When as the sound  
Of these my nightly cryes  
Ye heare apart,  
I et breake your sounder sleepe,  
And pitie augment.'

Per O Colin, Colin! the shepheards joye,  
How I admire ech turning of thy verse!  
And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie, the best boye,  
How dolefully his doole thou didst re-  
hearse!

Cud Then blowe your pipes, shepheards, til  
you be at home,  
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone

PERIGOT HIS IMPLFME.

*Vincenti gloria victi*

WILLIAMS IMPLI MI

*Finto non vito*

CUDDIE'S IMPLFME.

*Felice chi puo*

## GLOSSE

*Postadde*, disposed, ordered  
*Pregall*, equal  
*Whilome*, once  
*Rafle*, bereft deprived  
*Miscient*, gon a straye  
*It may*, according to Virgile

'Infelix o semper ov is pecus'

A mazer So also do Theocritus and Virgile  
feigne pledges of their strife

*Unchased*, engraved Such protie descriptions  
every where useth Theocritus to bring in his  
Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeede, he by  
that name termeth his *Eglogues*, for Idyllon in  
Greeke signifieth the shape or picture of any  
thyng, wherof his booke is full And not, as I have  
heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not  
Idyllia, but *Hædulia*, of the Goteheards in them.

*Entrailed* wrought betwene

*Harrest Queen*, The manner of country folke in  
harvest tyme

*Pousse Pease*

*It fell upon* Perigot maketh all hys song in

praye of his love to whom Will answereth every  
undervse By Perigot who is meant, I can not  
uprightly say but if it be who is supposed, his love,  
shee deserveth no lesse praye then he giveth her

*Greete*, weeping and complaint.

*Chaplet*, a kinde of Garland lyke a crowne.

*Leven*, Lightning

*Cynthia*, was said to be the Moone

*Gryde*, perced

*But if not* in lesse

*Squint eye* partiall judgement

*Ech here*, so saith Virgile,

'Et vitata tu dignus et hie,' &c

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both  
partes

*Doome*, judgement

*Dempt* for deemed, judged

*Wile the witelesse*, blame the blamelesso

*The shephard of Ida* was said to be Paris

*Beauties Queene*, Venus, to whome Paris ad-

judged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her  
beautie

## EMBLEME.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous for  
Perigot by his poesie claiming the conquest, and  
Willie not yielding Cuddie the arbiter of their  
cause, and Patron of his own, semeth to chlenge

it as his dew, saying that he is happy which can,  
so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him,  
that can win the beste, or moderate him selfe being  
best, and leave of with the best

## SEPTEMBER.

## ÆGLOGA NONA ARGUMENT

*HEREN Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepheard that, in hope of more gawne, drove his sheepe into a farre countrye The abuses whereof and loose living of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinsols demaund, he discourseth at large*

## HOBBINOL

## DIGGON DAVIE

Hob DIGGON DAVIE I bidde her god  
Or Diggon her is or I mi-saye

Dig Her was her, while it was daye-light  
But now her is a most wretched wight  
For day, that was is wightly past,  
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.

Hob Diggon, areede who has theeseo dight?  
Never I wist thee in so poore a phight [leade]  
Where is the sayre floeke thou was wont to  
Or bene they chaffred, or at miseliefe dead?

Dig Ah! for love of that is to thee moste  
leeffe

Hobbinol, I pray thee, gall not my old grieve  
Sike question ripeth up cause of newe woe,  
For one, opened, mote unfold many moe

Hob Nay but sorrow close shrouded in hart  
I know, to kepe is a burdenous smart  
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare  
When the rayne is faine the cloudes ween  
cleare

And now, sithence I sawe thy head last,  
Thise three Moones bene fully spent and past  
Since when thou hast measured much ground  
And wandred I wene, about the world round  
So as thou can many thinges relate,  
But tell me first of thy floeks estate

Dig My sheepe bene wisted, (wae is me  
therefore)

The jolly shepheard that was of yore  
Is nowe nor jollye, nor shepheard more  
In forrein costes men sayd was plentye,  
And so there is, but all of miserie  
I dempt there much to have coked my store.  
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.  
In the countryes whereas I have bene,  
No being for those that truly mene  
But for such as of guile maken gawne.  
No such countrye as there to remaine  
They setten to sale their shops of shame,  
And maken a Mart of theyr good name  
The shepheards there robben one another,  
And layen baytes to beguile her brother  
Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,  
Or they will carven the shepheards throte.  
The shepheardes say ye you cannot wel ken,  
But it be by his pryde, from other men

They looken bigge as Bull that bene bate.  
And bearen the eragge so stiffe and so state.  
As cocke on his dunghill crowing craneke

Hob Diggon I am so stiffe and so stark,  
That nneeth may I stand my more  
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth sore,  
That now is in his chiefe sovereignty  
Beating the withered leafe from the tree,  
Sitte we downe here under the hill  
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill

And make a moeke at the blu-tring blast  
Now say on Diggon what ever thou hast

Dig Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curse the  
stonnde

That ever I cast to have lorne this grounde  
Wel-way the while I was so fonde  
To leave the good that I had in hande,  
In hope of better that was uncouth  
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his month  
My seely sheepe (oh seely sheepe)  
That here by there I whilome used to keepe  
All were they lustye as thou didst see,  
Bene all starved with pyne and penuree  
Hardly my selfe escaped thulke payne,  
Driven for neede to come home agayne.

Hob Ah son! now by thy losse art taught,  
That seeldome chaunge the better brought  
Content who lives with tried state  
Neeede feare no chaunge of frowning fate,  
But who will seek for unknowne gawne,  
Of lyes by losse, and leaves with payne.

Dig I wote ne Hobbin, how I was bewticht  
With vayne desire and hope to be enricht,  
But, sicker, so it is as the bright starre  
Seemeth yet greater when it is farre  
I thought the sove would have made me rich,  
But nowe I wote it is nothing such,  
For ever the shepheards bene vdle and still  
And ledde of theyr sheepe what way they will  
Or they bene false, and full of covetise,  
And casten to compass many wrong emprise  
But the more bene fraught with fraud and  
spight,

Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight,  
But kindle coles of conteek and yre,  
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire,

Which when they thinke ngayne to queneh,  
With holy water they doen hem all drench  
They saye they com to heauen the high-way,  
But, by my soule, I dare undersaye  
They neuer sette foote in that same trode,  
But balk the right way, and strauen abroad  
They boast they han the deuill at commaund,  
But aske hem therefore what they han paund  
Marrie! that great Pan bought with deare

borrow,

To quite it from the blaake bowre of sorrowe  
But they han sold thilk same long ngoe,  
For thy woulde drave with hem many moe  
But let hem grunge alone a Gods name,  
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

*Hob* Diggon, I prave thee, speake not so dirke,

Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke

*Dig* Then, playnely to spenke of shepheards most what,

Baddo is the best, (this English is flatt)  
Their ill haviour garres men missey  
Both of their doctrine, and of theyr faye  
They saye ne the world is much war then it wont,  
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont  
Other saye ne but how trucky I note,  
All for they holden shame of theyr cote  
Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue!)

That sike mischefe graeth hem emong,  
All for they carren too much of worlds enie,  
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre,  
For such enehenson, if you goe nye,  
Fewe chy mneis reeking you shuld espye  
The fatte Oxe, that wont hyge in the stal,  
Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenwill  
Thus chatten the people in theyr steads,  
Ylike as n Monster of many heads,  
But they that shooten neerest the pricke  
Synne, other the fat from their beards doen

hek

For bigge Bulles of Brasen brace hem about,  
That with theyr hornes batten the mostoutte,  
But the leane soules treaden under foote,  
And to seeke redresse mought little boote,  
For liker bene they to pluck away more,  
Then ought of the gotten good to restore  
For they bene like foule wagmoires overgrast,  
That, if thy galage once sticketh fast,  
The more to wmd it out thou doest swyne,  
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper synke  
Yet better leave of with a litle losse,  
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse

*Hob* Nowe, Diggon, I see thou speakest  
Better it were a litle to ferve, [to plame,  
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured  
Such ill, as is forced, mought nedes be en-  
dured

But of sike pastoures howe done the flocke  
creepe?

*Dig* Sike as the shepheards, sike bene hei sheepe,

For they will listen to the shepheards voyce,  
But-if he call hem at theyr good ehoyce,  
They wander at wil and stay at pleasure,  
And to theyr foldes veed at their owne leasure  
But they had be better come at their cal,  
For many han into mischefe fall,  
And bene of ravenous Wolves vrent,  
All for they could be buxome and bent  
*Hob* I ye on thee, Diggon, and all thy foule leasing!

Well is knowne that with the Saxon king  
Never was Woolfe seene, many nor some,  
Nor in all Kent nor in Christendome,  
But the fewer Woolves (the soth to sarve)  
The more bene the Foxes that here remane

*Dig* Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,  
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise  
They walke not widely as they were wont,  
For ferre of rangers and the great hunt,  
But prively prolling to and froe,  
Enanner they mought be only knowe.

*Hob* Or prive or pert, if any bene,  
We hau great Bandoges will teare their skinn.

*Dig* Indeede, thy Ball is a bold bigge curie,  
And could make a jolly hole in theyr furre  
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,  
But heedly shepheards to discerne their free;  
For all their craft is in their countenance,  
They bene so grave and full of inavtenance  
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe  
Chaunced to Ross n not long y goe?

*Hob* Say it out, Diggon, whate'er it light,  
For not but well mought lum betight  
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,  
And with his word his worke is comenable  
Colin Clout, I wene, be his selfe bove  
(Ah, for Colin, he whilome my roe!)  
Shephenrds sieb, God mought us many send,  
That doen so carefully theyr flockes tend

*Dig* Think same shepard mought I well  
He has a Dogge to byte or to barke, [marke,  
Never had shepard so kene a kurre,  
That wileth and if but n leafe sturre  
Whilome there wonned n wicked Wolfe,  
That with many a Lambe had gutted his gulfe,  
And ever nt might wont to repaivre  
Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,  
Yeladde in clothing of seely sheepe,  
When the good old man used to sleepe.  
Tho nt midnight he would barke and ball,  
(For he had eft learned a curres call),  
As if a Woolfe were among the sheepe  
With that the shepard would breake his  
sleepe,

And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)  
To rounge the helds with wide open throte  
Tho, when as Lowder was farre awaye,  
This Wolvish sheepe woulde catchen his pray,  
A Lambe, or a Kiddle, or a weanell wast,  
With that to the wood would he speede him  
Long time he used this slippery pranck, [fast  
Ere Rossy could for his laboure him thanck  
At end, the shepheard his practise spyed,  
(For Rossy is wise, and as Argus eyed),  
And when it even he came to the floeke,  
Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,  
And tooke out the Woollfem his counterfect cote,  
And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte

Hob Murry, Diggon, what should him  
To take his owne where ever it laye? [affraye  
For, had his wesand bene a little wider,  
He would have devoured both ludder and  
sludder [great curse]

Dig Mischiefe light on him, and Gods  
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse,  
For it was a perillous beast above all,  
And eke had he eond the shepherds call,  
And oft in the night came to the shepe-cote,  
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,  
As if it the old man selfe had bene  
The dog his maisters voice did it wene,  
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the dore,  
And ranne out as he was wont of yore  
No sooner was out, but, swifter then thought,  
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe Lowder caught,  
And, had not Rossy renne to the steven,  
Lowder had be slaine thilke same even

Hob God sheld, man he should so ill have  
All for he did his deyotr belive [thrive]

If sike bene Wolves, as thou hast told,  
How mought we, Diggon, hem be-hold?  
Dig How, but, with heede and watchfull-  
nesse,

Forstallen hem of their wilnesse  
For-thy with shepheards sittes not playe,  
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day,  
But ever liggien in watch and ward,  
From sodden force theyr flocks for to gard.  
Hob Ah, Diggon! thilke same rule were  
too straight,

All the cold season to wach and warte,  
We bene of fleshe, men as other bee,  
Why should we be bound to such nuseree?  
Whate'er thing lacketh chaungeable rest,  
Mought needes decay, when it is at best

Dig Ah! but, Hobbinnoll, all this long tale  
Nought caseth the care that doth me forhaile,  
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,  
My piteous plight and losse to amend?  
Ah! good Hobbinnoll mought I thee praye  
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye

Hob Now, by my soule, Diggon, I lament  
The haplesse mischiefe that has thee hent,  
Nethelasse thou seest my lowly saile,  
That froward fortune doth ever avale  
But, were Hobbinnoll as God mought please,  
Diggon should soone find favour and care  
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,  
So as I can I wil thee comfort,  
There mayst thou ligge in a veteley bed,  
Till fayrer Fortune shewe forth her head

Dig Ah, Hobbinnoll! God mought it thee  
requite,  
Diggon on fewe such freends did ever lye.

### DIGGONS EMBLEM *Inopem me copia fecit.*

### GLOSSE

The Dialecte and phrase of speache, in this Dia-  
logue seemeth somewhat to differ from the common  
The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of  
the party herein meant, who, being very freend to  
the Author hereof, had bene long in forraim coun-  
tries, and there seene many disorders, which he  
here recounteth to Hobbinnoll

Bidde her, Bidde good morrow For to bidde, is  
to praye whereof commeth beades for prayers, and  
so they say, To bidde his beades, & to saye his  
prayers

Wighly, quickely, or sodenlye

Chaffred, soldie

Dead at mischiefe, an unusuall speache, but much  
usurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer

Legge, deare

Etke, easie

Thrise three moones, nine monethes

Measured, for traveled.

Wae, woe, Northernly

Felcd, encreased

Curren, cutte

Kenne, know

Cragge, neck

Stale, stontely

Stancel, wearie or fainte

And none he appheth it to the tyme of the  
yeare, which is in thend of harvest, which they  
call the fall of the lease, at which tyme the Wes-  
terne wynde beareth most swave

A mocke, Imitating Horace, 'Deus ludibrium  
ventis'

Lorne, leste

Soule, swete

Uncouth, unknown

Hereby there, here and there.

As the bright, translated out of Mantuane  
 Emprise, for enterprize Per Syncope  
 Coniel, strife  
 Trode, path  
 Marrie thal, that is, their soules, which by popish  
 Exorcismes and practices they damne to hell

Blacke, hell  
 Gange, goe  
 Misker, maner  
 Mirke, obscure  
 Waire, worse  
 Clumenall, purse  
 Brace compasse  
 Fucheton, occasion  
 Overmasht overgrown with grasse  
 Galage, shoe  
 The grosse, the whole

Buzome and beel, meeke and obedient

Saxon King, King Edgare that reigned here in  
 Britanye in the yere of our Lord (957-975) which  
 King caused all the Wolves, whereof then was  
 store in this countrey by a proper pollicie to be  
 destroyed So as never since that time there have  
 ben Wolves here founde, unlesse they were brought  
 from other countries And therefore Hobbinoll  
 rebuketh him of untruth, for saying that there be  
 Wolves in England

Nor in Christendome this saying seemeth to be  
 strange and unreasonable, but indeede it was wont  
 to be an olde proverbe and common phrase The  
 original whereof was, for that most part of Eng-  
 land in the reigne of King Etheibert was christened,  
 Kent onely except, which remayned long after in  
 mysbeliefe and unchristened So that Kent was  
 counted no part of Christendome

Great hunt, Executing of lawes and iustice

Fnamler, least that

Inly inwardly afforesayde

Prively or perly, openly, sayth Chaucer

Roffy, the name of a shephearde in Marnt his  
 Elegique of Robin and the Kinge Whome he here  
 commendeth for greate care and wise governance  
 of his flock

Colin cloute Now I thinke no man doubteth but  
 by Colin is meant the Authour selfe, whose espe-  
 ciall good freend Hobbinoll sayth hee is or more  
 rightw Master Gabriel Harvey of whose speciaall  
 commendation, aswell in Poetrie as Rhetorike and  
 other choyce learning we have lately had a suf-  
 ficient tryall in divers his workes, but specially in  
 his *Musarum Laehrmar*, and his late *Grainkolonum*  
*Vahmensum*, which booke, in the progresse at  
 Andley in Essex he dedicated in writing to her  
 Majesty, afterward presenting the same in print  
 to her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capells  
 in Hertfordshire Beside other his sundrye most  
 rare and very notable writings partly under un-  
 known tytles and partly under counterfayt names  
 as his *Typannomastix*, his *Ode Nalahha*, his *Ram-  
 dos*, and especially that parte of *Philomus* his  
 divine *Antrosomophila*, and divers other of like  
 importance As also, by the name of other shep-  
 herdes he covereth the persons of divers other  
 his famillar freendes and best acquaintaunce

This tale of Roffy seemeth to colour some par-  
 ticular Action of his But what, I certainly know  
 not

Wanned, haunted

Welln, she afforesaid

A weaned waste, a weaned youngling

Thider and shudder, he and she, Male and Female

Stern, noise

Rehee, quickly

What erer, Ovids verse translated

'Quod caret alterna requie durabile non est'

Forehaile drave or distrege

Velchie, of Pease strawe

#### FULLNER

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ovid For  
 when the foolish boy by beholding his face in the  
 brooke, fell in love with his owne likeness, and  
 not hable to content him selfe with much looking  
 thereon, he erred out that plentie made him poore,  
 meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sence

But our Diggon useth it to other purpose, as who  
 that, by tryall of many wayes had founde the  
 worst, and through grente plentie was fallen into  
 great penurie This poesie I knowe to have bene  
 much used of the author and to suche like effecte,  
 as fyrste Narcissus spake it

## OCTOBER

### AGLOGA DECIMA ARGUMENT

In Cuddie is set out the perfecte patterne of a Poete, whiche, finding no maintenance of his state and studies  
 complaymeth of the contempte of Poetrie and the causes thereof Specially having bene in all ages, and  
 even amongst the most barbarous, alwaies of singular accompl and honor, and being indeede so worthy  
 and commendable an arte or rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenly indit not to be gotten by  
 labour and learning but adonned with both and poured into the velle by a certain Favour of  
 and celestiaall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discouereth in his booke called The  
 English Poete, which booke being lately come to my hanis, I munde also by Gods grace, upon further  
 aduisement, to publish

#### PIERCE

Piers Cuddie, for shame! hold up thy  
 heavy head,  
 And let us cast with what delight to chace,  
 And weary this long lingring Phœbus race

#### CUDDIE

Whilome thou wost the shepherds ladder  
 to leade  
 In rymes, in riddles, and in bidding base  
 Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead

*Cud* Piers, I have pyped erst so long with  
payne,  
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore,  
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared  
store,  
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne  
Such pleasure makes the Grashopper so  
poore, [straine,  
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise  
To feede y outhes fancie, and the flocking fry,  
Dehghten much, what I the bett for-thy ?  
They haue the pleasure, I a sclender prise,  
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye  
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise ?

*Piers* Cuddie, the prayse is better then the  
price,  
The glory eke much greater then the gayne  
O' what an honor is it, to restraine  
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice,  
Or pricke them forth with pleasure of thy  
vaine,  
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,  
O, how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave !  
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereave,  
All as the shepheard that did fetch his dame  
From Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leave,  
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

*Cud* So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted  
traine,  
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye,  
But who rewards him ere the more for-thy,  
Or feedes him once the fuller by a grame ?  
Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the  
skye, [vaine  
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in

*Piers* Abaudon, then, the base and viler  
clowne  
Lyft up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,  
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,  
Turne thee to those that wold the wful crowne,  
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour  
rusts,  
And helmes unbrazed wexen daily browne  
There may thy Muse display her fluttryng  
wing,  
And stretch her selfe at large from East to  
Whither thou list in favre Llisa rest, [West,  
Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,  
Advauce the worthy whome shee loveth best  
That first the white beare to the stake did  
bring

And, when the stubborne stroke of stronger  
stounils  
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,  
Of love and lustthead tho mayst thou sing,  
And carroll lowde, and leade the Myllers  
rownde,

All were Elisa one of thilke same ring ;  
So mought our Cuddies name to heaven sownde

*Cud* Indeepe the Romish Tityrus, I heare,  
Through his Mecenas lest his Oten reede.  
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to  
feede,  
And laboured lands to yeld the timely eare,  
And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,  
So as the Heavens did quake his verse to here

But ah ! Mecenas is y clad in claye,  
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,  
And all the worthies higen wrapt in leade,  
That matter made for Poets on to play  
For ever, who in derring-doe were dreade,  
The losue verse of hem was loved aye

But after vertue gan for age to stoope,  
And mighte manhode brought a bedde of ease,  
The vannting Poets found nought worth a  
pease

To put in preace among the learned troupe  
Thogan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,  
And sonne-bright honour pend in shamefull  
coupe.

And if that any budde of Poesie,  
Yet of the old stocke, gan to shoote agayne,  
Or it mens follies mote be forst to sayne,  
And rolle with rest in ryms of rybaudrye,  
Or, as it sprong, it wather must agayne  
Tom Piper makes us better melodie

*Piers* O pierlesse Poesye ! where is than  
thy place ?

If nor in Princes pallace thou dost sitt,  
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)  
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace,  
Then make thee wings of thine vpryng wit  
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven  
apace.

*Cud* Ah, Percy ! it is all to weake and  
wanne,  
So high to soe and make so large a flight,  
Her peeced pynions bene not so in plight  
For Coln fittes such famous flight to scanue,  
He were he not with love so ill bedight,  
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as  
Swanne

*Piers* Ah, son ! for love does teach him  
climbe so hie,  
And lyfites him up out of the loathsome myre



Such immortal mirror, as he doth admire,  
Would rayse ones mynd above the starry skie,  
And cause a captiue corage to aspire,  
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye

*Cud* All otherwise the state of Poet stands,  
For lordly love is such a Tyrannic fell,  
That where he rules all power he doth expell  
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,  
Ne wont with erubred care the Muses dwell  
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in  
hand

Who ever crists to compasse weighty prise  
And thunks to throwe out thondring words of  
threats,  
Let powre in lavish cups and thirstie butts of  
meate,  
For Breehus fruite is frend to Phœbus wine,

And, when with Wine the braine begins to  
swate,  
The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse  
Thou kenst not, Percie, howe the ryme should  
ryge,  
O' if my temples were distand with wine,  
And girt in gurlonds of wild yvie twine,  
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,  
And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,  
With queent Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my corage cooles ere it be warme  
For thy content us in this humble shryde,  
Where no such troublous tydes haue us assayde,  
Here we our slender pypes may safely churme  
*Piers* And, when my Gates shall haue their  
bellies lavyd,  
Cuddie shall haue a Kiddle to store his farne.

CUDDIS INPIFMI

*Agitante calescimus illo, &c*

## GLOSSE

This *Æglogue* is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. *Idyllion*, wherein he reproved the Tyrannic Illero of Syracuse for his uigardise toward Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for their good deies, or shameful for their naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane the style hereof, as also that in Theocritus is more lofty then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall witte

*Cuddie* I doubt whether by Cuddie be specified the author selfe, or some other. For in the eighth *Æglogue* the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colinus making, as he sayth. So that some doubt that the persons be different

*Whilome* sometime  
*Oaten reedes*, *Avena*  
*Lugge* so layde, lye so faynt and unlustye  
*Dapper*, pretyo

*Frye*, is a bold Metaphore forced from the spawning fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the frye

*To restraine* This place seemeth to conspyre with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first Invention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth usually came to theyr great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, which they used every fyve yere to hold, some learned man, being more hable then the rest for spe. all gyftes of wytte and Musicke would take upon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderfull gyft al men being astonied, and as it were ravished with delight thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from above called him raterum which kinde of men afterward frumming their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kindes, some

sadder, some lighter, some martiall some heroncal and so diversely eie affect the myndes of men) found out lighter matter of Poetrie also, some playing wyth love, some scorning at mens fashions some powred out in pleasures and so were called Poetes or makers

*Sence bereave* what the secreete working of Musick is in the myndes of men as well appeareth hereby, that some of the ancient Philosophers and those the moste wise as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd was made of a certaine harmonie and muscalle numbers for the great compassion, and likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of Alexander to whom when as Timotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian melody, it is said that he was distraught with such unwonted fury, that straightway rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed as ready to goe to warre (for that musick is very warlike) And immediately when as the Musitian changed his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony he was so furr from warring, that he sat as styl as if he had bene in matters of counsell. Such might is in musick wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbidd the Arcadian Melodie from children and youth. For that being altogether on the fyft and viltone it is of great force to moifie and quench the kindly courage, which useth to burne in yong breasts. So that it is not incredible which the Poete here sayth, that Musick can bereave the soule of sence

*The shepheard* that Orpheus of whom is said, that by his excellent skill in Musick and Poetry, he recovered his wife Eurydice from hell

*Argus eues* of Argus is before said that Juno to him committed her husband Inpiter his Para-

gon Io, bicause he had an hundred eyes but afterwarde Mercury, wyth hys Musick lulhing Argus aslepe slew him and brought Io away, whose eyes it is sayd that Iuno, for his eternall memory, placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle, for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes

*Woundlesse armour*, unwounded in warre, doe rust through long peace

*Display*, A poetieall metaphore, whereof the meaning is, that, if the Poet list shewe his skill in matter of more dignitie then is the homely *Eglogue*, good occasion is him offered of higher wayne and more Heroicall argument in the person of our most gracions sovereign, whom (as before) he calleth *Elisa*. Or if matter of knightthoode and chevalrie please him better, that there he many Noble and vahaunt men, that are both worthy of his payne in theyr deserved prayes, and also fayours of hys skil and faculty

*The worthy*, he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erie of Leycester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worldly princes be known to country clownes

*Slack*, that is when thou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleisance and delight

*The Millets*, a kind of daunce  
*Ring*, company of dauncers

*The Romish Titulus*, wel known to be Virgile, who by *Mecenas* means was brought into the favour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moved to write in loftier kinde then he erst had done

*Whereon*, in these three verses are the three severall workes of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flockes to feede, is meant his *Eglogues*. In labouring of lands, is hys *Bucoliques*. In singing of warres and deadly dreade, is his divine *Aeneis* figured

*In derring doe*, In manhood and chevalrie

*For ever* He sheweth the cause why Poetes were wont to be had in such honor of noble men, that is, that by them their worthines and valor shold through theyr famous Poesies be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it is sayd, that *Achilles* had never bene so famous, as he is, but for Homers immortal verses, which is the only advantage which he had of *Hector*. And also that *Alexander* the great, comming to his tombe in *Sigeus*, with naturall teares blessed him, that ever was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a Poets work, as so renowned and ennobled onely by hys meanes. Which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of *Tullies*, is of *Petrarch* no lesse woorthely sette forth in a sonet

'Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba  
'Del fero Achille, espirando disse  
'O fortunato, che si ehilara tromba Trouasti,' &c

And that such account hath bene alwayes made of Poetes, as well sheweth this, that the worthy *Scipio*, in all his warres against *Carthage* and *Numantia*, had evermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort, the good olde poet *Ennius*, as also that *Alexander* destroying *Thebes*, when he was informed, that the famous *Lyric* poet *Pindarus* was borne in that cite, not onely commaunded

streightly, that no man should, upon payne of death, do any violence to that house, by fire or otherwise but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of hys kinne. So favoured he the only name of a Poete, which prayse otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, that when he came to ransacking of king *Darius* coffers, whom he lately had overthrowen, he founde in a litle coffer of silver the two bookes of Homers works, as layd up there for speciall jewels and riches, which he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother every night layde under his pillow. Such honor have Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men, which thus anthor here very well sheweth, as els where more notably

*But after*, He sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse, and basenesse of mynd

*Pent*, shut up in slouth, as in a coope or cage

*Tom piper*, an ironieall *Sarcasmus*, spoken in derision of these rude wits, which make more account of a ryming ryband, then of skil grounded upon learning and judgment

*Ae brest*, the meaner sort of men

*Her peeced pigeons*, unperfect skil Spoken wyth humble modestie

*As soote as Swanne* The comparision seemeth to be strange for the swanne hath ever wonne small commendation for her swete singing but it is sayd of the learned that the swan, a litle before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophceying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie. As well savth the Poete elsew here in one of his sonetts

'The silver swanne doth sing before her dying day,

'As shee that feelles the deepe delight that is in death,' &c

*Immortall murrhoun*, Beantie which is an excellent object of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the worthy *Petrarch*, saying,

'Fiorir faceva il mio debile ingegno,

'A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni'

*A caitive corage* a base and abject minde

*For lofly lore*, I thinke this playing with the letter, to be rather a fault then a figure, as wel in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine called *Cacozelon*

*A vacant*, imitateth *Mantuanes* saying, 'vacuum estur divina cerebrum Poscit'

*Latish cups* Resembleth the comen verse, 'Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum

*O if my* he seemeth here to be ravished with a Poetical furie For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so full, and the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he had forgot the meaneesse of shepherds state and stile

*Wild yrie*, for it is dedicated to *Bacchus* and therefore it is sayd that the *Mænades* (that is *Bacchus* fruntleke priestes) used in theyr sacrifice to carry *Thyrros*, which were pointed staves or Javelins, wrapped about with yrie

*In buskin*, it was the maner of Poetes and players in tragedies to weare buskins, as also in Comedies to weare stockes and light shoes. So that the buskin in Poetry is used for tragical matter as is said in Virgile, 'Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno'

And the like in Horace, 'Magnum loqui, nilique cothurno'

Quaint, strange Bellona, the goddess of battle that is, Pallas, which may therefore well be called quaint, for that (as Lucian saith) when Jupiter his father was in trauale of her he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head Out of which leaped forth instantly a valiant dunsell armed at all poyntes, whom seeing Vulcane so faire

and comely lightly leaping to her, proffered her some corteis which the Lady disdainfully shewed her spurre at him, and threatened his saulnesse Therefore such strangeness is well applyed to her  
*I judge, order*  
*Tutts, se isours*  
*Charme, temper and order* for Charmes were wont to be made by verses, as Ovid sayth, 'Aut si circinibus

### EXPLANATION

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Eclogue, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and unnatural rage, passing the reach of common reason | Whom Piers answereth Epiphonematically, as ad- mitting the excellencye of the skill, wherof in Cuddie hee hadde already hadde a taste

## NOVEMBER

### ECLOGA UNDCCIMA ARGUMENT

In this 21. Eclogue hee bewaileth the death of some mayden of grate bloud, whom he calleth Dido The personage is secreete and to me altogether unknowne, albe of him selfe I often requir'd the same This Eclogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loue the French Queene, but farre passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the Eclogues of this booke

#### THE NOT

#### COLIN

The COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,  
 As thou were wont, songs of some iournaunet  
 Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,  
 Lulled a sleepe through loves mis-governance  
 Now somewhat sing, whose endles gouernaunce  
 Among the shepheards swaines may we remaine,

Whether thee list thy loved harte aduance,  
 Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine

Col Thenot, now nis the time of mermahe  
 Nor Pan to herye, nor with love to playe,  
 Sike myrth in May is meekest for to make,  
 Or summer shade, under the cooked hay  
 But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,  
 And Phoebus, weary of his yerely taske,  
 Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye lye,  
 And taken up his ynn in Fishes hake  
 This sullen season sadder plight doth aske  
 And lonlieth sike delights as thou doest prays  
 The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne make,

As shee was wont in yongth and sommer  
 But if thou algate lust light vniuerses,  
 And looser songs of love to murthering,  
 Who but thy selfe deserves sike Poetes prayse  
 Relieve thy Oaten pyper that sleepe long

The The Nightingale is soveraigne of song,  
 Before him sits the Titmouse silent bee,  
 And I, unthte to thrust in skilfull thronge,  
 Should Colin make judge of my foolerec

Nay, better learne of hem that learned bee,  
 And Pan be watered at the Muses well,  
 The kindly dew drops from the higher tree  
 And wet the little plants that lowly dwell  
 But if sadde winters wrathe, and season chill,  
 Accord not with thy Muses merment,  
 To sadder time- thou must attune thy quill,  
 And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment,  
 For deade is Dido, deard, alas! and dreut  
 Dido! the greate shephearde his daughter sheene

The fayrest May she was that ever went,  
 Her like shee has not left behinde I weene  
 And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull tene,  
 I shall thee give vnd Cosset for thy prync,  
 And if thy rymes as rownde and rusfull bene  
 As those that did thy Rosalind enprync  
 Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt haue,

Then kiddy or Cosset, which I thee bynempt  
 Then up, I say thou jolly shepheard swaine  
 Let not my small demand be so contempt

Col Thenot, to that I choose thou dost me tempt,  
 But ah! to well I wote my humilde vaine  
 And howe my rymes bene rugged and unempt,  
 Yet, as I coume my conning I will strayne

'Up, then, Melpomene! the mornefull Muse  
 Of mine,  
 Such cause of mourning never hadst afore,

Up, griesho ghostes ' and up my ruffull ryme!  
 Matter of my rth now shalt thou have no more,  
 For dead shee is, that my rth thee made of yore,  
 Dido, my deare, alth' is dead,  
 Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead  
 O heavie herse!  
 Let streaming teares be poured out in store,  
 O carefull verse!

'Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish  
 downes abyde,  
 Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke,  
 Waile ye the vight whose presenee was our  
 pryde, [curke,  
 Waile ye the vight whose absence is our  
 The sonne of all the world is drimne and darke  
 The earth now lacks her wonted light,  
 And all we dwell in deadly night  
 O heavie herse! [Larke,  
 Breake we our pypes, that shuld as lowde as  
 O carefull verse!

'Why doe we longer live, (ah! why live we so  
 long?) [woe?  
 Whose better dayes death hath shut up in  
 The sayest floure our gyrlond all among  
 Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe. [moe  
 Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no  
 The songs that Cohn made you in her praise,  
 But into weeping turne your wanton layes  
 O heavie herse! [ygoe  
 Nowe is time to dye Nav, time was long  
 O carefull verse!

'Whence is it, that the flouret of the field  
 doth fade,  
 And lvetly buried long in Winters bale,  
 Yet, soone as spring his mantle hath displayde,  
 It floureth fresh, as it should never faile?  
 But thing on earth that is of most avale,  
 As verties brunch and beantes budde,  
 Reliven not for any good  
 O heavie herse!  
 The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes  
 O carefull verse! [must quail,

'She, while she was, (that was, a wofull word  
 to syne!'  
 For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no peere,  
 So well she couth the shepherds enterteine  
 With cakes and cracknells, and such country  
 chere [swaine,  
 Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards  
 For she would call him often heame,  
 And give him curds and clouted Creame  
 O heavie herse!  
 Als Cohn Cloute she would not once disdayne,  
 O carefull verse!

'But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to heave  
 chaunce,  
 Such plesaunce now displast by dolors dunt  
 All musick sleepes, where death doth leade the  
 daunce,  
 And shepherds wonted solace is extinct  
 The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,  
 The gaudie girmonds deek her grave,  
 The faded flowres her corse embrace,  
 O heavie herse!  
 Morne nowe, my Muse, now morne with teares  
 O carefull verse! [besprunt,

'O thou greate shepheard, Lobbin, how great  
 is thy grieve! [thee?  
 Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for  
 The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,  
 The knotted rush-ringes, and glite Rosemarree?  
 For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee  
 Ah! they bene all yelad in clay,  
 One bitter blast blew all away  
 O heavie herse!  
 Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree,  
 O carefull verse!

'Ay mo! that dicerie Death should strike so  
 mortall stroke,  
 That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course,  
 The faded lockes fall from the lofte oke,  
 The floods do gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,  
 And floods of teares flowe in theyr stead per-  
 force  
 The mantled medowes mourne,  
 Theyr sondry colours tourne  
 O heavie herse!  
 The heavens doe melt in teares without re-  
 O carefull verse! [morse,

'The feeble flocks in field refuse their former  
 foode, [to weepe,  
 And hang theyr heads as they would learne  
 The beastes in forest v ayle as they were woode,  
 Except the Wolves, that chase the wandring  
 sheepe,  
 Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe  
 Tho Turtle on the bared braunch  
 Laments the wound that death did launce  
 O heavie herse!  
 And Philomele her song with teares doth  
 O carefull verse! [steepe,

'The water Nymphs, that wont with her to  
 sing and daunce,  
 And for hei gilond Olive braunches beare,  
 Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen ad-  
 vance, [weare,  
 The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to  
 Now bringen bitter Eldro braunches seare,

The fatall sisters eke repent  
Her vitall threde so soone was spent  
O heauie herse!  
Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heauy  
O carefull verse! [cheare,

'O' trustlesse state of earthly things, and  
shipper hope [nought,  
Of mortal men, that swineke an i sweate for  
And, shooting wide, doe misse the marked  
scope,

Now haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought)  
That nys on earth assurauce to be sought,  
For what might be in earthlike mould,  
That did her buried body' hould  
O heauie herse!  
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought,  
O carefull verse!

'But maugre death, and dreaded sisters  
deadly spight,  
And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse,  
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,  
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse  
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?

O Lobb! thy losse no longer lament,  
Dido mis dead, but into heaven hent  
O happye herse!  
Ceasse now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes  
O joyfull verse! [source,

'Why wayle we then? why weary we the  
Gods with playnts,  
As if some euill wero to her betight?  
She raignes a goddesse now among the saintes,  
That whilome was the synt of shepherds  
light,  
And is enstalled nowe in heavens light

I see thee, blessed soule, I see  
Walke in Elysian fieldes so free.  
O happy herse!  
Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)  
O joyfull verse!

'Unwise and wretched men, to weete whats  
good or ill,  
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert,  
But knewe we, fooles, what it us brings until,  
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert!  
No daunger there the shepheard can astert,  
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,  
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene  
O happy herse!  
Make hast, ye shepherds, thether to reuert  
O joyfull verse!

'Dido is gone afore, (whose turne shall be the  
next?)  
There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,  
There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,  
And joyes enjoys that mortall men doe misse.  
The honor now of highest gods she is,  
That whilome was poore shepherds pryde,  
While here on earth she did abyde  
O happy herse!  
Ceasse now, my song, my woe now wasted is,  
O joyfull verse!

The Ay, francke shepheard, how bene thy  
verses meint  
With dolefull pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte  
Whether rejoyce or weepe for great constrainte.  
Thyne be the cossette, well hast thou it gotte.  
Up, Cohn up! ynough thou morned hast,  
Now gynnes to muzzle, hve we homeward fast

## COLIAS EMBLEM

*La mort ny mord*

## GLOSSE

*Jouissance, myrth.  
Sorenaunce, remembrance  
Herse, honour*

*Welked, shortned or empayred As the Moone  
being in the waine is sayde of Lidgate to welk*

*In lowly lay, according to the season of the  
moneth November, when the sonne draweth low  
in the South toward his Tropick or retrurne*

*In fishes haske the sonne reigneth, that is, in the  
signe Pisces all November a haske is a wicker pad,  
wherein they use to cary fish*

*Virelaines, a light kind of song*

*Bee waitred, for it is a saying of Poetes, that they  
haue dronk of the Muses well Castalias, whereof  
was before sufficiently sayd*

*Dreriment, dreery and heauy cheere.*

*The great shepheard, is some man of high degree,  
and not, as some vainely suppose, God Pan. The  
person both of the shepherde and of Dido is un-  
knownen, and closely buried in the Authours conceipt  
But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind as  
some imagin for he speaketh soone after of her also*

*Shene, fayre and shuning*

*May, for mayde*

*Tene, sorrow*

*Guei don, reward*

*Bynempt, bequethed*

*Cosset, a lambe brought up without the dam  
Unkempt, Incompt Not comed, that is, rude  
and unhandsome*

*Melpomene*, The sadde and waylesfull Muse used of Poets in honor of Tragedies as saith Virgile, *Melpomene* tragico proclamat maesta bonu

*Up gressiv oasts*, The manner of Tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of furies, and damned ghostes as is Heecuba of Euripides and Pantalus brought in of Seneca And the rest of the rest

*Herse*, is the solemne obsequie in funeralles *Wax of*, decay of so beautifull a peece *Cark*, care.

*Ak ichu*, an elegant Epanorthosis as also soone after nay, time was long ago

*Flower*, a diminutive for a little floure Thus is a notable and sententious comparison, *A minor ad mayus*

*Behren not*, live not againe, s not in theyr earthly bodies for in heven they enjoy their due reward

*The blanch*, He meaneth Dido who being as it were the mayne brunnch now withered the buddes, that is, beaute (as he sayd afore) can no more flourish

*With cakes*, fit for shepherds blankets *Heame*, for home, after the northerne pronouncing

*Tinct*, dyed or stayned

*The gaudie* the meaning is that the things which were the ornaments of her life are made the honor of her funeral, as is used in burralls

*Robin*, the name of a shepherd, which seemeth to have bene the lover and deere frende of Dido

*Rushinay*, agreeable for such base gyftes *Faded lockes*, dried leaves As if Nature herselfe betrayed the death of the Mayde

*Sourse*, spring

*Mantled medones* for the sondry flowres are like a Mantle or coverlet wrought with many colours

*Phomelo*, the Nightingale whome the Poetes saie once to have bene a Ladye of great beauty, till being ravished by her sisters husbände she desired to be turned into a hynde of her name, whose complaints be very well set forth of Ma George Gascoyn a witty gentleman and the very chiefe of our lye rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is well knowne he altogether wanted not learning,) no doubt would

have attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets For gyfts of wit and naturall promptnesse appeare in hym abundantly

*Cypresse* used of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe and properly the signe of all sorow and heavynesse

*The fatal sisters*, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Herobus and the Nighte whom the Poetes faine to spinne the life of man as it were a long threde which they drawe out in length till his fatal howre and tyme death be come but it by other casuallie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is, Atropos, is saide to have cut the threde in twain Hereof cometh a common verse

*Clotho colum bajulat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occidit*

*O truthlesse*, a gallant exclamacion moralized with great wisdom and passionate wth great affection

*Beare*, a frame, wheron they use to lay the dead corse

*Furies* of Poetes are feyned to be three, Persephone, Alecto, and Megera which are said to be the Anthours of all evill and mischefe

*Fiendall night* is death or darkness of hell

*Beh't* happened

*I see*, a lively Icon or representation as if he saw her in heaven present

*Flavian fields* be devised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise where the happye souls doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse

*Due wold*, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phaedone

*Asyet*, befall unawares

*Achar and Ambrosia*, he feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be white like Crene wherof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and strowed the heavens, as yet appear eth But I have already discour'd that at Large in my Commentarie upon the Dreames of the same Anthour

*Meant*, mingled

## FINDIF

Which is as much to say, as death but 'th not For although by course of nature we be borne to dye and being ripened with age as with a timely harvest we must be gathered in time or els of our selves we fall like rotted ripe fruite from the tree yet death is not to be counted for evill, nor (as the Poete sayd a litle before) as doome of ill desert

For though the trespasse of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of shune yet being over one by the death of one that dyed for al it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to life So that it agreeth well with that was said that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all

## DECEMBER.

## ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA. ARGUMENT

THIS Æglogue (even as the first begynne) is ended with a compaignie of Colin to God Pan wherein, as recour of his former vaines he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare comparing his youth to the spring time when he was fresh and free from loves follie His marchback to the sommer, which, he sayth, was consurnd with great heate and excessive drouth, caused through a Comet or blaine

starre, by which hee meaneth love, which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate His ripe yeares hee resembleth to an unreasonable harveste, wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe His latter age to winters chyll and frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende

THE gentle shepheard satte beside a sprunge  
All in the shadowe of a bushie breere,  
That Colm hight, which wel could pype and  
singe,

For he of his rurs his songs did here  
There, as he satte in seereate shade alone,  
Thus gan he make of love his piteous mono

'O soveraigne Pan! thou god of shepheards  
all,

Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe,  
And, when our flocks into mischancee mought  
fall,  
Doeest save from mischefe the unwary sheepe,  
Als of their masters hast no lesse regarde  
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch  
and wardo,

'I thee beseeche (so be thou deigne to heare  
Rude ditties, tuncd to shepheards Outen reede,  
Or if I ever sonet song so cleare,  
As it with pleasaunce mought thy faineer feede)  
Hearken awhile, from thy greene cabinet,  
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

'Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull  
spring,  
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there,  
For hente of heedlesse lust me so did sting,  
That I of doubted danger had no feare  
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wide,  
Withouten drede of Wolves to bene espyed

'I went to range my dde the marie thekette,  
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas  
game,  
And joyd oft to chace the trembling Picket,  
Or hunt the hartlesse hare til shee were tame  
What reeked I of wintre ages waste?—  
Tho deemed I my spring would ever laste

'How often have I sealed the eraggie Oke,  
All to dislodge the Raven of her nest?  
How have I wearied with many a stroke  
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest  
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?  
For y like to me was libertee and life.

'And for I was in thulke same looser yeares,  
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my  
byrth,  
Or I to much beleevd my shepherd peeres,  
Somedele y bent to song and musicks mirth,  
A good old shepheard, Wrenock was his  
name,  
Made me by wite more cunning in the same.

'Fro thence I durst in derring-doe compare  
With shepheards swayne what ever fedde in  
field,

And, at that Hobbinol right judgement bare,  
To Pan his owne selfe pype I neede not yield  
For, if the flocking Nymphs did folow Pan,  
The wiser Muses after Coln raune.

'But, ah! such pryde at length was ill re-  
payde

The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)  
My hurtlesse pleasurnee did me ill upbraide,  
My freedome lorne, my life he left to none  
Love they him called that gave me check-  
mate,  
But better mought they have behote him  
Hate.

'Tho gan my lovely Spring bid me farewell,  
And Sommer season sped him to display  
(For love then in the Lyons house did dwell)  
Tho ragued fyre that kindled at his ray  
A comett stard up that unkindly heate,  
That ragued (as men sayd) in Venns seate

'Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,  
When choise I had to choose my wandring  
waye,  
But whether luck and loves unbridled lore  
Woulde leade me forth on Fancies bitte to  
playe [bowre,  
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my  
The Woodes can witness many a wofull  
stoure

'Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,  
Working her formall rowmes in wexen frame,  
I he grieueth Tode-stoole growne there mought  
I se,  
And loathed Paddockes lording on the same  
And wher the chaunting birds luld me  
asleepe,  
The ghastlie Owle her grievous ynnedoth  
keepe

'Then as the springe gives place to elder time,  
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde,  
Also my age, now passed yongthly pryde,  
To thinges of ryper season selfe applyed,  
And leard of lighter timber cotes to frame,  
Such as might save my sheepe and me fro  
shame

'To make nice cages for the Nightingale,  
And Baskets of bulrushes, was my wont  
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale  
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont?

I learned the signes of heauen to ken,  
How Phoebe sailes, where Venus sittes, and  
when

'And tried time yet taught me greater thinges,  
The sodain ryng of the raging sears,  
The soothie of byrdes by beating of their  
winges,

The power of herbes, both which can hurt and  
And which be wont t' enrage the restless  
sheepe,

And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe

'But, ah' unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,  
That kyd the hidden kindes of many a wede,  
Yet bydst not one to cure thy sore hart-roote,  
Whose ruckling wound as yet doth rifele  
bleede.

Why liest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes  
Why diest thou stil, and yet alive art  
founde?

'Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,  
Thus is my harvest hastened ill to rathe,  
The care that budded fure is burnt and blasted,  
And all my hoped game is turnd to scathe  
Of all the seede that in my yonth was sow no  
Way nought but brikes and brambles to be  
mowne.

'My boughes with bloosmes that crowned  
were at firste,  
And promised of timely fruite such store  
Are left both bare and barren now at erst,  
The flitting fruite is fallen to ground before  
And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe,  
My harvest, wast, my hope away did wipe

'The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grew,  
Bene withered, as they had bene gathred long,  
Their rootes bene dried up for lacke of dewe,  
Yet dewed with teares they haue bene ever  
among

Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind thus  
To spil the flowres that should her girlond  
dight?

'And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype  
Unto the shifting of the shepherds foote,  
Sike folkes now have gathered as too ripe,  
And cast them out as rotten and unsoote

The loser Lasse I cast to please no more,  
One if I please, enough is me therefore

'And thus of all my harvest-hope I have  
Naught reaped but a weede-crop of care,  
Which, when I thought have threshed in swell-  
ing sheere,

Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley, bare  
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be find,  
All was blowne away of the wavering wind

'So now my yeare draves to his latter terme,  
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite,  
My harveste hastes to stirre up Winter sterne,  
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage his  
right

So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy  
So now his blustering blast eche costie dooth  
scoure

'The carefull cold hath nupt my rugged rinde.  
And in my face deepe furrowes eild hath pight  
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,  
And by myne eie the Crow has clawe dooth  
wright

Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,  
No sonne now shines, cloudes han all over-  
cast.

'Now leave, ye shepherds boyes, your merry  
glee,

My Muse is horse and wearie of thy stounde  
Here will I hang my pype upon this tree  
Was never pype of reede did better sounde  
Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaste,  
And after Winter dreerie death doesurst.

'Gather together ye my little flocke,  
My little flock, that was to me so hefe,  
Let me, ah! lette me in your foldes ye lock,  
Lre the breme Winter breeds you greater grieve  
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull  
breath,

And after Winter commeth timely death

'Adieu, delights, that lulled me asleepe,  
Adieu, my deere, whose love I bought so deare,  
Adieu, my little Lambes and loved sheepe,  
Adieu, ye Woodes, that oft my witness were  
Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true,  
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu'

COLIN'S WILLIE

Virtus ingenio cetera mortis erunt

### GLOSSE

*Tutorus*, Chancer, as hath bene oft sayd  
*Lambins*, young lambes  
*Aits of their*, seemeth to expresse Virgils verse

'Pan curat oves omniumque magistros'

*Dagne*, vouchsafe.

*Cobnet*, *Colnet*, diminutives  
*Mare* for they be like to a maze whence it is hard  
to get out agayne  
*Poes*, fellows and companions  
*Musick*, that is Poetry, as Terence sayth, 'Qui  
artem tractant musicam,' speaking of Poetes



*Derring doe, atoreward*

*Irons house* he imagineth simply that Cupid, which is love, had his abode in the white signe Leo, which is in the middle of summer, a pretty allegory, whereof the meaning is that love in him wrought an extraordinary beate of it at

*His ray*, which is Cupides beame or flames of Love

*A comele*, a blasing starre meane of beaultie, which was the cause of his whole love

*Venus*, the goddess of beaulty or pleasure Also a signe in heaven, as it is here said. So he meaneth that beaultie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, was the cause of his unquietnes in love

*Where I was* a fine description of the change of his life and liking, for all things nowe turned to him to have altered their kindly course

*Lording* Spoken after the manner of Pallocks and frogges sitting which is indeed lordly, not removing nor looking once aside, unless a thye be stirred

*Then as* The second part, that is, his manhood *Cotes*, Shepecotes, for such be the exercises of shepheards

*Safe*, or sallow, a kinde of fowle like Wyllow, fit to wreath and lynde in kypes to catch fish withall

*Phæbe fayles*, The Eclipse of the Moone which is alwayes in Canis, or Capris Draconis signes in heven

*Venus*, & Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth, and setteth last. All which skill in starres being convenient for shepheards to knowe, Theocritus and the rest use

*Raging seas* The cause of the swelling and chbing of the sea cometh of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasng, sometime waining and decreasing

*Sooth of birds* A kind of soothsaying used in elder tymes, which they gathered by the flying of

The meaning whereof is that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end but workes of learned wits and monuments of Poetry abide for ever And therefore Horace of his Odes, a worke though full indeed of great wit and learning yet of no so great weleht and importunace, boldly sayth,

'Exegi monumentum ere perennius,  
'Quod nec imber edax, nec aquillo vomit' &c

*Loe* I have made a Calender for every  
yeare,  
That steale in strength, and time in durance,  
shall outweare,  
And, if I marked well the starres revolution,  
It shall continue till the worlds dissolution,  
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his  
sheepe,  
And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to  
keepe

byrds First (as is sayd) invented by the Thracians, and from them derived to the Romans who as it is sayd in Livie were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that every Noble man should put his sonne to the Thruscanes, by them to be brought up in that knowledge

*Of herbes* That wondrous thinges be wrought by herbes, as will appear by the common working of them in our bodies as also by the wonderful enchauntments and surceries that have bene wrought by them in such that it is sayd that Cice, a famous sorcerer, turned men into sondry kinds of beastes and monsters and ouer by herbes as the Poete sayth

'Dea extra potentibus heribz, &c'

*Aula*, Lincet.

*Eare of come*

*Scathe*, for a hinderance

*The fragrant flowers* sundry stufes and fardable partes of learning, wherein our Poet is scene, be theyr witness which are privie to this study.

*Leve among*, Lere and none

*Thus is my* The thyrd part wherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an untylly harvest that bringeth little fruite

*So now is here* The last part, wherein is described his age, by comparison of wintyr storms *Carefull coole*, for cure is sayd to coole the blood of the, with

*Hoary frost*, a metaphore of hoary heares scattered lyke to a snow frost

*Breake sharpe and bitter*

*Adieu delights* is a conclusion of all where in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that was touched in this booke In the first verse his delights of youth generally In the second, the love of Rosalind In the thyrd the keeping of sheepe, which is the argument of all the Elegies In the fourth, his complaints And in the last two, his professed friendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll

FINIS

Therefore let not be envied that this Poete in his Epilog, sayth he hath made a Calender that shall endure as long as time, &c following the example of Horace and Ovid in the like

'Grando opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec  
ignis  
'Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas,'  
&c

*Goe*, little Calender I thou  
Goe but a lowly que amongste the meaner sort  
Dare not to match thy puppe with Tityrus his  
style  
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde  
withyle,  
But followe them surre off, and their high steppes  
adore  
The better please, the worse despise, I aske no

# COMPLAINTS:

CONTAINING SUNDRIE SMALL POEMES

OF THE

WORLDS VANITIE

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE MAKETH MENTION.

BY ED. SP.

## A NOTE OF THE SUNDRIE POEMES CONTAINFD IN THIS VOLUME.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 <i>The Runnes of Time</i>                      | 6 <i>Muſopotmos, or The Tale of the Butter-<br/>ſlie</i> |
| 2 <i>The Teares of the Muſes.</i>                | 7. <i>Viſions of the Worlds Vanitie</i>                  |
| 3 <i>Virgils Guat</i>                            | 8. <i>Billayes Viſions</i>                               |
| 4. <i>Proſopopoeia, or Mother Hubberds Tale.</i> | 9. <i>Petrarches Viſions</i>                             |
| 5 <i>The Runnes of Rome by Delloy.</i>           |  |

## THE PRINTER TO THE GENTLE READER

SINCE my late ſetting forth of the *Faerie Queene*, finding that it hath found a favourable paſſage amongſt you, I have ſithence endeavoured by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accompliſhment of your delights,) to get into my handes ſuch ſmale Poemes of the ſame Authors, as I heretofore diſperſt abroad in ſundrie handes, and not eaſie to bee come by, by himſelfe, ſome of them having bene diversly imbeziled and purloyned from him ſince his departure over Sea. Of tho which I have, by good meanes, gathered togethier theſe ſixe parcels preſent, which I have cauſed to bee imprinted altogether, for that they al ſeeme to containe like matter of argument in them, being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie,

verie grave and profitable. To which effect I underſtand that he ſaides wrote ſundrie others, namelie *I celeſtiaſtes* and *Canticum canticorum* tranſlated, *A ſenights ſlumber*, *The hell of lovers*, his *Purgatorie*, being all dedicated to Iames, ſo as it may ſeeme he ment them all to one volume. Beſides ſome other Pamphlets looche ſcattered abroad as *The dying Pellican* *The howers of the Lord*, *The ſacrifice of a ſinner* *The ſeven Psalmes* &c. which when I can, either by himſelfe or otherwiſe, attaine too, I meane likewise for your ſervice to ſet forth. In the meane time, praying you gentle to accept of theſe, and gracieuſlie to entertaine the new Poet, I take leave

## THE RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,

THE LADIE MARIE,

COUNTESS OF PEMBROOK.

Most Honourable and bountifull Ladie,  
there bee long sithens deepe sowed in my  
brest the seede of most entire love and  
humble affection unto that most brave  
Knight, your noble brother deceased, which,  
taking roote, began in his life time some what  
to bnd forth, and to shew themselves to him,  
as then in the weakenes of their first spring,  
And would in their riper strength (had it  
pleased high God till then to drawe out his  
dues) spared forth fruit of more perfection.  
But since God hath disdeigned the world of  
that most noble Spirit, which was the hope  
of all learned men, and the Patron of my  
young Muses, together with him both their  
hope of aie further fruit was cut off, and also  
the tender delight of those their first blossoms  
nipped and quite dead. Yet, sithens my late  
cunning into England, some friends of mine,  
(which might much prevaile with me, and  
indeede command me) knowing with howe  
straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him,  
as also bound unto that noble house, (of which

the chiefe hope then rested in him) have  
sought to revive them by upbriding me, for  
that I have not shewed aie thankfull re-  
membrance towards him or any of them, but  
suffer their names to sleep in silence and  
forgetfulness. Whome chiefe to satisfie, or  
els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankful-  
nesse, I have conceived this small Poeme,  
intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds  
Ruines*, yet speciallie intended to the re-  
newing of that noble race, from which both  
you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of  
some of the chiefe of them late deceased.  
The which I dedicate unto your La as whome  
it most speciallie concerneth, and to whome  
I acknowledge my selfe bounden by manie  
singular favours and great grieves. I pray  
for your Honourable happnesse, and so  
humble kisse your handes

Your Ladships ever

humble at command

E. S.

## THE RUINES OF TIME.

It chaunced me on day beside the shore  
Of silver streaming Thamesis to bee,  
Nigh where the goodly Veilame stood of yore,  
Of which there now remains no memorie,  
Nor aie little monument to see,  
By which the travailer, that fares that way,  
'This once was she,' may warned be to say

There, on the other side, I did behold  
A Woman sitting, sorrowfullie wailing,  
Rending her yelow locks, like wyrie gold  
About her shoulders carelesslie down trailing,

And streames of teares from her faire eyes  
forth railing

In her right hand a broken rod she held, [weld  
Which towards heaven shee seemd on high to

Whether shewere one of that Rivers Nymphes,  
Which did the losse of some dere love lament,  
I doubt, or one of those three fatall Impes  
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent,  
Or th' ancient Genius of that Citie bent  
But, seeing her so piteouslie perplexed,  
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed

'Ah' what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing

Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?  
Whose happines the heavens envying,  
From highest staire to lowest step me drave,  
And have in mine owne bowels made my grave  
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,  
The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorne.

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,  
And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest  
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint,  
That shedding teares a while, I still did rest,  
And after did her name of her request.  
'Name have I none (quoth she) nor arie being,  
Berest of both by Fates unjust decreeing

'I was that Citie, which the garland wore  
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me  
By Romane Victors, which it wonne of yore;  
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,  
And lye in mine owne ashes as ye see  
Verlame I was what bootes it that I was,  
Sith now I am but weedes and wastfull gras?

'O vaine worlds glorie' and unstedfast state  
Of all that lives on face of sinfull earth!  
Which, from their first untill their utmost date,  
Taste no one hower of happines or merrith,  
But like as at the ingate of their berth  
They crying creep out of their mothers wombe  
So wailing backe go to their wofull toombe

'Why then dooth flesh a bubble-glas of breath,  
Hunt after honour and advancement vaine,  
And reare a trophée for devouring death.  
With so great labour and long lasting paine.  
As if his daies for ever should remaine?  
Sith all that in this world is great or gae  
Doth as a vapour vanish, and deciae.

'Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,  
And call to count what is of them become  
Where be those learned wits and antique Sages  
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect  
somme?

Where those great warriors, which did over-  
come

The world with conquest of their might and  
maime, [raime]  
And made one meare of th' carth and of their

'What nowe is of th' Assyrian Lyonesse,  
Of whome no footing row on earth appears?  
What of the Persian Beards outrageousnesse,  
Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares,  
Who of the Grecian Libard now ought heares,  
That overran the East with greedie powre,  
And left his helps their kingdomes to de-  
voure?

'And where is that same great seven-headed  
beast.

That made all nations vassals of her pride,  
To fall before her feete at her beheast,  
And in the necke of all the world did ride?  
Where doth she all that wondrous welth nowe  
hede?

With her owne waight down pressed now shee  
lies.

And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.

'O Rome' thy ruine I lament and rue,  
And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe, [rewe  
That whilom was whilst heavens with equall  
Deign'd to behold me and their gifts bestowe,  
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew,  
And of the whole world as thou wast the Em-  
presse,  
So I of this small Northerne world was Prin-  
cesse.

'To tell the beawtie of my buildings sayre,  
Adorn'd with purest gulde and precious stone,  
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,  
That by my foes are now all spent and gone.  
To tell my forces matchable to none,  
Were but lost labour that few would beleve.  
And with rehearsing would me more agreeve.

'High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,  
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,  
Large streetes, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,  
Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries,  
Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries,  
All those (O pitie!) now are turn'd to dust,  
And overgrown with blacke obliuious rust

'Theretoo for warlike power, and peoples store,  
In Britannie was none to match with mee,  
That manie often did abie full sore,  
Ne Troynorant, though elder sister shee,  
With my great forces might compared bee  
That stont Pendragon to his perill felt,  
Who in a sieg seaven yeres about me dwelt

'But long ere this, Bundoa, Brittonnesse.  
Her mightie host against my bulwarkes  
Bundoa, that victorious conqueresse, [brought,  
That, lifting up her brave heroick thought  
Bove womens weaknes, with the Romanes  
fought. [vaile'd:  
Fought, and in field against them thrice pre-  
Yet was she soild, when as she me assailed.

'And though at last by force I conquered  
were  
Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall.  
Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full  
deere,  
And prizde with slaughter of their Generall,

The monument of whose sad funerall,  
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,  
But now to nought through spoy le of time is  
wasted

'Wasted it is, as if it never were,  
And all the rest, that me so honor made  
And of the world admired e'ie where,  
Is turn'd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade,  
And of that brightnes now appears no shade,  
But greishe shades, such as doo haunt in hell  
With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell

'Where my high steeples w hilom usde to stand,  
On which the lordly Faucon wont to towre  
There now is but an heap of lyme and sand,  
For the Shrike-owle to build her balefull bowre  
And where the Nightingale wont forth to powre  
Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull  
Lovers, [Plovers  
There now hannt yelling Mewes and whining

'And where the christall Thamis wont to slide  
In silver channell, downe along the Lee,  
About whose flowrie bankes on either side  
A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull jollitee,  
Were wont to play, from all annoy ance free,  
There now no riuers course is to be seene,  
But moonsh fennes, and marshes euer greene

'Seemes, that that gentle River for great  
griefe  
Of my mistaps, which oft I to him plained,  
Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe,  
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,  
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft  
stained,  
From my unhappie neighborhood farre fled,  
And his sweete waters away with him led

'There also, where the winged ships were seene  
In liquid waves to cut their somie waie,  
And thousand Fishers numbred to haue been,  
In that wile lake looking for plenteous prae  
Of fish, which they with baits usde to betraie,  
Is now no lake, nor anie fishers store,  
Nor euer ship shall saile there anie more

'They all are gone, and all with them is gone,  
Ne ought to me remanes, but to lament  
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,  
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.  
Yet it is comfort in great languishment,  
To be bemoaned with compassion kinde,  
And mitigates the anguish of the minde

'But me no man bewaileth, but in game,  
Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eie,  
Nor anie lues that mentioneth my name  
To be remembered of posteritie,

Save One that, maugre fortunes injurie,  
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,  
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort

'Camden' the nourse of antiquitie,  
And lanterne unto late succeeding age,  
To see the hight of simple veritie  
Burned in ruines, through the great outrage  
Of her owne people led with warlike rage  
Camden' though Time all momments obscure,  
Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

'But whie (unhappie wright') doo I thus erie,  
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced  
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,  
And all my antique moniments defaced?  
Sith I doo daile see things highest ploed  
So soone as Fates their vtall thred haue shorne,  
Forgotten quite as they were neuer borne

'It is not long, since these two eyes beheld  
A mightie Prince, of most renowned race,  
Whom England high in count of honour held,  
And greatest ones did sue to grue his grace,  
Of greatest ones he, greatest in his place,  
Sate in the bosome of his Soverane,  
And Right and loyall did his word maintaine.

'I saw him die, I saw him die, as one  
Of the meane people, and brought forth on  
beare,

I saw him die, and no man left to mone  
His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare  
Scarse anie left to close his eyhds neare,  
Scarse ame left upon his lips to laie  
The sacred soil, or Requiem to saie.

'O' trustlesse state of miserable men,  
That builde your blis on hope of e'rtbly thing,  
And vainly thinke y our selues halfe happie then,  
When painted faces with smooth flattering  
Doo fawne on y ou, and y our wide praises sing,  
And, when the courting masker louteth lowe,  
Him true in heart and trustie to y ou throw

'All is but fained, and with oaker dide,  
That euer shower will wash and wipe away,  
All things doo change that under heaven abide,  
And after death all friendship doth decay  
Therefore, what euer man bearest worldlie sway,  
Living, on God and on thy selfe relie,  
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die

'He now is dead, and all is with him dead,  
Save what in heauens storehouse he uplaid  
His hope is fauld, and come to passe his dread,  
And euill men, now dead, his deeds npruid  
Spite bites the dead, that living neuer bnd  
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept  
Into the hole, the which the Bridger swept.

'He now is dead and all his glorie gone,  
And all his greatnes vaponred to nought,  
That as a glasse upon the water shone,  
Which vanished quite, so soone as it was sought  
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,  
Ye anie Poet seekes him to reuie,  
Yet manie Poets honourd him alie

'Ne doth his Colin, carelesse Colin Cloute,  
Cure now his ille bagpipe up to ruse,  
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout  
Of shepherd groomes, which wont his songs to  
praise

Praise who so list yet I will him dis-praise,  
Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame  
Wake, shepherds boy, at length awake for  
shame

'And who so els did goodnes by him gaue,  
And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,  
Whether he shepherd be, or shepherds  
swaine,  
(For manie did, which doo it now denie)  
Awake, and to his Song a part applie  
And I, the wilest you mourne for his decesse,  
Will with my mourning plants your plant  
increase

He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,  
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,  
That whilst he liued was of none enyde,  
And dead is now, as liuing, counted deere,  
Deare unto all that true affliction beare  
But unto thee most deere, O dearest Dame  
His noble Spouse, and Pargon of time

'He, whilst he liued, happie was through thee,  
And, being dead, is happie now much more,  
Liuing, that lincked christ with thee to bee,  
And dead, because him dead thou dost adore  
As liuing, and thy lost deare love deplore  
So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,  
Dost live, by thee thy Lord shall never die

'Thy Lord shall never die, the whiles this  
verse  
Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever  
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse  
His worthe praise, and vertues diuing never,  
Though death his soule doo from his bodie  
sever,  
And then thy selfe herein shalt also live  
Such grace the heavens doo to my verses giue.

'Ne shall his sister, ne thy father die,  
Thy father, that good Earle of rare renowne,  
And noble Patrone of weake poertie,  
Whose great good deeds, in country and in  
towne,

Haue purchast him in heauen an happie crowne,  
Where he now lieth in eternall bliss,  
And left his sonne to ensue those steps of his.

'He, noble bud, his Grandsires lielio haue,  
Under the shadow of thy countenance  
Now ginnest to shoote up fast, and flourish fayre  
In learned artes and goodlie gouernance,  
That him to highest honour shall aduance  
Brave Impe of Bedford grow apace in bountie,  
And count of wisdom more than of thy  
Countie

'Ne may I let thy husbands sister die,  
First goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spring  
Out of his stocke and famous familie,  
Whose praises I to future age doo sing,  
And forth out of her happie womb did bring  
The sacred brood of learning and all honour,  
In whom the heavens powde all their gifts  
upon her

'Most gentle spirite, breathed from above  
Out of the bosome of the makers bliss,  
In whom all bountie and all vertuous love  
Appeared in their native proprietie,  
And did enrich that noble breast of his  
With treasure passing all this worlds worth,  
Worthie of heauen it selfe which brought it  
forth

'His blessed spirite, full of power diuine  
And influence of all celestiall graces,  
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie shme,  
Iled back too soone unto his native place,  
Too soone for all that did his love embrace,  
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he  
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

'Yet, ere his happie soule to heave went  
Out of this fleshlie gale, he did devise  
Unto his heauenly maker to present  
His bodie, as a spotles sacrifice,  
And chose that guiltie hands of enemies  
Should powre forth th' offering of his guiltles  
blood

So life exchanging for his countrie good

'O noble spirite live there ever blessed, Joy,  
The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new  
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed  
With mortall cares and cumberous worlds annoy  
But, where thou dost that happines enjoy,  
Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,  
That I might there I maie thee alwaies see

'Yet, whilst the fates affoord me vitall breath,  
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,  
And sing to thee, untill that timelie death  
By heavens doome doo ende my earthlie daies

There to doo thou my humble spirite raise,  
And into me that saered breath inspire,  
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

'Then will I sing, but who can better sing  
Than thine owne sister, peerles Ladie bright,  
Which to thee sings with deep harts sorrowing,  
Sorrowing tempered with deere delight,  
That her to heare I feeble my feeble spright  
Robbed of sense, and ravished with joy  
O sad joy, made of mourning and any'

'Yet will I sing, but who can better sing  
Than thou thy selfe thine owne selves a liance,  
That, whilst thou liedst, madest the Forrests  
ring, [daunce,  
And fields resound, and flockes to leape in,  
And shepherds leave their lambs unto mis-  
chaunce,

To runne thy shrill Arcadian Pipe to heare  
O, happie were those dayes, thrice happie were'

'But now, more happie thou, and wretched wee  
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,  
Whiles thou, now in Elisian fields so free,  
With Orpheus, and with Linus and the choise  
Of all that ever did in rimes reioice, [layes,  
Converse, and doost heare their heauenlie  
And they heare thine, and thine doo better  
praise.

'So there thou livest, singing evermore,  
And here thou livest, being ever song  
Of us, which living loved thee afore, [through  
And now thee worship amongst that blessed  
Of heauenlie Poets and Heroes strong  
So thou both here and there immortall art,  
And euerie where through excellent desert.

'But such as neither of themselves can sing,  
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,  
Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing  
Which never was, ne ever with regard  
Their names shall of the later age be heard,  
But shrill in rustie darknes ever lie,  
Unless they mentioend be with infamie

'What booteth it to have been rich alive?  
What to be great? what to be gracious?  
When after death no token doth survive  
Of former being in this mortall hous,  
But sleeps in dust, dead and inglorious,  
Like beast whose breath but in his nostrils is,  
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis

'How many great ones may remembered be,  
Which in their daies most famousie did flourish,  
Of whome no word we heare, nor signe now  
see,  
But as things wpt out with a sponge to pershe,

Because they living cared not to cherishe  
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,  
Which might their names for ever memorize.

Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye live,  
That of the Muses ye may friended bee,  
Which unto men eternitie do give,  
For they be daughters of Dime Memorie  
And Jove, the father of eternitie,  
And do those men in golden thrones repose,  
Whose merits they to glorifie do chose

'The sevenfold yron gates of grishe Hell,  
And horrid house of sad Proserpina,  
They able are with power of mightie spell  
To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie  
Out of dread darkenesse to eternall day, [die  
And them immortall make, which els would  
In soule forgetfulnesse, and nameles lie

'So whidome raised they the puissant brood  
Of golden girt Alemen, for great merite,  
Out of the dust, to which the Ocrean wood  
Had him consum'd, and spent his vntall spirite,  
To highest heav'n, where now he doth inherite  
All happinesse in Hebes silver bowre,  
Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure

'So rushe they eke saure Ledaes warlike  
twines,

And interchanged life unto them lent, [ginnes  
That, when th' one dies, th' other then be-  
To shew in Heav'n his brightnes orient,  
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment  
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,  
Her back againe to life sent for his sake

'So happie are they, and so fortunate,  
Whom the Pierrin sacred sisters love,  
That freed from bands of impacable fate,  
And power of death they live for aye above,  
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not re-  
move,  
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,  
On Nectar and Ambrosia do feede.

For deeds doe die, how ever noble donne,  
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay,  
But wise wordes, taught in numbers, for to  
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay, [ranne,  
Ne may with storming show'ers be washt away,  
Ne bitter-breathing winde with harmful blast,  
Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

'In vaine doo earthly Princes, then in vaine,  
Seeke, with Pyramides to heav'n aspired,  
Or huge Colosses built with costlie paine,  
Or brasen Pillours never to be fired,  
Or Shrines made of the mettall most desired,



To make their memories for ever live,  
For how can mortall immortallitie give?

'Such one Mausolus made, the worlds great wonder,  
But now no remurrit dath thereof remaine

Such one Marcellus, but was torne with thund-  
der

Such one Lippus, but is worne with raine  
Such one King Idmon, but was rent for gaine,  
All such vaine monimentes of earthlie mase

Devour'd of time, in time to nought doo passe.

'But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie  
Above the reach of rumour's deceit,  
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure  
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away  
Then, who so will with vertuous deeds assay  
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,  
And with sweete Poets verse be glorified

'For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,  
Could save the soune of Iheus from to the,  
But that blinde bird did him immortall make  
With verses, dipt in dewe of Castale  
Which made the Lastene Conquerour to crie,  
'O fortunate young-man, whose vertue found  
So brave a Trompe, thy noble acts to sound'

'Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read  
Good Melibe, that hath a Poet got  
To sing his living praises being dead,  
Deserving never here to be forgot,  
In spite of envie that his deeds would spot  
Since whose decease, learning hes disregarded,  
And men of armes doo wander unweyward

'Those two be those two great calamities,  
That long agoe did grieve the noble spright  
Of Salomon with great indignities,  
Who whilome was alive the wisest wight  
But now his wisdom is disproov'd quite,  
I or he, that now welds all things at his will,  
Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill

'O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good heartes!  
To see that vertue should dispised bee  
Of him, that first was raise'd for vertuous parts,  
As if now, brood spreading like an aged tree,  
Lets none brood up that nigh him planted bee  
O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorn'd,  
Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned!

'O vile worlds trust! that with such vaine illu-  
sion  
Hath so wise men bewteht, and overkest,  
That they see not the way of their confusion  
O vainesse! to be added to the rest,  
That do my soule with inward griefe infest

'Let them behold the pitious fall of mee,  
And in my case their owne ensample see

'And who so els that sits in highest seate  
Of this worlds glorie wretched of all,  
Let feareth change of time, nor times threate,  
Let him behold the horror of my fall,  
And his owne end into remembrance call  
Th it of like ruine he may warned bee,  
And in himselfe be mov'd to pittie mee'

This having ended all her pitious plaint,  
With dolefull shrieks shee vanished away,  
That I, through inward sorrowe wexen faint,  
And all astonish'd with deepe dismay,  
At her departure, had no word to say,  
But sate long time in senerlesse sad affright,  
Looking still, if I might of her have sight

Which when I mused, having looked long,  
My thought returned greved home againe,  
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,  
For ruth of that same womans pitious paine,  
Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine,  
I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,  
That frozen honor ran through every part

So in he greaving in my growing brest,  
And deepehe muring at her doubtfull speech,  
Whose meaning much I labored forth to wreste,  
Being above my slender reasons reach,  
At length by demonstration me to teach,  
Before mine eyes strange sights presented were,  
Like tragike Pageants seeming to appeare.

I SAW an Image all of massie gold,  
Placed on high upon an Altare pure,  
That all, which did the same from farre behold,  
Might worship it, and fall on lowest sture  
Not that great Idol might with this compare,  
To which th' Assirian tyrant would have made  
The holie brethren falshe to have prind

But th' Altare, on the which this Image stand,  
Was (O greiv'd pittie! huilt of brickelene,  
That shortly the foundation decend,  
With showres of heaven and tempests worne  
away,  
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay,  
Scorn'd of every one, which by it went,  
That I, it seeing, dearelie did lament

Next unto this a statelie Towre appeared,  
Built all of richest stone that might bee found,  
And nigh unto the Heavens in height appeared,  
But placed on a plot of sandie ground  
Not that great Towre, which is so much re-  
nown'd

For tongues confusion in Hohe Writ,  
King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it

But O vaine labours of terrestriall wit,  
That buidles so stronglie on so fraille & soyle,  
As with each storme does fall away, and slit,  
And gives the fruit of all your trauailes toyle  
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle  
I saw this Towre fall sodainele to dust,  
That nigh with griefe thereof my heart was  
brust.

## III

Then did I see a pleasant ParadiZe,  
Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights,  
Such as on earth man could not more devise,  
With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull  
sprights  
Not that, which Merlin by his magike sights  
Made for the gentle Squire, to cutertaine  
His fayre Belphebe, could this gardine  
staine

But O short pleasure, bought with lasting  
paine  
Why will hereafter anie flesh delight  
In earthlie blis, and joy in pleasures vaine,  
Sinee that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,  
That where it was scarce seemed anie sight?  
That I, which once that beautie did beholde,  
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-  
holde

## IV

Soone after this a Grunt came in place,  
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,  
That none durst vewe the horror of his face,  
Yet was he milde of speach, and meeke of  
nature

Not he, which in despite of his Creatour  
With railing tearmes defied the Jewish hoast,  
Might with this mightie one in hugenes boast,

For from the one he could to th' other coast  
Stretch his strong thighes, and th' Ocean  
overstride,

And reach his hand into his enemies hoast  
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride  
One of his feete unwares from him did slide,  
That downe hee fell into the deepe Abisse,  
Where drown with him is all his earthlie  
blisse.

## V

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of golde,  
Over the Sea from one to other side,  
Withonten prop or pillour it t' upholde,  
But like the coloured Rainbowe reeled wide  
Not that great Arcke, which Trayn edifice,  
To be a wonder to all age ensung,  
Was matchable to this in equall vewing

But (ah!) what bootes it to see earthlie thing  
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,  
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?  
This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastned well,  
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shorthe fell,  
Ne of so brave a building ought remained  
That griefe thereof my spirite greatly pained

## VI

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,  
Lying together in a mightie cave,  
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,  
That saluige nature seemed not to have,  
Nor after greedie spoyle of bloud to crave  
Two fairer beasts might not elswhere be found,  
Although the compast world were sought  
around

But what can long abide above this ground  
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?  
The Cave, in which these Beares lay sleeping  
sound,  
Was but earth, and with her owne weight  
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppresse,  
That for great sorrow of their sudden fate,  
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate

¶ Much was I troubled in my heauie  
spright,  
At sight of these sad spectreles forepast,  
That all my senses were bereaved night,  
And I in minde remained sore agast,  
Distranght twixt feare and pitie, when at  
last

I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,  
That with the sudden shrill I was appalled

Behold (said it) and by ensample see,  
That all is vanie and griefe of minde,  
Ne other comfort in this world can be,  
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclinde,  
For all the rest must needs be left behinde  
With that it bad me to the other side  
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide

## I

Upon that famous Rivers further shore,  
There stood a snowie Swaine of heuily hew,  
And gentle kinde as ever Fowle afore,  
A firer one in all the goodlie crew  
Of white Strimonian brood might no man  
view

There he most sweetly sung the prophecie  
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie

At last when all his mourning melodie  
He ended had that both the shores resounded,  
Feeling the fit that him forward to die  
With loftie flight above the earth he bounded

And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,  
Where now he is become an heavenly saint,  
There now the joy is lost, here sorrow mine

## II

Whilst thus I looked, lo! adowne the Lee  
I saw an Harpe-strout, all with silver twine,  
And made of golde and coslie worke,  
Swimming that whilome seemed to have been,  
The Harpe on which Dan Orpheus was reene,  
Wilde beasts and fowls after him to heere,  
But was th' Harpe of Philobates now decayed

At length out of the River it was reard  
And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd  
Whilst all the way most heavenly noise was heard

Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,  
That wrought both joy and sorrow in my mind

So now in heaven a signe it doth appeare  
The Harpe well knowne becom the Northern  
Beyne

## III

Soon after this I saw, on th' other side  
A curious Colbr in side of Heben wood,  
That in it did most precious treasure hide,  
I seeing, all this braver world's good  
Yet through the overflowing of the flood  
It almost drowned was, and done to nought  
That sight thereof much grieved my pensive thought

At length, when most in perill it was brought,  
Two Angels, downe descending with swift flight,

Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught  
And twist their blessed armes it carried quight

Above the reach of any living sight  
So now it is transform'd into that starr,  
In which all heavenly treasures locked are

## IV

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,  
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,  
That might for any Princes couche be red,  
And deckt with shamie flowers as if it should  
Be for some bride, her joyous night to hold  
Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay,  
A fairer wight saw never summers day

I heard a voice that called farre away,  
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,  
For lo! her Bridegrome was in readie rix  
To come to her, and seeke her loves delight

With that she started up with cherefull sight,  
When suddenly both bed and all was gone,  
And I in languor left there all alone

## V

Still as I gaze I beheld where stood  
A knight all arm'd, upon a winged steed,  
He seem'd that he was of Media's blood,  
On which he d in Perseus, borne of heavenly seed,  
The fane Andromeda from perill freed  
I all mortally this knight ymoulded was,  
His streames of blood forth flow'd on the

## VI

Yes was he doct (small joy to him, alas!)  
With turne garland for his victories felix  
And with rich sp'yles which late he did pursue  
Through his braver elements from his enemies,  
Fruiting at last thron, his infirmities,  
He smote his steed that straight to heaven

And I but me leen his love for to ill place

## VII

Lastly I saw an Arke of purest golde  
Upon a brazen pillour standing here,  
Which th' ashes and of some great Prince  
Layd to rest them for endless memorie (to hold  
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie  
Seem'd the heavens with the earth did dis-  
agree,

Whether should of th' ashes keeper bee

At last me seem'd wing footed Mercury,  
From heav'n descending to appease th' strife,  
The Arke did beare with him above the ebbe,  
And to those ashes gave a second life,  
To live in heaven where happiness is rife  
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,  
And I for dole was almost like to die

## I. Epitaph

Immortall spirite of Philobates,  
Which now art made the heavens ornament,  
That whilome wast the world's chiefest delight,  
Give leave to him that lay de thee to lament  
His loss, by lacke of thee to heaven hent,  
And with last duties at this broken verbe,  
Broken with sighes, to sleeke thy sable Here  
And ye faire Ladie th' honour of your daies,  
And glorie of the world your high thoughts  
score,

You heare this monument of his last praise  
With some few silver dropping teares to adorne,  
And as ye be of hevenlike off-spring borne,  
So unto heaven let your high minde aspire,  
And loath this dross of sinfull worlds desire

# THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

BY ED. SP.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE STRANGE.

Most brave and noble Ladie, tho things, that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee, are such, as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughlie knowne to all men, namely, your excellent beantie, your vertuous behavior, and your noble match with that most honourable Lord, the verie Paternie of right Nobilitie But the causes for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge Of which whenas I found my selfe in no part worlthe, I devised this last slender meanes, both to

intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, and also to make the same universallie knowne to the world, that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such as perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts So, recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I humbly take leave

Your La humbly ever.

ED SP.

# THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

REHEARSE to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,  
The golden brood of great Apolloes wit,  
Those piteous plaints and sorrowfull sad time,  
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit  
Beside the silver Springs of Helicone,  
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone

For since the time that Phœbus foolish  
sonne  
Thundered through Joves avengefull wrath,  
For traversing the charret of the Sunne  
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,  
Of you, his mournfull Sisters, was lamented,  
Such mournfull tunes were never since in-  
vented.

Nor since that faire Calliope did lose  
Her loved Twinnes, the dearlings of her joy,  
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,  
The fatal Sisters, did for spight destroy,  
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space,  
Was ever heard such wayling in this place

For all their groves, which with the heavenly  
noyses  
Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound,  
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver  
voyses  
Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound,  
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,  
And yelling shrieks throwne up into the skies

K K

The trembling streames, which wont in chanel  
cleare

To romble gently downe with murmur soft,  
And were by them right tunefull taught to  
beare

A Bases purt amongst their consorts oft,  
Now, forst to overflow with brackish teares,  
With troublous noyse did dull their duntle  
eares

The joyous Nymphes and lightfoote Tatties  
Which thither came to heare their musick  
sweet,

And to the measure of their melodies  
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete,  
Now, hearing them so heavily lament,  
Like heavily lamenting from thence went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight  
Through the diuine infusion of their skill,  
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in sight,  
So made by nature for to serue their will,  
Was turned now to dismall heaviness,  
Was turned now to dreddfull ugliness

Ay me! what thing on earth, that all thing  
breeds,

Might be the cause of so impatient plight?  
What furie, or what feend with felon deeds  
Hath stirred up so mischievous despight?  
Can griefe then enter into heavenly hearts,  
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall  
sinarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concerne,  
To me those secret causes to display,  
For none but you or who of you it learne  
Can rightfully vread so dolefull lay  
Begin, thou eldest Sister of the crew,  
And let the rest in order thee ensue

## CLIO

He're, thou great Father of the Gods on hie,  
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts,  
And thou, our Syre, that ragust in Castahe  
And mount Parnasse, the God of goodly Arts  
Heare, and behold the miserable state  
Of us, thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,  
The which is dry by day unto us wrought  
By such as hate the honour of our name,  
The foes of learning and each gentle thought,  
They, not contented us themselves to scorne,  
Doo seeke to make us of the world forlorne,

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,  
The sonnes of darknes and of ignorance,  
But they, whom thou, great Ioue, by doome  
unjust

Didst to the type of honour earst aduance,

They now, past up with edgynfull insolence,  
Despise the brood of blessed Sypience.

The sectaries of my celestiaill skill,  
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,  
And learned Impes that wont to shoote up still,  
And grow to height of kingdomes government,  
They underkeep, and with their spreading  
armes

Do beat their bnds, that perish through their

It most behoves the honorable race  
Of mightie Peeres true wisdomes sustaine,  
And with their noble countenancee to grace  
The learned foreheads, without gifts or guine,  
Or rather learnd themselves behoves to bee,  
That is the girland of Nobilitie

But (ah!) all otherwise they doo esteeme  
Of th' heu'ny gift of wisdomes influence,  
And to be learned it a base thing deeme  
Base minded they that want intelligence  
For God himselfe for wisdom most is praised,  
And men to God thereby are highest raised

But they doo onely strive themselves to ruse  
Through pompons pride, and fooh-h vanitie  
In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,  
And onely burst of Armes and Amcestrie,  
But virtuous deeds, which did those Armes  
first give

To their Grandsyres, they care not to atchieve  
So I, that doo all noble feates professe  
To regner, and sound in trump of gold, [nesse,  
Through their bad dooings, or base clostful-  
finde nothing worlthe to be wnt or told,  
I or better sirre it were to hide their names,  
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light  
Of things forepast, nor monuments of time,  
And all that in this world is worlthe light  
Shall die in darknesse and he hid in slime  
Therefore I mourne with deep harts sorrowing,  
Because I nothing noble haue to sing

With that she raynd such store of streaming  
teares,

That could haue made a stonie heart to weep,  
And all her Sisters rent their golden heares,  
And their pure fies with salt humour steep  
So ended shee, and then the next anew,  
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensue

## MELPOMENE.

O! who shall powre into my swollen eyes  
A sea of teares that never may be drye,  
A brisen voice that may with shrilling cries  
Pierce the dull heavens and fill the ay'r wide,  
And yron sides that sighing may endure,  
To wale the wretchednes of world impire?

Ah, wretched world! the den of wickednesse,  
Deformd with filth and foule iniquitie,  
Ah, wretched world! the house of heavinesse,  
Filld with the wrecas of mortall miserie,  
Ah, wretched world! and all that is therein  
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaves of sin

Most miserable creature under sky  
Man without understanding doth appeare,  
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,  
And fortunes freakes, is wisely taught to beere  
Of wretched life the onely joy, shee is,  
And th' only comfort in calamities

Shee armes the brest with constant patience  
Against the bitter throwes of dolours daits  
Shee solaceth with rules of Sapience  
The gentle minds, in midst of worldlie smart  
When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,  
And doth refresh his sprights when they be weare

But he that is of reason skill bereft,  
And wants the staffe of wisdom him to stay,  
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left  
Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway  
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships event,  
So is the man that wants intendment

Why then doo foolish men so much despise  
The precious store of this celestiall riches?  
Why doo they brambles us, that patronize  
The name of learning? Most unhappie  
wretches!

The which he drowned in deep wretchednes,  
Yet doo not see their owne unhappines

My part it is and my professed skill  
The Stage with Tragick buskin to adorne,  
And fill the Scene with plaint, and outcries shrill  
Of wretched persons to misfortune borne,  
But none more tragick matter I can finde  
Than this, of men depriv'd of sense and munde

For all mans life me seemes a Tragedy,  
Full of sad sights and sore Catastrophes,  
I first comming to the world with weeping eye,  
Where all his dayes, like dolorous Trophees,  
Are heipt with spoiles of fortune and of feare,  
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare

So all with ruffill spectacles is filld,  
Lit for Megera or Persephone,  
But I that in true Tragedies am skilld,  
The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me  
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully moue,  
Because that mourning matter I have none

Then gan she wofully to wail, and wrung  
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise,  
And all her Sisters, thereto answering, cries  
Threw forth lowd shrieks and dreerie dolefull

So rested she, and then the next in row  
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

### THALIA

Where be the sweete delights of learnings  
treasure

That wout with Comick sock to beautifie  
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure  
The listners eyes and eares with melodie,  
In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,  
And maske in mirth with Graces well bescene?

O! all is gone, and all that goodly glee,  
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,  
Is layd abed, and no where now to see,  
And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits,  
With hollow browes and greisly countenance,  
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,  
And brutish Ignorance, yeapt of late  
Out of dredd darknes of the deepe Abysme,  
Where being bredd, he light and heaven does  
late

They in the mindes of men now to ravuize,  
And the faire scene with rudenes foule disguise

All places they with folhie have possess,  
And with vaine toys the vulgare entertaine,  
But me have banished, with all the rest  
That whilome wont to wait upon my traine,  
Fine Counterfeits, and unhurtfull Sport,  
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that els the Comick Stage  
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasure graced,  
By which mans life in his likest image  
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced,  
And those sweete wits, which wont the like to  
frime,

Are now despizd, and made a laughing game

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made  
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,  
With kindly counter under Mimick shade,  
Our pleasant Will, ah! is dead of late  
With whom all joy and jolly merriment  
Is also dended, and in dolour drent

In stead thereof scoffing Scornfullie,  
And scornfull folhie with Contempt is crept,  
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie  
Without regard, or due Decorum kept,  
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,  
And doth the Learned taske upon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen  
Large streames of hounie and sweete Nectar  
flowe,

Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,  
Which dare then folhie forth so rashly throwe,

Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,  
Thau so himselfe to mockerie to sell

So am I made the serv ant of the manie,  
And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne,  
Not honored nor cared for of mine,  
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne  
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,  
Untill my cause of sorrow be redrest

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shrike,  
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly,  
And all her Sisters, with compassion like,  
The breaches of her singults did supply  
So rested shee, and then the next in rew  
Began her grievous plant, as doth ensew

## EUTERPE

Like as the dewling of the Summers pryde,  
 faire Philomele, when winters stormie wrath  
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde  
In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,  
All comfortlesse doth hide her cheerlesse head  
During the time of that her widowhead

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord  
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,  
Whilst favourable times did us afford  
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will,  
All comfortlesse upon the bared bow,  
Like wofull Cullers, doo sit wayling now,

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre  
The beutie of the worl hath lately wastel,  
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to  
flowre, [blasted,  
Hath murr'd quite, and all their blossoms  
And those young plants, which wont with fruit  
t abound,  
Now without fruite or leaves are to be found

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence  
And livelie spirits of each living wight,  
And dmd with darknesse their intelligence,  
Darknesse more than Cymerians daylie night  
And monstrous error, flying in the ayre,  
Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance,  
Borne in the bo-some of the black Abyss,  
And fed with furies unlike for sustenance  
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse  
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night,  
So hee his soules both Ayre and brother light

He, armed with blindnesse and with boldnes  
stout, [defaced,  
(For blind is bold) hath our fayre light  
And gathering unto him a ragged rout  
Of Iannes and Satyre, hath our dwellings  
ruined

And our chast bowers, in which all vertue  
rained,  
With brutishnesse and beastlie filth hath  
stained

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,  
So oft bedewed with our learned layes,  
And speeking streames of pure Castalion,  
The famous witnesses of our wonted praise,  
They trampled have with their fowle footings  
trade,

And like to troubled puddles have them made  
Our pleasant groves, which planted were with  
paines,

That with our musiek wont so oft to ring,  
And arbors sweet, in which the Shepheards  
singnes

Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to sing,  
They have cut downe, and all their pleasance  
That now no pastorall is to bee hard [mard,

Instead of them, fowle Goblins and Shriek-  
owles

With fearfull howling do all places fill,  
And feeble Keeho now laments and howles  
The dreadful accents of their enteries shrill  
So all is turned into wilderness,  
Whilst Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse

And I, whose joy was earst with Spirit full  
To tetch the warbling pipe to sound aloft,  
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull  
Doo mone my miserie with silence soft  
Therefore I mourne and waille incessantly,  
Till please the heavens afford me remedy

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe,  
And pitious lamentation did make,  
And all her sisters, seeing her doo soe,  
With equall plants her sorrowe did partake  
So rested shee, and then the next in rew  
Began her grievous plant, as doth ensew.

## THYRSICHORE

Whoso hath in the lap of soft delight  
Beene long time luld, and fed with pleasures  
sweet, [spight

Fearles through his own fault or Fortunes  
To tumble into sorrow and regret,  
If chancee him fall into calamitie,  
Finds greater burthen of his miserie

So wee that earst in joyance did abound,  
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,  
Like virgin Queenes, with laurell garlands  
crown

For vertnes meed and ornament of wit,  
With ignorance our kingdome did confound,  
Bee now become most wretched rightes on  
ground.

And in our royall thrones, which lately stood  
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,  
He now hath placed his accursed brood,  
By him begotten of fowle infamy,  
Blind Error, seornefull Folie, and base Spight,  
Who hold by wrong that wee should haue by  
right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,  
And make them merrie with their fooleries,  
They cherele chaunt, and rymes at raudon  
fling,

The fruitfull spawne of their ianke fantasies  
They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,  
And good men blame, and losels magnify

All places they doo with their toyes possesse,  
And raigne in liking of the multitude,  
The schooles they fill with fond new fangle-  
nesse, [rude,  
And sway in Court with pride and rashnes  
Mongst simple shepheards they do boast their  
skill,

And say their muscke matcheth Phebus quill

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,  
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine  
Faure Ladies loves they spot with thoughts  
impure,

And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine,  
Clerks they to loathly idlenes entee,  
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice

So every where they rule, and tyrannize,  
For their usurped kingdomes maintenaunce,  
They hiles we silly Maides, whom they dispise  
And with reprochfull scorne discountenaunce,  
From our owne native heritage exile,  
Walk through the world of every one revilde

Not anie one doth care to call us in,  
Or once vouchsafeth us to entertaine,  
Unless some one perhaps of gentle kin,  
For pitties sake compassion our paine,  
And yeeld us some reliefe in this distresse,  
Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchednesse

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,  
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all,  
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,  
Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call,  
Therefore we mourne and pittilesse complaine,  
Because none living pittieeth our paine.

With that she wept and wofullie waymented,  
That naught on earth her grieve might pacifie,  
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented  
With shrieks and groanes and grievous agome  
So ended shee, and then the next in rev  
Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensue

## ERATO

Ye gentle Spirits, breathing from above,  
Where ye in Venus silver bowre were bred,  
Thoughts halfe devine, full of the fire of love,  
With beawtie kindled, and with pleasure fed,  
Which ye now in securitie possesse,  
Forgetfull of your former heavinesse,

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,  
With which ye use your loves to deifie,  
And blazon forth an earthlie beauties praise  
Above the compasse of the arched skie,  
Now change your praises into piteous cries,  
And Eulogies turne into Elegies

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter stounds  
Of raging love first gan you to torment,  
And launch your hearts with lamentable  
wounds

Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,  
Before your Loves did take you unto grace,  
Those now renew, as fitter for this place

For I that rule in measure moderate  
The tempest of that stormie passion,  
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state  
Of Lovers life in likest fashion,  
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,  
Bansht by those that Love with leawdnes  
fill

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,  
And the devicefull matter of my song,  
Sweete Love deuyd of villanie or ill,  
But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong  
Out of th' Almightyes bosome, where he nests,  
From thence infused into mortall breasts

Such high concept of that celestial fire,  
The base-borne brood of bludnes cannot  
gesse,

Ne ever dare their dughill thoughts aspire  
Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,  
But rime at riot, and doo rage in love,  
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove

Faire Cytheree, the Mother of delight,  
And Queene of beawtie, now thou maist go  
paek,

For lo' thy Kingdome is defaced quight,  
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack,  
And thy gay Sonne, that winged God of Love,  
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed  
Dove

And ye three Twins, to light by Venus  
brought,  
The sweete compansons of the Muses late,  
From whom what ever thung is goodly  
thought,  
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate,



Go beg with us, and be companions still,  
As heretofore of good, so now of ill

For neither you nor we shall anie more  
Find entertainment or in Court or Schoole,  
For that which was accounted heretofore  
The learneds meed is now lent to the foole  
He sings of love, and maketh loving lyes,  
And they him heare, and they him highly  
praise

With that she powred forth a brackish flood  
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone,  
And all her Sisters, seeing her sad mood,  
With lowd laments her answered all at one  
So ended she, and then the next in reu  
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue

#### CALLIOPE

To whom shall I my evil case complaine,  
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,  
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,  
Or deignes to pittie a perplexed hart,  
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment  
With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment?

For they, to whom I used to applie  
The faithfull service of my learned skill,  
The goodly off-spring of Joves progenie,  
That wont the world with famous acts to fill,  
Whose living praises in heroic style,  
It is my eluse profession to compyle,

They, all corrupted through the rust of time  
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,  
Or through unnoble sloth, or sinfull erime,  
That doth degenerate the noble race,  
Have both desire of worthe deeds forlorne,  
And name of learning utterly doo scorne

Ne doo they care to have the amestrie  
Of th' old Heroes memorizd anew,  
No doo they care that late posteritie [dew,  
Should know their names, or speak their praises  
But the forgot from whence at first they sprong,  
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long

What bootes it then to come from glorious  
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd?  
What oddes twixt Irns and old Innelms,  
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are  
dedd,

If none of neither mention should make,  
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to doo byrve deed,  
Or strive in vertue others to excell,  
If none should vield him his deserved meed,  
Dne praise that is the spur of dooing well?  
For if good were not praised more than ill,  
None would choose goodnes of his owne free-  
will

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,  
And golden Trompet of eternitie,  
That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight,  
And mortall men have powre to desire  
Bacchus and Hercules I raise to heavn,  
And Charlemaine amongst the Stars seaven

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,  
And will henceforth immortalize no more,  
Sith I no more finde worlue to commend  
For prize of value, or for learned lore  
For noble Peeres, whom I was wont to raise,  
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for  
praise.

Their great revennes all in sumptuous pride  
They spend, that nought to learning they may  
spare,

And the rich fee, which Poets wont divide,  
Now Parasites and Syeophants doo share  
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,  
Both for my selfe and for my Sisters sake

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shrike,  
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre,  
And all her sisters, with compassion like,  
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre  
So ended she, and then the next in reu  
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue

#### URANIA

What wrath of Gods, or wicked influence  
Of Starres conspiring wretched men t' afflict,  
Hath powd on earth this noyous pestilence,  
That mortall mindes doth unwrdly infect  
With love of blindness and of ignorance,  
To dwell in darknesse without soveranee?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,  
When th' heavenlie light of knowledge is put  
out,

And th' ornaments of wisdom are bereft?  
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,  
Unweeting of the danger hee is in,  
Through fleshes frailtie, and deceit of sin

In this wide world in which they, wretches,  
stray,

It is the onely comfort which they have,  
It is their light, their lordstarre, and their day,  
But hell, and darknesse, and the grisli grave,  
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace, [debrece  
That mindes of men borne heavenlie doth

Through knowledge we behold the worlds  
creation,

How in his cradle first he fostred was,  
And judge of Natures enunning operation,  
How things she formed of a formelesse mas  
By knowledge wee do learne our selves to knowe  
And what to man, and what to God, wee owe

From hence wee mount aloft unto the skie,  
And looke into the Christall firmament  
There we behold the heavens great Hierarchie,  
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift  
movement,

The Spirites and Intelligences sayre, [chayre  
And Angels waighting on th' Almighties

And there, with humble minde and lugh in-  
sight,

Th' eternall Makers majestie wee viewe,  
His love, his truth, his glorie, and his might,  
And mercie more than mortall men can view  
O soveraigne Lord! O soveraigne happinesse,  
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse!

Such happinesse have they that doo embrace  
The precepts of my heavenlie discipline,  
But shame and sorrow and accursed case  
Have they that scorne the schoole of arts divine,  
And banish me, which do professe the skill  
To make men heavenly wise through humbled  
will

How ever yet they mee despise and spight,  
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,  
And please my selfe with mine owne selfe-  
deight,

In contemplation of things heavenlie wrought  
So, loathing earth, I looke up to the sky,  
And, being driven hence, I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miserie of men, [breed  
Which want the blis that wisdom would them  
And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den  
Of ghostly darkenes, and of gastlie dreed,  
For whom I mourne, and for my selfe com-  
plaine,

And for my Sisters eake whom they disdaigne

With that shee wept and waild so pitouslie,  
As if her eyes had bene two springing wells,  
And all the rest, her sorrow to supplie,  
Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery  
yells

So ended shee, and then the next in row  
Began her mournfull plaint, as doth ensue

#### POLYHYNIA

A dolefull case desires a dolefull song,  
Without vaine art or curious complements,  
And squalid Fortune, into basenes flog,  
Dooth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments  
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee,  
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee

For these wect numbers and melodious measures,  
With which I wont the winged words to tie,  
And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures,  
Now being let to runne at libertie

By those which have no skill to rule them right  
Have now quite lost their naturall delight,

Heapes of huge wordes uphoorded ludeously,  
With horrid sound though having little vence,  
They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry,  
And, thereby wanting due intelligenece,  
Have mard the face of goodly Poësie,  
And made a monster of their fantasie

Whilom in ages past none might professe  
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill,  
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,  
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill  
Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,  
And made the nourshing of Nobilitie

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her main-  
taine,

But suffer her prophaned for to bee  
Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane  
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie,  
And treadeth under foote hir holie things,  
Which was the care of Kesar's and of Kings

One onelle hves, her ages ornament,  
And myrrour of her Makers majestie,  
That with rich bountie, and deare chershment,  
Supports the praise of noble Poësie,  
Ne onelle favours them which it professe,  
But is her selfe a peereles Potresse.

Most peerles Prince, most peerles Poetresse,  
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,  
Divine Chisr, sacred Emperesse!  
Live she for ever, and her royall P laces  
Be filld with pruses of divinst wits,  
That her eternize with their heavenlie writs!

Some few beside this sacred skill esteeme,  
Admirers of her glorious excellence,  
Which, being lightned with her beav'ties beme,  
Are thereby filld with happie influence,  
And lifted up above the world's gaze,  
To sing with Angels her immortall praise.

But all the rest, as borne of salvage brood,  
And having bene with Acorns alwaies fed,  
Can no whit savour this celestiaall food,  
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,  
And kept from looking on the lightsome day  
For whome I waile and weepe all that I may

Itsoones such store of teares shee forth did  
powre,

As if shee all to water would have gone,  
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowe,  
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,  
And all their learned instruments did breake  
The rest untold no living tongue can speake

## VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED

Who'o'd yet not daring to expresse my paine,  
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,  
In cloudie teares my case I thus complaine  
Unto yourselfe, that onely prvie are

But if that any Oedipus unware  
Shall chauce, through power of some diuining spright,  
To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,  
And know the purpote of my euill plight  
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,  
Ne further seeke to glose upon the text,  
For griefe enough it is to grieved wight  
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.

But what so by my selfe may not be shown,  
May by this Gnatts complaint be easily known

## VIRGILS GNAT.

We now have playde (Augustus) wantonly,  
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,  
And, like a cobweb weaving slenderly,  
Hau'e onely playde let thus much then excuse  
This Gnatts small Poeme, that th' whole history  
Is but a jest, though enie it abuse [blame,  
But who such sports and sweet delights doth  
Shall highter seeme than this Gnatts idle name

Hereafter, when as season more secure  
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak  
to thee

In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,  
And for thy worth frame some fit Poësie  
The golden offspring of Latona pure,  
And ornament of great Iov'es progeme,  
Phœbus, shall be the author of my song,  
Playing on y<sup>e</sup> one harp with siluer strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentie mood  
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beside  
Faire Xanthus sprinckled with Chimeres blood,  
Or in the woods of Astery abide,  
Or where's mount Parnasse, the Muses brood,  
Doth his broad forehead like two hornes diuide,  
And the sweete waves of sounding Castaly  
With liquid foote doth slide downe easly

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glorie bee  
Of the Pierian streames, fayre Narades,  
Go too, and, dauncing all in companie,  
Adorne that God and thou holie Pales,  
To whome the honest care of husbandrie  
Returneth by continuall succeesse,  
Have care for to pursue his footing light  
Through the wide woods and groves, with green  
leaves dight



That in the sacred temples he may reare  
A trophée of his glittering spoiles and  
treasure,  
Or may abound in riches above measure

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,  
And not with skill of craftsman polished  
He joyes in groves, and makes himselfe fill  
bly the

With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered,  
Ne frankincense he from Panthea buyth  
Sweete quiet harbour in his harmlesse head,  
And perfect pleasure buildes his joyous bowre,  
Free from snail eeres that rich mens hearts  
devoure.

This all his care, this all his whole endeavour,  
To this his minde and senses he doth bend,  
How he may flow in quiet matchlesse treasure,  
Content with any food that God doth send,  
And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle  
leisure,

Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend  
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat  
The whales his flock their chewed ends do  
eate

O flocks! O Faunes! and O ye pleasaunt Springs  
Of Tempe! where the countrey Nymphs are  
rife,

Through whose not costly eare each shepheard  
As merrie notes upon his rustieke Fife,  
As that Ascrean bard, whose fame now rings  
Through the wide world, and leads us joyfull  
life,

Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,  
In which fond men doe all their dayes tur-  
moyle

In such delights whilst thus his carelesse time  
This Shepheard drives, upleaving on his batt,  
And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustieke rime,  
Hyperion, throwing forth his beames full  
hott,

Into the highest top of heaven gan clime,  
And, the world parting by an equall lott,  
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,  
As the great Ocean doth himselfe divide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one  
His stragling Gontes, and drave them to a  
foord,

Whose earle streame, rombling in Pible stone,  
Crept under mosse as greene as any goord  
Now had the Sun halfe heaven overgone,  
When he his heard back from that water foord  
Drave, from the force of Phoebus burning ray,  
Into thick shadowes, there themselves to  
lay

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood  
(O Delian Goddesses!) saw, to which of yore  
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus brood,  
Cruell Agave, flying vengeance soro  
Of king Niellens for the guiltie blood  
Which she with curs'd hands had shed before,  
There she halfe frintick, having slaine her  
sonne,

Did shrowd herselfe lik punishment to shonne

Here also playing on the grassy greene,  
Woodgods, and Satyres, and switt Dryades,  
With many Furies oft were dauncing scene.  
Not so much did Dan Orpheus repress  
The streames of Hebrus with his songs, I  
weene,

As that faire troupe of woodie Goddesses  
Staid thee, (O Penus!) pouring soorth to thee  
From cheerefull looks great mirth and glad-  
some glee

The verie nature of the place, resounding  
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,  
A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding  
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepare,  
To rest their limbs with wearie redounding  
For first the high Palme trees, with branched  
Out of the lowly vallyes did arise, [saie,  
And high shoote up their heads into the skyes

And them amongst the wretched Lotos grew,  
Weked for holding guilefully any  
Ulysses men, whom ript with sweetenes new,  
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay,  
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew  
The Sunnes sad daughters wayde the rash  
decay

Of Phaeton, whose limbs, with lightening rent,  
They, gathering up, with sweete teares did  
lament

And that same tree, in which Demophoon,  
By his disloyalty, lamented sore,  
Eternall hurte left unto many one  
Whom he accompnied the Oke, of yore  
Through fatal charmes transformd to such  
an one,

The Oke, whose Aeornes were our foode, before  
That Ceres seede of mortall men were knowne,  
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be  
sowne

Here also grew the rougher rinded Pine,  
The great Argoan ships brave ornament,  
Whom golden Fleece did make an heavenly  
signe,  
Which coveting, with his high tops extant,  
To make the mountaines touch the starres  
divine,  
Decks all the Forrest with embellishment,

And the blaeke Holme that loves the watric  
vale,  
And the sweete Cypresse, sigue of deadly bale

Emongst the rest the elambring Yvie grew,  
Knitting his wuton armes with grasping hold,  
Least that the Poplar happely shoulde rewe  
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth  
enfold

With her lythe twigs, till they the top surwey,  
And pant with pillid greene her buds of gold  
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,  
Not yet unmindfull of her olde reproach

But the small Birds, in their wide boughs en-  
bowring, [consent,  
Chaunted their sandrie tunes with sweete  
And under them a siluer Spring, forth poyring  
His triekling streames, a gentle murmure sent,  
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slime seowring  
Of the moist moore, their jarring voyces bent,  
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them around,  
All which the ayrie Echo did resound

In this so pleasant place this Shepherds floeke  
Lay everie where, their wearie limbs to rest,  
On everie bush, and everie hollow roeke,  
Where breathe on them the whistling wind  
mote best, [stocke,

The whiles the Shepherd self, tending his  
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,  
Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him  
Displaid on ground, and seized everie him  
Of trechorie on trannes nought tooke he keep,  
But, looshe on the grasse greene dispredd,  
His dearest life did trust to everles sleep,  
Which, weighing down his drouping drowsie  
hedd,

In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,  
Devoid of care, and feare of all falshedd,  
Had not meonstant fortune, bent to ill,  
Bid strange mischancee his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time in that same place  
An huge great Serpent, all with speckles pide,  
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,  
There from the boyling heate himselfe to hide  
He, passing by with rolling wretched pace,  
With brandisht tongue the emptie aire did  
gride,

And wrapt his seahie boughs with fell despight,  
That all thngs seem'd appalled at his sight

Now, more and more having himselfe enrolde,  
His glittering breast he listeth up on hee,  
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth  
holde,

His creste above, spotted with purple die,  
On overie side did shine like se the golde,  
And his bright eyes, glancing full dreadfullie,

Did seeme to flame ont flakes of flashing fyre,  
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled fyre

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace  
There round about, when as at last he spide,  
Lying along before him in that place,  
That floeks grand Captaine and most trustie  
guide

Est-woones more fierce in visage, and in pace,  
Throwing his fire eyes on everie side,  
He cometh on, and all things in his way  
Fullstermly rends that might his passage stay

Much he disdaines that auncient one should dare  
To come unto his hamnt, for which intent  
He mly burnes, and guns strught to prepare  
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent  
Felhe he luseth, and doth fiercely stare,  
And hath his jawes with angrie spirits rent,  
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained  
And all his foldes are now in length outstrained

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,  
A litle nourshing of the humid ayre,  
A Gnat, unto the sleepe Shepherd went,  
And, marking where his ey-hids twineking rare  
Shewd the two pearles which sight unto him  
lent,

Through their thm coverings appearing sayre,  
His litle needle there whynng deep,  
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keep

Wherewith enrag'd he fiercely gan upstart,  
And with his hand him rashly brazing slewe  
As in avengement of his hoodles smart,  
That streight the spirite out of his senses flew,  
And life out of his members did depart  
When, suddenly casting aside his vew,  
He spide his foe with felonous intent,  
And servent eyes to his destruction bent

All suddenly dismyd, and hartles quight,  
He fled abacke, and eatheing hasty holde  
Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,  
It rent, and streight about him gan beholde  
What God or Fortune woulde assist his might  
But whether God or Fortune made him bold  
Its hard to read yet hardie will he had  
To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.

The seahie backe of that most hideous snake  
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire  
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake  
Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyro,  
And, for he was but slowe, did slow th off shinke  
And gyzing ghastly on, (for feare and yre  
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he  
seid)

Yet when he saw him slaine himselfe he  
cheard

By thus the Night forth from the darksome  
bowre

Of Herebus her teemed steedes gan call,  
And laesie Vesper in his timely howre  
From golden Oeta gan proceede withrill,  
Whennas the Shepheard after this sharpestowre,  
Seemg the doubled shadowes low to fall,  
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward  
fare,

And unto rest his wearie joynts prepare

Into whose sence so soone as lighter sleepe  
Was entered, and now loosing everie him,  
Sweete slumbring deaw in carelesnesse did  
steepe,

The Image of that Gnat apper'd to him,  
And in end tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,  
With greislie countenance and visage grim,  
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,  
In steed of good, hastning his cruell fate

Said he, 'What have I, wretch, deserv'd, that  
Into this bitter bale I am outcast, [thus  
Whilist that thy life more deare and precious  
Was than mine owne, so long as it did last?  
I now, in lieu of pines so gracious,  
Am tost in th' ayre with everie windie blast  
Thou, safe delivered from sad deery,  
Thy carles limbs in loose sleep dost displaie.

'So livest thou, but my poore wretched ghost  
Is forst to ferrie over Lethes river,  
And spoyld of Charon too and fro am tost  
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,  
Lightned with deadly lamps on everie post?  
Tisiphone each where doth shrike and shiver  
Her flaming fire-brond, encountering me,  
Whose lockes uncombed cruell adders be

'And Cerberus, whose many mouthes doo bay  
And barke out flames, as if on fire he led,  
Adowne whose necke, in terrible array,  
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed  
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,  
And bloodie eyes doo glister fire red,  
He oftentimes me dreddfullie doth threaten  
With painfull torments to be sorely beaten

'Ay me' that thinkes so much should faile of  
meed,

For that I thee restor'd to life agayne,  
Even from the doore of death and dread dreed'  
Where then is now the guerdon of my prync?  
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?  
The praise of pitie vanisht is in vaine,  
And th' antique faith of Justice long agoone  
Out of the land is fled away and gone

'I saw anothers fate approaching fast,  
And lest mine owne his falthie to tender,

Into the same mishap I now am erst,  
And shun'd destruction doth destruction  
render

Not unto him that never hath trespass,  
But punishment is due to the offender.  
Yet let destruction be the punishment,  
So long as thankfull will my it relent.

'I earned am into waste wilderness,  
Waste wilderness, amongst Cymmerian shades,  
Where endles paines and hideous heaviness  
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades,  
For there huge Othos sits in sad distresse,  
Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades,  
Far of beholding I phialtes tide,  
Which once assaid to burne this world so wide

'And there is mournfull Tityus, murtherfull yet  
Of thy displeasure O Lyttona faire'

Displeasure too implacable was it,  
That in delium met for wild foules of the ayre  
Much do I feare among such fiends to sit,  
Much do I feare bick to them to repayre,  
To the black shadowes of the Stygian shore,  
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing evermore

'There next the utmost bruck doth he abide,  
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,  
Whose throat through thirst to nought ough  
being dride

His sence to seeke for ease turnes every way  
And he, that in avengement of his pride  
For seeming to the sacred Gods to pray,  
Against a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,  
Calling in vaine for rest, and can have none

Go ye with them, go cursed damosells,  
Whose bridale torches soule Erinnis tynde,  
And Hymen, at your Spousalls sad, foretells  
Tidings of death and massacre unkiade  
With them that cruell Colebud mother dwell,  
The which concern'd in her revengefull mnde  
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to  
slay,

And murtherd troupes upon great heapes to lay.

'There also those two Pandionian maides,  
Calling on Itis, Itis' evermore,  
Whom, a wretched boy, they slew with guiltie  
blades

For whome the Thracian king lamenting sore,  
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowle them upbraves,  
And fluttering round about them still does sore  
There non they all eternally complaine  
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine

'But the two brethren borne of Crdmus blood,  
Whilst each does for the Sovereignty contend,  
Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance  
wood,

Each doth against the others bodie bead

Hus cursed steele, of neither well withstood,  
And with wide wounds their earcases doth rend,  
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,  
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine

' Ah (waladay ) there is no end of paine,  
Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee ,  
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,  
Where other powers farre different I see,  
And must passe o'er to th' Elusian plaine  
There grim Persephone, encountering mee,  
Doth urge her fellow Furies earnestlie  
With their bright furebronds me to terrifie.

' There chast Alceste lives inviolate,  
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies  
She did prolong by changing fate for fate  
Lo' there lives also the immortall praise  
Of womankinde, most faithfull to her mate,  
Penelope, and from her farre awayes  
A rulesse rout of yongmen which her woo'd,  
All slaine with darts, he wallowed in their blood

' And sad Eurydice thence now no more  
Must tunc to life, but there detained bee  
For looking back, being forbid before  
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee  
Bold sure he was, and worthe spirite bore,  
That durst those lowest shrowdes goe to see,  
And could beleere that aine thing could please  
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appease

' Ne feard the burning waves of Phlegeton,  
Nor those same mournfull kingdomes, compassed  
With rustie horror and fowle fashion,  
And deep digd vawtes, and Tartar covered  
With bloodie night, and darke confusion,  
And judgement seates, whose Judge is deadlie dred,

A judge, thit after death doth punish sore  
The faults which life hath trespassed befoie

' But vahant fortune made Dan Orpheus bolde,  
For the swift running rivers still did stand,  
And the wilde beasts their fure did withhold,  
To follow Orpheus musike through the land  
And th' Okes, deep grounded in the earthly molde,

Did move, as if they could him understand,  
And the shrill woods, which were of sense be-  
leav'd, [ceav'd  
Through their hard barke his silver sound re-

' And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did stay,  
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie,  
And didst (O monthly Virgin ) thou delay  
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?

The same was able with like lovely lay  
The Queene of hell to move as easily,  
To yeeld Eurydice unto her fere  
Backe to be borne, though it unlaw full were.

' She, (Ladie) having well before approved  
The feends to be too ernell and severe,  
Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behoov'd,  
Ne ever did her ey-sight turne arere,  
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mooved,  
But, cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,  
Seeking to kisse her, brok't the Gods decree,  
And thereby mad'st her ever damn'd to be

' Ah' but sweete love of pardon worthe is,  
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted,  
If Hell at least things lightly done amis  
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted,  
Yet are ye both reeneed into blis,  
And to the seates of happie soules admitted  
And you beside the honourable band  
Of great Heroes doo in order staud

' There be the two stout sonnes of Aeneas,  
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,  
Both seeming now full glad and joyous  
Through their Syres dreadfull jurisdiction,  
Being the Judge of all that horrid ious  
And both of them, by strange occassion,  
Renownd in choyce of happie marriage  
Through Venus grace, and vertues earunge

' For th' one was ravisht of his owne bond-  
wande,

The faire Ixione captiv'd from Troy,  
But th' other was with Thetis love assur'd,  
Grett Neireus his daughter and his joy  
On this side them there is a yongman layd,  
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy,

That from th' Argoliek ships with furious yre  
Bett back the fure of the Trojan fyre

' O' who would not recount the strong divorces  
Of that great warre, which Trojanes oft be-  
helde?

And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,  
When Teuerian soyle with bloodie rivers  
swelde,

And wide Sigæan shores were spred with corses,  
And Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde,  
Whilst Hector raged with outrageous munde,  
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks fleete to  
have tynde

' For Idas selfe in ryde of that fierce fight,  
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies,  
And, like a handly nourse, did yeld (for spight)  
Store of firebrouds out of her nourseries  
Unto her foster children, that they might  
Inflame the Navie of their enemies,



And all the Rhetæan shore to ashes turne,  
Where lay the ships which they did seeke to  
burne

'Gainst which the noble sonne of Telamon  
Oppos'd himselfe, and, thwarting his huge  
shield,  
Them battell bad, gainst whom appeared anon  
Hector, the glorie of the Trojan field  
Both fierce and furious in contention [shild,  
Encountred, that their nightie strokes so  
As the great clap of thunder which doth rive  
The rattling heavens, and cloudes asunder  
drive

'So th' one with fire and weapons did contend  
To ent the ships from turning home againe  
To Argos, th' other strove for to defend  
The force of Vileanne with his might and  
maime.

Thus th' one Aeneide did his fame extend,  
But th' other joy'd, that, on the Phrygian  
playne

Having the blood of vanquisht Hector shedd,  
He compass Troy thrice with his bodie dedd

'Againe grent dole on either partie grewe,  
That him to death unfaithfull Paris sent,  
And also him that false Ulysses slewe,  
Drivne into danger through close ambush-  
ment,

Therefore from him Laërtes sonne his vewe  
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good event  
In working of Strimonian Rhæus fall,  
And este in Dolons subtle surprisall

Againe the dreadfull Cycones him dismay,  
And blaake Lastrigones, a people stout  
Then greedie Seilla, under whom there lay  
Manie grent bandogs which her gird about  
Then doo the Actæan Cyclops him assay,  
And deep Charvbidis gulphing in and out  
Lastly the squahd lakes of Tartarie,  
And griesly Feends of hell him terrifie

'There also goodly Agamemnon boasts,  
The glorie of the stock of Tantalus,  
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts,  
Under whose conduct most victorious,  
The Dorek flames consum'd the black posts  
Ah! but the Greekes themselves, more dolo-  
rous,

To thee, O Troy! paid penance for thy fall,  
In th' Hellespont being righ drowned all

'Well may appeare by proove of their mis-  
chaunce,  
Thechaungfull turning of mens shipprie state,  
That none whom fortune freely doth ad-  
vaunce

Himselfe therefore to heaven should elevate,

For losstie is pe of honour, through the glance  
Of envious dart, is downe in dust prostrate,  
And all that vaunts in worldly wantie  
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie

'Th' Argolieke power returning home againe,  
Enrich't with spoiles of th' Crithonian towre,  
Did happe winde and weather entertraine,  
And with good speed the fomie billowes  
sewre

No signe of storme, no feare of future paine,  
Which soone ensued them with heave stowe.  
Nereis to the Seas a token gave,  
The whiles their crooked keeles the surges

'Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,  
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,  
The heavens on everie side enclouded bee  
Black stormes and fogs are blown up from  
farre,

'That now the Pilot can no loadstarre see,  
But skyes and seas doo make most dreadfull  
warre,

The billowes striving to the heavens to reach,  
And th' heavens striving them for to impeach

'And in an engement of their bold attempt,  
Both Sun and starres and all the heavenly  
powres

Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,  
And downe on them to fall from highest  
towers

The skie, in peeces seeming to be rent,  
Throvs lightning forth, and haile, and harm-  
ful showeres,

That death on everie side to them appears  
In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly  
ferres

'Some in the greedie floods are snake and  
drent,

Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throwne,  
Some on th' Euborek Cliff in peeces rent,  
Some scented on the Hæcetan shores un-  
knowne,

And manie lost, of whom no monument  
Remains, nor memorie is to be showne  
Whilst all the purchase of the Phirgian pray,  
Lost on silt billowes, round about doth stray

'Here manie other like Heroës bee,  
Equall in honour to the former erue,  
Whom ye in goodly series may placed see,  
Descended all from Rome by linage due,  
From Rome, that holds the world in sove-  
reignie,

And doth all Nations unto her subdue  
Here Fabi and Decii doo dwell,  
Horati that in vertue did excell.

'And here the antique fame of stout Camill  
Doth ever live, and constant Curtius  
Who, stifly bent his vowed life to spill  
For Countreys health, a gulph most hideous  
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did  
fill.

T' appease the powers, and prduent Mutius,  
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,  
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

'And here wise Curius, companion  
Of uoble vertues, liues in endles rest,  
And stout Flaminius, whose deuotion  
Taught him the fires scorn'd furie to detest,  
And here the praise of eithcr Scipion  
Abides in highest place above the best,  
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd,  
Trembling their forces, sound their praises  
lowd

'Lave they for ever through their lasting  
praise'

But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne  
To the sad lakes that Phœbus sunnie rayes  
Doo never see, where soules doo alwaies  
mourne,

And by the way ling shores to waste my dyaies,  
Where Phlegeton with quenchles flames doth  
burne, [sever  
By which just Minos righteons soules doth  
From wickcd ones, to live in blisse for ever

'Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell,  
Girt with long snakes, and thousand yron  
chaynes, [compell  
Through bitter doome of that their cruell Judge  
With bitter torture, and impatient paines,  
Cause of my death and just complaint to tell  
For thou art he whom my poore ghost com-  
To be the author of her ill unwaies, [plaines  
That careles hear'st my intollerable cares

'Them therefore as bequertling to the winde,  
I now depart, returning to thee never,  
And leave this lamentable plant behinde  
But doo thou haunt he soft downe-rolling  
river, [minde,  
And wilde greene woods and fruitful pastures  
And let the fitting aie my vaine words sever'  
Thus having said, he heavily departed  
With piteous ere, that aie would have  
swarted

Now, when the slouthfull fit of lifes sweete rest  
Had left the heavie Shepheard, wondrous cares  
His only griev'd minde full sore opprest,  
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares

For that Guats death, which deeply was  
imprest,  
But bends what ever power his aged yeares  
Him lent, yet being such a sthrough their  
might  
He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same River lurking under greene,  
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place,  
And, squaring it in compasse well bescene,  
There plotteth out a tombe by measured  
space

His yion-headed spade tho making cleene,  
To dig up sods out of the flowrie grasse,  
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,  
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded up on lue,  
Enclosing it with banks on everie side,  
And thereupon did raise full busily  
A little mount, of greene turfs edifice,  
And on the top of all, that passers by  
Might it behold, the toomb he did provide  
Of smootheest marble stone in order set,  
That never might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowres to  
growe

The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,  
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,  
The Marigolde and cherefull Rosemarie,  
The Spartan Mirtle, whence sweet gunb does  
flowe,

The purple Hyacuthe, and fresh Costmarie,  
And Saffron, sought for in Cilician soyle,  
And Lawrell, th' ornament of Phœbus toy le

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre,  
Matehing the wealth of th' aunccient Frank-  
incence,

And pulld Yvie, building his owne bowre,  
And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence,  
Red Amaranthus, lacklesse Paramour,  
Oxeye still greene, and bitter Patience,  
Ne wants there pale Naisse, that, in a well  
Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,  
And whatso other heart of lovely hew, [forth,  
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings  
To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new,  
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,  
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue

To thee, small Gnat, in hen of his life saved,  
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved

PROSOPOPOIA:  
OF  
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE  
BY ED SP.

DICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE  
LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTGLE

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE  
LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTGLE

Most pure and vertuous Ladie, having often sought opportunitie by some good means to make knowne to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull dutie which I have alwayes professed and am bound to beare to that House from whence we spring I have at length found occasion to remember the same by making a simple pre sent to you of these my idle labours which having long sithins composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others which liked the same, moved to set them forth. Simple is

the device, and the composition meane, yet I can with some d light even the rather because of the simplicitie and meannesse thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladiship take in good part as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you, and keepe with you untill with some other more worthe labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost dutie. Till then, wishing your Ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humble take leave.

Your La ever humbly,  
LD. SP

PROSOPOPOIA OR MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE

It was the month in which the righteous Maide  
That for disdain of sinfull worlds upbraide  
Fled back to heav'n, whence she was first conceived,

Into her sister bowre the Sunne received  
And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting  
After the chased Lyons cruell living  
Corrupted had th' ayre with his my some  
breath,

And pow'd on th' earth plague, pestilence and  
I mongst the rest a wicked maladie  
Raign'd amongst men, that manye did to die,

Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reason,  
That it to latches seemed strange and reason,  
My fortune was amongst manye others moe,  
To be partaker of their common woe,  
And my weake hooke set on fire with griefe,  
Was rob'd of rest and naturall reliefe.  
In this ill plight there came to visite mee  
Some friends who, some my sad ease to see,  
Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,  
And meanes of glad some solace to devise  
But seeing I indly sleep refuse to doe  
This office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,

They sought my troubled sense how to deceive  
With like, that might inquiet fancies reave,  
And sitting all in seates about me round,  
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)  
They erst in course to waste the wearie howres  
Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramours,  
Some of brave Knights, and their renowned  
Squires,

Some of the Fieries and their strange attires,  
And some of Giants, hail to be beleev'd,  
That the delight thereof me much releev'd  
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,  
Hight Mother Hubbard, who did firre surpris  
The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her  
well

She, when her tyme was come her tale to tell,  
Tolde of a strange adventure, that betided  
Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him mis-  
guided,

The which, for that my sense it greatly pleased,  
All were my spirite heavie and deceased,  
He wrote in termes as she the same did say,  
So well as I her words remember may  
No Muses aide me needs heretoo to call,  
Base is the stile, and matter meane withall

Whilome (said she) before the world was  
cull,

The Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their evill  
And hard estate, determined to seeke flycke,  
Their fortunes farr abroad, bye ke with his  
For both were craftie and noliappe witted,  
Two fellows might no where be better fitted  
The Foxe, that first thys cause of grieve did finde,  
Gan first thus plaine his case with words un-  
kinde

'Neighbour Ape, and my Gossip eke beside,  
(Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide)  
To whom may I more trustely complaine  
The evill plight that doth me sore coustraine,  
And hope thereof to finde due remedie?

Hearc, then, my prave and inward yrome  
Thus many yeres I now have spent and worne  
In merve regard, and basest fortunes scorne,  
Dooming my Countrey service as I might,  
No lesse, I dare swe, than the proudest wight,  
And still I hoped to be up advanced,  
For my good parts, but still it has mischaunced  
Now therefore thit no longer hope I see,  
But froward fortune still to follow me,  
And losels lifted up on high, where I did looke,  
I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke  
Yet, ere that aine way I doe betake,  
I meane my Gossip prive first to make'

'Ah! my deare Gossip, (answer'd then the  
Ape)

Deeply doo your sad words my wits awhape,  
Both for because your grieve doth great appeare,  
And eke because my selfe am toucht nere

For I likewise have wasted much good time,  
Still wayting to preferment up to chime,  
Whilst others alwayes have before me stept,  
And from my beard the fit way have swept,  
That now unto despaire I gnu to growe,  
And meane for better wude about to throwe  
Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread  
Thy counceill two is better than one head'

'Certes (said he) I merne me to disguise  
In some strange habit, after unclouth wize,  
O! like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,  
O! like a Gipsen, or a Juggeler,  
And so to wander to the worldes ende,  
To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend  
For worsso than that I have I cannot meete  
Wide is the world I wote, and evrie streete  
Is full of fortunes, and adventures strange,  
Continualhe subject unto change  
Say, my faire brother now, if this device  
Doth like y ou, or may you to like entice'  
'Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrous  
well,

And would ye not poore fellowship expell,  
My selfe would offer you t' accompanie  
In this adventures chaucefull jeopardie  
For to wexe olde at home in idlenessse  
Is disadventurous, and quite fortunelesse,

Abroad, where change is, good may gotten bee'  
The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree  
So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,  
So soone as day appeared to peoples ewing,  
On their intended journey to proceede,  
And over night whatso theretoo did neede  
Each did prepare, in readinesse to bee  
The morrow next, so soone as one might see  
Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,  
Both their habiliments unto them tooke,  
And put themselves (i Gods name) on their  
way,

Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey  
This hard adventure, thus began t' advise  
'Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,  
What course ye weene is best for us to take,  
That for our selves we may a living make  
Whether shall we prole-se some trade or skill,  
Or shall we vane our device at will,  
Even in new occasion appeares?  
Or shall we tie our selves for certune y cares  
To aine service, or to aine place?

For it beloves, ere that into the race  
We enter, to resolve first hereupon'  
'Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)  
Ye have this matter motioned in season,  
For evrie thing that is begnu with reason  
Will come by readie means unto his end,  
But things uncounsell'd must needs miswend,  
I thus therefore I advise upon the case,  
That not to aine cert aine trade or place,

Nor aunc man, we should our felices applie,  
 For why should he that is at libertie borne,  
 Make himselfe bond? sith then we are free  
 Let us all servile brise subjection scorne,  
 And as we bee sonnes of the world so wide,  
 Let us our fathers heritage divide,  
 And chrenlgo to our selves our portions dew  
 Of all the patrimonie, & such a few  
 Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,  
 And all the rest doo rob of good and land  
 For now a few live all, and all have nought,  
 Yet all be brethren & like dearly bought  
 There is no right in this partition,  
 Ne was it so by institution  
 Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,  
 But that she gave like blessing to each creature,  
 As well of worldly livelode as of life,  
 That there might be no difference nor strife,  
 Nor ought cald mine or thine thence happie  
 then

Was the condition of mortall men  
 That was the golden age of Saturne old,  
 But this might better be the world of gold,  
 For without golde now nothing wilbe got,  
 Therefore (if please you) thus shalbe our plot  
 We will not be of one occupation,  
 Let such vile vassals, borne to base vocation,  
 Drudge in the world, and for their living  
 droyle,

Which have no wit to live withouten toyle,  
 But we will walke about the world at pleasure  
 Like two free men, and make our ease our  
 treasure

Free men some beggers call, but they be free,  
 And they which call them so more beggers bee,  
 For they doo swinke and sweate to feed th  
 other, [gather,

Who live like Lords of that which they doo  
 And yet doo never thinke them for the same,  
 But as their due by Nature doo it clame  
 Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,  
 Lords of the world, and so will wander free  
 Where so us listeth, uncontrol'd of aunc  
 Iard is our hap, if we (amongst so manie)  
 Light not on some that may our stye amend,  
 Sildome but some good commeth ere the end

Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinarie,  
 Yet, well considering of the circumstance,  
 As pausing in great doubt, awhile he staid,  
 And afterwards with grave advizement said  
 'I cannot, my lief brother, like but well  
 The purpose of the complot which ye tell,  
 For well I wot (compr'd to all the rest  
 Of each degree) that Beggars life is best, [all  
 And they, that thinke themselves the best of  
 Oft-times to begging are content to fall  
 But thus I wot withall, that we shall runne  
 Into great daunger, like to bee undone,

Thus wildly to wander in the worlds eve,  
 Withouten pasport or good warrantye,  
 For farr lest we like rogues should be re-  
 puted,

And for eare-marked beasts abroad be bruted  
 Therefore, I read that we our counsells call,  
 How to prevent this mischiefe ere it fall,  
 And how we may, with most securitie,  
 Beg amongst those that beggers doo defie  
 'Right well, deere Gossip, ye advized have,  
 (Said then the Foxe) but I thus doubt will  
 For ere we farther passe I will devise [save,  
 A pasport for us both in fittest wize,  
 And by the names of Souldiers us protect  
 That now is thought a civile begging sect.  
 Be you the Souldier, for you likest are  
 For manly semblance, and small skill in  
 warre

I will but wayte on you, and, as occasion  
 Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will  
 fashion'

The pasport ended, both they forward went,  
 The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th' intent,  
 In a blew jacket with a crosse of redd  
 And manie shits, as if that he had shedd  
 Much blood through many wounds therein  
 received,

Which had the use of his right arme bereaved  
 Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,  
 With a plume feather all to peeces tore  
 His breeches were made after the new cut,  
*Al Portugese*, loose like an emptie gut,  
 And his hose broken high above the heeling,  
 And his shooes beaten out with traveling  
 But neither sword nor dagger he did beare,  
 Seemes that no foes revengement he did  
 ferre

In stead of them a handsome bat he held,  
 On which he lerned, as one farr in elde  
 Shame light on him, that through so false  
 illusion,

Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abuson,  
 And that, which is the noblest mysterie,  
 Brings to reproach and common infamie  
 Long they thus traveled, yet never met  
 Adventure which might them a working set,  
 Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tried,  
 Yet for their purposes none fit espyed  
 At last they ebaunst to meet upon the way  
 A simple husbandman in garments gray,  
 Yet though his vesture were but meane and  
 base,

A good ycomen he was of honest place,  
 And more for thrift did care than for gay  
 clothing [loathing

Gay without good is good hearts greatest  
 The Foxe him spying, bad the Ape him sight  
 To play his part, for loe! he was in sight

That (if he er'd not,) seemed them entertune,  
 And yeeld them timely profite for their paine  
 Eftsoones the Ape himselſe gan up to reare,  
 And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,  
 As if good service he were fit to doo,  
 But little thrift for him he did it too  
 And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,  
 That like a handsome swaine it him became.

When as they nigh approached, that good  
 man,  
 Seeing them wander loosly, first began  
 T' enquire of custome, what and whence they  
 To whom the Ape, 'I am a Souldiere, [were?  
 That late in warres have spent my dearest  
 blood,

And in long service lost both limbs and good,  
 And now, constrain'd that trade to overgive,  
 I driven am to seeke some meanes to live  
 Which might it you in pitie please t' afford,  
 I would be readie, both in deed and word,  
 To doo you faithfull service all my dayes  
 This yron world (that same he weeping sayes)  
 Brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest  
 state,

For miserie doth bravest mindes abate,  
 And make them seeke for that they wont to  
 seorne,  
 Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne '  
 The honest man, that heard him thus com-  
 plaine,

Was griev'd as he had felt part of his paine,  
 And, well dispos'd him some reliefe to shewe,  
 Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,  
 To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,  
 To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to  
 mowe?

Or to what labour els he was prepar'd,  
 For husbands life is labourous and hard?  
 Whereas the Ape him hard so much to talke  
 Of labour, that did from his liking balke,  
 He would have slept the collar handsomly,  
 And to him said 'Good Sir, full glad am I,  
 To take what paines may me living wight,  
 But my late maymed limbs lack wanted  
 might

To doo their kindly services as needeth  
 Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet  
 feedeth,

So that it may no painfull worke endure,  
 Ne to strong labour can it selfe enure  
 But if that anie other place you have,  
 Which asks small paines, but thriftines to  
 save,

Or care to overlooke, or trust to gather,  
 Ie may me trust as your owne ghostly  
 father'

With that the husbandman gan him advise,  
 That it for him were fittest exercise

Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee,  
 And asked him, if he could willing bee  
 To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne,  
 Or watch his mares, or take his charge of  
 kyne?

'Gladly (said he) what ever such like paine  
 Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine,  
 But gladdest I of your fleecce sheepe  
 (Might it you please) would take on me the  
 keep

For ere that unto armes I me hetooke,  
 Unto my fathers sheepe I use to looke,  
 That yet the skill thereof I have not loste  
 Thereto right well this Curdog, by my coste,  
 (Meaning the Foxe) will serve my sheepe to  
 gather,

And drive to follow after their Belwether '  
 The Husbandman was meanly well content  
 Triall to make of his endeavourment,  
 And home him leading, lent to him the charge  
 Of all his floeke, with libertie full large,  
 Giving accompt of th' annuall increce [fleecce  
 Both of their lambes, and of their woolly  
 Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,  
 And the false koxe his dog (God give them  
 punel)

For ere the yere have halfe his course out-run,  
 And doo returne from whence he first begun,  
 They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift  
 Now whenas Time, flying with winges swift,  
 Expired had the terme, that these two jrvcls  
 Should render up a reckning of their travls  
 Unto their master, which it of them sought,  
 Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,  
 Ne wist what answer unto him to frame,  
 Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,  
 For their false treason and vile theverie  
 For not a lambe of all their flockes supply  
 Had they to shew, but, ever as they hred,  
 They slue them, and upon their fleshes fed,  
 For that disguised Dog lov'd blood to spill,  
 And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will  
 So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,  
 And when lambes fail'd the old sheepes lives  
 they rest,

That how t' acquite themselves unto their Lord  
 They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard  
 The Foxe then counsel'd th' Ape for to require  
 Respite till morrow t' answer his desire,  
 For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds  
 The Goodman granted, doubting nought their  
 deeds,

And bad next day that all should readie be  
 But they more subtil meaning had than he,  
 For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,  
 For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent  
 And that same evening, when all shrowded were  
 In careless sleep, they without care or feare

Cruelly fell upon their flock in fold,  
And of them slew at pleasure what they wold  
Of which whens this faste I had their till,  
For a full complement of all their ill  
They stole away and tooke their lute slight,  
Carried in cloudes of all concealing night

So was the lute handman left to his losse  
And they unto their fortunes change to losse  
After which sort they wandered long while,  
Abusing mine through their cloied guile  
That at the last they grew to be decayed  
So as their beggins now them failed quite,  
For none would give, but all men would than  
wite

Yet would they take no paines to get their  
But seke some other way to game by living,  
Much like to beggary, but much to be feared,  
For many beg which are thereof ashamed  
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,  
And the Apes socke skel long hanging downe,  
For they their occupation much to change,  
And now in other state abroad to range,  
For, since their soldiers pay no better speed,  
They forgoe another, for Clerkes boole e-redd  
Who passing forth, as the lute adventures fell,  
Through manye haps, which needs not here to  
tell,

At length chaunce with a forwail Priest to  
Whom they in civill manner first did greet  
And after askt in aimes for Gods deare love  
The man straightway is his choler up did move,  
And with reprochfull to armys in them revile,  
For following that trade so base and vile  
And askt what heene or what P is they had?  
'Ah' (said the Ape as sighing wondrous sad)  
Its an hard case, when men of good deserving  
Must either driven be perforce to starving,  
Or asked for their pay by evrie squib,  
That list at will them to revile or smite  
And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see  
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee  
Natheles, because you shall not us misdeeme,  
But that we are as honest as we seeme,  
Yee shall our passport at your pleasure see  
And then so will (I hope) well moved bee  
Which when the Priest beheld, he view did nere,  
As if them some text he studying were,  
But little els (God wote) could thereof skill,  
For read he could not evidence, nor will,  
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter  
Ne make one title word, ne make one better  
Of such deep learning little had he neede,  
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that braide  
Doubts amongst Divines, and difference of texts,  
From whence arise diversitie of sects,  
And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd  
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word,

No medle I with their controversies vaine,  
All his cure was, his service well to eame,  
And to set lute handes upon holdives,  
When that was done, he might attend his  
playes

And in life and in lute God to please  
He having as tooke their pay at ease,  
Came at the last them to rebulc againe,  
That no good trade of life did entaine,  
But lost their time in wandring looe abroad,  
Seeing the world in which they bootles boad,  
Had wayes enough for all them to live,  
Such price did God unto his creatures give  
And then the Foxe 'Who hath the world'

not true [wide]  
From the right way full cath may wander  
We are but Novices, now come abroad,  
We have not yet the tract of our road,  
Nor on us talen any state of lute,  
But reche are of ayme to make praise  
Therefore might please you, which the world  
have proved,  
Us to advayce, which forth but lately moved,  
Of some good course that we might under-  
take,

Ye shall for ever as your bondmen make  
The Priest gan waxe halke proud to be so  
prable,

And thereby willing to afford them aide,  
It seemes (said he) right well that ye be  
(lerks,

Both by your wittie words and by your werke  
Is not that name enough to make a living  
To him that hath a whet of Nature giving?

Now many honest men as ye arise  
Dybe therby, and grow to goodly prize

To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commissaries,  
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries?

All jolly Prelates, worthe rule to beere,  
Who ever them envye yet as it bites neere.

Why should ye doubt then, but that ye like  
Might unto some of those in time arise? [wide]

In the meane time to live in good estate,  
Loving that love and hating those that hate,

Being some honest Curate, or some Ticker  
Content with little in condition sicker

'Ah' but (said th' Ape) the charge is won-  
drous great,

To feed mens soules, and hath in heaven thre it'  
'To feede mens soules (quoth he) is not in man,

For they must feed themselves, doo what we can  
We are but charg'd to live the meane before

I ate they that list, we need to doo no more  
But God it is that feedes them with his grace,

The bread of life powrd downe from heavenly  
place

Therefore said he thrt with the building rof  
Did rule the Jewes, All shalbe taught of God,

That same hath Jesus Christ now to him  
ranght,

By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught  
He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee,  
We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee  
Therefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay,  
Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may,  
For not so great, as it was wont of yore,  
It's now 7 dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore  
They whilome used duly everie day  
Their service and their hohe things to say,  
At morne and even, besides their Anthemes  
sweete,

Their penie Masses, and their Comply nes meete,  
Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their shrifts,  
Their memories, their singings, and their gifts  
Now all those needlesse works are laid away,  
Now once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,  
It is enough to doo our small devotion,  
And then to follow any merrie motion  
Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list,  
Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist,  
But with the finest silkes us to ray,  
That before God we may appeare more gay,  
Resembling Aarons glorie in his place  
For farre unfit it is, that person base  
Should with vile cloths approach Gods  
majestie,

Whom no unelcannes may approachen nie,  
Or that all men, which anie master serve,  
Good garments for their service should deserve,  
But he that serves the Lord of hostis most  
hgh,

And that in highest place, t' approach him  
nigh,

And all the peoples prayers to present  
Before his throne, as on ambassage sent  
Both too and fro, should not deserve to weare  
A garment better than of wooll or heare  
Beside, we may have living by our sides  
Our lovely Lasses, or bright shining Brides  
We be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,  
But have the Gospell of free libertie

By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,  
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson,  
And of the Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,  
How to a Benefice he might aspire?  
'Morie, there (said the Priest) is wte indeed  
Much good deep learning one thereout may  
reed,

For that the ground-worke is, and end of all,  
How to obtaine a Beneficall  
First, therefore, when ye have in hand some wise  
your selfe attired, as you can devise,  
Then to some Noble-man your selfe applye,  
Or other great one in the world's eye,  
That hath a zealous disposition  
To God, and so to his religion

There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,  
Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale,  
For each thing fained ought more warie bee  
There thou must walke in sober gravitee,  
And seeme as Sanctlike as Saint Radegund  
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,  
And unto everie one doo curtesie mecke  
These lookes (wought saying) doo a benefice  
seeke,

And be thou sure one not to laeke or long  
But if thee list unto the Court to throng,  
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,  
Then must thou thee dispose another way  
For thero thou needs must learne to laugh, to  
To face, to forge, to scoffe, to comproune, [he,  
To crouche, to please, to be a beetle-stock  
Of thy great Masters will, to seeine, or moek  
So must thou chynnee moek out a Benefice,  
Unless thou canst one conjure by device,  
Or east a figure for a Bishoprick,  
And if one could, it were but a schoole trick  
These be the wayes by which without reward  
Livings in Court be gotten, thougha full hard,  
For nothing there is done without a fee  
The Courtier needs must recompeneed bee  
With a Beneficence, or have in grage  
The Primitias of your Parsonage  
Scarse can a Bishoprick forpas them by,  
But that it must be gelt in privite  
Doo not thou therefore seeke a living there,  
But of more private persons seeke els where,  
Whereas thou maist comound a better penie,  
Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie  
For some good Gentleman, that hath the right  
Unto his Church for to present a wight,  
Will cope with thee in reasonable wise,  
That if the living yerely doo arise  
To fortie pound, that then his longest sonne  
Shall twentie have, and twentie thou hast  
wonne

Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,  
And he will care for all the rest to shift,  
Both that the Bishop may admitt of thee,  
And that thereun thou maist maintained bee  
This is the way for one that is unlearn'd  
Living to get, and not to be discern'd  
But they, that are great Clerkes, have nearer  
wayes,

For learning eke to living them to raise,  
Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven  
T' accept a Benefice in peces given  
How saist thou (friend) have I not well dis-  
Upon this Common-pleae, (though plaine, not  
wurst?)

Better a short tale than a bad long shirving  
Needs ayme more to learne to get a living  
'Now sure, and by my hallidome, (quoth he)  
Ye a great master are in your degree



Great thanks I yeeld you for your discipline,  
And doo not doubt but duly to encline  
My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare.  
The Priest him wisht good speed, and well to  
fare

So parted they, as eithers way them led  
But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them  
sped,

Through the Priests holesome counsell lately  
tought, [wrought

And thogh their owne faire handling wisely  
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained,  
And erstwhile Reynold was a Priest ordained,  
And th' Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee  
Then made they revell route and goodly glee,  
But ere long time had passed, they so ill  
Did order their affaires, that th' evil will  
Of all their Parishners they had constrund,  
Who to the Ordinarie of them complund,  
How fowle they their offices abus'd,  
And them of crimes and heresies accus'd,  
That Purvants he often for them sent,  
But they neglected his commandment.  
So long persisted obstinate and bolde,  
Till at the length he published to holde  
A Visitation, and then eyed thether  
Then was high time their wits about to  
geather

What did they then, but made a composition  
With their next neighbor Priest, for light con-  
dition,

To whom their living they resigned might  
For a few pence, and ran away by night

So passing through the Countrey in disguise,  
They fled farre off, where none might them  
surprize,

And after that long strayed here and there,  
Through everie field and forrest farre and nere,  
Yet never found occasion for their tourne,  
But almost sterv'd did much lament and  
mourne

At last they chaunst to meete upon the way  
The Mule all deckt in goodly rich array,  
With bells and bosses that full lowdly rung,  
And costly trappings thit to ground downe  
hung

Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise,  
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise  
Their meannesse, scarce vouchsafte them to  
requite

Whereat the Foxe, deep groning in his sprite,  
Said, 'Ah' our Mule, now blessed be the day,  
That I see you so goodly and so gay  
In your attyes, and eke your silken hyde  
Fild with round flesh, that everie bone doth  
hinde

Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,  
Or fortune doth you secret favour give'

'Foolish Foxe (said the Mule) thy wretched  
need

Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed  
For well I weene, thou canst not but envie  
My wealth, compr'd to thine owne miserie,  
That art so leane and meagre wixen late,  
That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate,  
'Ay me' (said then the Foxe) whom evil hap  
Unworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,  
And makes the scorn of other beasts to bee  
But read (faire Sir, of grace) from whence come  
ye,

Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare?  
Newes may perhaps some good unweeting  
beare'

'From royall Court I lately came (said he)  
Where all the braverie that eye may see,  
And all the happinesse that heart desire,  
Is to be found: he nothing can admire,  
That hath not scene that heavens portraiture.  
But tidings there is none, I you assure,  
Save that which common is, and knowne to all,  
That Courtiers, as the tide, doo rise and fall'  
'But tell us (said the Ape) we doo you pray,  
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway,  
That, if such fortune doo to us befall,  
We make seeke favour of the best of all?'

'Mine, (said he) the highest now in grace  
Bo the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in  
chase,

For in their speedie course and nimble flight  
The Lion now doth take the most delight,  
But chesle joy on soote them to beholde,  
Fneaste with chaine and circlet of golde  
So wilde a beast so tame y taught to bee,  
And buyome to his brids, is joy to see,  
So well his golden Circlet him becometh  
But his lite chayne his Liege unmeete es-  
teemeth,

For so brave beasts she loveth best to see  
In the wilde forrest ranging fresh and free.  
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,  
In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,  
To some of these thou must thy selfe apply,  
Els is a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,  
So vainly shalt thou too and fro be tost,  
And loose thy labour and thy fruitles cost  
And yet full few which follow them, I see,  
For vertues bare regard advanced bee,  
But either for some grunfull benefit,  
Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit  
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle soe,  
That ye may better thrive than thousands moe.'

'But (said the Ape) how shall we first  
come in,

That after we may favour seeke to win?  
'How els (said he) but with a good bold face,  
And with big words, and with a stately pace,

That men may thinke of you in generally,  
That to be in you which is not at all  
For not by that which is, the world now  
deemeth,

(As it was wont) but by that samethat seemeth  
Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion  
Your selves theretoo, according to occasion  
So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee  
So, prouddie neighing, from them parted hee  
Then gan this craftie couple to derize,  
How for the Court themselves they might  
agruze,

For thither they themselves meint to addresse,  
In hope to finde there happier succeesse  
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon  
Himselfe had cloathed like a Gentleman  
And the slie Foxe, as like to be his groomer,  
That to the Court in seemly sort they come,  
Where the fond Ape, himselfe uprearing hy  
Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,  
As if he were some great Magnifico,  
And boldhe doth amongst the boldest go,  
And his myn Reynold, with fine counterfe-  
saunce,

Supports his credite and his countenance.  
Then gan the Courtiers gize on everie side,  
And stare on him, with big looks basen wide,  
Wondring what mister might he was, and  
whence

For he was clad in strange accoustrements,  
Fashion'd with quaint devises, never seene  
In Court before yet there all fashions beene,  
Yet he them in newfangellesse did pas  
But his behaviour altogether was

*Alla Turchesca*, much the more admv'd,  
And his looks loftie as if he aspy'd  
To dignitie, and deign'd the low degree, [see  
That all which did such strangenesse in him  
By secreete meynes gan of his state enquire,  
And privily his serv ant thereto lure  
Who, throughly arm'd against such coverture,  
Reported unto all, that he was sure  
A noble Gentleman of high regard, [far'd,  
Which through the world had with long travel  
And seene the manners of all beasts on ground,  
Now here arriv'd, to see if like he found

Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,  
Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine  
With gallant shewe, and drave more augment  
Through his fine fe'tes and Courtly comple-  
ment, [spring,

For he could ply, and daunce and vaute, and  
And all that els pertaines to reveling,  
Onely through kindly aptnes of his joynts  
Besides, he could doo manie other povnts,  
The which in Court him served to good stand,  
For he mougst Ladies could their fortunes  
read

Out of their hands, and merne leasings tell,  
And juggle finely, that became him well  
But he so light was at legierdemaine,  
That what he toucht came not to light againe,  
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,  
And tell them that they greatly him mistooke,  
So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,  
For he therein had great felicitie,  
And with sharp quips joy'd others to deface,  
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace  
So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,  
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased  
But the right gentle minde wolde bite his lip,  
To heare the Jarell so good men to nip,  
For, though the vulgar yeld in open erre,  
And common Courtiers love to gybe and scierre  
At everie thing which they heare spoken ill,  
And the best speaches with ill meaning spill,  
Yet the brave Courter, in whose beauteous  
thought

Regard of honour harbours more than ought,  
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite  
Ames good name for envie or despite  
He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,  
Ne will be carned with the common winde  
Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,  
Ne after everie tattling fable flie,  
But heares and sees the follies of the rest,  
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best  
He will not creepe, nor crouche with fumed face,  
But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,  
And unto all doth yeld due eurtisie,  
But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,  
As that same Apish erie is wont to doo  
For he disdaines himselfe t' embaise theretoo  
He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,  
Two filthie blots in noble gentrie,  
And lothefull idleness he doth detest  
The canker worne of everie gentle brest,  
The which to banish with faire exercise  
Of knightly feates, he drave doth devise  
Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne  
steedes,

Now prictising the prooffe of warlike deedes,  
Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,  
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare  
At other times he casts to sew the chace  
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,  
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes  
most needfull)

Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,  
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Lughen  
bowe,

And manly legs still passing too and fro,  
Without a gowned beast him fast beside,  
A vaine ensample of the Persian pride,  
Who, after he had wonne th Assirian foe,  
Did ever after seorne on foote to goe

Thus when this Courte Gentleman with  
 toyle  
 Himselfe hath wearied, he doth reeue  
 Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight  
 Of Musicks shall reuiue his toyled spright,  
 Or els with Loves and Ladies gentle sports,  
 The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts,  
 Or lastly, when the bodie list to praise,  
 His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes  
 Sweete Ladie Muses, I adies of delight,  
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light  
 With whom he close confers with wise dis-  
 course [course,  
 Of Natures workes, of heuens continuall  
 Of fortune lands, of people different,  
 Of kingdomes change, of diuers government,  
 Of dreadfull battailes of renowned Knights,  
 With which he kindleth his ambitions sprights  
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,  
 The onely upshot whereto he doth asme  
 For all his minde on honour fixed is,  
 To which he leuels all his purposis,  
 And in his Princes service spends his dayes,  
 Not so much for to graue, or for to ruse  
 Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,  
 And in his liking to winne worthie place,  
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,  
 In whatso please employ his personage,  
 That may be matter meete to graue him praise  
 For he is fit to use in all nessecies,  
 Whether for Armes and warlike amenunce,  
 Or else for wise and civil governaunce  
 For he is prictiz'd well in poheie,  
 And thereto doth his Courting most applie  
 To learne the entendaile of Princes strange,  
 To marke th' intent of Counsell, and the  
 change  
 Of states, and eke of private men somehile,  
 Supplanted by fine fals-hood and faire guile,  
 Of all the which he gathereth what is fit  
 To enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,  
 Which through wise speeches and grave con-  
 ference  
 He day he ekes, and brings to excellence  
 Such is the rightfull Contric in his kinde,  
 But unto such the Ape lent not his minde  
 Such were for him no fit companions,  
 Such would deserue his lewd conditions,  
 But the yong lustie gall into he did chuse  
 To follow, meete to whom he might disclose  
 His witlesse pleasure, and all pleasing rime,  
 A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,  
 With all the thinsles grunes that may be  
 found,  
 With mumming and with masking all around,  
 With dice, with cards, with billiards farre  
 unfit  
 With shuttlecocks, misseeming manlie wit,  
 With courtizans, and costlie riotize,  
 Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize  
 Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes  
 seorne  
 A Pandores cofte (so basely was he borne)  
 Thereto he could fine loving verses frame  
 And play the Poet oft But th' for shame  
 Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride  
 Is virtue to aduancee, and vice deride,  
 Ne with the worke of lovels wit defamed,  
 Ne let such verses Poetrie be named  
 Yet he the name on him would rashly take,  
 Mangle the sacred Muses, and it make  
 A servant to the vile affection  
 Of such, as he depended most upon,  
 And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure  
 Chast Ladies eares to fantasies impure  
 To such delights the noble wits he led  
 Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours  
 fed  
 With frutles folies and unsound delights  
 But if perhaps into their noble sprights  
 Desire of honor or brave thought of armes  
 Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes  
 And strong conceits he would it drive awy,  
 Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day  
 And whenso love of letters did inspire  
 Their gentle wits, and kinde wise desire,  
 That chiefe doth each noble minde adorne,  
 Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke  
 The Sectaries thereof, as people brise [seorne  
 And simple men, which never came in place  
 Of worlds affares, but, in darke corners mewed,  
 Muttred of matters as their bookes them  
 shewd,  
 Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,  
 But with their gownes their graytie maintaine  
 From them he would his impudent lewde  
 speach  
 Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach,  
 And mocke Divines and their profession  
 What else then did he by progression,  
 But mocke high God himselfe, whom they  
 professe?  
 But what ear'd he for God or godlinesse?  
 All his care was himselfe how to aduancee,  
 And to uphold his courtly countenaunce  
 By all the enunning meanes he could devise  
 Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,  
 He made small choyce, yet sure his honestie  
 Got him small grunes but shameles flatterie,  
 And fittie brocage, and unseemly shift  
 And borowe here, and some good Ladies gifts  
 But the best helpe which chiefey him sustain'd,  
 Was his man Ryolds purchase which he  
 gann'd  
 For he was schoold by kinde in all the skill  
 Of close conveyance, and each practise ill

Of coosinage and cleynly knaerie,  
 Which oft muntain d his masters braverie  
 Besides, he usde another shipprie sight,  
 In taking on himselfe, in common sight,  
 False personages sit for everie sted,  
 With which he thousands cleynly coosined  
 Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceave,  
 With whom his credite he did often leave  
 In gage for his gay Masters hopelesse dett  
 Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,  
 Or sell fee-simples in his Masters name,  
 Which he had never, nor ought like the same  
 Then would he be a Broker, and draw in  
 Both wares and money, by exchange to win  
 Then would he seeme a Farmer, that would  
 sell

Bargaines of woods, which he did lately sell,  
 Or corne, or cattile or such other ware,  
 Thereby to coosin men not well aware  
 Of all the which there came a secret fee, [bee  
 To th' Ape that he his counte, unnee might

Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile  
 Poore suters, that in Court did haunt some  
 while,

For he would learne their busines secretly  
 And then informe his Master lustely,  
 That he by meanes might cast them to pre-  
 vent,

And beg the sute the which the other ment.  
 Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse  
 The simple Suter, and wash him to chuse  
 His Master, being one of great regard  
 In Court, to compas aine sute not hard,  
 In case his paines were reecompenst with  
 reason

So would he worke the silly man by treason  
 To buy his Masters frivulous good will,  
 That had not power to doo him good or ill  
 So pitifull a thing is Suters state!  
 Most miserable man, whom wiked fate  
 Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist,  
 That few have found, and manie one hath  
 mist!

Full little knowest thou, that hast not trade,  
 What hell it is in suing long to bide  
 To loose good dryes, that might be better  
 spent,

To wast long nights in pensive discontent,  
 To speed to dry, to be put brek to morrow,  
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow,  
 To have thy Princes grace, yet want her  
 Peeres,

To have thy asking, yet wate manie veeres,  
 To flet thy soule with cresses and with eares,  
 To cate thy heart through comfortlesse dis-  
 paires,

To frowne, to crouche, to waite, to ride, to  
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne

Unhappie wight, boine to desastrous end,  
 That doth his life in so long tendernesse spend!  
 Who ever leives sweete home, where meane  
 estate

In safe assurance, without strife or hite,  
 Findes all things needfull for contentment  
 meeke,

And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,  
 Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw true  
 That curse God send unto mine enemy!

For none but such as this bold Ape, unblest,  
 Can ever thrive in that unluckie quest,  
 Or such as hath a Rey nold to his man,

That by his shifts his Master furnish can  
 But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide  
 His craftie feates, but that they were deride

At length by such as sate in justice seate,  
 Who for the same him fowlie did entreate,  
 And having worthily him punished,

Out of the Court for ever banished  
 And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,  
 That wont provide his necessaries, gan

To growe into great laeke, he could upholde  
 His countenance in those his garments olde,  
 Ne new ones could he easily provide,

Though all men him uncased gan deride,  
 Like as a Puppet placed in a play,  
 Whose part once past all men bid take away

So that he driven was to great distresse,  
 And shortly brought to hopelesse wretched-  
 nesse

Then, closely as he might, he east to leave  
 The Court, not asking any passe or leave,  
 But ran away in his rent rags by night,

Ne ever stryd in place, ne spake to wight,  
 Till that the Foxe, his copesmate he had found,  
 To whome complayning his unhappy stound,

At last againe with him in travell joynd,  
 And with him fard some better channce to  
 fynde

So in the world long time they wandered,  
 And mekle want and hardnesse suffered,  
 That them repented much so foolishly

To come so farre to seeke for misery,  
 And leave the sweetnes of contented home,  
 Though eating hipps, and drinking watry some

Thus as they them complayned too and fro,  
 Whilst through the forest rechlesse they did  
 goe,

Lo! where they spide, how, in a gloomy glade,  
 The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,  
 His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,

And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide  
 Which when they sawe the Ape was sore  
 afraid,

And would have fled with terror all dismayde  
 But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,  
 And bid him put all cowardize away

For now was time (if ever they would hope)  
To ayne their counsels to the surest scope,  
And them for ever lightly to advance,  
In case the good, which then owne happie  
chancee

Them freely offred, they would wisely take  
Searse could the Ape yet speake, so did he  
quake,

Yet, as he could, he askt how good might  
Where nought but dread and death do seeme  
in show?

'Now, (sayd he) whyles the Lion sleepeth  
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the  
ground,

And eke his skynne, the terror of the wood,  
Wherewith we may our selves (if we thinke  
good)

Make Kings of Beasts, and Lords of forests all  
Subject unto that powre imperiall' {wretch,  
'Ah! but (sayd the Ape) who is so bold a

Th'it dare his hardy hand to those outstretch,  
When is he knowes his neede, if he be aside,  
To be a thousand deaths, and shame beside?

'Fond Ape' (sayd then the Foxe) into whose  
brest

Never crept thought of honor nor braye gest,  
Who will not venture life a King to be,  
And rather rule and raigne in soveraign see,  
Than dwell in dust inglorious and brie,  
Where none shall name the number of his  
place?

One joyous howre in blisfull happines,  
I chose before a life of wretchednes  
Be therefore counselled herein by me,  
And shake off this vile harted covrdree  
If he awake, yet is not death the next,  
For we may color it with some pretext  
Of this, or that, that may excuse the crime  
Else we may flye, thon to a tree mayst elyme,  
And I creepe under ground, both from his  
reach

Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach'  
The Ape, that earst did nought but chide  
and quale,

Now gan some courage unto him to take,  
And was content to attempt that enterprise,  
Tickled with glorie and rash covetise  
But first gan question, whether should assay  
Those royall ornaments to sterle away?  
'Marie, that shall your selfe (quoth he theron)  
For ye be fine and numble it to doo,  
Of all the beasts, which in the Forrests be,  
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee  
Therefore, my owne deare brother, take good  
hart,

And ever thinke a Kingdome is your part'  
Loth was the Ape, though praised, to adventure,  
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,

Afraid of everie lease that stir'd him by,  
And everie stick that underneath did ly,  
Upon his typtoes nely he up went,  
For making noyse, and still his care he lent  
To everie sound that under heaven blew,  
Now went, now stopt, now crept, now bick-  
ward drew,

That at good sport had been him to have cryde  
Yet at the last, (so well he him applyde)  
Through his true handling, and luselessly play,  
He all those royall signes had stolne away,  
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside  
Into a secret corner unspide

Whither wheras they came they fell of words,  
Whether of them should be the Lord of Lords  
For th' Ape was stry full, and umbruous,  
And the Foxe guilefull, and most covetous,  
'That neither pleased was to have the raigne  
Twixt them divided into even twaine,

But either (algates) would be Lords alone,  
For Love and Lordship bide no paragone,  
'I am most worthe, (said the Ape) sith I  
For it did put my life in jeopardie

Thereto I am in person and in stature  
Most like a Man, the Lord of everie creature,  
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,  
And borne to be a Kingly soveraigne'  
'Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape, you are astray  
For though to sterle the Diademe away  
Were the worke of your numble hand, yet I  
Did first devise the plot by pollicie,  
So that it wholly springeth from my wit  
For which also I claime my selfe more fit  
Than you to rule, for government of state  
Will without wiselome soone be ruinate  
And where ye claime your selfe for outward  
shape

Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape  
In his chief parts, that is, in wit and spirite,  
But I therein most like to him doo merite,  
For my she wyles and subtil craftinesse,  
The title of the Kingdome to possesse  
Nath'les (my brother) since we passed are  
Unto this point, we will apperse our jarre,  
And I with reason meete will rest content,  
That ye shall have both crowne and govern-  
ment,

Upon condition, that ye ruled bee  
In all affaires, and counselled by mee,  
And that ye let none other ever drawe  
Your munde from me, but keepe this as a lawe  
And hereupon an oath unto me plight'

The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,  
And thereto swore, for who would not oft  
swear,

And oft unsweare, a Drademe to beare?  
Then freely up those royall spovles he tooke,  
Yet at the Lyons skin he only quooke,

But it dissembled, and upon his head  
The Crowne, and on his backe the skin he did,  
And the false Foxe him helped to array  
Then, when he was all dight, he tooke his way  
Into the forest that he might be scene  
Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene  
There the two first whome he encountered were  
The Sheepe and th' Asse, who, stricken both  
with feare,

At sight of him, gan fast away to flye,  
But unto them the Foxe aloud did cry,  
And in the Kings name had them both to stay,  
Upon the paine that therof follow may  
Hardly, nay thiles were they restrayned so  
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe  
And th' redde-waded them from needlesse feare,  
For that the king did favour to them beare,  
And therefore dardles had them come to Corte,  
For no wild beasts should do them any sorte  
There or abroad, he would his majestie  
Use them but well, with gracious clemencie,  
As whome he knew to him both fast and true  
So he perswaded them, with homage due  
Themselves to humbly to the Ape prostrate,  
Who, gently to them bowing in his gate  
Receyved them with chearcfull entertaine  
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely  
trainge,

He shortly met the Tygre and the Bore,  
Which with the simple Camell ragged sore  
In bitter words seeking to the occasion  
Upon his fleshy curbe to make invasion  
But soone as they this wock-King did espy,  
Their troublers strife they stilled by and by,  
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was  
He then, to prove whether his powre would pas  
Asscurent, sent the Foxe to them straightway,  
Commanding them their cause of strife be-  
ware,

And if that wrong on either side there were,  
That he should warne the wronger to appeare  
The morrow next at Court it to defend,  
In the mean-time upon the King's attend  
The subtile Foxe so well his message said,  
That the proud beasts him readily obeyd  
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack wove,  
Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Foxe,  
That king indeed himselfe he shortly thought,  
And all the Beasts him feared as they ought,  
And followed unto his palace hie,  
Where taking Conge, each one by and by  
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,  
Full of the feared sight which life they  
sawe

The Ape, thus seized of the Regall throne,  
Garrisoned by counsell of the Foxe alone,  
Gan to provide for all things in assurance,  
That so his rule might longer have endurance

First to his Gate he pointed a strong gard,  
That none might enter but with issue hard.  
Then, for the safeguard of his personage,  
He did appoint a warlike equipage  
Of furme beasts, not in the forest bred  
But part by land and part by water fed,  
For tyraunne is with strange ayde supported  
Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted  
Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minot mires,  
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures  
With those himselfe he strengthened mightiche,  
That feare he ucede no force of enemie  
Then gan he rule and tyraunize at will,  
Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill,  
And all wyld beasts made vassals of his  
pleasures,

And with their spoyle enlarg'd his private  
No care of justice, nor no rule of reason,  
No temperance, nor no regard of season,  
Did thenceforth ever enter in his munde,  
But eneltie, the signe of curish kinde,  
And dignifull pride, and wilfull arroguence  
Such followes those whom fortune doth ad-  
vance

But the false Foxe most kindly praisd his  
For whatsoever mother-wit or arte [part,  
Could worke, he put in prooffe no practise shie,  
No counterpoint of cunning polieie,  
No reach, no breach, that might him profit  
bring,

But he the same did to his purpose wring  
Nought suffered he the Ape to give or grunt,  
But through his hand must passe the Funt  
All offices, all leases by him leapt,  
And of them all whatso he likt he kept.  
Justice he solde injustice for to buy,  
And for to purchase for his progeny  
Ill might it prosper that ill gotten was,  
But, so he got it, little did he pas

He fed his embs with fit of all the soyle,  
And with the sweete of others sweating toyle,  
He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,  
And filld their monthes with meeds of urle-  
fices

He clothed them with all colours, save white,  
And loded them with lordships and with might,  
So much as they were able well to beare,  
That with the weight their backs might broken  
were

He charged Clayres in which Churchmen  
were set,  
And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let  
No statute so established might bee,  
Nor ordinance so needfull, but that hee  
Would violate, though not with violence,  
Yet under colour of the confidence  
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,  
And reuked him the kingdomes corner stone.



And beautefie the shine firnament,  
 He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement.  
 So standing by the gates in strange disguise,  
 He gan enquire of some in seeret wize,  
 Both of the King, and of his government,  
 And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment  
 And evermore he heard each one complaine  
 Of foule abuses both in realme and raine,  
 Which yet to prove more true he meant to see,  
 And an ey-witnes of each thing to be  
 Tho on his head his deadfull hat he dight,  
 Which maketh him invisible in sight,  
 And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,  
 Making them thinke it but a vision

Through power of that he runnes through  
 enemies swords, [herds

Through power of that he passeth through the  
 Of ravenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile  
 Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle,  
 Through power of that his cunning theveries,  
 He wouts to worke, that none the same espies,  
 And, through the power of that, he putteth on  
 What shape he list in apparition  
 That on his head he wore, and in his hand  
 He tooke Crudeus, his snake wand,  
 With which the damned ghosts he governeth,  
 And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth  
 With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,  
 And feare the harts of all his enemyes,  
 And, when him list, an universall might  
 Throughout the world he makes on everie  
 As when his Syre with Alemeut lay [wight,

Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his  
 way, [scride,  
 Both through the gard, which never him de-  
 And through the watchmen, who him never  
 spide

Thenceforth he past into each secrete part,  
 Whereas he saw, that sorely griev'd his hart,  
 Eacen place abounding with foule injuries,  
 And filld with treasure rackt with robberies,  
 Each place defilde with blood of guiltles  
 beasts, [beheasts

Which had been slaine to serve the Apes  
 Gluttonie, malice, pride, and covetize,  
 And lawlesne raigning with riotize,  
 Besides the infinite extortions,  
 Done through the Foxes great oppressions,  
 That the complaints thereof could not be  
 tolde

Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,  
 He woul no more endure, but came his way,  
 And east to seeke the Lion where he my, <sup>was</sup>  
 That he might worke the avengement for this  
 shame [blame

On those two caitives, which had bred him  
 And, seeking all the Forrest busily,  
 At last he found, where sleeping he did ly

The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did  
 lay,

From underneath his head he tooke away,  
 And then him waking, forced up to rize.  
 The Lion looking up gan him avize,  
 As one late in a traunee, what had of long  
 Become of him, for fantasie is strong  
 'Arise, (said Mereurie) thou sluggish beast,  
 That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,  
 The whilst thy kingdome from thy head is  
 ren',

And thy throne roy all with dishonour blent  
 Arise, and doo thyself redceme from shame,  
 And be aveng'd on those that breed thy  
 blame'

Thereat enraged, soone he gan upstart,  
 Grunding his teeth, and grating his great  
 hart,

And rousing up himselfe, for his rough lude  
 He gan to reveh, but no where it espide  
 Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,  
 And chaffe at that indignitie right soro  
 But when his Crowne and scepter both he  
 wanted, [printed,

Lord! how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and  
 And threatned death, and thousand deadly  
 dolours, [honours  
 To them that had purloyn'd his Princely  
 With that in hast, disroabed as he was,  
 He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas,  
 And all the way he rored as he went,  
 That all the Forrest with astonishment  
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein  
 Fled fast away from that so dreadfull dun

At last he came unto his mausion,  
 Where all the gates he found fast loekt anon,  
 And manie warders round about them stood  
 With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood,  
 That all the Pallace quaked at the stound,  
 As if it quite were riven from the ground,  
 And all within were dead and hartles left  
 And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were  
 rest,

Fled here and there, and everie corner sought,  
 To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.  
 But the false Foxe when he the Lion heard,  
 Fled closely forth, straightway of death  
 afraid,

And to the Lion came, full lowly ereeping,  
 With fained face, and watne eyne halfe  
 weeping,

I' excuse his former treason and abusion  
 And turning all unto the Apes confusion  
 Nath'les the roy all Beast forbore beleevng,  
 But bad him stay at ease till further preevng

Then, when he saw so entranee to him  
 gaunted,  
 Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,



Upon those gates with force he fiercely slewe,  
 And, rending them in pieces, felly slewe  
 Those warders strange, and all that els he  
 met [get  
 But th' Ape still flying he no where might  
 From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame  
 he fled  
 All breathles, and for feire now almost ded,  
 Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and caught,  
 And forth with shame unto his judgement  
 brought  
 Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled bee,  
 To heare their doome, and sad ensample see

The Foxe, first Author of that treacherie,  
 He did uncase, and then awry let flie  
 But th' Apes long taile (which then he had)  
 he quight  
 Cut off, and both eares pured of their might,  
 Since which all Apes but halfe their eares  
 have left,  
 And of their tales are utterlic bereft  
 So Mother Hubbard her discourse did end,  
 Which pardon me, if I amisse have pend,  
 For weake was my remembrance it to hold,  
 And bid her tongue that it so bluntly  
 tolde.

## THE RUINES OF ROME.

BY BELLAY

### I

Ye heavenly spiritus, whose ashie embers lie  
 Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,  
 But not your praise, the which shall never die  
 Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest,  
 If so be shrilling rooe of wight alive  
 May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,  
 Then let those deep Abysses open rive,  
 That ye may understand my shrieking well  
 Thrice having scene under the heavens reale  
 Your toombs devoted compass over-all,  
 Thrice unto you with lowd rooe I appeale,  
 And for your antique furie here doo call,  
 The whiles that I with sacred horror sing  
 Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing!

### II

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will pruse,  
 And sharped steeples high shot up in ayre,  
 Greece will the olde Ephesian buildings blaze,  
 And Nilus nurslings their Pyramides faure,  
 The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie  
 Of Joves great Image in Olympus placed,  
 Minusolus worke will be the Carians glorie,  
 And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now riced  
 The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth  
 The great Colosse erect to Memorie,  
 And what els in the world is of like worth,  
 Some greater learned wit will magnifie  
 But I will sing above all monuments  
 Seven Romane Hills, the worlds Seven Won-  
 derments

### III

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome here  
 seekest,  
 And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'st at all,

These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou  
 seeest,  
 Olde Palaces, is that which Rome men call  
 Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what  
 wast, [powre  
 And how that she, which with her mightie  
 Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at  
 last, [devowre  
 The pray of time, which all things doth  
 Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,  
 And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie,  
 Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall  
 Remaines of all O worlds inconstancie!  
 That which is firme doth sit and fall away,  
 And that is fitting doth abide and stay

### IV

She, whose high top above the starres did sore,  
 One foote on Thers, th' other on the Morning,  
 One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,  
 Both heaven and earth in roundnesse com-  
 passing,  
 Jove fearing least if she should greater growe,  
 The Giants old should once again arise,  
 Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hills, which  
 be nowe [skies  
 Tombs of her greatnes which did threaten  
 Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnall,  
 Upon her bellie th' antique Pilatine  
 Upon her stomacke laid Mount Quirinal,  
 On her left hand the noysome Esquilinc,  
 And Celian on the right, but both her feete  
 Mount Viminal and Aventine doo meete

### V

Who lists to see what ever nature write, [see,  
 And heaven could doo, O Rome! thee let him

In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,  
By that which but the picture is of thee  
Rome is no more but if the shade of Rome  
May of the bodie yeld a seeming sight,  
It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe  
By Magick skill out of eternall night.  
The corpes of Rome in ashes is entombed,  
And her great spirite, rejoyced to the spirite  
Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed,  
But her brave writtings, which her famous  
merite

In spite of time out of the dust doth reare,  
Doo make her Idole through the world  
appeare

## VI

Such as the Berecynthian Goddess bright,  
In her swift charret with high turrets crownde,  
Proud that so many Gods she brought to light,  
Such was this Citie in her good daies fownd  
Thus Citie, more than that great Phrygian  
mother

Renownd for fruite of famous progenie,  
Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,  
But by her selfe, her equall match could see  
Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,  
And onely Rome could make great Rome to  
tremble

So did the Gods by heavenly doome decree,  
That other earthlie power should not resemble  
Her that did match the whole earths  
puissance, [vaunce  
And did her courage to the heavens ail-

## VII

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,  
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,  
Olde monuments, which of so famous sprights  
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine,  
Triumphant Arches, spyres, neighbours to the  
skie,

That you to see doth th' heaven it selfe appall,  
Alas! by little ye to nothing fie,  
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all  
And though your frames do for a time make  
warre

Gamst time, yet time in time shall ruinate  
Your workes and names, and your last reliques  
marre

My sad desires, rest therefore moderate,  
For if that time make ende of things so sure,  
It als will end the paine which I endure.

## VIII

Through armes and vassals Rome the world  
subdu'd, [strength  
That one would weene that one sole Cities  
Both land and sea in roundnes had survey'd,  
To be the measure of her bredth and length

Thus peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was  
Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie,  
Striving in power their grandfatheres to passe,  
The lowest earth you'd to the heaven hie,  
To th' end that, having all parts in their  
power, [ought,  
Nought from the Romane Empire might be  
And that though time doth Common calthie  
devoure,

Yet no time should so low embase their hight,  
That her head, carth'd in her foundations  
deep,  
Should not her name and endles honour  
keep

## IX

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods unkinde,  
Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature!  
Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,  
That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie crea-  
ture,

Why have your hands long sithence traveled  
To frame this world that doth endure so long?  
Or why were not these Romane palaces  
Made of some matter no less firme and strong?  
I say not, as the common voice doth say,  
That all things which beneath the Moone have  
Are temporal, and subject to decay [being  
But I say rather, though not all agreeing

With some that weene the contrarie in  
thought,  
That all this whole shall one day come to  
nought

## X

As that brave sonne of Aeson, which by  
charmes

Atcherved the golden Fleece in Colebud land,  
Out of the earth engendred meue of armes  
Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand,  
So this brave Towne, that in her yonthlie daies  
An Hydra was of warriours glorious,  
Did fill with her renowned nourishings praise  
The fire sunnes both one and other hour  
But they at last, there being then not living  
An Hercules so make seed to repressse,  
Amongst themselves with cruell furie striving,  
Mow'd downe themselves with slaughter mer-  
cilesse,

Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,  
Which whilom did those earthborn brethren  
blinde

## XI

Mars, shaming to have given so great head  
To his off-spring, that mortall puissance,  
Put up with pride of Romane hardhead  
Seem'd above heavens power it selfe to ad-  
vaunce,

Cooling againe his former kindled heate,  
With which he had those Romane spirits filld,  
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath  
Into the Gotthicke colde hot rage instild  
Then gun thit Nation, th' earthis new Giant  
brood,

To dart thurō the thunder bolts of warre,  
And, beating downe these walls with furious  
mood

Into her mothers bow-ome, all did marre,  
To th end that none, all were it Jove his sire,  
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire,

## XII

Like as y whome the children of the earth  
Heapt hils on hils to seale the starrie skie,  
And fight against the Gods of heavenly birth,  
Whiles Jove at them his thunderbolts let the,  
All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,  
The furious squadrons downe to ground did  
fall,

That th earth under her childrens weight did  
And th' heavens in glorie triumpht over all  
So did that brighte front, which heaped was  
On these seven Romane hils, it selfe upreare  
Over the world, and lift her loftie free  
Against the heaven that giv her force to ferre  
But now these scorned fields bemoane her  
fall

And Gods secure scare not her force at all

## XIII

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspring,  
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,  
Nor ruthlesse spyle of sonldiers blood-desiring,  
The which so oft thee, (Rome) their conquest  
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable, [made,  
Ne rast of age hating continuance,  
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men unstable,  
Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne pursuance,  
Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,  
Nor swelling strumes of that God snake-  
preed,

Which hath so often with his overflowing  
Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abeene,  
But that thus nothing, which they have  
thee left,

Makes the world wonder what they from thee

## XIV

Is men in Summer scurles pisse the soord  
Which is in Winter lord of all the plime,  
And with his tumbling streames doth beare  
shoord

The ploughmans hope and shepheards labour  
And as the coward beasts use to despise  
The noble Lion after his lyes end, [hardise  
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine fool  
Dring the foe that cannot him defend

And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes  
Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde,  
So those, which whilome went with pallid  
cheekes

The Romane triumphs glorie to behold, [vaine,  
Now on these ashie tombes shew boldnesse  
And conquer'd dare the Conquerour dis-  
daine

## XV

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghosts,  
Which, joying in the brightnes of your day,  
Brought fourth those signes of your presump-  
tuous boasts

Which now their dusty reliques do beway,  
Tell me, ye spirits, (with the darksome river  
Of Styx, not passable to soules returning  
Inclosing you in three three wards for ever,  
Doo not restraints your images still mourning)  
Tell me then, (for perhaps some one of you  
Yet here above him secretly doth hide)

Doo ye not seale your torments to reereve,  
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride  
Of these old Romane works, built with your  
hands,

Now to become nought els but heaped sands?

## XVI

Like as ye see the wrathfull Sea from furre  
su a great mountaine heipt with hideous  
noise,

Lissoones of thons and billowes shouldred narre,  
Against a Rocke to breake with dreadfull  
poyse

Like as ye see full Boreas with sharpe blast  
Losing huge tempests through the troubled  
skie,

I lissoues having his wide wings spent in wast,  
To stop his weine criere suddenly

And as ye see huge flames spred diverslie,  
Gathered in one up to the heavens to spire,  
Lissoues consum'd to fall downe feebly,  
So whilom did this Monarchie aspyre,

As waves, as wille, as fire, spred over all,  
Till it by fittall doome ndowne did fall

## XVII

So long as Joves gre it Bird did make his flight,  
Beirg the tre with which heaven doth us fray,  
Heaven had not feare of that presumption  
might,

With which the Giants did the Gods assay,  
But all so soone as scortching Sunne had brent  
His wings which wont the earth to overspredd,  
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent  
That untique horror, which made heaven  
dreadd

Then was the Germane Raven in disguise  
Thit Romane Luge scene to chive asunder,

And towards heaven freshly to arise  
 Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to  
 ponder, [lightning,  
 In which the foule, that serves to beare the  
 Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting

## XXIII

These heapes of stones, these old wals, which  
 ye see,  
 Were first enclosures but of salvage soyle,  
 And these brave Pallaces, which may stred bee  
 Of time, were shepheards cottages some while  
 Then tooke the shepheards Kingly ornaments,  
 And the stont hynde arm'd his right hand with  
 Steele

Eftsoones their rule of ycarely Presidents  
 Grew great, and sixe months greater a great  
 deele,

Which, madoperpetuall, rose to so great might,  
 That thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,  
 Till th' heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her  
 Her power to Peters successor betooke, [might,  
 Who, shepheardlike, (as fates the same  
 foreseeing)

Doth shew that all things turne to their first  
 being

## XXIV

All that is perfect, which th' heaven beautifies,  
 All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone,  
 All that doth feede our spirits and our eyes,  
 And all that doth consume our pleasures soone,  
 All this mishap the which our daies outveies,  
 All the good hap of th' oldest times afoie,  
 Rome, in the time of her great neesters,  
 Like a Pandora, looked long in store  
 But destine this huge Chaos turmoiling,  
 In which all good and evill was enclosed,  
 Their heavenly vertues from these woes as-  
 soylng,

Caried to heaven, from sinfull bondage losed,  
 But then great sinnes, the causers of their  
 prync,

Under these antique ruines yet remaine

## XXV

No otherwise than rayne cloud, first fed  
 With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,  
 Eftsoones in compas arch't, to sleepe his hed,  
 Doth plunge himselfe in Tethys bosome faire,  
 And, mounting up againe from whence he came,  
 With his great bellie spreads the dimmed world,  
 Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame,  
 In raine, or snowe, or haile, he forth is hord,  
 This Citie, which was first but shepheards shade,  
 Uprising by degrees, grewe to such height,  
 That Queene of land and sea her selfe she  
 made

At last, not able to beare so great weight,

Her power, disperst through all the world  
 did vade, [fade  
 To shew that all in th' end to nought shall

## XXVI

The same, which Pyrrhus and the pmissuice  
 Of Africke could not tame, that same brave Citie,  
 Which, with stont courage arm'd against mis-  
 chance,

Sustain'd the shoocke of common enmitie,  
 Long as her ship, tost with so manie freakes,  
 Had all the world in armes against her bent,  
 Was never scene, that anie fortunes wreakes  
 Could breake her course begun with brave  
 intent

But, when the obyeel of her vertue failed,  
 Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme,  
 As he that having long in tempest sailed,  
 Faine would rive, but cannot for the storme,  
 If too great winde against the port him drive,  
 Doth in the port it selfe his vessell rive

## XXVII

When that brave honour of the Latine name,  
 Which meard' her rule with Africa, and Byze,  
 With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,  
 And they which see the dawning day arise,  
 Her nourslings did with mutinous uprore  
 Harren against her selfe her conquer'd spoile,  
 Which she had wonne from all the world  
 afore,

Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while  
 So, when the compast course of the universe  
 In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,  
 The bands of th' elements shall backe reverse  
 To their first disoord, and be quite undonne  
 The seedes, of which all things at first were  
 bred,

Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid

## XXVIII

O! wane wisdom of the man, that would  
 That Carthage towres from spoile should be  
 forborne,

To th' end that his victorious people should  
 With canering lisure not be overorne  
 He well foresaw how that the Romane courage,  
 Impatient of pleasures faint desires,  
 Through idlenes would turne to civil rage,  
 And be her selfe the matter of her fires,  
 For, in a people given all to ease,  
 Ambition is engendered easily,  
 As, in a vicious bodie, grosse disease  
 Soone grows through humours superfluite

That came to passe, when, swolne with  
 plenties pride,

Nor pruce, nor peere, nor kin, they would  
 abide

## XXIV

If the blinde furie, which warres breedeth oft,  
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equall beasts,  
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,  
Or armed be with clawes, or scathe ereasts,  
Wh it full bruius, with hot burning tongs,  
Did gripe your hearts with noysome rage,  
Imbew'd

First, each to other working euell wrong,  
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?

Was this (ye Romanes)) your hard destine,  
Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt  
Powrd vengeance forth on you eternalhe?  
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt  
Up on your walls, that God might not endure  
Upon the same to set foundation sure?

## XXV

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe,  
For to awake out of th' infernall shade  
Those antique Cesars, sleeping long in darke,  
The which this ancient Citie whilome made!  
Or that I had Amphions instrument,  
To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,  
The stone joynts of these old walls now rent,  
By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd!  
Or that at leas I could, with peacell fine,  
Fashion the pourtrayts of these Palaces,  
By patterne of great Virgils spirit diuine!  
I would assay with that which in me is,  
To bulde with leuell of my loslie style,  
That which no hands can evermore compyle

## XXVI

Who list the Romaine greatnes forth to figure,  
Him needeth not to seeke for usage right  
Of line, or leard, or rule, or square, to measure  
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her  
light,  
But him beleeues to view in compasse round  
All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes,  
Be it where the yerely starre doth seerch the  
ground  
Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter stormes  
Rome was th' whole world, and all the world  
was Rome,  
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,  
When land and sea ye name, then name ye  
Rome,  
And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize  
For th' ancient Plot of Rome, displayed  
plaine,  
The map of all the wide world doth containe

## XXVII

Thou that at Rome astounisht dost behold  
The antique pride which menaced the skie,

These haughtie herpes, these palaces of olde,  
These walls, these arks, these baths, these  
temples lue,

Judge, by these ample ruines new, the rest  
The which injurious time hath quite outworne  
Since of all workmen helde in reckning best  
Yet these olde fragments are for paterne borne  
Then also marke how Rome, from day to day,  
Repayring her decayed fashion,  
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay,  
That one would iudge, that the Romaine Demon  
Doth yet him selfe with fatall hand enforce,  
Against on foote to reare her pouldred  
corse

## XXVIII

He that hath seene a great Oke drie and dead,  
Yet clad with reliques of some Trophies olde,  
Iisting to heauen her aged horne head,  
Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble  
holde,  
But halfe dishewel'd lies aboue the ground,  
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked  
arme,  
And on her trunk, all rotten and unsound,  
Onely supports her selfe for meate of wormes,  
And, though she owe her fall to the first  
Yet of the deuout people is adord, [winde  
And maie yong plants spring out of her  
rinde  
Who such an Oke hath seene let him record  
That such this Citie honour was of yore,  
And mongst all Citie florished much more

## XXIX

All that which Aegypt whilome did devise,  
All that which Greece their temples to em-  
brave  
After th' Ionike, Atticke, Doricke guise,  
Or Corinth shild in curious workes to grave,  
All that Lyssippus praetike arte could forme,  
Apelles wit or Phidias his skill,  
Was wont this ancient Citie to adorne, [all  
And the heuen it selte with her wide wonders  
All that which Athens ever brought forth woe,  
All that which Africke ever brought forth  
All that which Asie ever had of prise, [strange  
Was here to see O marvelous great change!  
Rome, liuing, was the worlds sole ornament,  
And, dead, is now the worlds sole monument

## XXX

Like is the seeded field greene grasse first  
shoves, [spring,  
Then from greene grasse into a stalke doth  
And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,  
Which ere the frutesfull graine doth shortly  
ring,  
And as in season due the husband mowes

The waving lockes of those fure ycalow  
herres, [rowes,  
Which, bound in shet'es, and layd w comely  
Upon the naked fields in strakes he reares  
So grew the Romane Empire by degrec,  
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,  
And left of it but these olde mirkes to see,  
Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill  
As they which gleane, the reliques use to  
gather, [scater  
Which th'husbandman behind him chanst to

XXXX

That same is now nought but a champion  
wile,

Where all this worlds pride once was situate  
No blame to thee, whosoever dost abide  
By Nile, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate,  
Ne Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,  
Nor the bolde people by the Thamis brincks,  
Nor the brave wikeke brood of Alemaigne,  
Nor the borne Souldier which Rhine running  
drincks

Thou onely cause, O Civill furie 'rt, [spight,  
Which, *souing in th' Aemathian fields thy*  
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart,  
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest  
hight,

To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,  
Thou then adowne might'st fall more hor-  
rible

XXXX

Hope ye, my verses, that posteritie  
(Of age ensuing shall yon ever read?)

Hope ye, that ever immortalitie  
So merne Harpes worke may chalenge for her  
need?

If under heaven ame endurance were,  
These monuments, which not in paper writ,  
But in Porphyre and Marble doo appeare,  
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it  
Nath'les my Lute, whom Phœbus deign'd to  
give,

Cease not to sound these olde antiquities,  
For if that time doo let thy glorie live,  
Well maist thou boast, how ever base thou  
bee,

That thou art first, which of thy Nation song  
Th' olde honour of the people gowned long

L' Envoy

Bellay, first garland of free Poetrie  
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of  
brave wits,

Well worthe thou of immortalitie,  
That long hast traveld, by thy learned writs,  
Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,  
And give a second life to dead decryes '  
Needes must he all eternitie survive,  
That can to other give eternall dayes  
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy  
praise

Excelling all that ever went before  
And, after thee, gins Britas lie to rase  
His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore  
Live, happie spirits, th' honour of your  
name,

And fill the world with never dying fame!

## MUIOPOTMOS,

OR THE

## FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE

BY ED SP

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAINE AND VIRTUOUS LADIE,  
THE LADIE CAREY

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE,  
THE LA CARLY

Must brave and bountifull La for so excel-  
lent favours as I have received at your sweet  
handes, to offer these fewe leaves, as in re-  
compence, should be as to offer flowers to the  
Gods for their divine benedictes Therefore I  
have determined to give my selfe wholly to  
you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and

absolutely vowed to your services which in  
all right is ever held for full recompence of  
debt or damage, to have the person velded  
My person I wot wel how little worth it is  
But the futhfull minde and humble zeale  
which I beue unto your La may perhaps be  
more of price, as may please you to account

and use the poore service thereof, which  
taketh glory to advance your excellent parts  
and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in  
honouring you not so much for your great  
bonaty to my self, which yet may not be un-  
minded, nor for urme or kindreds sake by  
you vouchsafed being also regardable as  
for that honourable name, which yee have  
by your brave deserts purchast to your self,  
and spread in the mouths of al men with

which I have also pre-umed to grace my  
verses, and under your name to commend to  
the world this small Poeme, the which be-  
seelung your La to take in worth, and of  
all things therein according to your wouen  
graciousnes to make a milde construction, I  
humbly pray for your happiness

Your La ever humbly,  
L. S.

## MUIOPOTMOS. OR THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

I sate of deadly dolorous debate,  
Sturd up through wrathfull Nemesis despyght,  
Betwixt two nightie ones of great estate,  
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,  
Through proud ambition and hart-swelling  
hate,

Whilset neither could the others greater might  
And sdeignfull scorne endure, that from small  
jarre

Their wriths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect, [Inve-  
Vouchsafe O thou tho mournfull Muse of  
That wouet the tragick stage for to direct,  
In funerall complaints and wayfull tyne,  
Revele to me, and all the mynes detect,  
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline  
To lowest wretchednes And is there then  
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men ?

Of all the race of silver-winged Flies  
Which doo possesse the Empire of the ayre,  
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,  
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,  
Whilst heven did favour his felicities,  
Then Clarion the eldest sonne and haire  
Of Muscaroll, and in his fathers sight  
Of all alive did seeme the furest wight

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed  
Of future good, which his yong toward yeares  
Full of brve courage and bold hardy lye,  
Above th' ensample of his equall peeres,  
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,  
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares)  
That he in time would sure prove such an one,  
As should be worline of his fathers throue.

The fresh yong flie, in whom the kindly fire  
Of lustfull yongth began to kindle fast,  
Did much disdaine to subiect his desire  
To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,  
But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,  
Through the wide compis of the vrric coast,  
And, with unwearied wings each part t' inquire  
Of the wide rule of his renowned sire

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,  
That from this lower tract he dared to stie  
Up to the cloudes and thence with pincens  
To mount aloft unto the Cristall skie. [light  
To view the workmanship of heavens light  
Whener, down descending, he along would the  
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to siade  
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous  
winde

So on a Summers day, when season milde  
With gentle eulme the world had quieted,  
And high in heven Hyperions fierie childe  
Ascending did his beames abroad dis-preed,  
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures  
sunide,  
Yong Clarion, with wantfull lustie-head,  
After his guize did erst abroad to faie  
And theretoo gau his furnitures prepare

His breastplate first, that was of substance pure,  
Before his noble heart he firmly bound  
That mought his life from vron death assure,  
And ward his gentle corpes from cruell wound,  
For it by arte was framed to endure  
The bit of balefull Steele and bitter stowid  
No lesse than that which Vulcan wrode to shield  
Achilles life from fate of Troy in field

And then about his shoulders broad he threw  
An hurne lude of some wilde beast, whom hee  
In sylvage Forrest by adventure slew,  
And rest the spoyle his ornament to bee,  
Which, spreading all his backe, with dread-  
full view

Made all that him so horrible did see  
Thinke him Alcides with the Lyons skin,  
When the Nreuean Conquest he did wee

Upon his head his glistering Burgnaet,  
The which was wrought by wonderous device  
And curiously engraven he did set  
The metall was of rare and passing price,  
Not Bilbo Steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,  
Nor costly Onicallie from struge Phoenix,

But such as could both Phæbus arrowes  
ward,  
And th' hailing darts of heaven beating hard

Therein two deadly weapons first he bore,  
Strongly outlaunched towards either side,  
Like two sharpe speares his enemies to gore  
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde  
To fight, lyes forth her threatfull pikes afore  
The cugnes which in them sad death doo  
hyde

So did this flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,  
Yet so as him their terroure more adorne

Lastly his shime wings as silver bright,  
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre  
All Painters skill, he did about him dight  
Not halfe so manie sundrie colours are  
In Iris bone, ne heaven doth shime so bright,  
Distinguished with manie a twinkling starre,  
Nor Junoes Bird in her ey-spotted traine  
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken?)  
The Archer God, the sonne of Cytheree,  
That joyes on wretched lovers to be wroken,  
And heaped spoyle of bleeding harts to see,  
Beares in his wings so manie a changefull  
token.

Ah, my hege Lord! forgive it unto mee  
If ought against thine honour I have tolde,  
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifolde

Full many a Ladie fure, in Court full oft  
Beholding them, him secretly envide,  
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft  
And golden faire, her Love would her provide  
Or that, when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,  
Some one, that would with grace be gratefide.  
From him would steale them privily away,  
And bring to her so precious a pray

Report is, that dame Venus, on a day  
In spring, when flowres doo clothe the fruitful  
ground,

Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play  
Bad her faire damzels, flocking her arownd,  
To gather flowres her forehead to aray  
Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,  
Hight Astery, excelling all the crewe  
In curteous usage and unstained hewe,

Who, beeing nimbler joynted than the rest,  
And more industrious, gathered more store  
Of the fields honour than the others best,  
Which they in secret harts envying sore,  
Tolde Venus, when her as the worst  
She praisd, that Cupide (as they heard before)  
Did lend her secret aide, in gathering  
Into her lap the children of the spring

Whereof the Goddess gathering jealous  
feare,

Not yet unmindefull how not long agoe  
Her sonne to Psyche secrete love did beare,  
And long it close conceald, till mickle woe  
Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare,  
Reason with sudden rage did overgoe,  
And, giving hastie credit to th' accuser,  
Was led away of them that did abuse her

Utsometimes that Damzell, by her heavenly  
might,

She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,  
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight,  
And all those flowres, with which so plenteous-  
lie

Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,  
She placed in her wings, for memorie  
Of her pretended crime, though crime none  
were

Since which that flie them in her wings doth  
beare

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,  
Unto his journey did himselfe addresse,  
And with good speed begun to take his flight  
Over the fields, in his franke lustnesse,  
And all the champain ore he soved light,  
And all the country wide he did possesse,  
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,  
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes  
green,

With his ure-cutting wings he mensured wide,  
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unscene,  
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights untride  
But none of these, how ever sweete they beene,  
Note please his fame, nor him cause t' abide  
His choicfull sense with every change doth  
fit

No common things my please a wavering wit

To the gay gardins his unstaide desire  
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights  
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,  
Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights,  
And Arte, with her contending doth aspire  
T' excell the naturall with made delights,  
And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,  
In riotous excesse doth there abound

There he arriving round about doth flie,  
From bed to bed, from one to other border,  
And takes survey, with curious busie eye  
Of every floure and herbe there set in order  
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,  
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,  
Ne with his feete their silken leaves defree,  
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.



And evermore, with most variety  
And change of sweetnesse, (for all change is  
sweete)

He crasts his glutton sense to satisfie,  
Non sucking of the sap of herbe most moist,  
Or of the dew which yet on them doth lie,  
Now in the same bithing his tender feet,  
And then he pearceth on some brannch  
thereby,

To weather him, and his tany-t wings to dry

And then againe he turneth to his play,  
To spoyl the pleasures of that Paradise,  
The wholesome Saalge, and Lavender still  
gray

Brack-smelling Rue, and Cinnamon good for  
The Roses ruging in the pride of May,  
Sharpe Iope, good for greene wounds & mecke-  
laine Marigoldes, and Bet-alluring Thyme  
Sweet Marjoram, and Day-lies decking prime

Cooler Violets, and Orpue growing still,  
I maliced Bilinc, and chearfull Galingale,  
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,  
Dull Poppie, and drinck quickning Sctuale,  
Veyne-healing Vervain and hee purging Dill,  
Sound Savorie, and Bizil hartie-hale  
I at Colwort, and comforting Persheine,  
Coble Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarie

And whatso else of vertue good or ill  
Grew in this Gardin fitcht from firre away,  
Of evrie one he takes, and tastes at will,  
And on their pleasures greedily doth pry  
Then, when he hath both plaid and fed his  
fill,

In the warme Sunne he doth him-selfe embay,  
And there him rests in riotous sush tance  
Of all his gladdnes, and highly joyance

What more scheltie can fall to creature  
Then to enjoy delight with libertie,  
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature  
To raine in th' aire from th' earth to highest  
skie,

To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious fea-  
ture, To take what ever thing doth please the cie?  
Who rests not pleased with such happines,  
Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes

But what on earth can long abide in state,  
Or who can him assure of happie day,  
Sith morning ture may bring fowle evening  
late,

And least mishap the most blisse alter may  
For thousand perills he in close waite  
About us day lie, to worke our decay,  
That none, except a God, or God him guide,  
May them avoide, or remedie provide

And what-o heavens in their secret doone  
Ordained have, how can frail fleshy wight  
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come  
The sun, the air, the fir, the day, the night,  
And th' orrains of their errours all and some  
Do serve to them, and with importune might  
Warre against us, the vasaile of their will,  
Who then can save what they dispose to spill?

Not thou O Clarion! though furest thou  
Of all thy kinde, unhappie happye thou,  
Whose cruell fate is woven even now  
Of Joyes owne hand, to worke thy miserie.  
Ne may thee help the name hartie was,  
Which thy old Sire with sacred pectie  
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' alters  
sprant  
Nought may thee save from heavens aveng-  
ment

It fortun'd (as heavens had beight)  
That in this garden where young Clarion  
Was wont to solace him a wicked wight  
The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion,  
The brume of Nature the bond-slave of spite,  
Had hitherto built his hatefull mansion,  
And lurking closely, in awaye now lay,  
How he might aine in his trap betray.

But when he spide the pious Butterlie  
In this faire plot disparting too and fro,  
Leveller of foes and in liden jeopardie,  
Lord! how he gan for to be wre him tho,  
And to his wicked worke each part applye  
His heart did earne against his hated foe,  
And bowels so with rankling poison swilde  
That secret the skau the strong contagion  
helde

The cause why he thus lye so maliced  
Was (as in stories it is written found)  
For that his mother, which him bore and  
bred,

The most fine-fingred workswoman on ground,  
Archeine, by his means was vanquished  
Of Pallas, and in her owne skill confound,  
When she with her for excellence contended,  
That wrought her shame, and sorrow never  
ended

For the Tritonian goddesse, having hard  
Her blazed fame which all the world had fill'd,  
Came downe to prove the truth, and due  
reward

For her prais-worthie worlmanship to vield,  
But the presumptione Damsell rashly dyrd  
The Goddesse selfe to chalenge to the field,  
And to compare with her in curious skill  
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with  
quill

Minerva did the challenge not refuse,  
But deign'd with her the paragon to make  
So to their worke they sit, and each doth  
chuse

What storie she will for her tapet take  
Arachne figur'd how Jove did abuse  
Europa like a Bull, and on his backe  
Her through the sea did beare, so lively  
scene, [scene  
That it true Sea, and true Bull, ye would

She seem'd still backe unto the land to looke,  
And her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare  
The dashing of the waves, that up she tooke  
Her dantie leete, mil garments gathered neare,  
But (Lord!) how she in ev'ry member  
shooke,

When as the land she saw no more appeare,  
But a wide wilderness of waters deepe  
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Love,  
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering  
Upon the waves, as each had been a Dove,  
The one his bowe and shafts, the other  
Spring

A burning Torch about his head did move,  
As in their Syres new love both triumphing  
And many Nymphes about them flocking  
round, [sound  
And many Tritons which their hornes did

And round about her worke she did empile  
With a faire border wrought of sundrie  
flowres,

Unwoven with an Eve-winding trayle  
A goodly worke, full fit for knightly bowres,  
Such is Dame Pallas, such is Livia pale,  
That all good things with venomous tooth  
devours, [bright

Could not accuse Then gan the Goddess  
Her selfe likewise unto her worke to dight

She made the storie of the olive debate  
Which she with Neptune did for Athens trie  
Twelve Gods doo sit around in royall state,  
And Jove in midst with awfull Majesty,  
To judge the strife betweene them stirred  
lite

Each of the Gods, by his like visonick  
Looke to be knownen, but Jove above them  
all,

By his great lookes and power Imperall

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,  
Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right  
And strikes the rockes with his three-forked  
mace,

Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,

The signe by which he chalengeth the place,  
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous  
Dilsurely deeme the victorie his due [night,  
But seldome scene, forejudgment proveth true

Then to her selfe she gives her Aegide shield,  
And steeld her speare, and motion on her hedd,  
Such as she oft is seene in warlike field  
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon  
dredd [did yield

Shesmote the ground, the which streight forth  
A fruitfull Olive tree, with bernes spredd,  
That all the Gods admitt' then, all the storie  
She compast with a wreath of Olives hoarie

Amongst these leaves she made a Butterflie,  
With excellent device and wondrous slight,  
Fluttering among the Olives wautonly,  
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight  
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,  
The silken downe with which his backe is  
dight,

His broad outstretched hornes, his havye thies,  
His glorious colours, and his glistering aies

Which when Arachne saw, as overland  
And mastered with workmanship so rare,  
She stood astonied long, he ought gaudesaid,  
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stae,  
And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,  
The victorie did yield her as her share  
Yet did she noly fret and felly burne,  
And all her blood to poisonous ranco' turne

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,  
Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,  
She grew to hideous shape of dry ribed,  
Pined with griefe of folly late repeated  
Eftsoones her white stieght legs were altered  
To crooked crawling shaukes, of narrow  
empted,

And her faire face to fowle and loathsome hew'd,  
And her fine corpes to a bag of enim greve

This cursed creature, myndfull of that olde  
Enfested grudge, the which his mother felt,  
So soone as Clarion he did beholde,  
His heart with vengefull wrath onely swelt,  
And weaving straight a net with manie a fold  
About the cave in which he lurking dwelt,  
With five small cords about it stretched wide,  
So finely spounne that sence they coulde be  
spide

Not anie damzell, which her smuteth most  
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne,  
Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boast  
In deeper, in damaske, or in linc,  
Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost,  
Nor anie skil'd in loupes of sugring fine,

Might in their divers cunning ever dare  
With this so curious networke to compare

No doo I thinke, that that same subtil gin,  
The which the Lemnian God framde craftily,  
Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,  
That all the Gods with common moekerie  
Might laugh at them, and seorne their shame-  
full sin,

Was like to this This same he did applie  
For to entrap the careless Clarion,  
That rang'd each where without suspicion

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe  
That hazarded his health, had he it all,  
But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,  
In the pride of his freedom principall  
Little wist he his fittall future woe,  
But was secure, the liker he to fall.  
He likest is to fall into miselhaunce,  
That is regards of his governaunce

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was hight)  
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise,  
And all his guns, that him entangle might,  
Drest in good order as he could devise.  
At length, the foolish Fie, without foresight,  
As he that did all danger quite despise,  
Toward those parts came flying carelesshe,  
Where hidden was his hatefull enemy

Who, seeing him, with secret joy therefore  
Did tinkle inwardly in every name,  
And his false hart, fraught with all treasons  
store,

Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtaine  
Himselfe he close upgathered more and more  
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine  
By his there being might not be bewraid,  
Ne any noyse, ne any motion made

Liko as a wily Foxe, that having spide  
Where on a sunnie banke the Lambes doo play,

Full closely creeping by the hinder side,  
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,  
Ne stirreth limbe, till seeme ready tide,  
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away  
One of the litle yonglings unawares  
So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares

Who now shall give unto my heave eyes  
A well of teares, that all may overflow?  
Or where shall I finde lamentable cries,  
And mournfull tunes enough my griefe to  
show?

Helpe, O thou Tragedie Muse! me to devise  
Notes sad enough to expresse this bitter throw  
For loe! the dreerie stownd is now arrived,  
That of all happines hath us deprived.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate  
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,  
Or some ungracious blast, out of the gate  
Of Aeoles rime, perforce him drove on hed,  
Was (O sad hap, and howe unfortunate!)  
With violent swift sight forth carried  
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe  
Had framed for his finall overthrow

There the fond Fie, entangled, struggled long,  
Himselfe to free thereont, but all in vaine  
For striving more, the more in laces strong  
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his wings twaine  
In lymic snares the subtil loupes among,  
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine,  
And, all his yongthly forces idly spent,  
Him to the mercy of the avenger lent.

When the greisly tyrant did espie,  
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce might  
Out of his den, he seized greedehe  
On the resistles pray, and, with fell spight,  
Under the left wing stroke his weapon she  
Into his heart, that his deepe-groving spright  
In bloodie streames forth fled into the aire,  
His bodie left the spectacle of care

## VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE

L

ONE day, whiles that my day he cares did sleepe,  
My spirit shaking off her earthly prison,  
Began to enter into meditation deepe  
Of things exceeding reach of common reason,  
Such as this age, in which all good is gerson,  
And all that humble is, and meane debreed,  
Hath brought forth in her last declining sea-  
son,

Griefe of good mindes, to see goodnesse  
disgraced! [placed,  
On which when as my thought was throgly  
Unto my eyes strange shoves presented were,  
Picturing that which I in minde embraced,  
That yet those sights empassion me full nere  
Such as they were (faire ladies) taken worth,  
That when time serves may briag things  
better forth.

## II

In summers day when Phoebus fairly shone,  
I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe  
With gold & hornes embowled like the Moone,  
In a fresh flowing meadow lying lowe  
Up to his eares the vermint grasse did growe  
And the gay flowers did offer to be eaten,  
But he with fatnes so did overflowe, [blaten,  
That he all wallowed in the weeds downe  
Ne car'd with them his duntie hips to sweeten  
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,  
Through his faire hide his angrie sting did  
threaten,  
And vex so sore, that all his goodly feature  
And all his plenteous pasture nought him  
pleased  
So by the small the great is oft directed

## III

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,  
Upon a summe brinke out-stretched lay,  
A monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,  
That, cramm'd with guiltles blood and greedie pray  
Of wretched people from which that way, [pride,  
Thought all things lesse than his dreadfull  
I saw a little Bird call'd Tedula,  
The least of thou-ands which on earth abide,  
That forst this hideous beast to open wide  
The gresly gates of his devouring hell,  
And let him feede, as Nature did provide,  
Upon his jawes, that with blacke venime swell  
Why then should greatest things the least  
dismune,  
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

## IV

The kingly Bird, that beares Joves thunder-  
clap  
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,  
Proud of his highest service, and good hap,  
That made all other Poules his thralls to bee  
The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,  
Spide where the Eagle built his towering nest,  
And, handling fire within the hollow tree,  
Burnt up his long ones, and himselfe distress,  
Ne suffred him in anie place to rest,  
But drove in Joves owne lap his eggs to lay,  
Where gathering also filth him to infest,  
Forst with the filth his eggs to fling away  
For which when as the Loue was wroth,  
said Jove.  
'Lo! how the least the greatest may reprove'

## V

Towrd the sea turning my troubled eye,  
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)  
That makes the sea before his face to flye,  
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to  
sweepe

The foum waves out of the dreadfull deep,  
The huge Leviathan, daunt Natures wonder,  
Making his sport, that manie makes to weep  
A sword-fish small him from the rest did under,  
That, in his throat him pricking softly under,  
His wide Abyss-e him forced forth to spewe,  
That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder  
And all the waves were stain'd with tinsle hewe  
Hereby I learned have not to despise  
Whatever thing seems small in common eyes

## VI

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold  
Whose bricke was arm'd against the dint of  
speare [golde,  
With shudders of brasse that shone like burnisht  
And forked sting that death in it did berre,  
Strove with a Spider his unquall peire  
And bad defiance to his enemye  
The subtil vermin, creeping closely neare,  
Did in his drinke shed pay-on privie,  
Which, through his entriles spreading da-  
versh,  
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells burst,  
And him enforst to vield the victorie,  
That did so much in his owne grutenesse trust  
O! how great venime is it then to scorne  
The werke, that hath the strong so oft  
forlorne!

## VII

High on a hill a goodly Cedre grewe,  
Of wondrous length, and straight proportion,  
That farre abroad her duntie odours threwe,  
Amongst all the daughters of proud Libanus,  
Her match in beautie was not mine one.  
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred  
A little wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,  
That on her sap and vitall moisture fed  
Thenceforth her gurland so much honoured  
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same!)  
And her faire lockes fell from her loffie head,  
That shortly blide and bared she became.  
I, which this sight beheld, was much dis-  
mayed  
To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

## VIII

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,  
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,  
That on his bricke did beere (as brittleant)  
A golden towre, which shone exceedinglie,  
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,  
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,  
Was puffed up with passing surquedrie,  
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne  
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,  
Into his nostrils creeping, so him pained,

That, casting downe his towres, he did deforme  
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie  
strained [glorie,  
Let therefore nought, that great is, therein  
Sith so small thing his happines may varie

IX

I looking far forth into the Ocean wide,  
A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,  
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide  
Through the maine sea making her merry flight  
Faire blew the winde into her bosome right,  
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,  
That she did seeme to drunce, as in delight,  
And at her owne felicitie did smile.  
All sodnely there clove unto her keele  
A litle fish, that men called Remora,  
Whence stopt her course, and held her by the  
keele, [away  
That wude nor tide could move her thence  
Straunge thing me seemeth, that so small  
a thing  
Should able be so grete an one to wring

X

A mighty Lyon, I ord of all the wood,  
Haying his hunger throughly satysfide  
With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,  
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to lude  
His steracesse was his pryncesse, his strength his  
And all his glory in his cruell clawes [pride,  
I saw a wasp, that hereely him decide,  
And bad him buttaile even to his jawes  
Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth  
drawes,  
And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire  
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tyele, his  
pawes,  
And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire

That dead himselfe he wisheth for despyght  
So weakest may anye the most of might

XI

What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine  
Of all the world and florish't most in night,  
The nations gan their soveraigntie disdain,  
And cast to quitt them from their bondage  
quight  
So, when all shrouded were in silent night,  
The Galles were, by corrupting of a mayde,  
Possess't nigh of the Capitol through shght,  
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayde,  
If then a Goose grete Rome from rume stayde,  
And Jove himselfe, the patrou of the place,  
Preserv'd from being to his foes betrayde,  
Why do vaine men men things so much deface,  
And in their might repose their most assur-  
ance,  
Sith nought on earth can chalenge long  
endurance?

XII

When these sad sights were overpast and gone,  
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,  
With inward ruth and deare affection,  
To see so grete things by so small distrest  
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved brest  
To seorne all difference of grete and small,  
Sith th't the greatest often are oppress't,  
And unawares doe into danger fall  
And ye, that read these rumes tragically,  
Learne by their losse to love the low degree,  
And, if that fortune chunce you up to call  
to honours seat, forget not what you be  
For he, that of himselfe is most secure  
Shall finde his state most fickle and un-  
sure.

## THE VISIONS OF BELLAY

I

It was the time, when rest, soft sliding downe  
From heavens light into mens heavy eyes,  
In the forgetfulness of sleepe doth drowne  
The carefull thought of mortall miseries  
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare  
On that grete rivers bank, that runnes by  
Rome,  
Which calling me by name, bad me to reire  
My lyes to heaven whence all good gifts do  
come, [he  
And crying, Lord, how beholde (quoth  
What under this grete temple place I see  
For all is but light but living vanitie  
So, I, that know this world is a vanity,

Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,  
In God alone my confidence do lay

II

On high hills top I saw a stately frame  
An hundred cubits high by just assayse [same  
With hundredth pillours fronting faire the  
All wrought with Diamond after Dicks wize  
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,  
But shining Christall which from top to base  
Out of her womb a thousand rayes threw  
On hundred steps of strike golds encha-  
Gold was the par-ect and the shining bright  
Did shine all scale with grete plates of gold  
The floore of Jasp and I merande was dight  
O worlds vaines-e! While thus I did be old

An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest  
seat,  
And overthrow this frame with ruine great

## III

Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,  
Ten fete each way in square appeere to mee,  
Justly proportion'd up unto his light,  
So far as Archer might his leuel see  
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,  
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour,  
And in this goldeu vessel couched weare  
The ashes of a mightie Emperour  
Upon foure corners of the base were pight,  
To beere the frame, foure greut Lyons of gold,  
A worthy tombe for such a worthy night  
Alas, this world doth nought but grievance  
hold!

I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,  
Which this brave monument with flash did  
rend

## IV

I saw rayse up on more pillowes tall,  
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,  
The chapters Alabaster, the frises chrystall,  
The double front of a triumphall Arke  
On each side purtraid was a Victorie,  
Clad like a Nymph, that wings of silver weares,  
And in triumphant chaire was set on hie,  
The auncient glory of the Romaine peares  
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,  
But rather wrought by his owne industry,  
That thunder-dartes for Joye his ayre doth fit  
Let me no more see faire thing under sky,  
Sith that mine eyes have seene so faire a sight  
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight

## V

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far scene,  
Upon seven hilla to spread his gladsome  
gleame,  
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,  
Along the banks of the Ausonian streame  
There many an auncient Trophiee was addrest,  
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly shew,  
Which that brave races greatnes did attest,  
That winlome from the Troy an blood did flow  
Ravishit I was so rare a thing to see,  
When lo! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone  
The honour of these noble boughs down threw  
Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone,  
And, since, I saw the roote in great disdaine  
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe

## VI

I saw a Wolfe under a rockie cave  
Nonring two whelpes, I saw her litle ones  
In wanton dalliance the teate to crave, [nonnes  
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the

I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,  
And roming through the field with greedie  
rage  
T'embrow her teeth and claws with loken arm  
Of the small herds, her thirst for to assuage  
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended  
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lon-  
bardie, [rended  
That with an hundred speares her flank wide  
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,  
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne  
soyle,  
Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle

## VII

I saw the Bird that can the sun endure,  
With feeble wings assay to mount on light,  
By more and more she gan her wings t'assure,  
Following th' ensample of her mothers sight  
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight  
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons  
To measure the most haughtie mountaines  
light,  
Untill she raught the Gods owne mansions  
There was she lost, when suddaine I behelde,  
Where, tumbling through the ayre in fire fold,  
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,  
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde  
I saw the soule, that doth the light dispeise,  
Out of her dust like to a worm arise

## VIII

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes  
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall,  
I saw it cover'd all with griesly shadowes,  
That with black horror did the ayre appall  
Thereout a strange beast with seven heads  
arose, [coure,  
That townes and castles under her brest did  
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes  
Alike with equal ray me to devour  
Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kinde  
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,  
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,  
Which blow's cold storms, burst out of Seithrin  
mew, [as thought,  
That sperst these cloudes, and, in so short  
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought

## IX

Then all istom'd with this mighty ghost,  
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,  
With side-long beard, and locks down hang-  
ing loose,  
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe  
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,  
Pourd forth a water, whose out gushing flood  
Ran bathing all the creekie shore aslot,  
Whereon the Troyan prince spilt Turnus blood

And it his secte a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld  
To two young hakes His left the pahn tree  
stout,  
His right hand did the peacefull olive wield,  
And heid with Lawrell burn hit was about  
Sudden both Palme and Olive fell away,  
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite  
decey

Hard by a rivers side a virgin sure {throbs,  
Folding her armes to Heaven with thousand  
And outgung her cheekes and golden haire  
To falling rivers sound thus tuid her soles  
'Where is (quoth she) thus whilom honoured  
face?

Where the great glorie and the amment praise,  
In which all worlds schauit had place,  
When Gods and men my honour up did raise?  
Suff'd it not that civil warres me made  
The whole world's spoile, but that thus he dr  
Of humbled Hercules to be asside {near,  
With seven heads budung monstrous crimes  
So in my Heroes and Caligulas {new,  
Out of these crooked shores must dash  
riv'ers?

I pon an hill a bright flame I did see  
Waying aloft with triple point to kee,  
Which hit meense of precious's dar tre,  
With blisome odours uld th'ave fire and me  
A Bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,  
Heront up to the throne of Gods did the,  
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,  
Whilst in the smoke she unto heaven did stie  
Of this faire fire the scattered ryes forth threw  
On every side a thousand flaming beames  
When sudden dropping of a silver dew  
(O grievous chance!) gain quench those precious  
flames,

I hat it, which erst so pleasant sent did yeld,  
Of nothing now but noyous sulphur sineld

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rive,  
As clear as Christall, am't the Summe beemes,  
The bottom yellow, like the golden grisle  
That bright Paeolus washeth with his streames  
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled  
All pleasure there, for which mans hart could  
long,

And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled  
Of manie accords more sweete than Mermaids  
song

The settes and benches shone as vorie,  
And hundred Nymphes side side by side about,

When from in, h hill, with hideous outerie,  
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout  
Which with their villaine fete the stream  
did rye [Nymphes away  
Thre's down the setts, and drove the

## XIII

Much richer than that was It seem'd to be,  
Which did to that sad I see it uppre  
Casting mine eyes fure off, I churist to see  
I pon the Latine coast her life to fear  
But suddenly arose a tempest great,  
Bearing close curst to these riches rare,  
Which can make this ship with dreadful  
thrust,

This ship to which none other might compare  
And finally the storme impetue is  
Sunke up these riches second unto none,  
Within the gulfe of greache Nerue  
I saw both ship and manners rich one,  
And all that treasure drowned in the maine  
But I the ship saw after raised againe.

## XIV

Long having deeply gred'd these Visions sa I,  
I saw a Cito like unto that same,  
Which saw the messenger of tidings gl'd,  
But that on sand was built the goodly frame  
It seem'd her top the firmament did rye,  
And, no less rich than faire right worthie sure  
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dyes,  
Or if aught under heaven might firme endure  
Much wonder'd I to see so sure a wall  
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,  
Which breathing turie from his inward grill  
On all which did rest his cur e oppose,  
Into a clowd of dust spert in the aire  
The weak foundations of this citie faire

## XV

At length, even at the time when Morpheus  
Most true lie doth unto our eyes appeare,  
Weare to see the heavens still wayring thus,  
I saw Typhons sister coming neare,  
Whose head, full brack with a morion hidd,  
Did seeme to match the Gods in Myestie  
She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe slidd,  
Over all the world did ruse a Trophoe hie,  
An humbled vanquisht kings under her lay,  
With arms bound nt their backs in shamesfull  
wize

Whilst I thus amazed was with great affray,  
I saw the heavens in warre against her rize  
Then downe she stricken full with clap of  
thunder, [wonder  
That with grent noyse I wakie in sudden

## THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

FORMERLY TRANSLATED

I

BEING one day at my window all alone,  
So manie strange things happened me to see,  
As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon  
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,  
So faire as mote the greatest god delite,  
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,  
Of which the one was blacke, the other white  
With deadly force so in their cruell race  
They pincht the hanches of that gentle beast,  
That at the last, and in short time, I spide,  
Under a Rooke, where she, alas, oppress,  
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.

Cruell death vanquishing so noble beauteie,  
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie

II

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,  
Made all of Ileben and white Yvorie,  
The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were  
Milde was the winde, calmes seem'd the sea to bee,  
The skie each where did show full bright and  
faire

With rich treasures this gay ship freighted was  
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the ure,  
And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)  
Strike on a rock, that under water lay,  
And perished past all recoverie

O, how great ruth, and sorrowfull assy,  
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,  
Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd,  
So great relies as like cannot be found!

III

The heavenly branches did I see arise  
Out of the fresh and lustie Lawrell tree,  
Amidst the yong greene wood, of Paradise  
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see  
Such store of birds therein shrowded were,  
Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,  
That with their sweetnes I was ravish't nere  
While on this Laurell fixed was mine eie,  
The skie gray everie where to overcast,  
And darkned was the welkin all about,  
When sudden flash of heavens fire out brast,  
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote,

Which makes me much and ever to com-  
plaine,

For no such shadow shalbe had agayne

IV

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise  
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,  
Wherto approached not in ayme wise  
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne,  
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,  
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce  
To the soft sounding of the waters fall  
That my glad hart thereat did much rejoyce  
But, while herein I tooke my elnese delight,  
I saw (alas) the griping earth devoure  
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of  
sight,

Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this  
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,  
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly

V

I saw a Phoenix in the wood alone,  
With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe,  
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought none,  
That of some heavenly wight I had the vowe,  
Untill he came unto the broken tree,  
And to the spring, that late devoured was  
What say I more? each thing at last we see  
Doth passe away the Phoenix there alas,  
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,  
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,  
And so forthwith in great despight he dide,  
That yet my heart burnes in exceeding paine,  
For ruth and pite of so haples plight  
O let mine eyes no more see such a sight!

VI

At last so faire a Ladie did I spie,  
I hat thinking yet on her I burne and quake,  
On hearbs and flowres she walked pensively,  
Milde, but yet Love she proudly did forsake  
White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they  
were,  
Assnowe and golde together had been wrought  
Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,  
A stinging serpent by the heele he caught,  
Wherewith she languisht as the gathered  
floure,

And, well assur'd, she mounted up to joy  
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,  
But bitter griefe and sorrow full annoy  
Which make this life wretched and miserable,  
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable!



## VII

When I beheld this tickle trustles state  
Of vaine worlds glorie, sitting too mil fro,  
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate  
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe,  
I wish I might this weerie life forgoe,  
And shortly turne unto my happie rest,  
Where my free spirite might not anie moe  
Be vext with sights, that doo her peice molest

And ye, faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest  
All heavenly grace and vertue shined is,  
When ye these rythmes doo read, and view  
the rest, [blis  
Louth this base world, and thinke of heavens  
And though ye be the fairest of Gods  
creatures,  
Yet thinke, that death shall spovle your  
goodly features

## DAPHNAIDA:

## AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF HENRY LORD HOWARD, VISCOUNT BROAD,  
AND WIFE OF ARTHUR GORGES, ESQUIRE.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADY

HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTHAMPTON  
BY D D SP

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VIRTUOUS LADY

HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTH-HAMPTON

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer  
unto your Honour the dedication of this little  
Poeme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentle-  
woman of whom it is written, was by match  
neer. allyed and in affection greatly devoted,  
unto your Ladship The occasion why I wrote  
the same, was as well the great good fame  
which I heard of her deceased as the par-  
ticular goodwill which I bear unto her husband  
Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning  
and vertue, whose house, as your Ladship by  
marriage hath honoured, so doe I find the  
name of them, by many notable records, to  
be of great antiquitie in this Realme and such  
as have ever borne themselves with honour-  
able reputation to the world, and unspotted  
loyaltye to their Prince and Countrey besides,

so lineally are they descended from the  
Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard,  
eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolk,  
was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir  
Edward, and grandmother to Sir William  
and Sir Thomas Gorges knights and there-  
fore I doe assure my selfe that no due honour  
done to the White Lyon, but will be most  
gratefull to your Ladship, whose husband  
and children do so neerely participate with  
the blood of that noble family. So in all  
dutie I recommente this Pamphlet, and the  
good receptrance thereof, to your honourable  
favour and protection London, this first of  
Januarye, 1591

Your Honours humbly ever  
LD SP

## DAPHNAIDA

WHAT-FOR man be he whose heavie minde,  
With griefe of mournfull great mishap op-  
prest,  
But matter for his eyes increase would finde,

Let reade the rusfull plant herein exprest,  
Of one, (I weene), the wofulst man alive,  
Even sad Alexon whose empiereed brest  
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces rive

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,  
Or in this wretched life dooth take delight  
Let him be brinsht farre away from hence,  
Ne let the sacred Sisters here be hight,  
Though they of sorrowe here the can sing,  
For even their heave song would breede de-  
light,

But here no tunes, save sobs and grones, shall  
ring

In stead of them, and their sweet harmonie,  
Let those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands  
Doo weave the direfull threds of destinie  
And in their writh breake off the vitall bands,  
Approach hereto, and let the dreadfull Queene  
Of Darkenes deepe come from the Stygian  
strands,

And grisly Ghosts, to heare the dolefull teene

In gloomie evening, when the wearie Sun,  
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,  
And sweate steeds, now having overrun  
The compast skie, gan water in the west,  
I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre  
In open helde, whose flowring pride, opprest  
With early frosts, had lost their beutie faire

There came unto my minde a troublous thought,  
Which dayly dooth my weaker wit possesse,  
Ne lets it rest untill it forth have brought  
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heavnesse,  
Whom she conceived hath through meditation  
Of this worlds vainesse and lifes wretched-  
nesse,

That yet my soule it deeply doth empassion

So as I mized on the miserie  
In which men live, and I of many most  
Most miserable man, I did espie  
Where towards me a sory wight did east,  
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,  
And Jaakob stiffe in hand devoutlie crost,  
Like to some Pilgrim come from faire away

His carelesse locks uncombed and unshorne,  
Hong long adowne, and beard all overgrowne,  
That well he seemd to be suni wight forlorne,  
Downe to the earth his heave eyes were  
throwne,

As loathing light, and ever as he went  
He sighed soft, and iuly deepe did grone,  
As if his heart in peeces would have rent

Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,  
And by the semblant of his countenamie  
Me seemd I had his person scene elsewhere,  
Most like Aley on seeming at a giunee,  
Aley on he, the jollie Shepheard swaine  
That wont fill merrilie to pipe and dounce.  
And fill with plesanee every wood and plaine

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,  
I softlie sayd, Aley on! There-with-all  
He lookt aside as in disdaine full wise,  
Yet stayd not, till I agrime did call [sound,  
Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow  
'Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,  
The wretchedst man that treades this dry on  
ground?'

'One, whome like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,  
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,  
And given like cause with thee to wile and  
weepe, [beere  
Griefe findes some ease by him that like does  
Then stay, Aley on, gentle shepheard! stay,  
(Quoth I) till thou have to my trustie eare  
Committed what thee dooth so ill apay'

'Cease, foolish man!' (saide he, halfe wroth-  
fully)

'To seeke to heare that which cannot be tolde,  
For the huge anguish, which dooth multiplye  
My dyng pynes, no tongue can well unfold,  
Ne doo I care that any should bemoane  
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,  
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone'

'Then be it so,' (quoth I) 'that thou are bent  
To die alone, unpitied, unplained,  
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient  
To tell the cruse which thee theretoo con-  
strained,

Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,  
And say, when thou of none shalt be mun-  
tained,

That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt'

'Who life dooes loath, and longs to bee unbound  
From the strong shreklles of fraille flesh-  
quoth he, [ground,

'Nought cares it all what they, that live on  
Deem the occasion of lus death to bee,  
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,  
Than question made of lus calamitie,  
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light

'Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my  
griefe, [nought,  
And earnest for one that for himselfe cares  
(Signe of thy love though nought for my reliefe,  
For my reliefe exceedeth living thought,)  
I will to thee this heave ease relate  
Then harken well till it to end be brought,  
For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate

'Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest  
know)

My little floeke on westernne downes to keepe,  
Not far from whence Sabrinnes streame doth  
flow,

And flowrie bracks with silver liquor steepe,  
Nought carde I then for worldly change or  
channce,

For all my joy was on my gentle sheepe,  
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce

'It there befell, as I the fields did range  
Ferrellesse and free, a pure young Lionesse,  
White as the native Rose before the chynge  
Which Venus blood did in her lervies impress,  
I spied playing on the grassie playne  
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,  
That did all other Beasts in beawtie staine

'Much was I moved at so goodly sight,  
Whose like before mine eye had seldome  
seene,

And gan to cast how I her comprasse might,  
And bring to hand that yet had never beene,  
So well I wrought with mildnes and with  
prune,

That I her caught disporting on the greene,  
And brought way fast bound with silver  
chaine

'And afterwards I handled her so sayre,  
That though by kind shee stout and salvage  
were,

For being borne an auncient Lions haire,  
And of the race that all wild beastes do feare,  
Yet I her fram'd, and wan so to my bent,  
That shee became so meeke and milde of  
cheare,

As the least lamb in all my flock that went

'For shee in field, where ever I did wend,  
Would wend with me, and wate by mo all day  
And all the night that I in watch did spend,  
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay,  
Shee would all night by mee or watch or sleepe  
And evermore when I did sleepe or play,  
Shee of my flock would take full warie keepe

'Safe then, and safest were my silhe sheepe,  
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast,  
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe,  
My lovlie Lionesse without behest  
So carefull was for them, and for my good,  
That when I waked, neither most nor lest  
I found miscaried or in plume or wood

'Oft did the Shepheards, which my hap did  
heare,

And oft their lasses, which my luck envide,  
Drewe resort to me from farre and neare,  
To see my Lionesse, whose praises wide  
Were spread abroad, and when her worthinesse  
Much greater than the rude report they trolde,  
They her did praise, and my good fortune  
blesse

'Long thus I joyed in my happinesse,  
And well did hope my joy would have no end,  
But oh, foud man! that in worlds sicklenesse  
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend  
That glories most in mortall miseries,  
And dry he doth her changefull counsels bend  
To make new matter fit for Tragedies,

'For whilst I was thus without dreid or dout,  
A cruel Satyre with his murders dart,  
Greddie of mischiefe, ranging all about,  
Gave her the fatall wound of deadlie smart,  
And rest fro me my sweete companion,  
And rest fro me my love, my life, my hart  
My Lionesse (ah, woe is mee!) is gon!

'Out of the world thus was shee rest awaie,  
Out of the world, unworthie such a spoyle,  
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter pry,  
Much sifter than the Lyon, which with toyle  
Aeldes slew, and list in firmament,  
Her now I seek throughout this earthlie soyle,  
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.'

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,  
That I for pittie of his heavie plight  
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to  
steepe,

But, when I saw the anguish of his spright  
Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe,  
'Certes, Alexon, punfull is thy plight,  
That it in me breeds almost equall paine

'Yet doth not my dull wit well understand  
The riddle of thy loved Lionesse,  
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,  
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule  
possesse,

Should to a beast his noble hart embase,  
And be the assall of his vasalesses, [case,  
Therefore more plaue arcade this doubtfull

Then sighing sore, 'Daphne thou knewest,  
quoth he,

'She now is dead,' ne more endured to sav,  
But fell to ground for greiv extreamtie,  
That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay  
Was much appild, and, lightlie him uprearing,  
Revoked life, that would have fled away,  
All were my self, through griefe, in deadly  
dreaung

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,  
And with milde counsaile strove to mitigate  
The stormie passion of his troubled brest,  
But he thereby was more empassionate,  
As stubborne steed, that is with curb re-  
struned,  
Becomes more ferece and fervent in his gate,  
And, bierking forth at last, thus dearmehe  
plained

I

'What man henceforth that breatheth vitall  
ayre  
Will honour heaven, or heav'nie powers adore,  
Which so unjustlie doe their judgments share  
Mongst earthly wightes, as to afflict so sore  
The innocent, as those which doe transgresse,  
And do not spare the best or sayrest, more  
Than worst or fowlest, but doe both oppresse?  
  
'If this be right, why did they then create  
The world so faire, sith fairenesse is neglected?  
Or whie be they themselves immaculate,  
If purest things be not by them respected?  
She faire, shee pure, most faire, most pure shee  
was,  
Yet was by them as thing impure rejected,  
Yet shee in purenesse heaven it selfe did pas  
  
'In purenesse and in all celestiall grace,  
That men admire in goodlie womankind.  
Shee did excell, and seem'd of Angels race,  
Lying on earth like Angell new divine,  
Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie,  
And all the dowries of a noble mind,  
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.  
  
'No age hath bred (since faire Astraea left  
The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight,  
And, when she parted hence, with her she  
rest  
Great hope and robd her race of bountie,  
Well may the shepherd lasses now lament  
For dubble losse by her hath on them light,  
To loose both her and bounties ornament  
  
'Ne let Eliza, royall Shepherdesse,  
The praises of my parted love envy,  
For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse  
Powrd upon her, like showers of Castaly,  
By her own Shepherd, Colin, her owne Shep-  
herd,  
That her with heavenly hymnes doth desie,  
Of rustick muse full hardily to be betterd  
  
'She is the Rose, the glorie of the day,  
And mine the Primrose in the lowly shade  
Mine, ah! not mine, mine I mine did say  
Not mine, but His, which mine awhile her  
made.  
Mine to be His, with him to live for ay  
O that so faire a flower so soone should fade,  
And through untimely tempest fall away!  
  
'She fell away in her first ages spring,  
Whil'st yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her  
rinde  
And whil'st her brannch faire blossomes forth  
She fell away against all course of kinde.

For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;  
She fell away like fruit blowne downe with  
winde,  
Weepe, Shepherd! weepe, to make my under-  
song

II

'What hart so stony hard but that would  
weepe,  
And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?  
What Timon but would let compassion creepe  
Into his brest, and pierce his frozen eares?  
In steed of teares, whose brackish bitter well,  
I wasted have, my heart-blood dropping  
weares,  
To thinke to ground how that faire blossome  
fell  
'Yet fell she not as one enforced to dye,  
Ne dyde with dredd and grudging discontent,  
But as one toyld with travails downe doth lye,  
So lay she downe as if to sleepe she went,  
And elosde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse,  
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,  
And soule assayld from sinfull fleshlinesse  
  
'Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,  
She, all resolv'd, and ready to remove,  
Calling to me (ay me!) thus wise bespake,  
"Aleyon! ah, my first and latest love!"  
Ah! why does my Aleyon weepe and mourne,  
And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him be-  
hove,  
As if to me had chaunst some evill tourne!  
  
'"I, since the messenger is come for mee,  
That summons soules unto the bridle feist  
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,  
And straight obey his soveraine behest.  
Why should Aleyon then so sore lament  
That I from miserie shall be releast,  
And freed from wretched long imprisonment!"  
  
'"Our daies are full of dolor and disere,  
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,  
That nought on earth may lessen or appease,  
Why then should I desire here to remaine!"  
Or why should he, that loves me, soe bee  
For my deliverance, or at all complaine  
My good to heare, and toward joyes to see!"  
  
'"I goe and long desired have to goe.  
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest.  
Whereas no worlds end ere nor resting wee  
May come their happie quiet to molest,  
But Saints and Angels in celestiall throne  
Eternallye Hum praise that hath them blest,  
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones  
  
'"Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee  
Of the late love the which betwixt us past,  
My yong Ambrosia in lieu of mee  
Love her, so shall our love for ever last



'So when I have with sorowe satisfido  
Th' importune fates, which vengeance on me  
seeke,  
And th' heavens with long languor pacifide,  
She, for pure pite of my sufferance meeke,  
Will send for me, for which I daylie long,  
And will till then my painful penance ecke  
Weep, Shepheard' weep, to make my under-  
sorg

v

'Henceforth I hate what ever Nature made,  
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde,  
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade,  
So soone as on them blowes the Northern winde,  
They tarrie not, but sit and fall away,  
Leaving behind them nought but griefe of  
minde,  
And mocking such as thinke they long will  
stay

'I hate the heaven, because it doth withhold  
Me from my love, and eke my love from me,  
I hate the earth, because it is the mold  
Of fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie  
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies,  
I hate the Ayre, because sighes of it be,  
I hate the Sea, because it teares supplies

'I hate the day, because it lendeth light  
To see all things, and not my love to see,  
I hate the darknesse and the drevn night,  
Because they breed sad brifefulnesse in mee,  
I hate all times, because, all times doo flye  
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,  
But as a speedie post that passeth by

'I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with  
crying, [eares,

I hate to heare, lowd plants have dild mine  
I hate to tast, for food withholdes my dining,  
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares,  
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left,  
I hate to feele, my flesh is numb'd with feares  
So all my senses from me are bereft

'I hate all men, and shun all womankind,  
The one, because as I they wretched are,  
The other, for because I doo not finde  
My love with them, that wont to be their  
Starre

And life I hate, because it will not last,  
And death I hate, because it life doth marre  
And all I hate that is to come or past

'So all the world, and all in it I hate,  
Because it chaugeth ever too and fro,  
And never standeth in one certaine state,  
But still unstedfast, round about doth goe  
Like a Mill-whee in midst of miserie,  
Driven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,  
That dying lives, and living still does dye

'So doo I live, so doo I daylie die  
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine'  
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,  
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,  
Is feteht from me, why seeke I to prolong  
My wearie dyes in dolor and disdaine'  
Weep, Shepheard' weep, to make my under-  
song,

vi

'Why doo I longer live in lifes despight  
And doo not dye then in despight of death,  
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light  
And doo in darknesse not abidge my breath,  
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby  
And cares finde quiet' Is it so unceath  
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye'

'To live I finde it deadly dolorous,  
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe,  
Therefore to dye must needes be joyous,  
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe  
But I must stav, I may it not amend,  
My Daphne hence departing bad me so,  
She bad me stav, till she for me did send

'Yet, whilst I in this wretched vale doo stav  
My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,  
That still I may be reache on my way  
When as her messenger cloth come for me,  
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,  
Ne will I rest my hummes for frailtie  
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavynesse

But, as the mother of the Gods, that sought  
For faire Eurydice, her slaughter deere,  
Thiroughout the world, with wofull heavie  
thought,

So will I travell whilst I tarrie heere,  
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lye,  
Ne, when as dropping Titan draweth neere  
To loose his teeme, will I take up my Inne

'Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie nights)  
Shall ever lodge upon mine eyelids more,  
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,  
Nor failing force to former strength restore  
But I will wake and sorrow all the night  
With Philumene my fortune to deplore  
With Philumene, the partner of my plight

'And ever as I see the starres to fall,  
And under ground to goe to give them light  
Which dwell in darknes, I to minde will call  
How my fur Starre (that shinde on me so  
Fell sodainly and faded under ground [bright)  
Since whose departure, day is turn'd to night,  
And night without a Venus starre is found

'But soone as day doth shew his deawie face  
And calls forth men unto their toy some trade,

I will withdraw me to some darksome place,  
Or some deepe cave, or solitarie shade,  
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,  
And the huge burden of my cares unlade  
Weep, Shepheard<sup>1</sup> weep, to make my under-  
song

## V II

'Henceforth mine eyes shall never more be-  
hold

I aie thing on earth, ne seed on false delight  
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,  
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight,  
For all I see is vaine and transitorie,  
Ne will be helde in aie stedfast plight,  
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

'And ye foud men<sup>1</sup> on fortunes wheele that  
ride,

Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,  
Be it riches, beautie, or honors pride,  
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,  
But ere ye be aware will flit away, [vanitie  
For nought of them is yours, but th' onely  
Of a small tyme, which none ascertain may

'And ye, true Lovers<sup>1</sup> whom disastrous  
chaunce

Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,  
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferance  
When ye doo heare me in that desert place  
Lamenting lowle my Daphnes I legie,  
Help me to waile my miserable case  
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eyes

'And ye, more happie Lovers<sup>1</sup> which enjoy  
The presence of your dearest loves delight,  
When ye doo heare my sorrowfull annoy,  
Yet putte me in your compassionate plight,  
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to  
me,

May happen unto the most happiest wight,  
For all mens states alike unstedfast be

'And ye, my fellow Shepheards<sup>1</sup> which do  
feed

Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plumes,  
With better fortune than did me succeed,  
Remember yet my undeseried paines,  
And, when ye heare that I am dead or slaine,  
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swaines  
That sad Alex on dyde in lifes disdaine

'And ye, faire Damscels<sup>1</sup> Shepherds dere  
delights, [resse,  
That with your loves do their rude hearts pose,  
When as my heart shall happen to your  
sighes,

Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cypresse,  
And ever sprinkle brackish teares among,  
In pittie of my undeseried distresse,  
The which, I, wretch, endured have thus long

'And ye, poore Pilgrimes<sup>1</sup> that with restlesse  
toyle

Weene your selves in wandring desert waves,  
Till that you come where ye your vowe  
asoyle,

When passing by ye read these wofull layes,  
On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wrong,  
And mourne for me that languish out my  
dayes [song<sup>1</sup>

Cease, Shepheard<sup>1</sup> cease, and end thy under-

Thus when he ended hail his heaveie plaint,  
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,  
His cheekes waxt pale, and sprights began to  
faint,

As if a while he would have fallen to ground,  
Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light)  
Amovved him out of his stonie sound,  
And gan him to recomfort as I might

But he no waie recomforted would be,  
Nor suffer solace to approach him me,  
But casting up a sademfull eye at me,  
That in his trance I would not let him be,  
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face,  
As one disposed wilfullie to die,  
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched ease.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,  
And the outrageous passion high appeased,  
I hum desirde sith daie was overcast,  
And darke night fast approached, to be pleased  
To turne asult unto my Cabinet,  
And staid with me, till he were better eased  
Of that strong stownd which him so sore beset

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,  
Ne longer him intreate with me to staid,  
But without taking leave he forth did goe  
With staggering pace and dismall lookes dismay,  
As if that death he in the face had seene,  
Or helish hags had met upon the way,  
But what of him became I cannot weene

## COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

BY ED SPENCER

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

CAPTAIN OF HIS MAJESTIES GUARD, LORD WAILEIN OF THE STANNERIES,  
AND LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTIE OF CORNWALL

Sir,

THAT you may see that I am not alwaies  
vble as yee thinke, though not greatly well  
occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though  
not precisely officious, I make you present of  
this simple pastoral, unworthie of your  
higher conceipt for the meanesse of the stile,  
but agreeing with the truth in circumstance  
and matter. The which I humbly beseech  
you to accept in part of payment of the infi-  
nite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe

bounden unto you, for your singular favours  
and sundrie good turnes, shewed to me at my  
late being in England, and with your good  
countenance protect against the malice of  
evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open  
to carpe at and misconstrue my simple mean-  
ing. I pray continually for your happinesse  
From my house of Kilcolman, the 27 of  
December, 1591

Yours very humbly  
Ed Sp

## COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

THE shepheards boy (best known by that  
name)  
That after Titivus first sung his lay,  
Lanes of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,  
Sate (as his custome was) upon a dawe,  
Charming his oaten pipe unto his peres,  
The shepheards swaine that did about him ply  
Who all the while, with greedie lustfull eares,  
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,  
Like hartiesse deare, dismayd with thunders  
At last, when as he piped had his fill, [sound  
He rested him and, sitting then around,  
One of those groomes (a jolly groom was he,  
As ever piped on an oaten reed,  
And lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,  
Hight Hobbinol) gan thus to him ared  
"Colin, my hefe, my life, how great a losse  
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke  
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse"  
That, with thy Muse first since thy turning  
backe  
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye,  
Hast made us all so blessed and so bly the

Whilste thou wast hence, all dead in dole did  
lie [say the,  
The woods were heard to waile full many a  
And all their birds with silence to complaine  
The fields with faded flowers did seem to  
mourne,  
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine  
The running waters wept for thy returne,  
And all their fish with languor did lament  
But now both woods and fields and floods  
revive,  
Sith thou art come, their cause of merment,  
That us, late dead, has made agame alive  
But were it not too painfull to repeat  
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell  
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,  
Now at thy leisure them to us to tell.  
To whom the shepheard gently answered  
thus,  
"Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet  
For of good passed newly to discus,  
By double usurie doth twice renew it  
And since I saw that Angel, blessed ere,



Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,  
My mind, full of my thoughts sweetie  
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight  
Which that same day in nought I take delight,  
Ye feeling have in any earthly pleasure,  
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,  
My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threasure.

Wake then my pipe, my sleepe Muse,  
Till I have told her praises lasting long  
Hobbin desires, thou must it not forsake, —  
Harke then, ye jolly shepherds to my song,

With that they all grin throug about him  
neare,

With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie  
The which their docters, devoyd of dangers feare,  
Did round about them feed at libertie

'One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my trade)  
Under the foote of Mole that mountaine hore  
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade  
Of the greene alders by the Mallacks shore  
There a straunge shepherd chaunst to find  
me out,

Whether allured with my pipes delight,  
Whose pleasing sound vskrilled far about,  
Or thither led by chance, I know not right  
Whom when I es'ed from what place he came  
And how he light, himselfe he did yckepe  
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,  
And said he came far from the main sea deepe,  
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,  
Provoked me to playe some pleasant fit,  
And, when he heard the musike which I made  
He found himselfe full greatly pleased at it  
Yet, remuning my pipe, he tooke in hand  
My pipe, before that remued of many,  
And plaid thereon, (for well that skill he cond.)  
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any  
He pip'd, I sung, and, when he sung, I piped  
By change of times, each making other mery,  
Neither envying other, nor envied,  
So piped we, until we both were weary

There interrupting him, a bomo swine,  
That Cuddy light, him thus atweene be-pride  
'And, should it not thy idle course re-straine,  
I would request thee, Colin for my sake,  
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did  
plue,

For well I weene it worth recounting was,  
Whether it were some by mine, or morall tale,  
Or errol made to praiso thy loved lasse'

'Nor of my love, nor of my lasse (quoth he),  
I then did sing, as then occasion fell  
For love had me forlorne, forlorne of me,  
That made me in that desert close to dwell  
But of my rive Bregogs love I soong,  
Which to the shuny Mulla he did beare,  
And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long

As water doth within his bancks appeare'  
'Of follow-ship (said then that bonny boy)  
Record to us that lovely lay azaime (amoy,  
The stree whereof shall nought these eares  
Who all that Colin makes do covet true'

'Here then (quoth he) the tenor of my tale,  
In sort as I it to that shepherd told  
No lesing new, nor Grandams fable stale,  
But ancient truth confirm'd with credence old  
Old father Mole, (Mole light that mountaine  
gray

That wails the Northside of Armulla dale)  
He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,  
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale  
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so light  
The Nymph, which of that water course has  
charge,

That, springing out of Mole, doth run downe  
To Buttesant, where, spreading forth at large,  
It giveth name unto that ancient Cattie  
Which Kilmullish elped is of old, (puttie  
Whose rigged runnes breed great ruth and  
To travailer, which it from far behold  
Full faine she lov'd, and was below'd full faine  
Of her owne brother river, Bregog light,  
So light because of this deceitfull trame  
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.  
But her old sire more carefull of her good,  
And meaning her much better to preferre  
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour  
flood

Which Allo light, Broad-water called firre,  
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,  
That he that river for his daughter wonne  
The dowre agreed the day assigned plaine,  
The place appointed where it should be doone  
Nath-lesse the Nymph her former liking held,  
For love will not be drawne, but must be  
ledde

And Bregog did so well her faineie weld,  
That her good will he got her first to wedde.  
But for her father, sitting still on hie,  
Did warily still watch which way she went,  
And eke from far observ'd, with jealous eie,  
Which way his course the wanton Bregog  
hent

Him to deceive for all his watchfull ward,  
The wily lover did devise this slight  
First into many parts his streame he shar'd  
That, whilst the one was watcht, the other  
might

Pass e unespide to meete her by the way,  
And then besides, those little streames so  
broken

He under ground so closely did convery,  
That of their passage doth appeare no token,  
Till they into the Mullins water slide  
So secretly did he his love enjoy

Yet not so seer't, but it was deseride,  
And told her rather by a shepherds boy,  
Who, wondrous wroth, for that so foule de-  
spight,  
In great vengeance did roll downe from his hill  
Huge mightie stones, the which euember  
might

His passage, and his water-courses spill  
So of a River, which he was of old,  
He none was made, but scattred all to nought,  
And, lost among those rocks into him rold,  
But lose his name so deare his love he bought,  
Which having said, him Thesly his bespake,  
'Now by my life this was a mery lay,  
Worthie of Colin selfe, that did it make  
But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,  
What dittie did that other shepheard sing  
For I do covet most the same to heare,  
As men use most to covet forreine thing'

'That shal I eke (quoth he) to you declare  
His song was all a lamentable lay  
Of great unkindnesse, and of usage hard,  
Of Cynthia the Ladie of the Sea,  
Which from her presencc faultlesse him dehard  
And ever and anon, with singults rise,  
He cryed out, to make his under-song,  
Ah! my loves queene, and goddesse of my life  
Who shal me pittie, when thou doest me  
wrong'

Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,  
That Marin hight, 'Right well be sure did  
plane, [breake,  
That could great Cynthiaes sore displeasure  
And move to take him to her grace againe  
But tell on further, Colin, as befell  
Twist him and thee, that thee did hence dis-  
suade.' [well,

'When thus our pipes we both had wearied  
(Quoth he) and each in end of singing made  
He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,  
And great disliking to my lucklesse lot,  
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forelore.  
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot  
The which to leave, thenceforth he counsell  
mee, [full

Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regard-  
And wend with him, his Cynthia to see,  
Whose grice was great, and bounty most re-  
wardfull.

Besides her peerlesse skill in making well,  
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,  
Such as all womankind did fir excell,  
Such as the world admird, and praised it  
So wroth with hope of good, and hate of ill,  
He me perswaded forth with him to fere  
Nought tooke I with me, but mine osten quill  
Small needmeuts else need shepheard to pre-  
pare.

So to the sea we came, the sea, that is  
A world of waters heaped up on hie,  
Rolling like mountaines in wide wildernesses,  
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse ere  
'And is the sea (quoth Coridon) so fearfull?'  
'Fearfull much more (quoth he) then hart  
can fear [gaping dreffull

Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes  
Therin stil wut poore passengers to teare  
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,  
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare, [cold,  
And yet would live with heart halfe stome  
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there  
And yet as ghastly dreddfull as it seemes,  
Bold men, presunming life for game to sell,  
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring  
stromes [hell

Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to  
For, as we stood there waiting on the strand,  
Behold! an huge great vessel to us came,  
Dauneing upon the waters back to lond,  
As if it scord the dringger of the same,  
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,  
Glewed together with some subtile matter  
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and  
taile,

And life to move it selfe upon the water  
Strange thing! how bold and swift the mon-  
ster was, [ruine,  
That neither car'd for wynd, nor tide, nor  
Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did  
prasse

So prondly, that she made them roare againe  
The same aboard us gently did receave,  
And without harme us farre way did beare,  
So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,  
And nought but sea and heaven to us appeare.  
Then hartlesse quite, and full of inward feare,  
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,  
Under what shie, or in what world we were,  
In which I saw no living people dwell  
Who, me recomforting all that he might,  
Told me that that same was the Regiment  
Of a great shepheardesse, that Cynthia hight,  
His hege, his Ladie, and his hies Regent.—

'If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,  
Where be the flockes and heards, which she  
doth keep?  
And where may I the hills and pastures see,  
On which she useth for to feed her sheepe?'  
'These be the hills (quoth he) the surges  
hie,

On which sure Cynthia her heards doth feed  
Her heards be thousand fishes with their fere.  
Which in the bosome of the bulloves breed  
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in  
chief,  
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed home

At sound whereof, they all for their relief  
Wend too and fro at evening and at morne  
And Proteus eke with him does drive his  
heard

Of stinking Seales and Porepreeces together,  
With hoary herd and deawy dropping beard,  
Compelling them which way he list, and  
whether

And, I among the rest, of many least,  
Have in the O can charge to me assigned,  
Whe e I will live or die at her behest  
And serve and honour her with faithfull mind  
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heavenly borne,  
And of immortall race, doo still attend

To wash faire Cynthiaes sheep, when they be  
ehorne,

And sold them up when they have made an  
Those be the shepheards which my Cynthia  
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land [serve  
I or land and sea my Cynthia doth describe  
To have in her commandement at hand

Thereat I wondrous much, till, wondrous  
more

And more, at length we land far off deserve  
Which sight much gladed me, for much afore  
I feared least land we never should have eide  
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,  
As if the way she perfectly had knowne

We Landry passe, by that same name is ment  
An island which the first to west was shewne  
From thence another world of land we kend,

Floting amid the sea in jeopardie [hand,  
And round about with mightie white rocks  
Against the seas encroching crueltie [holds

Those same, the shepherd told me, were the  
In which dame Cynthia her hindheards fed,  
Faure goodly fields, then which Armulla yields

None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red  
The first, to which we nigh approached, was  
An high headland thrust far into the sea,

Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,  
Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea  
There did a lustie mount at first us greet,

Which did a stately heape of stones upreare,  
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,  
Much greater then that frame which us did

beare,  
There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade  
And put us all ashore on Cynthiaes land

'What land is that thou meant, (then Cuddy  
said)

And is there other then whereon we stand?'  
'Ah! Cuddy (then quoth Colin) thou art

fon, [worke  
That hast not seene least part of natures  
Much more there is unkend then thou doest

kon, [turke  
And much more that does from mens knowledge

For that same land much larger is then this  
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed  
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage

15,  
And all things else that living creatures need  
Besides most goodly rivers there appeare,  
No what inferior to the Ianehus praise,

Or into Allo, or to Mulla de are  
Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seene in thy

dries' [here,

'But if that land be there (quoth he) as  
And is thy heaven likenisc there all one'

And, if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,  
I like as in this same world where we do wone'

'Both heaven and heavenly graces do much  
more

(Quoth he) abound in that same land then this  
I or there all happie peace and plenteous store

Conspire in one to make contented blisse  
No wailing there nor wretchednesse is heard,

No bloodie issues nor no leprosyes,  
No grisly famine, nor no raging sword,

No mightie bondrags, nor no lue and cries,  
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,

On hills and downes, withouten dread or daun-  
ger [troy

No ravenous wolves the good mans hope des-  
Nor outlawes fill all the forest ranger

There is much arts do flourish in great honor,  
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price

Religion hath his power to rest upon her,  
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice

I or eul all good all grace there freely grows,  
Had people grace it gratefully to use

I or God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,  
But graces men them greatly do abuse.'

'But say on further (then said Corilas)  
The rest of thine adventures, that betyded'

'I oorth on our voyage we by land did  
passe,

(Quoth he) is that same shepherd still us  
gav'd

Untill that we to Cynthiaes presence came  
Whose glorie greater then my simple thought,

I found much greater then the former fame,  
Such greatness I cannot compare to ought

But if I her like ought on earth might find,  
I would her liken to a crowne of lilies,

Or to a virgin brides adorned head,  
With Roses dight and Gouds and Daffadillies,

Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,  
In which all colours of the rainbow bee,

Or like sure Phibes girdland shining new,  
In which all pure perfection one may see

But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone  
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine

Her power, her meier, her wisdom, none  
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can deeme

Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,

Presume the things so sacred to profane?  
More fit it is t' adore, with humble mind,

The image of the heavens in shape humane'

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,  
Saying, 'By wondrous at thy Cynthia's  
praise,

Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,  
And her upraising doest thy selfe upraise  
But let us heare what grace she shewed thee,  
And how that shepheard strange thy cause  
advanced'

'The Shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)  
Unto that Goddess grace mo first enhanced,  
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her care,  
That she thenceforth therein gain take de-  
light,

And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,  
All were my notes but rude and roughly  
dight,

For not by measure of her owne great mynd,  
And wondrous worth, she mott my simple  
song,

But joy! that country shepheard ought could  
Worth harkening to, amongst the learned  
throng'

'Why? (said Alexis then) what needeth  
That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,  
And hath so many shepherds in her fee,  
To heare thee sing, a simple silly life?  
Or be the shepherds which do serve her  
laesie,

That they list not their mery pipes applie'  
Or be their pipes untunable and craesie,  
That they cannot her honour worthily he?'

'Ah! nay (said Colin) neither so, nor so -

For better shepherds be not under skie,  
Nor better habie, when they list to blow  
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorie  
There is good Harpalus, now woe aged  
In faithful service of true Cynthia  
And there is Corydon though meanly waged,  
Yet ablest wit of most I know this day  
And there is sad Aley on bent to mourne,  
Though fit to flame an everlasting ditte,  
Whose gentle spright for Daphnes death  
doth mourne

Sweet laves of love to endlesse plants of  
pittie.

Ah! pensive boy, pursue that brave conceipt  
In thy sweete Eglauntine of Meriflure,  
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height,  
That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure  
There eke is Palm worlde of great praise,  
Albe he envie at my rustick quill  
And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise  
His tunes from laes to matter of more skill

And there is old Palemon free from spight  
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer  
rev

Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,  
That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew  
And there is Alibaster throughly taught  
In all this skill, though knowne yet to few,  
Yet, were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,  
His lises would be redde anew  
Who lives that can match that heronick song,  
Which he hath of that mightie Princesse  
made?

O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,  
To let thy fame be so in hidden shade  
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,  
To end thy glorie which he hath begun  
That, when he finish't hath as it should be,  
No braver Poeme can be under Sun  
Nor Po nor Tyburs swans so much renowned,  
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,  
Can match that Muse when it with bayes is  
crowned,

And to the pitch of her perfection raised  
And there is a new shepheard late up sprung,  
The which doth all afore him far surpass,  
Appearing well in that well tuned song,  
Which late he sung unto a scornfull lasse  
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,  
As daring not too rashly mount on light,  
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie  
In loves soft laies and loo-er thoughts delight.  
Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniell,  
And to what course thou please thy selfe ad-  
vance

But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell  
In Tragick plaints and passionate mischance  
And there that Shepheard of the Ocean is,  
That spends his wit in loves consuming  
smart

Full sweetly tempted is that Muse of his,  
That e in empiere a Princes mightie hart.  
There also is (ah no, he is not now)  
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,  
Amyntas quite is gone, and hes full low,  
Having his Amari left to mone  
Helpe, O ye shepherds, helpe ye all in this,  
Helpe Amari this her losse to mourne  
Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,  
Amyntas, floure of shepherds pride forlorne  
He whilst he lived was the noblest swaine,  
That ever piped in an oaten quill  
Both did he other, which could pipe, main-  
taine,

And eke could pipe himselfe with passing  
And there, though last not least, is Acton,  
A gentler shepheard may no where be found  
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,  
Doth like himselfe Heroically sound

All these, and many others mo remmine,  
 Now, after Astrofell is dead and gone  
 But, while as Astrofell did live and raine,  
 Amongst all these was none his paragone  
 All these do flourish in their sundry kynd,  
 And do their Cynthia immortall make  
 Yet found I lying in her rovell mynd  
 Not for my skill but for that shepherds sake

Then spake a lovely lasse hight Lucida -  
 'Shepherd enough of shepherds thou hast  
 Which favour thee, and honour Cynthia {told  
 But of so many Nymphs, which she doth hold  
 In her retainer, thou hast nothing said  
 That seems, with none of them thou favor  
 foundest

Or art ingratefull to each gentle myd  
 That none of all their due deserts reasondest

'As far be it (quoth Colin Clout) from me  
 That I of gentle Maids should ill deserve'  
 For that my selfe I do profess to be  
 Vassall to one, whom all my drives I serve,  
 The beame of beautie sparkled from above,  
 The floure of vertue and pure chasticite  
 The blosome of sweet ioy and perfect love  
 The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie  
 To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,  
 To her my heart I nightly martirize  
 To her my love I lowly do prostrate,  
 To her my life I wholly sacrifice  
 My thought, my heart my love, my life is slicc,  
 And I hers ever onely ever one  
 One ever I all vowed hers to bee  
 One ever I, and others never none.

Then thus Melissa said 'Thrice happy  
 Whom thou doest so enforce to dote {made  
 That woods, and hills and valleys thou hast  
 Her name to echo unto heaven linc  
 But say who else vouchsafed thee of grace

'They all (quoth he) me graced goodly well,  
 That all I praise, but in the highest place,  
 Cynthia, sister unto Astrofell,  
 In whose brave mynd as in a golden cofer  
 All heavenly gifts and riches locked are,  
 More rich then perles of Ynde, or gold of Opher,  
 And in her sex more wonderfull and rare  
 Ne lesse praise-worthe I Theana read {dight  
 Whose goodly beautes though they be over-  
 With mourning stole of carefull wydowhood,  
 Yet through that darksome vale do glister  
 bright

She is the well of bountie and brave mynd  
 Excelling most in glorie and great light  
 She is the ornament of womankind  
 And courts chief garland with all vertues dight,  
 Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace  
 Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,  
 Well worthe of so honourable place,  
 For her great worth and noble governance,

Ne lesse praise-worthe is her sister deare,  
 Faire Marian, the Muses onely darling  
 Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare,  
 With silver dew upon the roses pearling  
 Ne lesse praise-worthe is Melicia {traime  
 Best knowne by bearing up great Cynthiaes  
 That same is she to whom Daphnuda  
 Upon her needes death I did complaine  
 She is the patrone of true womanhood  
 And onely nurthor of feminitie  
 Worthie next after Cynthia to tread,  
 As she is next her in nobilitie.

Ne lesse praise worthe Galathea seemes,  
 Then best of all that honourable crew,  
 Faire Galathea with bright shining beames,  
 Influencing feeble eyes that her do view  
 She there then waited upon Cynthia  
 Yet there is not her won, but here with us  
 About the borders of our rich Cosima  
 Now made of Mas the Nymph delitious.  
 Ne lesse praise-worthe faire Neera is,  
 Neera ours not there though there she be,  
 For of the famous Shure the Nymph she is,  
 For high desert advaunst to that degree  
 She is the blosome of grace and curtesie,  
 Adorned with all honourable part-  
 She is the branch of true nobilitie,  
 Belov'd of high and low with faithfull hearts.  
 Ne lesse praise-worthe Stella do I read,  
 Though nought my praises of her needeed arre  
 Whom verse of noblest shepherd lately dead  
 Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre.  
 Ne lesse praise-worthe are the sisters three,

The honor of the noble familie  
 Of which I mearest boast my selfe to be,  
 And most that unto them I am so nie,  
 Phillis Charillis, and sweet Amarvill &  
 Phillis the faire, is eldest of the three  
 The next to her is bountifull Charillis  
 But the youngest is the best in degree.  
 Phillis the floure of rare perfection,  
 Faire spreading forth her leaves with fresh  
 delight,

That, with their beautes nmorous reflexion  
 Bereave of sence each rash beholders sight  
 But sweet Charillis is the Paragon  
 Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,  
 Admir'd of all, yet envied of none.  
 Through the myld temperance of her goodly  
 rues

Thrice happy do I hold thee, noble swaine.  
 The which art of so rich a spoile possert  
 And, it embracing deare without disdaine  
 Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest! {bee.  
 Of all the shepherds daughters which there  
 And yet there be the fairest under skie,  
 Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,  
 A fairer Nymph yet never saw mine eye.

She is the pride and primrose of the rest,  
Made by the Maker selfe to be admired,  
And like a goodly beereon high address,  
That is with sparks of hevenlie beautie fired.  
But Amarvils, whether fortunate  
Or else unfortunate may I read,  
That freed is from Cupids yoke by fate,  
Since which she doth new binds adventure  
dread, —

Shepherd, what ever thou hast heard to be  
In this or that prayd diversly apart,  
In her thou maist them all assembled see,  
And send up in the treasure of her hart  
Ne thee lesse worlthe, gentle Flavia,  
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme  
Ne thee lesse worlthe, courteous Candida,  
For thy true love and loyaltie I deeme  
Besides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,  
Right noble Nymphs, and high to be com-  
mended

But, if I all should praise as they deserve,  
This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended  
Therefore, in closure of a thankfull mynd,  
I deeme it best to hold eternally [skynnd,  
Their bounteous deeds and noble favours  
Then by discourse them to indigne

So having said, Aglauna him bespake  
'Colin, well worlthe were those goodly favours  
Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,  
And them requitest with thy thankfull labours  
But of great Cynthiaes goodness, and high  
grace,

Finish the storie which thou hast begunne.'

'More eath (quoth he) it is in such a case  
How to begin, then know how to have donne  
For evere gift, and evere goodly meed,  
Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day,  
And evere day, in which she did a deed,  
Demaunds a yere it duly to display [ing,  
Her words were like a stream of honny fleet-  
The which doth softly tricke from the hie,  
Hable to melt the hearers heart unweeting,  
And eke to make the dead againe alive  
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe  
grapes,

Which load the binneties of the fruitfull vine,  
Offering to fall into each mouth that grapes,  
And fill the same with store of timely wine  
Her lookes were like beames of the morning  
Sun,

Forth looking through the windowes of the  
When first the fleecie cattell have begun  
Upon the perled grasse to make their feast  
Her thoughts are like the fume of Frankincence,  
Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise,  
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro  
thence

In rolling globes up to the vnted skies.

There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,  
The cradle of her owne creation,  
Emongst the seats of Angels heavenly wrought  
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion.

'Colin, (said Cuddy then) thou hast forgot  
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so  
hie

Such loslie flight base shepherd seemeth not  
From flocks and fields, to angels and to skie'

'True (answered he) but her great excellence  
Lifts me above the measure of my might  
That, being filld with furious insolence,  
I feele my selfe like one yapt in spright.  
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,  
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth  
And, when I speake of her what I have  
thought,

I cannot thinke according to her worth  
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,  
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,  
And, when as death these vitall bands shall  
breake,

Her name recorded I will leave for ever  
Her name in every tree I will endosse, [grow  
That, as the trees do grow, her name may  
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,  
And till with stones, that all men may it know  
The speaking woods, and murmuring waters  
fall,

Her name Ile teach in knowen terms to frame  
And eke my lambs, when for their dimes they  
Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name [call,  
And, long while after I am dead and rotten,  
Amongst the shepherds daughters dancing  
round

My lyes made of her shall not be forgotten,  
But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd  
And ye, who so ye be, that still survive,  
When as ye heare her memory renewed,  
Be witness of her bountie here alive, [shewd'  
Which she to Colin her poore shepherd

Much was the whole assembly of those heards  
Moo'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake  
And stood awhile astonishd at his words,  
Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,

Saying 'Why Colin, since thou foundest such  
With Cynthia and all her noble crew, [grace  
Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,  
In which such wealth might unto thee reere,  
And brek retourneist to this barren soyle,  
Where cold and erre and penny do dwell,  
Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with  
toyle'

Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell'  
'Happie indeed (said Colin) I him hold,  
That may that blessed presence still enjoy,  
Of fortune and of envys uncomptroll,  
Which still are wont most happie states to annoy

But I, by that which little while I prooved,  
Some part of those enormities did see,  
The which in Court continually hooved,  
And followed those which happie seemed to bee  
Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes  
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,  
Durst not adventure such unknown wayes,  
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,  
But rather chose back to my sheep to tounne,  
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,  
Then, having leard repentance late, to mourne  
Amongst those wretches which I there de-  
serve.

Shepherd, (said Thestylis) it seemes of  
Thou speakest thus grist thy felicitie,  
Which thou enviest, rather then of right  
That ought in them blameworthy thou doest  
aspie.

'Cause have I none (quoth he) of caused  
To quite them ill, that me demand so well  
But self-regard of private good or ill  
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell [wit,  
And eke to warne young shepherds wandring  
Which, through report of that lyes painted  
Abandon quiet home to seeke for it, [blisse,  
And leave their lammes to losse, misled misse.  
For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life,  
For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,  
Where each one seeks with malice, and with  
strife,

To thrust downe other into soule disgrace,  
Himselfe to raise and he doth soueraine  
That best can handle his deceitfull wit  
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,  
Either by slandering his well-deemed name,  
Through leasings lewd, and fauored forgerie,  
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,  
By creeping close into his secrete,  
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,  
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,  
A filed tongue, furnisht with termes of art,  
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery  
For arts of schoole have there small counten-  
ance,

Counted but toys to busie ydle braines,  
And there professors find small maintenance,  
But to be instruments of others games  
Ne is there place for any gentle wit  
Unless to please it selfe it can applie,  
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shut,  
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie  
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,  
As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares  
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,  
Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beares,  
For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,  
Nor baughtie words most full of highest  
thoughts

But are like bladders blowne up with wynd,  
That being priekt do vanish into noughts  
Even such is all their vaunted vantage, [away,  
Nought else but smoke, and fumetli soone  
Such is their glorie that in simple vie [gay  
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most  
So they themselves for praise of fooles do sell,  
And all their wealth for painting on a wall,  
With price wherof they buy a golden bell,  
And purchase highest rownes in bowre and  
Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie [hall  
Do wander up and downe despy'd of all,  
Their plume attire such glorious gallantry  
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth  
call.

'Ah' Colin, (then said Hobbinol) the blame  
Which thou imputest, is too generall,  
As if not any gentle wit of name  
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all  
For well I wot, with I my selfe was there,  
Toward Lobbin, (Lobbin well thou knewest,)  
Full many worthy ones then waiting were,  
As euer else in Princes Court thou wast  
Of which among you many yet remaine,  
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse  
Those that poore Sutors papers do retaine,  
And those that skill of medicine professe,  
And those that do to Cynthia expound  
The ledde of strange languages in charge  
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,  
And gives to their professors stipends large  
Therefore unjustly thou doest wite them all,  
I or that which thou mishkedst in a few.

'Blame is (quoth he) more blamelesse  
generall,  
Then that which private errors doth pursue,  
For well I wot, that there amongst them bee  
Full many persons of right worthie parts,  
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,  
And for profession of all learned arts,  
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,  
Though blame do light on those that faultie  
bee,

For all the rest do most what fare am-  
And yet their owne misfaring will not see  
For either they be puffed up with pride,  
Or fraught with onie that their galls do swell,  
Or they their drayes to ydleness divide,  
Or drowned he in pleasures wastefull well,  
In which like Moldwarps nousing still they  
lurke,

Unmindfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse  
And do themselves, for want of other worke,  
Ynne votaries of laesie Love professe,  
Whose service high so basely they ensue,  
That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,  
And, musing all his men in Venus view,  
Denies them quite for servitors of his.

'And is Love then (said Corylas) once  
 knowne  
 In Court, and his sweet love professed there?  
 I weened sure he was our God alone,  
 And only wound in fields and forests here  
 'Not so, (quoth he) Love most aboundeth  
 there  
 For all the walls and windows there are writ,  
 All full of love, and love, and love my deare,  
 And all their talke and studie is of it  
 Ne my there doth brave or valiant seeme,  
 Unless that some gay Mistresse hadge he  
 beares  
 Ne any onc himselfe doth ought esteeme,  
 Unless he swim in love up to the eares  
 But they of love, and of his sacred here,  
 (As it should be) all otherwise devise,  
 Then we poore shepherds are accustomed  
 here,  
 And him do sue and serve all otherwise  
 For with lewd speeches, and heentious deeds,  
 His mightie mysteries they do prophane,  
 And use his ydle name to other needs  
 But as a complement for courting vaine  
 So him they do not serve as they professe,  
 But make him serve to them for sordid uses  
 Ah! my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts  
 possesse,  
 Asenge thy selfe on them for their abuses  
 But we poore shepherds whether rightly so,  
 Or through our rudenesse into error led,  
 Do make religion how we rashly go  
 To serve that God, that is so greatly dreed,  
 For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,  
 Borne without Syre or couples of one kynd,  
 For Venus selfe doth solt couples seeme,  
 Both male and female through commixture  
 joynd  
 So pure and spotlesse Cupid forth she brought,  
 And in the gardens of Adonis nurst  
 Where growing he his owne perfection  
 wrought,  
 And shortly was of all the Gods the first.  
 Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,  
 In which so fell and puissant he grew,  
 That Joye himselfe his powre began to dread,  
 And, taking up to heaven, him godded new  
 From theene he shootes his arrowes every  
 where  
 Into the world, at randon as he will,  
 On us fraile men, his wretched vasaills here,  
 Like as himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.  
 So we him worship, so we him adore  
 With humble hearts to heaven uplified he,  
 That to true loves he may us evermore  
 Preferre, and of their grace us dignifie  
 Ne is there shepherd, ne yet shepherds  
 swaine,

What ever feeds in forest or in field,  
 That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine  
 Blaspheme his powre, or termes unworthie  
 yeld  
 'Shepheard, it seemes that some celestiall  
 Of Love (quoth Cuddy) is breath'd into thy  
 breast,  
 That powreth forth these oracles so sage  
 Of that high powre, wherewith thou art  
 posset  
 But never wist I till this present day,  
 Albe of love I thowes humbly deemed,  
 That he was such in one as thou doest say,  
 And so religiously to be esteemed  
 Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,  
 That of that God the Priest thou shouldst  
 bee,  
 So well thou wotst the mysterie of his might,  
 As if his godhead thou didst present see  
 'Of loves perfection perfectly to speake,  
 Or of his nature rightly to define,  
 Indeed (said Colin) passeth reasons reach,  
 And needs his priest t' expresse his powre  
 divine  
 For long before the world he was y bore,  
 And bled above in Venus bosome deare  
 For by his powre the world was made of ore,  
 And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.  
 For how should else things so far from attone,  
 And so great enemies as of them bee,  
 Be ever drawne together into one  
 And taught in such accordance to agree  
 Through him the eold began to covet heat,  
 And water fire, the light to mount on he,  
 And th' heave downe to peize, the hungry  
 And vovdnesse to seeke full satietie [t' eat,  
 So, being former foes, they wexed friends,  
 And gay by litle learne to love each other  
 So, being knyt, they brought forth other kynds  
 Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother  
 Then first gan heaven out of darknesse dread  
 For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull  
 day  
 Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,  
 Out of deep waters which her drown'd away  
 And, shortly after, everie living right  
 Crept forth like wormes out of her slime  
 nature  
 Soone as on them the Suns life-giving-light  
 Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,  
 Theneeforth they gan each one his like to love,  
 And like himselfe desire for to beget  
 The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Dove  
 Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet,  
 But man, that had the sparke of reasons might  
 More then the rest to rule his passion  
 Chose for his love the fairest in his sight.  
 Like as himselfe was fairest by creation



For beautie is the byrt which with delight  
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kynd,  
Beautie, the burning lamp of heavens light,  
Darting her beames into eash feble mynd  
Against whose power, nor God nor man can  
fynd

Defence ne ward the danger of the wound,  
But, being hurt, seeke to be mede and  
Of her that first did stir that mortall wound  
Then do they cry and call to love apace  
With painfull importuning the skle,  
Whence he them herra, and, when he list  
shew grie.

Does graunt them grice that otherwise would  
So love is Lord of all the world by right,  
And rules the creatures by his powerfull saw  
All being in the vassall of his might,  
Through secret sence which thereto doth them  
draw

Thus ought all lovers of their lord to demer,  
And with chaste heart to honor him alway  
But who se else doth otherwise esteeme,  
Are outlaws, and his lore do disobey  
For their desire is base, and doth it merit  
The name of love but of dishon all lust  
No mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,  
But as I rule out of his court be thrust

So having said, Melibee spake at will  
‘Cohn thou now full deeply hast dyvnd  
Of Love and beautie and, with wondrous skill  
Hast Cupid self deparnted in his kynd  
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound  
That doest their cause so mightily defend  
But must all women are thy debtors found,  
That doest their boundtie still so much com-  
mend

‘That ill (said Hobbinol) they him requite,  
For having loved ever one most deare  
He is repaid with scorne and foule dispute,  
That vkes each gentle heart which it doth  
heare’

‘Indeed (said Lucely) I have often heard  
Faure Rosalind of divers fowls blamed  
For being to that swene too cruell hard,  
In t her bright glorie else hath much defamed  
But who can tell what cause had that faure  
To use him so that used her so well, Mayd  
Or who with blame can justly her upbrayd

For loving not & for who can love compell?  
And, sooth to say, it is foolherie thing,  
Wishs to waken creature so dilline  
For doth argue that he and first did spring  
From heaven, though graft in frailties semi-  
mine

And well I wote that oft I heard it spoken,  
How can, that false & Helene did rale,  
Through judgement of the gods to been  
wrold

Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long tyle,  
Till he rememred had his wicked rime  
And made amende to her with treble prais  
He was therefore, ye groomes I read betimes  
How rashly blame of it wold ye raise  
‘Ah’ shepherds, (then said Cohn) ye ne  
west

How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,  
To make as hold a drome, with words unmet,  
Of things celestiall which ye never saw  
For she is not like as the oil or crew [bee,  
Of shepherds drom, but as which amongst you  
But of divine regent and heavenly here,  
I tell him, all that ever ye did see,  
Not then to her that seemed thing so base,  
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so he  
So let her thought, as she her selfe have  
place,

And loath each lowly thing with lowly eye,  
Yet so much grice let her vouchsafe to grant  
To simple swaine, with her I may not loe  
Yet that I may her honour parvaunt,  
And praise her worth, though far my wit above  
Such graces shall be so ne guerdon for the grice,  
And long affliction which I have endured  
Such graces so many times shall give me some re-  
lief,

And ease of paine which cannot be requerd  
And yet, my fellow shepherds, which do see  
And heare the langours of my too long dymg,  
Unto the world for ever witness be  
That here I die, now, lit to the world denyng,  
This simple trophie of her great conquest

So, having ended he from ground did rise,  
And after him uprose the all the rest  
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies  
Warned them to draw their blating flocks to  
rest

# ASTROPHEL.

## A PASTORALL ELEGIE,

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFULL AND VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX

SHEPHERDS, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed, Oft times to plume your loves concealed And with your piteous layes have leard to breed Compassion in a countrey lasses hart Hearken, ye gentle shepherds, to my song, And place my dolefull plaint your plaints among To you alone I sing this mournfull verse, The mournfullst verse that ever man heard tell	To you whose softened hearts it may emperse With dolours dart for death of Astrophel To you I sing and to none other wight, For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight Yet as they been, if any nyceer wit Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit, Made not to please the living but the dead And if in him found pity ever place, Let him be mov'd to pity such a case
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# ASTROPHEL.

A GENTLE shepherd borne in Arcady, Of gentlist race that ever shepherd bore, About the grassie bancks of Hamony Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store Full carefully he kept them day and night, In fairest fields, and Astrophel he light Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds praise, Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love Far passing all the pastors of his dries, In all that seemly shepherd might behove In one thing onely failing of the best, That he was not so happie as the rest For from the time that first the Nymphe his mother [feed] Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to A slender swaine, excelling far each other, In comely shape, like her that did him breed, He grew up fast in goodnesse and in grace, And doubly sure was both in mynd and face,	Which daily more and more he did augment, With gentle usage and demeanure myld That all mens hearts with seeret ravishment He stole away, and weetingly beguyld Ne spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill, Found ought in him, that she could say was ill His sports were sure, his joyes were innocent Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall And he himselfe seemed made for meriment, Merily masking both in bowre and hall There was no pleasure nor delightfull play, When Astrophel so ever was away For he could pipe, and dance, and enroll sweet, Amongst the shepherds in their shearing feast, As Somerslarke that with her song doth greet The dawning day forth coming from the East
--	--

And laves of love he also could compose  
Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did  
chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,  
Them to vouchsafe amongst his rimes to name,  
Or make for them as he was wont to doo  
For her that did his heart with love inflame  
For which they promised to dight for him  
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim

And many Nymph both of the wood and  
brooke,

Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,  
Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke,  
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill,  
And brought him presents, flowers if it were  
prime

Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time

But he for none of them did care a whit,  
Yet woodgods for them often sighed sore  
Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,  
Yet not unworthie of the countie's store  
For one alone he cared, for one he sight,  
His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,  
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,  
(A fairer star saw never living eie,)  
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest  
aire

Her he did love, her he alone did honor  
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all  
upon her

To her he vowe'd the service of his daies,  
On her he spent the riches of his wit  
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,  
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ  
Her and but her, of love he worthie deemed,  
For all the rest but litle he esteemed

Ne her with ydle words alone he vowed,  
And verses vaine. (yet verses are not vaine,)  
But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,  
And bold achievements her did entertaime  
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,  
Both wise and hardie, (too hardie, alas!)

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,  
In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong  
Well made to strike to throw to leape, to lift,  
And all the sports that shepheards are among  
In every one he vanquisht every one,  
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie,  
Or rather infelicitie, he fonad,  
That every field and forest far away  
He sought, where salvage beasts do most  
abound

No beast so salvage but he could it kill,  
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had,  
Did prick him forth with proud desire of  
praise

To seek abroad, of daunger nought afraid,  
His mistresse name, and his owne fame to  
raise

What needeth perill to be sought abroad  
Since round about us it doth make abroad!

It fortun'd as he that perillous game  
In forreine soyle pursued far away,  
Into a forest wide and waste he came  
Where store he heard to be of salvage pray  
So wide a forest and so waste as this,  
Nor famous Arden, nor fowle Arlo, is

There his welwoven toiles, and subtil traines,  
He laid the brutish nation to enwrap  
So well he wrought with practise and with  
paines,

That he of them great troupes did soone entrap  
Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,  
So rich a spoile wthun his power to see.

Utsooaes, all heedlesse of his dearest hiale,  
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,  
To slaughter them and worke their finall bale,  
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be  
brust

Widewounds amongst them many onchemade,  
Now with his sharp bore-spear, now with his  
blade

His care was all how he them all might kill,  
That none might scape. (so partill unto none)  
Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,  
As to become unmyndfull of his owne  
But pardon that unto the cruell skies,  
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies

So as he rag'd amongst that beastly rout,  
A cruell beast of most recurred brood (scout,)  
Upon him turnd, (desperre makes cowards  
And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood  
Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,  
That it both bone and muscles ryed quight

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,  
And so huge streames of blood thereout did  
That he endured not the dreffull stound, [flow,  
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw,  
The whiles the captive heard his nets did rend,  
And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard  
peeres,

To whom alive was nought so deare as hee  
And veyre Mayds, the matches of his yeares,  
Which in his grace did boast yon most to bee!

Ah! where were ye when he of you had need,  
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed!

Ah! wretched boy, the shape of drevrhead,  
And sad ensample of mans sudden end  
Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead,  
Unpiued, unplaynd, of foe or friend  
Whilset none is nigh, thine eyes lids up to close.  
And kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepheards, sewing of the chace.  
As they the forest raunged on a day  
By fate or fortune came unto the place,  
Where as the lucklesst boy yet bleeding lay,  
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled  
Had not good hap those shepheards thether led

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was!)  
And in their armes then softly did him reare  
Tho (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,  
His dearest love, him dolefully did beare.  
The dolefulst beare that ever man did see,  
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto mee!

She, when she saw her love in such a plight,  
With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed  
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds  
dight.

And her deare favours dearly well adorned  
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,  
She likewise did deforme, like him to bee.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,  
As Sunny beames in fairest somers day,  
She fierly tore, and with outrageous wrong  
From her red cheeks the roses rent away,  
And her faire brest, the treasury of joy,  
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy

His palled face, impictured with death  
She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft  
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath  
Out of his lips like lilies pale and soft  
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought.  
But onely by his looks did tell his thought

The rest of her impatient regret,  
And piteous mone the which she for him made,  
No tongue can tell nor any forth can set  
But he whose heart like sorrow did mangle  
At last when paine his vitall powres had spent,  
His wasted life her wearie lodge forwent

Which when she saw, she staid not a whit,  
But after him did make untimely haste  
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,  
And followed her make like turtle chaste  
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide.  
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The gods which all things see, thus same be-  
held,  
And, pittying this pure of lovers trew,  
Transformed them there lying on the field,  
Into one flowre that is both red and blew  
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,  
Like Astrophel, which thereunto was made

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,  
As fairly formed as any star in skyes,  
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares  
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes  
And all the day it standeth full of dew,  
Which is the teares that from her eyes did flow

That hearbe of some Starlight is cald by name,  
Of others Penthea, though not so well  
But thou where ever thou doest finde the same.  
From this day forth do call it Astrophel  
And, when so ever thou it up doest take  
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,  
The shepheards all which loved him full deare  
And sure full deare of all he loved was,  
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.  
And when that piteous spectacle they viewed,  
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed

And every one did make exceeding mone  
With inward anguish and great grieve oppress  
And every one did weep and waile, and mone  
And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best.  
That from that houre since first on grassie  
greene

Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning

But first his sister that Clorinda lught,  
The gentlest shephcardesse that lives this day,  
And most resembling both in shape and spright  
Her brother deare began thus dolefull lay.  
Which, lest I marre the sweetness of the  
teare

In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

# THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.

(These verses are supposed to have been written by Mary Countess of Pembroke,  
sister to Sir Philip Sidney)

As me, to whom shall I my case complaine,  
That may compassion my impatient grieffe!  
Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,  
That my enuied heart may find releeffe!  
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?  
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens? ah! they alas! the authors were,  
And workers of my unremedied woe  
For they foresee what to us happens here,  
And they foresaw, yet suffred thus be so  
From them comes good, from them comes  
also ill, [to spill?  
That which they made, who can them warne

To men? ah! they alas! like wretched bee,  
And subject to the heavens ordinance  
Bound to abide whatever they decree,  
Their best redresse is their best sufferance.  
How then can they, like wretched, comfort  
mee,  
The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,  
Sith none alive like sorrowfull remaines  
And to my selfe my plants shall back retorne,  
To pay their usury with doubled paines  
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound  
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,  
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace  
And all the fields do wile their widow state,  
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface  
The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,  
Was Astrophel, that was, we all may rewe

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne,  
Hath crop't the stalke which bore so faire a  
flowre?

Untimely crop't, before it well were growne,  
And cleane defaced in untimely howre  
Great losse to all that ever him did see,  
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepherds  
lasses, [gon  
Sith the faire flowre, which them adorn'd, is

The flowre, which them adorn'd, is gone to  
ashes,

Never againe let lasse put gyrlond on  
In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cy pres now,  
And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made,  
Who ever made such layes of love as hee?  
Ne ever read the riddles, which he sayd  
Unto your selves, to make you mery glee  
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,  
Your mery maker now alas! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,  
Hath robbed you, and rest from me my joy  
Both you and me, and all the world he gought  
Hath robd of joy mee, and left sad annoy  
Joy of the world, and shepherds pride was  
hee!

Shepherds, hope never like againe to see!

Oh Death! thou hast us of such riches rest,  
Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done?  
What is become of him whose flowre here left  
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone?  
Scarse like the shadow of that which he was,  
Nought like, but that he like a shade did  
pas

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt  
With all the dowries of celestall grace,  
By soveraine choyce from th' heavenly quires  
select,

And linally deriv'd from Angels race,  
O! what is now of it become read  
As me! can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah! no it is not dead, ne can it die,  
But lives for aye, in blisfull Paradise  
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,  
In bed of lilhes wrapt in tender wise  
And compass all about with roses sweet,  
And dainty violets from head to feet

There thousand birds, all of celestall blood,  
To him do sweetly cruell day and night,  
And with strange notes, of him well under-  
stood,

Lull him asleep in Angehck delight,

Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented  
 bee  
 Immortall beauties, which no eye may see  
 But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure  
 Of their diuine aspects, appearing plaine,  
 And kindling love in him above all measure,  
 Sweet love, still joyous, neuer feeling paine  
 For what so goodly forme he there doth see,  
 He may enjoy from jealous rancor free

There lieth he in everlasting bliss,  
 Sweet spirit ne'r fearing more to die  
 Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,  
 Ne fearing salvage beasts more cruelie  
 Whilest we here, wretches, waile his private  
 lack,  
 And with vaine vowes do often call him back

But live thou there, still happie, happie spirit,  
 And give us leave thee here thus to lament

Not thee that doest thy heavens joy inherit  
 But our owne selves that here in dole are drent  
 Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our  
 eyes,  
 Mourning, in others, our own miseries

Which when she ended had, another swaine  
 Of gentle wit and dauntie sweet device,  
 Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine,  
 Whilest here he li'd, and held in passing pice,  
 Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne  
 And made the Muses in his song to mourne

And after him full many other moe,  
 As euerie one in order lo'd him best,  
 Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward  
 woe,

With dolefull layes unto the time address  
 The which I here in order will rehearse,  
 As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse,

## THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.

*(This and the succeeding Poem are supposed to have been written by Lodowick Bryskitt)*

Come forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake  
 your watry bowres, [ment  
 Forsake your mossy caves, and help me to  
 Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling  
 sound [teares of ours  
 Of Lillies tumbling streames Come, let salt  
 Mix with his waters fresh. O come, let one  
 consent [deadly wound

Joyne us to mourne with wailfull plaints the  
 Which fatall clasp hath made, decreed by higher  
 powres, [ient

The dreery day in which they have from us  
 The noblest plant that might from East to  
 West be found

Mourne, mourn, great Philips fall, mourn we  
 his wofull end, [from the tree,  
 Whom spitefull Death hath pluckt untimely  
 While yet his yeeres in flowre did promise  
 w'rtine frute [I might defend?

Al! dreadful Mars, why didst thou not thy  
 What wrathfull mood, what fault of ours, hath  
 moved thee

Of such a shining light to leave us destitute?  
 Thou with benigne aspect sometime didst us  
 behold, [old,

Thou hast in Britons valour taue delight of  
 And with thy presence oft vouchsaf't to attri-  
 bute

Fame and renowne to us for glorious martiall  
 deed.

But now thy ireful beemes have chill'd our  
 harts with cold, [our land

Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deign'd not  
 farre off to others now thy favour honour  
 breeds, [clime, (I feare,)

And high disdaine doth cause thee shun our  
 For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time  
 neare at hand, [England made,

Thou wouldest have heard the cry that woful  
 Like Zeluads piteous plaints, and Hollands  
 toren heare, [mynd

Would haply have appeis'd thy diuine angry  
 Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to  
 yeld their shade,

And wailing to let fall the honor of their head,  
 And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in  
 their kinde

Up from his tombe the mightie Corneus rose  
 Who, cursing oft the fates that this mishap had  
 bred, [unkinde

His hoary locks he tare, calling the heavens  
 Like Thames was heard to roare, the Seyne  
 and eke the Mose, [chance did iue,

The Scheld, the Dauow selfe, this great mis-  
 With torment and with grief their fountaines  
 pure and cleere

Were troubled, and with swelling floods de-  
 clar'd their woes  
 The Muses comfortles, the Nymphs with  
 paled live, [and neere,  
 The Silv'n Gods likewise, came running farre  
 And all with teares beleawd, and eyes cast  
 up on him, [to crie  
 O help, O help ye Gods, they ghastly gan  
 O change the cruell fate of this so rare a  
 wight, [out his age  
 And graunt that natures course may measure  
 The beasts their foode forooke, and, trembling  
 fearfully, [so fright  
 Each sought his crye or den, this crye did them  
 Out from amid the waves, by storme then  
 stirr'd to rage, [Ocean boare,  
 This crye did cause to rise th' old father  
 Who grave with eld, and full of majestie in  
 sight [teares and plunts,  
 Spake in this wise 'Refrain (quoth he) your  
 Cease these, your idle words, make vaine  
 requests no more [fix'd stint  
 No humble speech, nor mone, may move the  
 Of destine or death Such is His will that  
 paints [with store  
 The earth with colours fresh, the darkest skies  
 Of starry lights And though your teares a  
 liart of dunt [will prevale  
 Might tender make, yet nought herein they  
 While thus he said, the noble knight, who  
 gan to seek [dunt  
 His will foree to faint, and death with cruell  
 Of direfull dart his mortall boile to assaile,  
 With eyes list up to heaven, and courage  
 franke as Steele, [expressed,  
 With cheerefull face, where valour lively was  
 But humble mynd, he said 'O Lord, if ought  
 this fruite [t'advauce,  
 And earthly carenesse have thy service sought  
 If my desire have bene still to relieve th'  
 oppress, [spent  
 If justice to maintaine that valour I have  
 Which thou me gav'st, or if henceforth I  
 might advaunee [if thou think best,  
 Thy name thy truth, then spare me (Lord)  
 Forbear these unripe yeares But if this will  
 be bent, [set,  
 If that prefixed time be come when thou hast  
 Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now  
 to be plant [blood  
 In th' everlastig bliss, which with thy precious  
 Thou purchas'd didst for us' With that a  
 sigh he set,  
 And straight a cloudie mist his senecies overcast,  
 His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske  
 roses bud  
 Cast from the strike, or like in field to purple  
 flowre,  
 Which languisheth being shed by eulter as it  
 past [eyes, which were  
 A trembling chills cold run through their  
 With eyes brimfull of teares to see his fatall  
 howe, [declare,  
 Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did  
 Next, murmuring ensue, at last they not  
 forbear [enviously  
 Plaine outcries, all against the heavens that  
 Depriv'd us of a spright so perfect and so  
 rare [hide his face  
 The sun his light som hermes did shrowd, and  
 For griefe, wherebv the earth feard night  
 eternally [turn'd their streames,  
 The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the rivers  
 And th' aire gan winterlike to rage and fret  
 apice [terre gleames,  
 And grisly ghosts by night were scene, and  
 Amid the clouds with elaps of thunder, that  
 did seeme [blast asfear'd  
 To rent the skies, and made both man and  
 The birds of ill presage thus lucklesse chauce  
 forthold, [made man deeme  
 By demfull noise, and dogs with howling  
 Some mischief was at hand for such they do  
 esteeme  
 As tokens of mishap and so have done of old  
 Ah! that thou hadst but heard his lovely  
 Stella plaine [ing cheere,  
 Her greenous losse, or scene her lie in mourn-  
 While she, with woe oppress her sorrowes did  
 unfold [shoulders twaine,  
 Her haire hung loose, neglect, about her  
 And from those two bright starres to him some-  
 time so deere, [foy son downe  
 Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in  
 Twixt hills, and the rose She wroong her handis  
 with paine, [pleere,  
 And piteously gan say 'My true and faithfull  
 Alas, and woe is me! why should my fortune  
 frowne  
 On me thus from ardy to rob me of my joy?  
 What cruell envious hand hath taken thee  
 away, [stay?  
 And with thee my content, my comfort, and my  
 Thou onlie wast the ease of trouble and annoy,  
 When they did me assaile, in thee my hopes  
 did rest [dry  
 Alas what now is left but grief, that night and  
 Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall  
 rage [breast  
 Forments ten thousand waies my miserable  
 O greedie envious heav'n, what needed thee to  
 have  
 Enrich with such a Jewell this unhappie age,  
 To take it brek againe so soone! Alas, when  
 shall [since thy grave,  
 Mine eyes see ought that may content them,

My onely treasure hides, the joyes of my poore hart  
 As here with thee on earth I liv'd, even so  
 Me thinks it is as with thee in heav'n I did  
 And as our troubles all we here on earth did  
 So reason would that there of thy most happie state  
 I had my share Alas if thou my trustie guide  
 Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus alone  
 In darkness and stray weake, wearie, desol-  
 Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take  
 Me with thee to the place of rest where thou art gone  
 Thine said she held her peace, for sorrow tide  
 And instead of more word, seemd that her eyes a lake  
 Of teares had bene they flow'd so plenteously  
 And, with her sobes and sighs, thine round about her round  
 If Venus, when she wold her deare Adonis  
 Outgut moor'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her voice  
 His noble sisters plaints her sighes and teares  
 Would sure have made thee milde, and only mine her praine  
 Aurora halfe so faire her selfe did never show,  
 When, from old Tithons bed, shee weeping did arise  
 The blinded Archer-boy, like Iulus in showre  
 Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend  
 Under those cristall drops, which fell from her  
 And at their brightest beames him proynd in lovely wise  
 Yet sorie for her grief which he could not  
 The gentle boy gan wipe her eyes, and clear those lights  
 Those lights through which his glory and his conquests shone  
 The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds of gold,  
 Along her vovrie brest, the treasure of delights  
 All things with her to weep, it seemed didned  
 The trees the hills the dales, the eyes, the  
 The aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds, raine and mist  
 Forbearing many a day to cleare itselfe againe,  
 Which made them eftswoones ferre the daies of Pirrha shold  
 Of creatures spoile the earth, their fatal threds  
 For Phobus gladsome raies were wished for in vaine  
 And with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire  
 And Charles-waine eke refus'd to be the ship-

On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his trune  
 Who letting loose the winds tost and torment-  
 So that on ev'ry coast men slupvack did abide  
 Or else were swallowed up in open sea with  
 And such as came to shoare were beaten with despaire  
 The Medwayes silver streames, that wout so  
 Were troubled now and wrothe, whose hidden hollow caves  
 Along his banks with fog then shrowded from  
 Ay Phillip did resound as Phillip they did  
 His nymphs were seen no more (though custom  
 With haire spread to the wynd themselves to  
 Or with the hooke or net barefooted wantonly,  
 The pleasant dantie fish to entangle or deceive  
 The shepherds left their wouted places of resort  
 Their bagpipes now were still their loving  
 Were quite forgot and now their flocks men might perceive  
 To wander and to strae, all carelesly neglect,  
 And in the stead of mirth and pleasure nights and dayes  
 Nought els was to be heard, but woes, com-  
 But thou (O blesed soule!) doest haply not respect  
 These teares we shed, though full of loving  
 Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,  
 Where full of majestie the High Creator  
 In whose bright shining face thy joyes are all complete  
 Whose love kindles thy spright, where happie  
 Thou liv'st in his that earthly prison never staines  
 Where from the purest spring the sacred Nec-  
 Is thy continuall drinke, where thou doest  
 Or well employed life thine inestimable grimes,  
 There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place  
 And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue  
 And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most  
 In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,  
 A chaire of gold he sets to thee, and there doth tell  
 Thy noble acts arew, whereby even they that  
 Themselvs of ancient time, as Pirrhus, Hanniball,  
 Scipio and Caesar with the rest that did excell  
 In martiall prowess, high thy glorie do ad-  
 All haile, therefore, O worthe Phillip immor-



The flowre of Syduenes race, the honour of thy name  
 Whose worthe praise to sing, thy Muses not,  
 But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall,  
 Let with their verses might so farre and wide  
 thy fame  
 Extend, that enuies rage, nor time, might end  
 the same

## A PASTORALL AEGIOLOGUE

UPON THE

DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, ETC

LYCON

COLIN

LYCON

CORIN, well fits thy sail echeare this sad stownd,  
 This wofull stownd, wherein all things com-  
 plaine

This great mishap, this greuous losse of owres  
 Hear'st thou the Owne? How with hollow  
 sound

He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,  
 And seemes to say unto the fading flowres,  
 Along his bankes, unto the bared trees,  
 Phillisides is dead Up jolly swaine,  
 Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,  
 Help him to mourne My hart with grief doth  
 freeze,

Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part  
 Sure would I beere, though rude but, as I may,  
 With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,  
 And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart

Colin Ah Lycon, Lyeon! what need skill,  
 to teach [long]

A groved mynd powre forth his plaints? how  
 Hath the pore turtle gon to school (weenest  
 thou) [each]

To learne to mourne her lost make! No, no,  
 Creature by nature can tell how to waile.

Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander  
 now?

Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes  
 In dolefull sound Like him, not one doth faile

With hanging head to shew a heauie cheare  
 What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that  
 prunes

Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note  
 Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare

Unto thine eyes, since that same fatali hoare?  
 Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,  
 And testified his grief with flowing teares?

Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre

Doth us invite to make a sad consort, [theirs  
 Come, let us joyne our mournfull song with  
 Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforcee,  
 Thy voice, and Echo will our words report  
 Lycon Though my rude rymes ill with thy  
 verses frame,

That others farre excell, yet will I force  
 My selfe to answer thee the best I can [name.  
 And honor my base words with his high  
 But if my plants annoy thee where thou sit  
 In secret shade or eare, vouchsafe (O Pan)  
 To pardon me, and hear this hard constraint  
 With patience while I sing, and pittie it  
 And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwell  
 In these wilde woods if ever piteous plaint

We did endite, or taught a wofull minde  
 With words of pure affect his griefe to tell  
 Instruct me now Now, Colin, then goe on,  
 And I will follow thee, though farre behinde,  
 Colin Phillisides is dead O harmfull death,

O deadly harme! Unhappie Allion,  
 When shalt thou see, among thy shepheards all,

Any so sage, so perfect? Whom unneath  
 Fovrie could touch for vertuous life and skill;

Cardeous, valiant and liberal! Behold the sacred Pales, where with Inno

Untrust she sits, in shade of yonder hill  
 And her faire face, bent sadly downe, doth send

A flood of teares to bathe the earth, and there  
 Doth call the heav'ns despightfull, enuious,

Cruell his fate, that made so short an end  
 Of that same life, well worthe to have bene

Prolonged with many yeares, happie and  
 famous

The Nymphs and Oreades her round about  
 Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene

And with shrill cries, beating their whitest  
 breasts,

Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out  
To give the fatal stroke The starres they  
blame,

That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.  
The pleasant shade of statly groves they shun,  
They leave their cristall springs, where they  
wont frame

Sweet bowes of Myrtel twigs and Lawrel faire,  
Tosport themselves free from the scorching Sun  
And now the hollow caves where horior darke  
Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome  
aire, [their time

They seeke, and there in mourning spend  
With wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle  
and barkle,

And seem to beare a boundon to their plaint  
*Lycan* Phillisides is dead O dolefull ryme!  
Why should my toong expresse thee? who is  
left

Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint,  
*Lycan*, unfortunate! What spitefull fate,  
What lucklesse destime, hath thee bereft  
Of thy chief comfort, of thy onely stay!  
Where is become thy wonted happie state,  
(Alas!) whereim through many a hill and dale,  
Through pleasant woods, and many an un-  
knowne way,

Along the bankes of many silver streames,  
Thou with him yodest, and with him didst scale  
The craggy rocks of th' Alpes and Appennine!  
Still with the Muses sporting, while those  
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest, [beames  
Which after did so gloriously forth shine!  
But (woe is me!) they now yqueneheil are  
All suddenly, and death hath them opprest  
Loe, father Neptune, with sad countenance,  
How he sits mourning on the strond now bare,  
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves  
The white feete washeth (wailing this mis-  
chance)

Of Dover eliffes His sacred skirt about  
The sea-gods all are set, from their moist caves  
All for his comfort gathered there they be  
The Thamys rich, the Humber rough and stout,  
The fruitfull Severne, with the rest are come  
To helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see  
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall,  
Of the dead corps passing through his king-  
dome [crown'd,

And all their heads, with Cypres gyronds  
With wofull shrikes salute him great and  
small

Eke wailfull Echo, forgetting her deare  
Narcissus, their last accents doth resound  
*Colin* Phillisides is dead O lucklesse age!  
O widow world! O brookes and fountaines  
cleere!

O hills, O dales, O woods! that oft have rong

With his sweet eroling, which could asswage  
The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare  
Ye Silvans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that among  
These thickets oft have daunst after his pipe,  
Ye Nymphs and Naysades with golden heare  
That oft have left your purest cristall springs  
To hearken to his layes, that coulde wipe

Away all grieve and sorrow from your harts!  
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?  
When shall you heare againe like harmonie?  
So sweet a sound who to you now imparts  
Ioe where engraved by his hand yet lives  
The name of Stella in yonder bay tree  
Happie name! happie tree! faire may you  
grow, [gives

And spread your sacred branch, which honor  
To famous Emperors and Poets crowne,  
Unhappie flock that wander scattred now,  
What marvell if through griefe we woeen leane,  
Forsake your food, and hang your heads  
adowne!

For such a shepheard never shall you guide,  
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane  
*Lycan* Phillisides is dead O happie sprite,  
That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest  
bide [above,

Looke down a while from where thou sitst  
And see how busie shepherds be to endite  
Sad songs of griefe, their sorrowes to declare,  
And gratefull memory of their kynd love  
Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine,  
(Whose learned muse thou chensht most why-  
leare,)

Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease  
The inward torment and tormenting paine,  
That thy departme to us both hath bred,  
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease  
Behold the fountains now left desolate,  
And withred grasse with cypres boughes be  
spread, [strew,

Behold these floures which on thy grave we  
Which faded, shewt the givers faded state, [pure)  
(Though eke they shewt their fruent zeale and  
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew  
Whose pruers importune shall the heav'ns for  
That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure [ay,  
That learnedst shepherds honor may thy name  
With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway  
Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest  
flowres,

And that for ever may endure thy fame  
*Colin* The sin (lo!) hastned hath his face  
to steep [showres  
In western waves, and th' aire with stormy  
Warnes us to drive homewards our sully sheep  
*Lycan*, lett's rise, and take of them good keep  
*Virtute summa cetera fortuna*

## AN ELEGIE,

OR

## FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHEL

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOUR OF FLUSHING

*(This Poem was written by Matthew Roydon)*

As then, no wind at all there blew,  
 No swelling cloude acclord the aire,  
 The skie, like glasse of watchet hew,  
 Reflected Phoebus golden haire,  
 The garnisht tree no pendant stird,  
 No voice was heard of aune bird

There might you see the burly Beare,  
 The Lion king, the Elephant,  
 The maiden Unicorn was there,  
 So was Aetcons horned plant,  
 And what of wilde or tame are found,  
 Were concht in order on the ground

Aleides speckled poplar tree,  
 The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,  
 With love-juice stained the mulberie,  
 The fruit that dewes the poets braine,  
 And Phillis pulbert there away,  
 Comparde with mirtle and the bay

The tree that coffins doth adorne,  
 With stately heighr threatning the skie,  
 And, for the bed of love sorlorne,  
 The blacke and dolefull ebonye  
 All in a circle compast were,  
 Like to in amphitheater

Upon the branches of those trees,  
 The aerie winged people sat,  
 Distinguished in odd degrees,  
 One sort is this, another that,  
 Here Philomell, that knowes full well  
 What force and wit in love doth dwell

The shie-bred Eagle, rorill bird,  
 Percht there upon an oke above,  
 The Turtle by him never stird,  
 Example of immortall love  
 The Swan that sings about to dy,  
 Leaving Meander stood thereby

And, that which was of wonder most,  
 The Phoenix left sweet Arabie,  
 Anil, on a Cedar in this coast,  
 Built up her tombe of spicerie,  
 As I conjecture, by the same  
 Preparate to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,  
 I saw one groveling on the grasse,  
 A man or stone, I knew not that  
 No stone, of man the figure was,  
 And yet I could not count him one,  
 More than the image made of stone

At length I might perceive him reare  
 His bodie on his elbow end  
 Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,  
 Upon his knees he upward tend,  
 Seemug like one in unconth stound,  
 To be ascending out the ground

A greivous sigh forthwith he throwes,  
 As might have torne the vitall strings,  
 Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,  
 As doth the streame of many springs  
 So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,  
 And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,  
 He wofully gan to complaine,  
 Such were the accents as might wound,  
 And teare a diamond rocke in twaine  
 After his throbs did somewhat stay,  
 Thus heavily he gan to say

O sunne! (said he) seeing the sunne,  
 On wretched me why dost thou shine?  
 My star is false, my comfort done,  
 Out is the apple of my eye  
 Shine upon those possesse delight,  
 And let me live in endlesse night

O griefe that hest upon my soule,  
As hevie as a mount of lead,  
The remnant of my life controll,  
Consort me quickly with the dead,  
Hulse of this hart, this sprite, and will,  
Dide in the brest of Astrophill

And you, compassionate of my wo,  
Gentle birds, beasts, and shaulie trees,  
I am assurde ye long to know  
What be the sorrowes me grieues's,  
Listen ye then to that insu'th  
And heare a tale of teares and ruth

You knew, who knew not Astrophill?  
(That I should live to say I knew,  
And have not in possession still)  
Things knowne permit me to renew,  
Of him you know his merit such,  
I cannot say, you heare, too much

Within these woods of Arcadie  
He chose delight and pleasure tooke,  
And on the mountaine Parthemie,  
Upon the chry stall liquid brooke,  
The Muses met him ev'ry day  
That taught him sing, to write, and say

When he descended downe to the mount,  
His personage seemed most divine  
A thousand graces one might count  
Upon his lovely cheerful face,  
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,  
You were in Paradise the while

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,  
A full assurance given by lookes,  
Continuall comfort in a face,  
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,  
I trow that countenance cannot lie  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye

Was never eie did see that face,  
Was never eare did heare that tong,  
Was never minde did munde his grace,  
That ever thought the travell long,  
But eyes, and eares, and ev'ry thought,  
Were with his sweete perfections caught

O God, that such a worthy man,  
In whom so rare desarts did raigne,  
Desired thus, must leave us thus  
And we to wish for him in vaine!  
O could the stars that bred that wit,  
In force no longer fixed sit!

Then being fild with learned dew,  
The Muses willed him to love,  
That instrument can aptly shew,  
How finely our conceits will move  
As Brecchus opes dissembled harts,  
So Love sets out our better parts

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,  
Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,  
The highest in his fancy stood,  
And she could well demerite this  
This likely well requited soone,  
He was a Sun, and she a Moone

Our Astrophill did Stella love,  
O Stella, vnt to Astrophill,  
Albeit thy graces gods may move,  
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill!  
The rose and lillie have their prime,  
And so hath beautie but a time

Although thy beautie do exceed,  
In common sight of ev'ry eie  
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,  
It is apparant more thereby,  
He that hath love and judgement too  
Sees more than any other doo

Then Astrophill hath honored thee,  
For when thy bodie is extinct,  
Thy graces shall eternall be  
And live by vertue of his inke,  
For by his verses be doth give  
To short-lived beautie aye to live

Above all others this is hee,  
Which eist approovd in his song,  
That love and honor might agree,  
And that pure love will do no wrong  
Sweet sprints! it is no sinne nor blamie,  
To love a man of vertuous name

Did never love so sweetly breath  
In any mortall brest before,  
Did never Muse inspire beneath  
A Poets breme with inner store  
He wrote of love with high conceit,  
And beautie reard above her height

Then Pallas afterward att'rde  
Our Astrophill with her device,  
Whom in his armor heaven admird,  
As of the nation of the skies,  
He sparkled in his armes afarr,  
As he were dight with fierie stars

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,  
(An envious eie doth see afarr)  
Such majestic (quoth he) is seeld,  
Such majestic my mart may mar,  
Perhaps this may a suter be,  
To set Mars by his deitie

In this surmise he made with speede  
An iron cane, wherein he put  
The thunder that in cloudes do breede,  
The flame and bolt together shut  
With privie force burst out againe,  
And so our Astrophill was slaine

This word (was slain) straightway did move,  
And nature's inward life strings twitch  
The skie immediately above  
Was dund with hideous clouds of pitch,  
The wrestling winds from out the ground  
Idd all the aire with rattling sound

The bending trees exprest a groene,  
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,  
The Forrest beasts mad ruthfull moane,  
The birds did tune their mourning call,  
And Philomell for Astrophill  
Unto her notes annext a phill

The furtle dove with tunes of ruth  
Shewd feeling passion of his death  
He thought she said I tell thee truth,  
Was never he that drew in breath  
I to his love more trustie found,  
Than he for who our griefs abound

The swan, that was in presence here,  
Began his funerall dirge to sing  
Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,  
But passe away with speedie wing  
This mortall life as death is trade  
And death gives life and so he dride

The generall sorrow that was made  
Among the creatures of each kind,  
Ired the Phoenix where she laide  
Her ashes flying with the winde,

So as I might with reason see,  
That such a Phoenix nere should bee

Haply the cinders, driven about,  
May broode an offspring nere that kinde  
But hardly a poore to that, I doubt,  
It cannot sink into my minde,  
That under branches ere can bee  
Of worth an l value as the tree

The light markt with pearcing sight  
The mercifull habite of the place,  
And yet of thine with mounting flight  
Is signall to love the case  
What sorrow nature doth sustaine  
For Astrophill by envie slaine

And while I followed with mine eie  
The flight the l doe upward tooke,  
All things did vanish by and by,  
And disappeared from my looke  
The trees, beasts, birds, and grove were  
gone,  
So was the friend that made this moe

This spectacle had firmly wrought  
A deepe compassion in my spright  
My melting hart isende, me thought  
In streames forth at mine eyes right  
And here my pen is fere to shauke,  
My teares discolor o mine inke

## AN EPI TAPH

Vpon the Right Honourable

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING

(The Authors of the two following poems are unknown)

To praise thy life or wail thy worlthe death,  
And want thy wit, thy wit high pure, divine,  
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line  
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath  
Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learninge  
lore,

And friendly care obscure in secret brest,  
And love that envie in thy life suppress,  
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled  
more.

And I, that in thy time, and living state  
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,  
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,  
With words and teares now wail thy time-  
lesse fate

Drawne was thy race a right from princel  
line [gave]  
Nor lesse than such, (thy gifts that nature  
The common mother that all creatures have,  
Doth vertue show, and princely hange shine.

A king gave thee thy name a lingly minde,  
That God thee gave, who found it now to  
deere

For this base world, and hath resumed it nere  
To sit in skies, and sort with powres divine

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy  
youth [nor time]  
The heavens made hast, and stand nor yeers

The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,  
Thy will, thy words, thy words the scales of  
truth

Great gifts and wisdom rare employed thee  
thence, [kings,  
To treat from kings with those more great than  
Such hope men had to lay the highest things  
On thy wise youth, to be transported thence

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee  
call,  
Thy countries love, religion, and thy friends  
Of worthie men the marks, the lives, and  
ends,  
And her defence, for whom we labor all

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious  
age, [might  
Griefe, sorrow, sickness, and base fortunes  
Thy rising day saw never wofull night,  
But past with praise from of this world's  
stage

Back to the campe, by thee that day was  
brought, [same,  
First thine owne death, and after thy long  
Teares to the soldiers, the proud Castilians  
shame,  
Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath  
won ' [sure

Young yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope un-  
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall  
dure,

Oh ' happie race with so great praises run  
England doth hold thy lums that bled the  
same,

Flanders thy valure where it last was tried,  
The Campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died,  
Thy friends, thy want, the world, thy vertues  
fame

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love,  
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to  
come,

In worthy hearts sorrow hath made thy tombe,  
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens  
above

Thy liberall hart unbrimed in gratefull teares,  
Young sighes, sweet sighes, age sighes, be-  
waile thy fall

Envie her sting, and spite hath left her gall,  
Mahee her selfe a mourning garment weares

That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell,  
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time ' [time,  
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthlesse  
Let Angels speake, and heven thy praises tell

## ANOTHER OF THE SAME

Sorrow augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth  
rage, [the wonder of our age,  
Staid are my thoughts, when lov'd, and lost,  
Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with  
frost ere now [quick, I know not how  
Enrag'd I write, I know not what dead,

Hard harted mindes relent, and rigors teares  
abound, [no fault she found,  
And envie strangely rue his end, in whom  
Knowledge her light hath lost, valor hath  
slaine her knight, [worlds delight  
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose presence  
was her pride, [my spring tide  
Time crieth out, My ebbe is come, his life was  
Fame monnes in that she lost the ground of  
her reports, [sundry sorts  
Eeh living wight laments his lacke, and all in

He was (so worth that word) to eeh well  
thinking minde [vertue ever shinde,  
A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose  
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that  
he writ, [deepest works of wit  
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,  
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong,  
and all in vain do mone

Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the  
world with cries, [ladder to the skies  
Death shue not him, but he made death his

Now smike of sorrow I, who live, the more the  
wrong, [thred is all to long,

Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose  
Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no  
reliefe, [ending griefe

Must spend my ever dying daies in never

Harts ease and onely I, like parallels run on,  
Whose equall length keep equall bredth, and  
never meet in one, [sorrows eell,

Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my  
Shall not run out, though leake they will, to  
liking him so well

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking  
dreames, [thy beemes]

Farewell, sometimes enjoy ed joy, eclipsed are  
Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts which quiet-  
nes brings forth, [minds of woorth  
And farewell friendships sacred league, uniting

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse	Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no lym
minde,	[assignes,] to skill, [knowes not how to kill,
And all sports, which, for lives restore varietie	And endlesse griefe, which deads my life, yet
Let all, that sweete is, voyd, in me no mirth	Go, seeke that haples tombe which if ye hap
my dwell	[content, farewell] to finde, [so good a minde.
Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my live	Salute the stones, that keep the hims that held

## AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION.

WRITTEN NOT LONG SINCE BY

EDMUNDE SPENSER

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL

SIR ROBERT NEEDHAM, KNIGHT

SIR, to gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets, the deede of that wel deserving gentleman, maister Edmond Spenser whose name sufficiently warranting the worthinesse of the work. I do more confidently presume to publish it in his absence, under your name, to whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage thereof doth in some respectes properly appertaine. For, besides your judgement and enlighte in learned poesie, this gentle Muse, for her former perfection long wished for in Englande, nowe at the length crossing the Seas in your happy companye, (though to your selfe unknowne) seemeth to make choyse of you as meetest to give her deserved countenance, after her retourne entertaine her then (Right worshipfull) in sorte best becoming your gentle minde, and her mente, and take in worth my good will herein, who seeke no more but to shew my selfe yours in all dutifull affection.

W P

## TO THE AUTHOR

*DARKE* is the day, when *Phabus* face is shrouded,

And weaker sights may vnder soone astray  
But when they see his glorious raies unclouded,  
With steddy steps they keepe the perfect way  
So while this Muse in forraine landes doth stay,  
Invention weepes, and pens are cast aside,  
The time, like night, deprived of chearefull day,  
And few do write, but (ah!) too soone may hide  
Then, hie thee home that art our perfect guide  
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,  
Daunting thereby our neighbourres auuncient pride  
That do, for poesie challenge cheefest name  
So we that lice, and ages that succede,  
With great applause thy learned worlks shall  
reide

G W SENIOR

Th' Colin, whether on the lonely plaine,  
Piping to shepherds thy sweete roundelayes  
Or nether singing, in some lusty vaine,  
Heard ech deede of past or present daies,  
Or whether in thy lovely mistris priase,  
Thou hast to exercise thy leaenest quill,  
Thy vnc use hath got such grace and power to please,  
With rare invention, beautified by skill,  
As who therein can ever joy their fill?  
O! therefore let that happy muse proceede  
To chime the height of Vertues sacred hill,  
Where endless honour shall be made thy meede  
Because no malice of succeeding daies  
Can raze those records of thy lasting praise  
G W I.

I

HAPPY, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,  
Which hold my life in their dead-doung might,  
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,  
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight  
And happy lines! on which, with starry light  
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to  
look,  
And read the sorrowes of my dying spright,  
Written with teares in harts close-bleeding  
book.

And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke  
Of Hebeon, whence she derived is,  
When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,  
My soules long-wreked foode, my heavens blis,  
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please  
alone,  
Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

II

Unquiet thought! whom at the first I bred  
Of th' inward bale of my love-pined hart,  
And sithens have with sighes and sorrowes fed,  
Till greater then my wombe thou wovest art  
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,  
In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood,  
And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,  
And also to sustayne thy selfe with food  
But, if in presence of that fayrest prond  
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at his feet,  
And, with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,  
Pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat

Which if she graunt, then live, and my love  
cherish  
If not, die soone, and I with thee will  
perish

III

The soverayne beauty which I doo admire,  
Witness the world how worthy to be prized  
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fyre  
In my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse  
rayed,  
That, being now with her huge brightnesse  
Base thing I can no more endure to view  
But, looking still on her, I stand amazed  
At wondrous sight of so celestiall hew  
So when my tongue would speak her praises  
It stopped is with thoughts astonishment,  
And, when my pen would write her titles true,  
It raysh is with fancies wonderment

Yet in my hart I then both speake and write  
Tho wonder that my wit cannot endite

IV

New yeare, forth looking out of Janus gate,  
Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight  
And, bidding th' old Adien, his passed date  
Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright  
And, calling forth out of sad Winters night

Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheeriesse  
bower,

Wils him awake, and soone about him dight  
His wanton wings and darts of deadly power  
For lusty Spring now in his timely howre  
Is ready to come forth, him to receive,  
And warms the Earth with divers-colored flowre  
To deeke his selfe, and her faire mantle weave  
Then you, faire flowre! in whom fresh youth  
doth raine,  
Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.

V

Rudely thou wrongest my deare harts desire,  
In finding fault with her too portly pride  
The thing which I doo most in her admire,  
Is of the world unworthy most envide  
For in those lofty lookes is close implide,  
Scorn of base thungs, and sdeigne of soule dis-  
honor

Thretning rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,  
That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her  
Such pride is praise, such portnesse is  
honor,

That boldned innocence beares in hir eyes,  
And her faire countenance, like a goodly ban-  
Spred in defiance of all enemies

Was never in this world ought worthy trade,  
Without some spark of such self-pleasing  
pride

VI

Be nought dismayd that her unmoved mind  
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride  
Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,  
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide  
The darefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,  
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre,  
But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide  
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven  
So hard it is to kindle new desire  
In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever  
Deepe is the wound that dints the parts entire  
With chaste affects that nought but death can  
sever,

Then thinke not long in taking litle paine  
To knyt the knot, that ever shall remaine

VII

Faire eyes! the myrrour of my mazed hart,  
What wondrous vertue is containd in you,  
The which both life and death forth from you  
Into the object of your mighty view  
For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,  
Then is my soule with life and love inspired  
But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,  
Then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred  
But, since that lyfe is more then death decayed,



Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best,  
That your bright beams, of my weak eyes  
admyred,

May kindle living fire within my brest.  
Such life should be the honor of your light,  
Such death the sad ensample of your might

## VIII

More then most faire, full of the living fire,  
Kindled above unto the Maker neere,  
No eyes but joyes, in which all powers conspire,  
That to the world nought also be counted  
deare,

Through your bright beams doth not the blinded  
Shoot out his darts to base affections wound,  
But Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest:  
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound  
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me  
within,

You stop my tongue, and teach my hart to  
You calme the storme that passion did begin,  
Strong through your cause, but by your vertue  
weak,

Dark is the world, where your light shined  
Well is he borne, that may behold you ever

## IX

Long-while I sought to what I might com-  
pare

Those powerfull eyes, which lighten my dark  
Yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare  
Resemble th' image of their goodly light  
Not to the Sun, for they doo shine by night,  
Nor to the Moone, for they are eclipsed never,  
Nor to the Starres, for they have purer sight,  
Nor to the Fire, for they consume not ever,  
Nor to the Lightning, for they still persevere,  
Nor to the Diamond, for they are more tender,  
Nor unto Cristall, for nought may them sever,  
Nor unto Glasse, such basenesse mought  
offend her

Then to the Maker selfe they liket be,  
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see

## X

Unrighteous Lord of Love, what law is this,  
That me thou makest thus tormented be,  
The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse  
Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me  
See how the Tyrannesse doth joy to see  
The huge massacres which her eyes do make,  
And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,  
That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance  
take,

But her proud hart doe thou a little shake  
And that high look, with which she doth  
comptroll

All this worlds pride, bow to a braver make,  
And al her faults in thy black booke enroll

That I may laugh at her in equall sort,  
As she doth laugh at me, and makes my  
pain her sport

## XI

Daily when I do seeke and sew for peace,  
And hostages doo offer for my truth,  
She cruell warour, doth herselfe addresse  
To battell, and the weary war reneweth,  
Ne wilbe mov'd with reason, or with reth,  
To graunt small respite to my restlesse toyle,  
But greedily her fell intent pourseweth,  
Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.  
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,  
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify  
But then she seeks, with torment and turmoyle,  
To force me live, and will not let me dy  
All paine hath end, and every war hath  
peace,

But mine, no price nor prayer may surecase.

## XII

One day I sought with her hart-thrilling eyes  
To make a truce, and termes to entertaine  
All fearelesse then of so false enemies,  
Which sought me to entrap in treasons frame  
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,  
A wicked ambush which lay hidden long  
In the close covert of her guilefull eyen,  
Thence breaking forth, did thick about me  
throng

Too feeble I to abide the brant so strong,  
Was forst to yeld my selfe into their hands,  
Who, me captiving streight with rigorous  
wrong,

Have ever since me kept in cruell bands.  
So, Ladie, now to you I doo complaine,  
Against your eyes, that justice I may gaine

## XIII

In that proud port, which her so goodly gracetli,  
Whiles her faire face she reares up to the skie,  
And to the ground her eye-bids low embaseth,  
Most goodly temperature ye may desery,  
Mild humblesse, mixt with awfull majesty  
For, looking ou the earth whence she was  
Her minde remembreth her mortallitie, [borne,  
Whatso is fay rest shall to earth returne  
But that same lofty countenance seemes to  
scorne

Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven may  
Treading downe earth as lothsome and for-  
loine,

That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy  
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,  
Such lownesse shall make you lofty be

## XIV

Retourne agayne, my forces late dismayd,  
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite

Great shame it is to leaue, like one afraide,  
So fayre a peece, for one repulse so light  
Gaijnst such strong castles needeth greater  
might

Then those small forts which ye were wont  
Such haughty mynds, enur'd to hardy fight,  
Disdayne to yeld unto the first assay  
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,  
And lay incessant battery to her heart,  
Playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and  
dismay,

Those engins can the proudest love conuert  
And, if those fayle, fall downe and dy before  
her,

So dying liue, and liuing do adore her

## XV

Ye tradefull Merchants, that, with weary  
toyle,

Do seeke most pretious things to make your  
And both the Indias of their treasure spoile,  
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?

For loe, my love doth in her selfe containe  
All this worlds riches that may farre be found  
If Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine,  
If Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies sound,

If Pearles, her teeth be Pearles, both pure and  
If Yvorie, her forehead Yvory weene, [round,  
If Gold, her locks are finest Gold on ground,  
If Silver, her faire hands are Silver sheene  
But that which fairest is, but few behold,  
Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold

## XVI

One day as I unwarily did gaze [light,  
On those fayre eyes, my loves immortal  
The whiles my stonish't hart stood in amaze,  
Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight,  
I mote perceiue how, in her glauncing sight,  
Legions of loves with little wings did fly,  
Darting their deadly arrowes, fiery bright,  
At every rash beholder passing by  
One of those archers closely I did spy,  
Aiming his arrow at my very hart  
When suddenly, with twincle of her eye,  
The Damzell broke his misintended dart.

Had she not so doon sure I had bene slayne,  
Yet as it was, I hardly seap't with paine

## XVII

The glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,  
Made to amaze weake mens confus'd skil,  
And thus worlds worthlesse glory to embase,  
What pen what peneill, can expresse her till?  
For though he colours could devise at will,  
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,  
Least, trembling, it his workmanship should  
spill,

Yet many wondrous things there are beside  
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes  
glide,

The charming smiles, that rob sence from the  
The lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride,  
Cannot expressed be by any art [neede,  
A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth  
That can expresse the life of things indeed

## XVIII

The rolling wheele that runneth often round,  
The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare  
And drizzling drops, that often doe redound,  
The firmest flint doth in continuance weare  
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare  
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart,  
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to  
heare,

Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart,  
But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part,  
And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but  
water,

And, when I sigh she sayes, I know the art,  
And, when I waille, she turnes her selfe to  
laughter

So do I weepe, and waille, and pleade in  
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still re-  
mayne.

## XIX

The merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,  
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,  
That warres all lovers wai't upon their king,  
Who now is coming forth with gurlaud  
crowned

With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds re-  
sounded,

Their anthemes sweet, deuized of loves prayse,  
That all the woods their ecchoes back re-  
bounded,

As if they knew the meaning of their layes  
But mougst them all, which did Loves honor  
rayse,

No word was heard of her that most it ought,  
But she his precept proudly disobayes,  
And doth his ydle message set at nought

Therefore, O Love unless she turne to thee  
Lre Cuckow end, let her a rebell be!

## XX

In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,  
And doe myne humbled hart before her ponne  
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,  
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure  
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,  
And reigneth over every beast in field,  
In his most pride disdaineth to deuoure  
The silly lambe that to his might doth yeld  
But she, more cruell, and more saluage wyld,

Then either Lyon or the Lyonsesse,  
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud de-  
syde,

But taketh glory in her cruellnesse  
Favrer then fayrest ! let none ever say,  
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray

## XXX

Was it the worke of Nature or of Art,  
Which tempred so the feature of her face,  
That pride and meeknesse, mixt by equall part,  
Doe both appeare ? adorne her beauties grace ?  
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride dis-  
place,

She to her love doth lookers eyes allure,  
And, with storne countenance, baek again doth  
chace

Their looser looks that stir up lustes impure,  
With such strange termes her eyes she doth  
inure,

That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay,  
And with another doth it streight recure,  
Her smile me drawes, her frowne me drives  
away

[looks,

Thus doth she traîne and teach me with her  
Such art of eyes I never read in bookes !

## XXXI

This holy season, fit to fast and pray,  
Men to devotion ought to be iueynd  
Therefore, I likewise, on so holy day,  
For my sweet Synt some service fit will find  
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,  
In which her glorious ymage pleased is,  
On which my thoughts doo day and night  
attend,

Like sacred priests that never thinke amisse,  
There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,  
Will builde an altar to appease her ire,  
And on the same my hart will sacrifice,  
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desyre  
The which vouchsafe, O goddesse, to accept,  
Amongst thy dearest relicks to be kept

## XXXII

Penelope, for her Ulysses sake,  
Deu'd a Web her woers to deceive,  
In which the worke that she all day did make,  
The same at night she did againe unweave  
Such subtil craft my Dimzell doth couceave,  
Th' importune suit of my desire to shonne  
For all that I in many dayes doo weave,  
In one short houre I find by her undonee  
So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,  
I must begin and never bring to end  
For with one looke she spils that long I sponne,  
And with one word my whole years work  
doth rend

Such labour like the Spyders web I fynd,  
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least  
wynd

## XXXIII

When I behold that beauties wonderment,  
And rare perfection of each goodly part,  
Of natures skill the onely complement,  
I honor and admire the Makers art  
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart  
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in  
mee,

That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart,  
I thinke that I a new Pandor see,  
Whom all the Gods in counsell did agree  
Into this sinfull world from heauen to send,  
That she to wicked men a scourge should  
bee,

For all their faults with which they did offend  
But, since ye are my scourge, I will in-  
treat,

That for my faults ye will me gently beat

## XXXIV

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,  
And know no end of her owne misery,  
But wast and weare away in termes unsure,  
Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully !  
Yet better were attonee to let me die,  
And shew the last ensample of your prido,  
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,  
To prove your powre, which I too well have  
tride.

But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide  
A close intent at last to shew me grace,  
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,  
As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace  
And wish that more and greater they might  
be,

That greater meede at last may turne to mee.

## XXXV

Sweet is the Rose, but growes upon a breere,  
Sweet is the Junipere, but sharpe his bough,  
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere,  
Sweet is the Firsblomme, but his branneho  
is rough,  
Sweet is the Cypressse, but his rynd is tough,  
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill,  
Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sowre  
enough

And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill  
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,  
That maketh it be coveted the more  
For easie things, that may be got at will,  
Most sorte of men doe set but little store  
Why then should I accompt of little prync  
That endlessse pleasur shall unto me gaue !

## XXVII

Faire Proud! now tell me, why should faire  
 be proud,  
 Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse uneleane,  
 And in the shride of death it selfe shall shroud,  
 However now thereof ye little weene!  
 That goodly Idoll, now so gay becene,  
 Shall all this her fleshes borrow'd fayre attyre,  
 And be forgot as it had never beene,  
 That many now much worship and admire!  
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,  
 Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,  
 But what this verse, that never shall expyre,  
 Shall to your purchas with her thrinkles paine!  
 Faire! be no lenger proud of that shall perish,  
 But that, which shall you make immortal,  
 cherish

## XXVIII

The laurel-leave, which you this day doe  
 weare,  
 Gives me great hope of your relenting mynd  
 For since it is the badge which I doe beare,  
 Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me melind  
 The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,  
 Let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire  
 With sweet infusion, and put you in mind  
 Of that proud mayd, whom now those leaves  
 attyre  
 Proud Daphne scornng Phœbus lovely fyre,  
 On the Thessalian shore from him did the  
 For which the gods, in theyr revengfull yre,  
 Did her transforme into a laurel-tree

Then fly no more, sayre Love, from Phebus  
 chace,  
 But in your brest his leave and love embrace

## XXIX

See! how the stubborn damzell doth de-  
 prave  
 My simple meaning with disdainfull seorne,  
 And by the by, which I unto her gave,  
 Accountys my self her captive quite forlorne  
 The bay (quoth she) is of the victours borne,  
 Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,  
 And they therewith doe Poetes heads adorne,  
 To sing the glory of their famous deedes  
 But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,  
 Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,  
 That her great triumph, which my skill ex-  
 ceeds,

I may in trump of fame blaze over-all  
 Then would I deeke her head with glorious  
 bryes, [pryse  
 And fill the world with her victorious

## XXX

My love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre,  
 How comes it then that thus her cold so great

Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,  
 But harder growes the more I her intreat!  
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat  
 Is not delayd by her hart-frozen cold,  
 But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,  
 And feeble my flames augmented manifold!  
 What more miriculous thing may be told,  
 That fire, which all things melts, should harden  
 yse,  
 And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse cold,  
 Should kindle fyre by wonderfull devyse!  
 Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,  
 That it can alter all the course of kynd

## XXXI

Ah! why hath nature to so hard a hart  
 Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace!  
 Whose pryde depraves each other better part,  
 And all those pretions ornaments deface.  
 Sith to all other beastes of bloody race  
 A dreadfull countenaunce she given hath,  
 That with theyr terrour al the rest may  
 chace,  
 And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.  
 But my proud one doth worke the greater  
 seath,  
 Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew,  
 That she the better may in bloody bath  
 Of such poor thralls her cruell hands embrew  
 But, did she know how all these two accord  
 Such cruelty she would have soone abhord

## XXXII

The paynfull smith, with force of fervent  
 heat,  
 The hardest yron soone doth mollify,  
 That with his heavy sludge he can it beat,  
 And fashion to what he it list apply  
 Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,  
 Her hart more harde then yron soft a whit,  
 Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I  
 Doe beat on th' anvyle of her stubberne wit  
 But still, the more she servent sees my fit,  
 The more she crieseth in her wilfull pryde,  
 And harder growes, the harder she is smit  
 With all the playnts which to her be applyde  
 What then remaines but I to ashes burne,  
 And she to stones at length all frozen turne!

## XXXIII

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,  
 To that most sacred Emprise, my dear dred,  
 Not finishing her Queene of Faery,  
 That mote enlarge her living prayes, dead.  
 But Lodwick, thus of grace to me aread,  
 Do re not thinke th' accomplishment of it  
 Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,  
 All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?

How then should I, without another wit,  
Thinke ever to endure so tedious toyle!  
Sins that thus one is tost with troublous fit  
Of a proud love, that doth my spirite spoyle  
Ceasse then, till she vouchsafe to graunt  
me rest,  
Or lend you me another living brest.

## XXXX

Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde,  
By conduct of some star, doth make her way,  
Whereas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,  
Out of her course doth wander far astray  
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright  
ray

Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,  
Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,  
Through hidden perils round about me plast,  
Yet hope I well that, when this storme is  
My Helice the lodestar of my lyfe, [past,  
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,  
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief,  
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,  
In secret sorow, and sad pensiveness

## XXXX

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize  
Still to behold the object of their paine,  
With no contentment can themselves suffice,  
But, having, pure, and, having not, com-  
plaine

For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustaine,  
And, having it, they gaze on it the more,  
In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,  
Whose eyes him start'd so plenty makes me  
poore

Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store  
Of that faire sight, that nothing else they  
brooke,

But lothe the things which they did like before,  
And can no more endure on them to looke  
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,  
And all their shewes but shadowes, saving  
she.

## XXXX

Tell me, when shall these wearie woes have  
end,

Or shall their ruthlesse torment never cease,  
But al my daves in pining langour spend,  
Without hope of asvagement or release?  
Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,  
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes,  
But that their cruelty doth still increase,  
And dayly more augment my miseryes?  
But, when ye have shewd all extremities,  
Then thinke how litle glory ye have gaved  
By slaying him, whose life, though ye despise,  
Mote have your life in honour long maintayned

But by his death, which some perhaps will  
mone,  
Ye shall condemned be of many a one

## XXXXVII

What guyle is this, that those her golden  
She doth attyre under a net of gold, [tresses  
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,  
That which is gold, or heare, may scarce be  
told?

Is it that mens fawle eyes, which gaze too bold,  
She may entangle in that golden snare,  
And, being caught, may craftily enfold  
Their weaker harts, which are not wel aware?  
Take heed, therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe  
stare

Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,  
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,  
Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get  
Fondnesse it were for any, being free,  
To covet setters, though they golden be!

## XXXXVIII

Arion, when, through tempests cruel wracke,  
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas,  
Through the sweet musick, which his harp  
did make,

Allur'd a Dolphin him from death to ease  
But my rude musick, which was wont to please  
Some dauntie eares, cannot, with my skill,  
The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,  
Nor move the Dolphin from her stubborn will,  
But in her pride she dooth persevere still  
All carelesse how my life for her decaies  
Yet with one word she can it save or spill  
To spill were pittie, but to save were prayse!  
Chose rather to be prayd for doing good,  
Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse  
blood

## XXXXIX

Sweet Smile! the daughter of the Queene of  
Love,

Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art  
With which she wants to temper angry Love,  
When all the gods he threats with thundering  
dart

Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.  
For, when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,  
A melting pleassance ran through every part,  
And me revived with hart-robbling gladnesse  
Why lest rapt with joy resembling heavenly  
madnes,

My soule was ravisht quite as in a traunce,  
And feeling thence, no more her sorowes  
sadnesse,

Fed on the fullnesse of that chearefull glance,  
More sweet than Nectar, or Ambrosiall meat,  
Seemd every but which thenceforth I did eat.

## XL

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheare,  
And tell me whereto can ye liken it,  
When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare  
An hundred Greeses in shade to sit.  
Lakest it seemeth, in my simple wit,  
Unto the fyre sunshyne in somers day,  
That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,  
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly  
ray,

At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,  
And every beast that to his den was fled,  
Comes forth afresh out of their late disney,  
And to the light lift up theyr drouping hed  
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cleared.  
With that sunshyne, when cloudy looks are  
cleared

## XLI

Is it her nature, or is it her will,  
To be so cruell to her humbled foe?  
If nature, then she may it mend with skill  
It will then she at will may will forgoe.  
But if her nature and her will be so, [most  
That she will plague the man that loves her,  
And take delight to encrease a wretches woe,  
Then all her natures goodly gifts are lost  
And that same glorious beauties ydle boast  
Is but a bryt such wretches to beguile,  
As, being long in her loves tempest tost,  
She merues at last to make her pitions spovle  
O fyre rest fyre! let never it be named  
That so fayre beauty was so sowly shamed

## XLII

The love which me so cruelly tormenteth,  
So pleasing is in my extreamest paine,  
That, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,  
The more I love and doe embrace my baine  
Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)  
To be requit fro my continual smart,  
But joy, her thrall for ever to remayne,  
And yeld for pledge my poore emptyed hart,  
The which, that it from her may never start,  
Let her, if please her, bynd with adamant  
chaine

And from all wandering loves, which mote per-  
His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.  
Onely let her abstaine from cruelty  
And doe me not before my time to dy

## XLIII

Shall I then silent be or shall I speake?  
And, if I speake, her wrath renew I shall,  
And, if I silent be, my hart will breake,  
Or choked be with overflowing gall  
What tyranny is this both my hart to thrall,  
And eke my tongue with proud restraint to tie,  
That neither I may speake nor thinke at all,  
But like a stupid stock in silence die!

Yet I my hart with silence secretly  
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead,  
And eke mine eyes, with meek humility,  
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read,  
Which her deep wit, that true harts thought  
can spel,  
Will soon conceive, and learne to construe  
well

## XLIV

When those renowned noble Peres of Greece,  
Through stubborn pride, amongst themselves did  
Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece, [jar,  
Then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar  
But this continuall, cruell, evill warre,  
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make,  
Whyles my weak powres of passions warred  
No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake [arre,  
But, when in hand my tunelesse harp I take  
Then doe I more augment my foes despight,  
And grieve renew, and passions doe awake  
To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight  
Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle  
peace,  
The more I fynd their malice to increase

## XLV

Leave, lady! in your glasse of cristall cleene,  
Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew  
And in my selfe, my inward selfe, I meane,  
Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew  
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew  
Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,  
The fayre idea of your celestrall hew  
And every part remaines immortally  
And were it not that, through your cruelty,  
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,  
The goodly ymage of your visouny,  
Clearer then cristall, would therein appere  
But, if your selfe in me veylaine will see,  
Remove the cause by which your fayre  
beames darkned be

## XLVI

When my abodes prefixed time is spent,  
My cruell fyre streight bids me vwend my way  
But then from heaven most hideous stormes  
are sent,

As willing me against her will to stay  
Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obey?  
The heavens know best what is the best for me  
But as she will, whose will my life doth save,  
My lower heaven, so it perforce must bee  
But veyl high heavens, that all this sorowe see,  
Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,  
Avenge your stormes, or else both you, and she,  
Will both together me too sorely wracke  
Enough it is for one man to sustaine  
The stormes, which she alone on me doth  
raie.

## Sonnets

Trust not the treason of those smiling lookes,  
Untill ye have theyr guylefull trynes well  
tryde

For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,  
That from the foolish fish theyr baits doe lyde  
So she with flatterng smyles weake harts doth  
guyde

Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay,  
Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell  
pryde,

And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray  
Yet, even whylst her bloody hands them slay,  
Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle,  
That they take pleasure in her cruell play,  
And, dying, doe themselves of praye begavle  
O mighty charm! which makes men love  
theyr bane,

And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with

## Sonnets

Innocent paper, whom too cruell hand  
Did make the matter to avenge her vye  
And ere she could thy cause wel understand,  
Did scernize unto the greedy fyre.  
Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,  
Then so bad end for hereticks ordaind,  
Yet heresy nor treason durst conspire,  
But plead thy masters cause, unjustly prynced  
Whom she, all carelesse of his grieve con-  
strayned

To utter forth the anguish of his hart  
And would not heere, when he to her complaind  
The piteous passion of his dying smart.

Yet live for ever, though against her will,  
And speake her good, though she requite it ill

## Sonnets

Faire cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?  
Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?  
Then know that mercy is the Mighties jewell  
And greater glory thinke to save then spill  
But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,  
To shew the powre of your imperious eyes,  
Then not on him that never thought you ill,  
But bend your force against your enemies  
Let them feeble the utmost of your cruelties,  
And kill with looks as Cockatrices doo  
But him, that at your footstoole humbled lies,  
With mercifull regard give mercy too  
Such mercy shall you make admvrd to be,  
So shall you live, by giving life to me

## L

Long languishing in double malady  
Of my harts wound, and of my bodies grieve,  
There came to me a leech, that would apply  
Fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.

Vayne man, quod I, that hast but little priefe  
In deep discovery of the mynds disease,  
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,  
And rules the members as it selfe doth please?  
Then, with some cordialls, seeke first to appease  
The inward languor of my wounded hart,  
And then my body shall have shortly ease  
But such sweet cordialls passe Phisitions art.  
Then, my lyes Lench! doe your skill reveale,  
And, with one salve, both hart and body  
heale

## II

Doe I not see that fairest vmages  
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,  
For that they should endure through many ages,  
Ne let theyr famous monuments to fade?  
Why then doe I, untraide in lovers trade,  
Her hardnes blame, which I should more com-  
passe have sought was excellent as a de[m]end?  
Which was not hard to atchieve and bring to  
end

Ne ought so hard, but he, that would attend,  
Mote soften it and to his will allure  
So doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,  
And that it then more stedfast will endure  
Onely my prunes wil be the more to get her,  
But, having her, my joy wil be the greater

## III

So oft as homeward I from her depart,  
I goe lyke one that, having lost the field,  
Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,  
Despoild of warlike armes and knowen shield  
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner vield  
To sorrow and to solitary prayne,  
From presence of my dearest deare exclude,  
Long-while alone in languor to remaine  
There let no thought of joy, or pleasure vaine,  
Dare to approach, that may my solace breed,  
But sudden dumps, and dreary sad dayne  
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.  
So I her absens will my penance make,  
That of her presents I my need may take

## LIII

The Panther, knowing that his spotted hyde  
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them  
fray,  
Within a bush his dreddfull head doth hide,  
To let them gaze, whilst heon them they pray  
Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play,  
For, with the goodly semblant of her heu,  
She doth allure me to mine owne decay,  
And then no mercy will unto me shew  
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,  
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,  
To make the bayte her gazers to embrew  
Good shames to be to all an instrument!

But merey doth with beautie best agree,  
As in theyr Maker y e them best may see

## LIV

Of this worlds Theatre in which we stay,  
My love, lyke the Spectator, ydly sits,  
Beholding me, that all the pageants play,  
Disguysing diversly my troubled wits  
Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,  
And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy  
Soone after, when my joy to sorrow flits,  
I wile, and make my woes a Tragedy  
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,  
Delights not in my merth, nor rues my smart  
But, when I lough, she mocks, and, when I cry,  
She laughs, and hardens evermore her hart  
What then can move her? if nor merth nor  
mone,

She is no woman, but a seneclesse stone

## LV

So oft as I her beauty doe behold,  
And therewith doe her cruelty compare,  
I marvelle of what substance was the mould,  
The which her made attonce so cruell faire  
Not earth, for her lugh thoughts more heavenly  
are

Not water, for her love doth burne like fyre  
Not ayre, for she is not so light or rare  
Not fyre for she doth friese with fuint desire  
Then needs another Element inquire  
Whereof she mote be made, that is, the skye  
For to the heaven her haughty looks aspie  
And eke her mind is pure immortall hyc  
Then, sith so heaven y e lykened are the best,  
Be ly ke in merey as in all the rest.

## LVI

Favre ye be sure, but cruell and unkind,  
As is a Tygre, that with greedinesse [find  
Hunts after bloud, when he by chance doth  
A feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse  
Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pittilesse,  
As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate,  
Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,  
Beats on it strongly, it to rurnate  
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,  
As is a rocke amidst the raging floods  
Gaynst which, a ship, of succour desolate,  
Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods  
That ship, that tree, and that same beast,  
am I,  
Whom y e doe wreek, doe ruine, and destroy

## LVII

Sweet warriour! when shall I have peace  
with you?  
High time it is thus warre now ended were

Which I no lenger can endure to sue,  
Ne your incessant battry more to beare  
So weake my powres, so sore my wounds,  
appeare,

That wonder is how I should live a jot,  
Seeing my hart through-launced every where  
With thousand arrowes, which your eies have  
shot

Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,  
But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures  
Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,  
In slaving him that would live gladly yours!  
Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely  
grace,

That al my wounds wil heale in hittle space

## LVIII

*By her that is most assured to her selfe*

Weake is th' assurance that weake flesh re-  
poseth

In her owne powre, and scorneth others ayde,  
That soonest falls, when as she most supposeth  
Her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affray'd  
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,  
Like a vaine bubble blownen up with ayre  
Devouring tyme and changeful chance have  
prayd,

Her glories pride that none may it repayre  
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,  
But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance,  
And he, that standeth on the hyghest stayre,  
Falls lowest, for on earth nought hath endur-  
ance [so farre,  
Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme  
That to your selfe ye most assured are!

## LIX

Thirse happie she! that is so well assured  
Unto her selfe, and settled so in hart,  
That nether will for better be allured,  
Ne feard with worse to any chauce to start,  
But, like a steddly ship, doth strongly part  
The raging waies, and keepes her course  
aright,  
Ne ought fo' tempest doth from it depart,  
Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight  
Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight  
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends  
But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,  
Nether to one her selfe nor other bends  
Most happy she, that most assur'd doth rest,  
But he most happy, who such one loves best.

## LX

Thy, that in course of heavenly spheres are  
skild,  
To every planet point his sundry care:



In which her circles voyage is fullid,  
As Mars in three-score yeares doth run his  
spheare

So, since the fowling god his planet cleare  
Began in me to move, one yeare is spent  
The which doth longer unto me appeere,  
Then all those fourty which my life out-went  
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,  
The spheare of Cupid forty yeares containes  
Which I have wasted in long languishment,  
That seemd the longer for my greater paines  
But let my loves sayre Planet short her  
wayes,

Thus yeare ensuing, or else short my dryes

## LXI

The glorious image of the Makers beantie,  
My soverayne saynt, the Idoll of my thought,  
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of  
dewtie,

T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought  
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,  
And of the brood of Angels heavenly borne,  
And with the crew of blessed Saynts upbrought,  
Each of which did her with their gifts adorne,  
The bond of joy, the blossome of the morne,  
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admire,  
What reason is it then but she should scorne  
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire?  
Such heavenly formes ought rather worship  
be,

Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree

## LXII

The weary yeare his race now having run,  
The new begins his compass course anew  
With shew of morning myde he hath begun,  
Betokening peace and plenty to ensue  
So let us, which this change of weather view,  
Change also our mynds, and former lives  
amend,

The old yeares sinnes forpast let us eschew,  
And fly the faults with which we did offend  
Then shall the new yeeres joy forth freshly  
send

Into the glooming world, his glad some ray  
And all these stormes, which now his beauty  
blend,

Shall turne to caulmes, and timely cleare away  
So, likewise, Love's cheare you your heavie  
spright,  
And change old yeares annoy to new de-  
light.

## LXIII

After long stormes and tempests sad assay,  
Which hardly I endured heretofore,  
In dread of death, and dangerous dismay,  
With which my silly barke was tossed sore

I doe at length desery the happy shore,  
In which I hope ere long for to arrive  
Favre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught  
with store

Of all that deere and dainty is alive.  
Most happy he that can at last achieve  
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest,  
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive  
Remembrance of all paines which him oppress.  
All paines are nothing in respect of this,  
All sorrowes short that game eternall blisse.

## LXIV

Comming to kisse her lips, (such grace I found),  
Me seemd, I smelt a garden of sweet flowres,  
That dainty odours from them threw around,  
For dazels fit to decke their lovers bowres  
Her lips did smell like unto Gilly flowers,  
Her ruddy cheekes, like unto Roses red,  
Her snowy browes, like budded Bellamoures,  
Her lovely eyes, like Pincks but newly spread,  
Her goodly bosome, like a Strawberry bed,  
Her neck, like to a bounch of Cullambynes,  
Her brest, like Lillyes, ere their leaves be  
shed,

Her nipples, like long blossomed Jessemynes  
Such fragrant flowers doe give most odorous  
smell,

But her sweet odour did them all excell

## LXV

The doubt which ye misdeeme, favre love, is  
That fondly feare to loose your liberty, [vaine,  
When, loosing one, two liberties ye gaine,  
And make him bond that bondage earst dyd fly  
Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth  
Without constraynt, or dread of any all [tye  
The gentle birde feels no captivity  
Within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill  
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill  
The league twixt them, that loyal love hath  
bound

But simple truth, and mutuall good-will,  
Seekes with sweet peace, to save each others  
wound [tore,  
There Faith doth fearlesse dwell in brasen  
And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred  
bowre

## LXVI

To all those happy blessings, which ye have  
With plenteous hand by heaven upon you  
thrown,

Thus one disparagement they to you gave,  
That ye your love lent to so meane a one.  
Yee, whose high worths surpassing paragon  
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,  
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,  
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state?

But ye thereby much greater glory gate,  
 Thence had ye sorted with a princes pere  
 For, now your light doth more itselfe dilate,  
 And, in my darknesse, greater doth appeare,  
 Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,  
 With my reflex yours shall encreased be

## LXVII

Lyke as a huntsman after weary chace,  
 Seeing the game from him escapt away,  
 Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,  
 With panting hounds beguiled of their pray  
 So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,  
 When I all weary had the chace forsooke,  
 The gentle deere returnd the selfe-same way,  
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next  
 brooke

There she, beholding me with mylder looke,  
 Sought not to fly, but fearelesse still did bide  
 Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,  
 And with her owne goodwill hur fymely tyde  
 Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so  
 wylde,

So goodly wonne, with her owne will be-  
 guylde

## LXVIII

Most glorious Lord of lyfe! that, on this day,  
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,  
 And, having harrowd hell, didst bring away  
 Captivity thence captive, us to win  
 This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin,  
 And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dye  
 Being with thy deare blood cleane washt from  
 May live for ever in felicity! [sin,

And that thy love we weighing worthily,  
 May likewise love thee for the same againe,  
 And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst  
 buy,

With love may one another entertayne!  
 So let us love, deare love, like as we ought  
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught

## LXIX

The famous warriors of antieque world  
 Used Trophies to erect in statelie wise,  
 In which they would the records have enroll  
 Of theyr great deeds and valorous emprise  
 What trophie then shall I most fit devise,  
 In which I may record the memory  
 Of my loves conquest, peerlesse beauties prise,  
 Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!  
 Even this verse, vowd to eternity,  
 Shall be thereof immortall monument,  
 And tell her prayse to all posterity,  
 That may admire such worlds rare wonderment,  
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,  
 Gotton at last with labour and long toyle

## LXX

Fresh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,  
 In whose cote-armour nehy are displayd  
 All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do  
 In goodly colours gloriously arrayd, [spring,  
 Goe to my love, where she is careless layd,  
 Yet in her winters bowre not well awake,  
 Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid,  
 Unless she doe him by the forelock take,  
 Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,  
 To wryt on Love amongst his lovely crew,  
 Where every one, that misseth then her make,  
 Shall be by him amearst with penance dew

Make hast, therefore, sweet love, whilst it  
 is prime,

For none can call againe the passed time

## LXXI

I oye to see how, in your diawen work,  
 Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe compare,  
 And me unto the Spyder, that doth lurke  
 In close awayt, to catch her unaware  
 Right so your selfe were caught in cunning  
 snare

Of a deare foe, and thralled to his love,  
 In whose streight bands ye now captivd are  
 So firmly, that ye never may remove  
 But as your worke is woven all above  
 With woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglan-  
 tine,

So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,  
 With many deare delights bedecked fyne  
 And all thensforth eternall peace shall see  
 Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

## LXXII

Ofte, when my spirit doth spred her bolder  
 wings,

In mind to mount up to the purest sky,  
 It down is weighd with thought of earthly  
 And clogd with burden of mortality, [things,  
 Where, when that sovereyne beauty it doth  
 Resembling heavens glory in her light, [spy,  
 Drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back  
 doth fly,

And unto heaven forgets her former flight  
 There my fraile fancy, led with full delight,  
 Doth bath in blisse, and mantleth most at  
 ease,

Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might  
 Her harts desire with most contentment please  
 Hart need not wish none other happnesse,  
 But here on earth to have such heavens  
 blisse

## LXXIII

Being my self captivd here in care,  
 My hart, (whom none with servile bands can  
 ty,

But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre,  
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly  
Lyke as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy  
Desired food, to it doth make his flight  
Even so my hurt, that wont on your fayre  
eye

To feed his fill, flies backe unto your sight  
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright  
Gently encage, that he may be your thrall  
Perhaps he there may learne, with rare del-  
light,

To sing your name and prayes over-all  
That it hereafter may you not repent,  
Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

## LXXIV

Most happy letters<sup>1</sup> fram'd by skilfull trade,  
With which that happy name was first desynd,  
The which three times thrise happy hath me  
made,

With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind  
The first my being to me gave by kind,  
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent  
The second is my soveraigne Queene most  
kind,

That honour and large riches to me lent  
The third, my love, my lifes last ornament,  
By whom my spirit out of dust was rayseed  
To speake her prayse and glorie excellent,  
Of all alive most worthy to be prayseed  
Ye three Elizabeths<sup>1</sup> for ever live,  
That three such graces did unto me give

## LXXV

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,  
But came the waves, and washed it away  
Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand,  
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his  
pray

[assay]  
Wayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine  
A mortall thing so to immortalize,  
For I my selfe shall lyke to this decay,  
And eek my name bee wyped out likewise,  
Not so, quod I, let baser things devise  
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame  
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,  
And in the heavens wryte your glorious name

Where, whereas death shall all the world  
subdew,

Our love shall live, and later life renew

## LXXVI

Fayre bosome<sup>1</sup> fraught with vertues richest  
treasure,

The nerst of love, the lodging of delight,  
The bowre of blisse, the paradice of pleasure,  
The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright,

How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,  
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray!  
Whiles diving deepe through amorous in-  
sight,

On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray,  
And twist her paps, (like early fruit in May,  
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace.)  
They loosely did theyr wanton winges display,  
And there to rest themselves did boldlie place  
Sweet thoughts! I envy your so happy rest,  
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest

## LXXVII

Was it a dreame, or did I see it playne,  
A goodly table of pure ivory,  
All spread with juncats, fit to entertayne  
The greatest Princee with pompous royalty  
Amongst which, there in a silver dish did ly  
Two golden apples of unalewd price,  
Far passing those which Hercules came by,  
Or those which Atalanta did entee,  
Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice,  
That many sought, yet none could ever taste,  
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Para-  
dise

By Love himselfe, and in his garden plaste  
Her brest that table was, so richly spredd,  
My thoughts the guests, which would  
thereon have fedd

## LXXVIII

Lackyng my love, I go from place to place,  
Lyke a young fawne, that late hath lost the  
hynd, [face,

And seeke each where, where last I sawe her  
Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd  
I seeke the fields with her late footing synd,  
I seeke her bowre with her late presence  
deckt,

Yet nor in field nor bowre I her can fynd,  
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect  
But, when my eyes I thereunto direct,  
They vdiu brek returne to me agayne  
And, when I hope to see theyr trew object,  
I fynd my selfe but fed with faneries vayne  
Ceasse then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to  
see,

And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

## LXXIX

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,  
For that your selfe ye daily such doe see  
But the tren fayre, that is the gentle wit,  
And verthons mind, is much more prayd of  
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be, [me  
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious  
But onely that is permanent and free [lew,  
From flayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew

That is true beantie that doth argue you  
To be diuine, and borne of heauenly seed,  
Deri'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom al  
true  
And perfect beauty did it first proceed  
He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath  
made,  
All other fayre, like flowres, untymely fade

## LXXX

After so long a race as I have run  
Through Iacobs land, which those six books  
compile,  
Give leave to rest me being halfe fordonne,  
And gather to my selfe new breath awhile  
Then, as a steed reished after toyle,  
Out of my prison I will breake anew,  
And stoutly will that second worke assyle,  
With strong endeavour and attention dew  
Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew  
To sport my muse, and sing my loves sweet  
praise,  
The contemplation of whose heauenly hew,  
My spirit to an higher pitch will raise,  
But let her prayes yet be low and meane,  
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene

## LXXXI

Fayre is my love, when her fayre golden  
heares [marke,  
With the loose wynd ye waving chance to  
Fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes  
appeares,  
Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke  
Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke  
With pretious merchandize she forth doth bar,  
Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth  
dark  
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away  
But fayrest she, when so she doth display  
The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight  
Through which her words so wise do make  
their way  
To beare the message of her gentle spright  
The rest be works of natures wonderment  
But this the worke of harts astonishment.

## LXXXII

Joy of my life full oft for loving you  
I blesse my lot, that was so luckly placed  
But then the more your owne mishap I rewe,  
That are so much by so meane love embased.  
For, had the equall herens so much you  
graced  
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent  
Som heuently wit, whose verse could haue  
enchased  
Your glorious name in golden momment

But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent  
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,  
That little, that I am, shall all be spent  
In setting your immortall prayes forth  
Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,  
Shall lift you up unto an high degree

## LXXXIII

Let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre  
Breake out, that may her sacred peace mo-  
lest,  
Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre  
Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest  
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,  
And modest thoughts breath'd from wel-  
tempredd sprites,  
Goe visit her in her chaste bowre of rest  
Accompany'd with angelick delights  
There fill your selfe with those most joyous  
sights,  
The which my selfe could neuer yet attayne  
But speake no word to her of these sad  
plights,  
Which her too constant stiffenesse doth con-  
strain  
Onely behold her rare perfection,  
And blesse your fortunes fayre election

## LXXXIV

The world that cannot deeme of worthy  
things,  
When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter  
So does the Cuckow, when the May is sings,  
Begin his witlesse note apace to clatter  
But they that shall not of so heuently matter,  
All that they know not envy or admyre,  
Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,  
But not to deeme of her desert aspyre  
Deepe, in the closet of my parts entyre,  
Her worth is written with a golden quill,  
That me with heuently fury doth inspire,  
And my glad mouth with her sweet prayes  
fill [shal thunder,  
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump  
Let the world chuse to envy or to wonder

## LXXXV

Venemous tounge, typt with vile adders sting,  
Of that selfe kynd with which the Furies fell  
Theyr snaky heads doe combe, from which a  
sprung  
Of poysoned words and spitefull speeches well,  
Let all tho plagues, and horrid prunes, of hell  
Upon thee fall for thine recurred hvre  
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst  
tel,  
In my true love did stirre up coles of yre,

The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,  
And, catching hold on thine owne wicked hied,  
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile con-  
spire

In my sweet percie such breches to have bred!  
Shame be thy meed, and mischiefe thy re-  
ward,

Dew to thy selfe, that it for me prepar'd!

XXXXI

Since I did leave the presence of my love,  
Many long weary dayes I have outworne,  
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move  
I hee sad protrait from evening untill morne.  
For, when as day the heaven doth adorne,  
I wish that night the noyous day would end  
And, when as night hath us of light forlorne,  
I wish that day would shortly reascend  
Thus I the time with expectation spend,  
And fame my griefe with chaunges to be-  
guile,

That further seemes his terme still to extend,  
And maketh every minute seeme a myle.

So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last,  
But joyous houres doe fly away too fast

XXXXII

Since I have lackt the comfort of that light,  
The which was wont to lead my thoughts  
astray,

I wander as in darknesse of the night,  
Affrayd of every dangers least dismay

Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,  
When others gaze upon theyr shadowes rayne,  
But th' ouely image of that heavenly ray,  
Whereof some glance doth in mine eye re-  
maine

Of which beholding the Idea playne,  
Through contemplation of my purest part,  
With light thereof I doe my selfe sustayne,  
And thereon feed my love-affamishd hart

But, with such brightnesse whylest I fill  
my mind,

I starve my body, and mine eyes doe blynd

XXXXIII

Like as the Culler, on the bured bough,  
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,  
And, in her songs, sends many a wishfull vow  
For his returne that seemes to linger late  
So I alone, now left disconsolate,

Mourne to my selfe the absence of my love,  
And, wandring here and there all desolate,  
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful  
dove

Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth move  
Can comfort me, but her owne joyous sight  
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can  
move,

In her unspotted pleasauns to delight

Dark is my day, whyles her favre light I  
mis,

And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

## EPIGRAMS.

I

In youth, before I waxed old,  
The blind boy, Venus baby,  
For want of cunning made me bold,  
In bitter love to grope for houn  
But, when he saw me stung and cry,  
He tooke his wings and away did fly

II

As Diane hunted on a day,  
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,  
His quiver by his head  
One of his shafts she stole away  
And one of hers did close convey  
Into the others stead  
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,  
But Diane beasts with Cupids dart

III

I saw, in secret to my Dame  
How little Cupid humbly came,

And sayd to her, 'All hayle, my mother'  
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame  
His face with bashfull blood did flame,  
Not knowing Venus from the other  
'Then, never blush, Cupid, quoth I,  
For many have err'd in this beauti'

IV

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring  
All in his mothers lap,  
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murmur-  
[ring,  
About him flew by hap  
Whereof when he was wakened with the  
[noyse,  
And saw the beast so small,  
'What's this (quoth he) that gives so great a  
[noyse  
That wakens men withall?'  
In angry wize he flies about,  
And threatens all with courage stout  
To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,  
'Twixt earnest and twixt game

'See' thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,  
If thou regard the same  
And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,  
Nor men in earth, to rest  
But, when thou art disposed cruelly,  
Theyr sleepe thou doost molest  
Then eyther change thy cruelty  
Or give like leave unto the fly'

Nathelesse, the cruell boy, not so content,  
Would needs the fly pursue,  
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,  
Him caught for to subdue  
But, when on it he hasty hand did lay,  
The Bee him stung therefore  
'Now out alas, he cryde, and wel-away'  
I wounded am full sore  
The Fly, that I so much did seorne,  
Hath hurt me with his little home'

Unto his mother straight he weeping came,  
And of his grefe complaind  
Who could not chose but laugh at his fond  
Though sad to see him pained [game,  
'Think now (quod she) my sonne, how great  
Of those whom thou dost wound [the smart

Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,  
That pitty never found  
Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,  
When thou doest spoyle of lovers make'

She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,  
And wrapt him in her smock  
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting  
That he the fly did mock  
She drest his wound, and it embaulmed wel  
With salve of soveraigne might  
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,  
The well of deare delight  
Who would not oft be stung as thus,  
To be so bath'd in Venus blis?

The wanton boy was shortly wel recured  
Of that his malady  
But he, soone after, fresh againe enured  
His former cruelty  
And since that time he wounded hath my  
With his sharpe dart of love [selfe  
And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe  
His mothers heast to prove  
So now I languish, till he please  
My pining anguish to appease.

## EPITHALAMION.

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes  
Beene to me a dding, others to adorne, [rymes,  
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull  
That even the greatest did not greatly seorne  
To heare theyr names sung in your simple  
But joyed in theyr praise, [layes,  
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,  
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did  
ravse,  
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,  
And teach the woods and waters to lament  
Your dolefull drenment  
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,  
And, having all your heads with garlands  
crown'd,

Helpe me mine owne loves prayves to resound,  
Ne let the same of any be envide  
So Orpheus did for his owne bride'  
So I unto my selfe alone will sing, [ring  
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe  
His golden beame upon the hills doth spred,  
Having disperst the nights unbearefull dampe,  
Doe ye awake, and, with fresh lusty-led,  
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,

My truest turtle dove,  
Bid her awake, for Hymen is awake,  
And long since ready forth his maske to move,  
With his bright Tead that flames with many  
a flake,

And many a bachelor to waite on him,  
In theyr fresh garments trim  
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,  
For lo! the wished day is come at last,  
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,  
Pay to her usury of long delight  
And, whilist she doth her dight,  
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your  
eccho ring

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can  
heare

Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,  
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare  
Al with gay garlands goodly wel bescene  
And let them also with them bring in hand  
Another gay garland,  
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,  
Bound true love wize, with a blew silke riband  
And let them make great store of bridle poses,

And let them ecke bring store of other flowers,  
To deck the bridale bowers [tread,  
And let the ground whereas her foot shall  
For feare the stones her tender foot should  
wrong,

Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,  
And diapred lyke the discolored mead  
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awa y t,  
For she will waken strait,  
The whyles doe ye this song unto her sing,  
The woods shall to you answer, and your Eecho  
ring

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull  
heed

The silver sealy tronts doe tend full well,  
And greedy pikes which use thereon to feed,  
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo ex-  
cell.)

And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,  
Where none doo isles take, [light,

Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd  
And in his waters, which your mirror make,  
Behold your fies as the christall bright,  
That when you come wherers my love doth lie,  
No blemish she may spie  
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the  
dore,

That on the hoary mountayne used to towre,  
And the wilde wolves, which seeke them to  
devoure, [neer,

With your Steele darts doo chace from comming  
Be also present heere,  
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your  
eecho ring

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time,  
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,  
All ready to her silver eecho to clyme,  
And Phoebus guns to shew his glorious hed  
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt  
their laies

And carroll of Loves praise  
The merry Larke hur matins sings aloft,  
The Thrush replies, the May is desceant playes  
The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,  
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,  
To this dres merriment.

Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus  
long,

When meeter were that ye should now awake,  
To awa y t the comming of your joyous make,  
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,  
The dewy leaves among!  
Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and they  
eecho ring

My love is now awake out of her dreames,  
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed  
were [beams

With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly  
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere  
Come now, ye dunnels, daughters of delight,  
Helpe quickly her to dight [begot.  
But first come ye fayre houres, which were  
In Joyes sweet piradise of Day and Night,  
Which doe the seasons of the yere allot,  
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,  
Doe make and still repayre [Queene,  
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian  
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,  
Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride  
And as ye her array, still throw betweene  
Some graces to be seene,  
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,  
The whyles the woods shal answer, and your  
eecho ring

Now is my love all ready forth to come  
Let all the virgins therefore well awa y t  
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,  
Prepare your selves, for he is comming strait,  
Set all your things in seemely good array,  
Fit for so joyfull day

The joyfull day that ever sunne did see  
Faure Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,  
And let thy lustfull heart not fervent be,  
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,  
Her beauty to disgrace  
O fayrest Phoebus! father of the Muse!  
If ever I did honour thee aright,  
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,  
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse.  
But let this day, let this one day, be myne,  
Let all the rest be thine.

Then I thy soverayne prayes loud wil sing  
That all the woods shal answer, and they  
eecho ring

Hark! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud  
Their merry Musick that resourds from far,  
The pipe, the tabor and the trembling Croud,  
That well agree withouten breach or jar  
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delight  
When they their tymbrels smyte,  
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,  
That all the senses they doe ravish quite,  
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the  
street,

Crying aloud with strong confused noyee,  
As if it were one voyce,  
Hymen, 10 Hymen, Hymen, they do shout,  
That even to the heavens theyr shonting shrill  
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill,  
To which the people standing all about,

As in approvaunce doe thereto applaud,  
And loud aduance her laud,  
And euenmore they Hymen sing,  
That al the woods them answer, and they  
echo ring

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,  
Like Phoebe, from her chamber of the East,  
Arising forth to run her mightie race,  
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best  
So well it her becomies, that ye would weene  
Some angell she had bene  
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wre  
Sprinkled with perle, and perling flowres  
twene,

Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,  
And, being crowned with a garland greene,  
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene  
Her moilest eyes, abashed to behold  
So many gazers as on her do stare,  
Upon the lowly ground afixt are,  
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,  
But blush to heare her praises sung so loud,  
So farr from being proud  
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her praises sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your echo  
ring

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see  
So fayre a creature in your towne before,  
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,  
Adorn'd with beuty's grace and vertues store?  
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,  
Her forehead vray white, [rudded  
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath  
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to bite,  
Her brest like to a bowle of eremie innerudded,  
Her paps lyke lillies budded,  
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,  
And all her body like a pallee fyre  
Ascending up, with many a stately staire,  
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre  
Why stand ye still ye virgins in maze,  
Upon her so to gaze,  
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,  
To which the woods did answer, and your  
echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,  
The inward beauty of her lively spright,  
Garnisht with heavenly gifts of high degree,  
Much more then would ye wonder at that  
sight,

And stand astonisht lyke to those which red  
Meduſas mafeul hed  
There dwels sweet love, and constant chastyty,  
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,  
Regard of honour, and mild modesty,

There vertue raynes as Queene in royl throne,  
And giveth lawes alone,  
The which the base affections doe obey,  
And yeld theyr services unto her will,  
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may  
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill  
Had ye once seene these her celestial thren-  
And unrevealed pleasures, [sures,  
They would ye wonder, and her prayes sing,  
That all the woods should answer, and your  
echo ring

Open the temple gates unto my love,  
Open them wide that she may enter in,  
And all the postes adorno as doth behove,  
And all the pillours deck with girlunds trim,  
For to receyve this Savynt with honour dew,  
That cometh in to you  
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,  
She cometh in, before th' Almightyes view,  
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,  
When so ye come into those holy places,  
To humble your proud faces  
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may  
The sacred ceremonies there partake,  
The which do endless matrimony make,  
And let the roring Organs loudly play  
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,  
The whiles, with hollow throates,  
The Choristers the joyous Anthems sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and their  
echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,  
And hleceth her with his two happy hands,  
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,  
And the pure snow, with goodly vermell stayne  
Like crimson dyde in grayne  
That even th' Angels, which continually  
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,  
Forget their service and about her fly,  
Ofsleeping in her face, that seems more sayre,  
The more they on it stare  
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,  
Are governed with goodly modesty,  
That suffers not one looke to glance awry,  
Which may let in a little thought insound  
Why blush ye love, to give to me your hand,  
The pledge of all our band  
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluia sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your  
echo ring

Now al is done bring home the bride agayne,  
Bring home the triumph of our victory  
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine  
With joyance bring her and with jollity



Never had man more joyfull day then this,  
Whom heaven would heape with blis,  
Make haste therefore now all this live-long  
day,

This day for ever to me holy is  
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,  
Poure not by enps, but by the belly full,  
Poure out to all that wull,  
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,  
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall  
Crown'e ye God Bacchus with a coronall,  
And liy men also crowne with wreathes of vine,  
And let the Graces dance unto the rest,  
For they can doo it best  
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,  
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr  
eccho ring

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,  
And leave your wonted labors for this day  
This day is holy, doe ye write it downe,  
That ye for ever it remember may  
This day the sunne is in his chiefest light,  
With Barnaby the bright,  
From whence declining daily by degrees,  
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,  
When once the Crab behind his back he sees  
But for this time it ill ordained was,  
To chose the longest day in all the yere,  
And shortest night, when longest sifter weare  
Yet never day so long, but lite would passe  
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,  
And bonifiers make all day,  
And dance about them, and about them sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your  
eccho ring

Ah I when will this long weary day have end,  
And lende me leave to come unto my love?  
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers  
spend?

How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?  
Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,  
Within the Westerne fomic  
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest  
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,  
And the bright evening-star with golden creast  
Appeare out of the East. [love]  
Favre childe of beauty's glorious lumpe of  
That all the host of heaven in ranks doost  
lead, [dread]  
And guydest lovers through the nights and  
How chearefully thou lookest from above,  
And seemst to laugh at weasae thy twinkling  
light,

As joying in the sight  
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and their  
eccho ring!

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights fore-past  
Enough it is that all the day was yours  
Now day is doan, and night is nighing fast,  
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boure!  
The night is come, now soon her disaray,  
And in her bea her lay,  
Lay her in lilies and in violets,  
And silken courtains over her display,  
And odour sheetes, and Arras coveriets.  
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,  
In proud humility!  
Like unto Maie, when as Jove her took  
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,  
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,  
With bathing in the Acidrian brooke  
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,  
And leave my love alone,  
And leave likewise your former lay to sing  
The woods no more shall answer, nor your  
eccho ring

Now welcome, night! thou night so long ex-  
pected,  
That long daies labour doest at last defray,  
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,  
Hast sum'd in oae and cancelled for aye  
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,  
That no man may us see,  
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,  
From feare of perrill and foule horror free  
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,  
Nor any dreid disquiet once annoy  
The safety of our joy,  
But let the night be calme, and quietsome,  
Without tempestuous storms or mad asray  
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Almena lay,  
When he begot the great Tiryntiuan groome.  
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie  
And begot Majesty  
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing,  
Ne let the woods them answer nor theyr  
eccho ring

Let no lamenting erres, nor dolefull teares,  
Be heard all night within, nor yet without  
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,  
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceiv'd doubt  
Let no deluding dremes, nor dreadfull sights,  
Make sudden sad affrights, [harmes]  
Ne let house-fyes, nor lightnings helpelesse  
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,  
Seleet mischivous witches with theyr charmes,  
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see  
not,

Fray us with things that be not [heard],  
Let not the shrill Onle no. the Storke be  
Nor the night Raven, that still deadly yels,  
Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty spels,  
Nor gresly vultures, make us once affraid

Ne let th' unpleasant Quyre of Frogs still  
Make us to wish they r ehoking [eroking  
Let none of these theyr dreary accents sing,  
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr echo  
ring

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,  
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,  
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,  
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant  
playne,

The whites an hundred litle winged loves,  
Like divers-fethered doves,  
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,  
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,  
Their pretty stealthes shal woike, and snares  
shal spread

To fleish away sweet snatches of delight,  
Conceald through covert night.  
Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will  
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toys,  
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,  
Then what ye do, wbe it good or ill  
All night therefore attend your merry play,  
For it will soone be day  
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing,  
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Echo  
ring

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?  
Or whose is that faire face that shines so  
bright?

Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleepes,  
But walkes about high heaven al the night?  
O' fayrest goddesses, do thou not envy  
My love with me to spy [thought,  
For thou likewise didst love, though now un-  
And for a fleecce of wooll, which privily  
The Latman shepherd once unto thee brought,  
His pleasures with thee wrought.  
Therefore to us be favorable now,  
And sith of womens labours thou hast charge,  
And generation goodly dost enlarge,  
Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,  
And the chaste wombe informe with timely  
seed,

That may our comfort breed  
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,  
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our Echo  
ring

And thou, great Juno! which with awful  
might

The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize,  
And the religion of the faith first plight  
With saered rites hirst taught to solemnize,  
And eke for comfort often called art  
Of women in their smart,  
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,  
And all thy blessings unto us impart  
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand  
The bridle bowre and geniall bed remaine,  
Without blemish or staine,  
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight  
With seeret ayde doest succour and supply,  
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,  
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.  
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!  
Grant that it may so be

Till which we cease your further prayse to  
sing,  
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your Echo  
ring

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,  
In which a thousand torches flaming bright  
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly elods  
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light,  
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,  
More then we men can sayne!

Poure out your blessing on us plentifully,  
And happy influence upon us name,  
That we may raise a large posterity,  
Which from the earth, which they may long  
With lasting happinesse, [possesse  
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount,  
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,  
May heavenly tabernaesles there inherit,  
Of blessed Suints for to increase the count  
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,  
And cease till then our timely joyes to sing  
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo  
ring!

*Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,  
With which my love should duly have been deckt,  
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,  
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,  
But prouist both to recompens,  
Be unto her a goodly ornament,  
And for short time an endlesse monument*

## FOWRE HYMNES,

MADE BY

EDM SPENSER

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES,

THE LADIE MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND, AND

THE LADIE MARIE,

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

HAVING in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age, and disposition which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather snewe out poison to their strong passion, then hono<sup>r</sup> to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent Ladies to call in the same. But, being unable so to doe by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad I resolved at least to amend, and by way of retraction, to reforme them, making, in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie, two others of heavenly and celestiall. The which I doe dedicate jointly unto you two honorable sisters as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beautie both in the one and the other kinde, humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily shew unto me, untill such time as I may, by better meanes, recede you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull devotion. And even so I pray for your happiness. Given with this first of September, 1596 Your Honors most bounden ever,

in all humble service,  
ED SP

## AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOVE

<p>Love, that long since hast to thy mighty powre Perforce subdued my poore captiv'd hart And, raging now therein with restlesse stowre, Doe'st tyrannize in everie weal or part Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart By any service I might do to thee, Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee And now t' asswage the force of this new flame, And make thee more propitious in my need, I meane to sing the praises of thy name, And thy victorious conquests to record, By which thou madest many harts to bleed</p>	<p>Of mighty Victor, with wide wounds embrened, And by thy cruell darts to thee subdued Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late Through the sharpe sorrowes which thou hast me bred, Should faint, and words should faile me to The wondrous triumphs of my great god-head But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspread Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing, I should enabled be thy notes to sing Come, then, O come, thou mightie God of Love, Out of thy silver bowres and secret blisse,</p>
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Where thou doest sit in Venus lap above,  
 Batling thy wings in her ambrosiall kisse,  
 That sweeter farre then any Neectar is,  
 Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire  
 With gentle fume, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses<sup>1</sup> which have often  
 proved

The piercing points of his avengefull darts,  
 And ye, faire Nymphs<sup>1</sup> which oftentimes have  
 loved

The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,  
 Prepare you selves, and open wide your harts  
 For to receive the triumph of your glorie,  
 That made you merie oft when ye were  
 sorie

And ye, faire blossomes of youths wanton  
 breed,

Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,  
 Wherewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,  
 But sterve their harts that needeth nourture  
 most,

Prepare your selves to march amongst his  
 And all the way this sacred hymne do sing,  
 Made in the honor of your Sovereigne king

GREAT GOD OF MIGHT, that reignest in the  
 mynd,

And all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,  
 Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd,  
 That doest the Lions and fell Tigers tame,  
 Making their cruell rage thy seornesfull game,  
 And in their roring taking great delight,  
 Who can expresse the glorie of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare  
 The wondrous cradle of thine infancie,  
 When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,  
 Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,  
 Though elder then thine owne nativtie,  
 And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares,  
 And yet the eldest of the heavenly Peares?

For ere this worlds still moving mightie masse  
 Out of great Chaos ugly prison crept,  
 In which his goodly face long hidden was  
 From heavens view, and in deepe darknesse  
 kept,

Love, that had now long time seecurely slept  
 In Venus lap, unarmed then and naked,  
 Gan reare his head, by Clotho being waked

And, taking to him wings of his owne heate,  
 Kindled at first from heavens life-giving fyre,  
 He gan to move out of his idle sente,  
 Weakely at first, but after with desyre  
 Lusted aloft, he gan to mount up hyre,  
 And, like fresh Eagle, make his hardie flight  
 Through all that great wide wast, yet wanting  
 light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,  
 His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,  
 Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray,  
 Then through the world his way he gan to  
 take,

The world, that was not till he did it make,  
 Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did  
 sever

The which before had been confused ever

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,  
 Then gan to raunge them selves in huge array,  
 And with contrary forces to conspyre  
 Each against other by all meanes they may,  
 Threatning their owne confusion and decay  
 Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,  
 Till Love relented their rebellous yre.

He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly  
 well

Their contrary dislikes with loved meanes,  
 Did place them all in order, and compell  
 To keepe them selves within their sundrie  
 raines,

Together linkt with Adamantine chaunes,  
 Yet so, as that in every living wight  
 They mixe themselves, and shew their kindly  
 mixt

So ever since they firmly have remained,  
 And duly well observed his behest,  
 Through which now all these things that are  
 contained

Within this goodly cope, both most and least,  
 Their being have, and dayly are increast  
 Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,  
 Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre

Thereby they all do live, and moved are  
 To multiply the likenesse of their kynd,  
 Whylest they seeke onely, without further  
 care,

To quench the flame which they in burning  
 Butman that breathes a more immortall mynd,  
 Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,  
 Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie,

For, having yet in his deducted spright  
 Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,  
 He is enlumind with that goodly light,  
 Unto like goodly semblant to aspyre,  
 Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre  
 That seemes on earth most heavenly to em-  
 brace,

That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race

For sure of all that in this mortall frame  
 Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,  
 Or that resembleth more th' immortall flame  
 Of heavenly light, then Beauties glorious  
 beame

What wonder then, if with such rage extreme  
 Fraile men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to  
 see,  
 At sight thereof so much enravish'd bee?  
 Which well perceiving, that imperious boy  
 Doth therewith tip his sharp empoisoned darts,  
 Which glancing through the eyes with coun-  
 tenance coy [harts,  
 Rest not till they have pierst the trembling  
 And kindled flame in all their inner parts,  
 Which suckes the blood, and drinketh up the  
 life,  
 Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe  
 Thenceforth they playne, and make full piteous  
 mone  
 Unto the author of their balefull bane  
 The daies they waste, the nights they grieve  
 and grone, [daine,  
 Their lives they loath, and heavens light dis-  
 Nought but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine  
 Fresh burning in the image of their eye,  
 They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye  
 That whilst thou tyrant Love doest laugh and  
 scorne [play,  
 At their complaints, making their paine thy  
 Why lest they lye languishing like thralls for-  
 lone,  
 The whilst thou doest triumph in their decay  
 And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,  
 Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her  
 Whose love before their life they doe prefer  
 So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!)  
 To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart  
 With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so  
 sore,  
 That whole remaines scarce any little part,  
 Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart,  
 Thou hast enfrosen her disdainfull brest,  
 That no one drop of pitee there doth rest  
 Why then do I thus honor unto thee,  
 Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,  
 Since thou doest shew no favour unto mee,  
 Ne once move ruth in that rebellious Dame,  
 Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?  
 Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,  
 To let her live thus free, and me to dy  
 But if thou be indeede. as men thee call,  
 The worlds great Parent, the most kind pre-  
 server  
 Of living wights, the soveraine Lord of all,  
 How falls it then that with thy furious ser-  
 vour  
 Thou doest afflict as well the not-deserver,  
 As him that doeth thy lovely heasts despize,  
 And on thy subjects most doest tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,  
 By so hard handling those which best thee  
 serve,  
 That, ere thou doest them unto grace restore,  
 Thou mayest well trie if they will ever swerve,  
 And mayest them make it better to deserve,  
 And, having got it, may it more esteeme,  
 For things hard gotten men more dearly deeme.  
 So hard those heavenly beauties be enfyred  
 As things divine, lest passions doe impress,  
 The more of stedfast myndes to be admyr'd,  
 The more they stay'd be on stedfastnesse,  
 But baseborne myndes such lamps regard the  
 lesse,  
 Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre,  
 Such fancies feeble no love, but loose desyre  
 For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,  
 Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust  
 On golden plumes up to the purest skie,  
 Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,  
 Whose base affect through cowardly distrust  
 Of his weake wings dare not to heaven fly,  
 But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly  
 His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves  
 enue  
 To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,  
 Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure  
 The flaming light of that celestially fyre  
 Which kindly love in generous desyre,  
 And makes him mount above the native might  
 Of heavie earth, up to the heavens hight  
 Such is the powre of that sweet passion,  
 That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,  
 And the refined mynd doth newly fashion  
 Unto a furer forme, which now doth dwell  
 In his high thought, that would it selfe excell,  
 Which be beholding still with constant sight,  
 Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light  
 Whose image printing in his deepest wit,  
 He thereon feeds his hungry fantasie,  
 Still full, yet never satisfy'd with it,  
 Like Tantale, that in store doth starved ly,  
 So doth he pine in most satiety,  
 For nought may queneh his infinite desyre,  
 Once kindled through that first conceived fyre.  
 Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,  
 Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine,  
 His cart, his joy, his hope, is all on this,  
 That seemes in it all blisses to containe,  
 In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine  
 Thrice happie man! might he the same pos-  
 sesse,  
 He fumes himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse  
 And though he do not win his wish to end,  
 Yet thus farre happie he himselfe doth weene,

That heavens such happie grace did to him  
lend,

As thing on earth so heavenly to have seene  
His harts enshrined saint, his heavens queene,  
Fairer then fairest, in his sayning eye,  
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,  
What he may do, her favour to obtaine,  
What brave exploit, what perill hardly  
wrought [paine,

What pussant conquest, what adventurous  
May please her best, and grace unto him  
gaine,

He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,  
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,  
Thou, being blind, leyst him not see his feares,  
But carrest him to that which he hath eyde,  
Through seas, through flames, through thou-  
sand swords and speares, [stand,

Ne ought so strong that may his force with-  
With which thou arimest his resistlesse hand

Witness Leander in the Lazine waves,  
And stout Aeneas in the Trojane fyre,  
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian  
glaves,

And Orpheus, daring to provoke the yre  
Of damned fiends, to get his love retyre, [way  
For both through heaven and hell thou makest  
To win them worship which to thee obry

And if, by all these perils and these paynes,  
He may but purchase liking in her eye,  
What heavens of joy then to himselfe he  
faynes!

Etsoones he wypes quite out of memory  
Whatever ill before he did aby  
Had it bene death, yet would he die agayne,  
To live thus happie as her grace to gaine

Yet, when he hath found favour to his will,  
He nathemore can so contented rest,  
But forceth further on, and striveth still  
T' approach more neare, till in her inmost  
brest

He may embosomd bee and loved best,  
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone,  
For love can not endure a Paragone

The feare whereof, O how doth it torment  
His troubled mynd with more then helsh  
paine!

And to his sayning fancies represent [paine,  
Sights never seene, and thousand shadowes  
To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle brune  
Thou that hast never lov'd canst not beleve  
Least part of th' evils which poore lovers  
grieve

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,  
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull shoves,  
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,  
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the  
woes,

The sayned friends, the unassured foes, [tell,  
With thousands more then any tongue can  
Doe make a lovers life a wretches hell

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,  
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelosie,  
Which eates the hurt and feedes upon the gall,  
Turning all loes delight to miserie,  
Through feare of loosing his felicitie  
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed  
In gentle love, that all his joyes defaced!

By these, O Love! thou doest thy entrance  
make

Unto thy heaven and doest the more endeere  
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake,  
As after stormes, when clouds begin to cleare,  
The Sunne more bryght and glorious doth ap-  
peare,

So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie  
Dost beare unto thy blisse, and heavens glorie

There thou them placest in a Paradize  
Of all delight and joyous happie rest,  
Where they doe feede on Nectar heavenly-wize,  
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest  
Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie blest,  
And he like Gods in yome beds arayd,  
With rose and lilies over them displayd

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe  
play [blame,

Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or  
And in her snowy bosome boldly lye  
Their quiet heads, devoid of guilty shame,  
After full joy nce of their gentle game,  
Then her they crowne their Goddesses and their  
Queene,

And deeke with floures thy altars well besene

Ayme! deare Lord! that ever I might hope,  
For all the paines and woes that I endure,  
To come at length unto the wished scope  
Of my desire, or might my selfe assure  
That happie port for ever to recure! [all,  
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at  
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Thou would I sing of thine immortall praise  
An heavenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,  
And thy triumphant name then would I raise  
Above all the gods, thee onely honoring  
My guide, my God, my victor, and my king  
Till then, dead Lord! vouchsafe to take of me  
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of  
thee

## AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

An' whither, Love' wilt thou now carrie mee?  
 What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire  
 Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?  
 Why lest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,  
 Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre,  
 And up aloft above my strength doest rayse  
 The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse.

That as I erst, in praise of thine owne name,  
 So now in honour of thy Mother deare,  
 An honourable Hymne I eke should frame,  
 And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,  
 The rapt harts of gazefull men might reare  
 To admiration of that heavenly light,  
 From whence proceeds such soule-enchaining  
 might.

Therto do thou, great Goddesses' Queene of  
 Beanty,  
 Mother of love, and of all worlds delight,  
 Without whose soverayne grace and kindly  
 dewy

Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,  
 Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling  
 light

To illuminate my dim and dulled evne,  
 And beautifie this sacred hymne of thine

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,  
 And eke to her, whose faire immortal beame  
 Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,  
 That now it wasted is with woes extreame,  
 It may so please, that she at length will streame  
 Some draw of grace into my withered hart,  
 After long sorrow and consuming smart

WHAT TIME THIS WORLDS GREAT WORK-  
 MASTER DID CAST

To make all things such as we now behold,  
 It seemes that he before his eyes had plast  
 A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould  
 He fashioned them as comely as he could,  
 That now so faire and seemely they appeare,  
 As nought may be amended any where

That wondrous Paterne, wheresoever it bee,  
 Whether in earth liv'd up in secret store,  
 Or else in heaven, that no man may it see  
 With sinfull eyes, for ferre it to deflore,  
 Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore,  
 Whose face and feature doth so much excell  
 All mortall sence, that none the same may tell

Thereof is every earthly thing partakes  
 Or more or lesse, by influence divine,

So it more faire accordingly it makes,  
 And the grosse matter of this earthly myne  
 Which clootheth it thereafter doth refyne,  
 Doing away the drosse which dims the light  
 Of that faire beame which therein is empight

For, through infusion of celestiaall powre,  
 The duller earth it quickneth with delight,  
 And life-full spirits privily doth powre  
 Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight  
 They seeme to please, That is thy soveraine  
 might, [beame

O Cyprian Queene! which flowing from the  
 Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest  
 streame

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace  
 To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,  
 Light of thy lampe, which, shynning in the  
 face,

Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre,  
 And robs the harts of those which it admyre,  
 Therewith thou pointest thy Sons poynted  
 arrow, [marrow

That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost

How vainely then doe ydle wits invent,  
 That beantie is nought else but mixture made  
 Of colours faire, and goodly temperament  
 Of pure complexion, that shall quickly fade  
 And passe away, like to a sommers shade,  
 Or that it is but comely composition  
 Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition!

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,  
 That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the  
 hart, [stowre,

And therein sturre such rage and restlesse  
 As nought but death can stint his colours  
 smart?

Or can proportion of the outward part  
 Move such affection in the inward mynd,  
 That it can rob both sense, and reason blind?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,  
 Which are arrayd with much more orient hew,  
 And to the sense most dautie odours yeld,  
 Worke like impression in the lookers view?  
 Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,  
 In which oft-times we nature see of art  
 Exceed, in perfect humming every part?

But ah! beleve me there is more then so,  
 That workes such wonders in the minds of  
 men,

I that have often prov'd, too well it know,  
And who so list the like assayes to ken,  
Shall find by tryall and confesse it then,  
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,  
An outward shew of things that onely seeme

For that same goodly hew of white and red,  
With which the cheekes are sprinkled, shal  
decay,

And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairely spread  
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away  
To that they were, even to corrupted clay  
That golden wyre, those sparekling stars so  
bright,

Shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray  
That light proceedes, which kindleth lovers  
Shall never be extinguisht nor decay, [fire,  
But, when the vitall spirits doe expyre,  
Unto her native planet shall retyre,  
For it is heavenly borne and can not die,  
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which derived was,  
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,  
By whom all live to love, whilome did pas  
Downe from the top of purest heavens light  
To be embodied here, it then tooke light  
And lively spirits from that fayrest starre  
Which lights the world forth from his fire  
carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,  
When she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,  
Through every part she doth the same im-  
presse

Aecording as the heavens have her graced,  
And frames her house, in which she will be  
placed,

Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spovle  
Of th' heavenly riches which she robd ere-  
while

Therof it comes that these faire soules, which  
have

The most resemblanee of that heavenly light,  
Frame to themselves most beautifull and  
brave

Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,  
And the grosse matter by a soveraine might  
Tempers so trim, that it may well be seene  
A pallace fit for such a virgin Queene

So every spirit, as it is most pure,  
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,  
So it the fairer bodie doth procure  
To habitt in, and it more fairely dight  
With chearefull grace and amiable sight,  
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take  
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make

Therefore where-ever that thou doest behold  
A comely corpse, with beutic fare endevred,  
Know this for certaine, that the same doth  
hold

A beauteous soule, with fure conditions thewed,  
Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed,  
For all that faire is, is by nature good,  
That is a signe to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it fallest that many a gentle mynd  
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,  
Fither by chauce, agunst the course of kynd,  
Or through unaptnesse in the substance  
fownd,

Which it assumed of somes tymborne grownd,  
That will not yeld unto her formes direction,  
But is deform'd with some soule imperfection

And oft it fallest, (aye me, the more to rewe)  
That goodly beautie, albe heavenly borne,  
Is soule abused, and that celestiall hew,  
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,  
Made but the butt of sinne, and sinners scorne,  
Whilst every one doth seeke and sew to have  
it,

But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,  
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill  
Nothing so good, but that through guilty  
shame

May be corrupt, and wrested unto will  
Nathelasse the soule is faire and beauteous  
still,

How ever fleshes fault it filthly make,  
For things immortall no corruption take

But ye, faire Dames! the worlds deere orna-  
ments

And lively images of heavens light,  
Let not your beames with such disparage-  
ments

Bedund, and your bright glorie darkned quight  
But, mindfull still of your first countrie sight,  
Doe still preserve your first informed grace,  
Whose shadow yet shyne in your beauteous  
face

Loath that soule blot that hellish fierbrand,  
Disloyall lust faire beauties foulest blame,  
That base affections, which your earts would  
blind

Commend to you by loves abused name,  
But is indeede the bond-slave of defame,  
Which will the garland of your glorie marre  
And quench the light of your bright shyning  
starre

But gentle Love, that loyall is and true,  
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,



And add more brightnesse to your goodly hew,  
From light of his pure fire, which, by like  
way

Kindled of yours, your likeness doth display,  
Like as two mirrors, by oppos'd reflection,  
Doe both expresse the faces first impression

Therefore, to make your beantie more appeare,  
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay  
That heavenly riches which in you re beare,  
That men the more admyre their fountaine  
may,  
For else what booteth that celestiall ray,  
If it in darknesse be enshined ever,  
That it of loving eyes be viewed never?

But, in your choise of Loves, this well advise,  
That liketh to your selves ye them select,  
The which your forms first source may sym-  
patize,  
And with like beauties parts be mixt delect,  
For, if you loosely love without respect,  
It is no love, but a discordant warre,  
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do  
jarre

For Love is a celestiall harmonio  
Of likely harts compos'd of starres concord,  
Which joyne together in sweete sympathye,  
To worke eeh others joy and true content,  
Which they have harbour'd since their first  
descent [see  
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did  
And know eeh other here belov'd to bee

Then wrong it were that any other twaine  
Should in loves gentle band combin'd be  
But those whom heaven did at first ordaine,  
And made out of one mould the more t' agree,  
For all, that like the beantie which they see,  
Streight do not love, for Love is not so light  
As streight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they, which love indeede, looke otherwise,  
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,  
Drawing out of the object of their eyes  
A more refyned forme, which they present  
Unto their mind, void of all blemishment,  
Which it reducing to her first perfection,  
Beholdeth free from fleshes frailty infection

And then conforming it unto the light,  
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,  
Of that first Sunne, yet sparkling in his sight,  
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill  
An heavenly beantie to his fancies will,  
And, it embracing in his mind entwre,  
The mirror of his owne thought doth admyre  
Which seeming now so my faire to be,  
As outward it appeareth to the eye,

And with his spirits proportion to agree,  
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,  
And fully setteth his felicitie,  
Counting it sarrer then it is indeede,  
And yet indeede her fairenesse doth exceede

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted be  
Then other mens, and in deire loves delight  
See more then any other eyes can see,  
Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,  
Which carrie privie message to the spright,  
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,  
As plaine as light discovers slawning day

Therein they see, through amorous eye-  
glances,  
Armies of Loves still flying too and fro,  
Which dart at them their litle fierie lances,  
Whom having wounded, backe againe they go,  
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe,  
Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharpe effect,  
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete  
aspect

In which how many wonders doe they reede  
To their concept, that others never see!  
Now of her smiles, with which their soules  
they feede  
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,  
Now of her looks which like to Cordials be,  
But when her words embassage forth she sends,  
Lord, how sweete musick that unto them  
lends!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold  
A thousand Graces working in delight,  
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold  
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their  
sight [night,  
Doe seeme like twinkling starres in frostie  
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,  
So many millions of chaste pleasures play

All those, O Catherin! and thousands more  
Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend,  
To decke thy beantie with their dainties store,  
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,  
And make it more admv'd of foe and friend,  
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne  
enstall,  
And spred thy lovely kingdome over-all

Then Io, triumph! O great Beauties Queene,  
Advance the banner of thy conquest line,  
That all this world, the which thy vassals  
beene,  
May draw to thee, and with dew fentrie  
Adore the powre of thy great Majestie,  
Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,  
Compyld by me, which thy poore hegeman am!

In lieu whereof graunt, O great Sovereigne!  
That she, whose conquering beautie doth  
captive  
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,  
One drop of græce at length will to me give,  
That I her bounden thurll by her may live,  
And this same life, which first fro me she  
reaved,  
May owe to her, of whom I it received

And you, faire Venus dealing, my deare dread!  
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my  
life,  
When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shal  
[read,  
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew rehesse,  
That may reene my harts long pyning grieffe,  
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty  
hath,  
That can restore a damned wight from death,

## AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings,  
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,  
Where I may see those admirable things  
Which there thou workest by thy soveraine  
might,  
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,  
That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing  
Unto the God of Love, high heavens king  
Many lewd layes (th' woe is me the more!)  
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call  
love,  
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,  
That in light wits did loose affection move,  
But all those follies now I do reprove,  
And turned have the tenor of my string,  
The heavenly prayes of true love to sing  
And ye that went with greedy vaine desire  
To reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame,  
To warme your selves at my wide sparckling  
fire,  
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my  
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame,  
For who my passed follies now pursewes,  
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes

BEFORE THIS WORLDS GREAT FRAYLE, in  
which al things  
Are now containd, found any being-place,  
Ere fitting Time could wag his eyes wings  
About that mightie bound which doth em-  
brace [by space,  
The rolling Spheres, and parts their houres  
That High Eternall Powre, which now doth  
move  
In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love  
It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire,  
(For faire is lov'd,) and of it selfe begot,  
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and here,  
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,  
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot  
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,  
Whom he therefore with equall honour  
crownd

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,  
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,  
Together with that thurd from them derived,  
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright!  
Whose kingdomes throne no thought of  
earthly wight [verse  
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling  
With equall words can hope it to rehearse  
Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lampe of  
light,  
Eternall spring of grace and wisdomes trew,  
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright  
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,  
That may my rymes with sweet infuse em-  
bren,  
And give me words equall unto my thought,  
To tell the marvelles by thy metaic wrought  
Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,  
And full of fruitfull love, that loves to get  
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,  
His second brood, though not in powre so  
great,  
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget  
An infinite increase of Angels bright,  
All glistring glorious in their Makers light.  
To them the heavens illimitable light  
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence  
behold,  
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,  
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning  
gold,)  
He gave as their inheritance to hold,  
That they might save him in eternall blis,  
And be partakers of those joyes of his  
There they in their trinnall tripheties  
About him wait, and on his will depend,  
Either with numble wings to cut the skes,  
When he them on his messages doth send,  
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,  
Where they behold the glorie of his light,  
And caroll Hymnes of love both day and  
night

Both day, and night, is unto them all one  
For he his hermes doth still to them extend,  
That darknesse there appeareth never none,  
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,  
But there their termelesse time in pleasure  
spend,

Ne ever should their happinesse decay,  
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,  
Did puffed them up with greedy bold ambition  
That they gan cast their state how to increase  
Above the fortune of their first condition,  
And sit in Gods owne seat without commission  
The brightest Angell, even the Child of Light,  
Drew millions more against their God to fight

Th' Almighty seeing their so bold assay,  
Kindled the flame of His consuming vye,  
And with His onely breath them blew away  
From heavens light, to which they did aspyre,  
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,  
Where they in darknesse and dread horror  
dwell,

Hating the happie light from which they fell

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,  
Next to Himselfe in glorious degree,  
Degendering to hate, fell from above  
Through pride, (for pride and love may ill  
agree)

And now of sinne to all ensample bee  
How then can sinfull flesh itselfe assure,  
Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,  
Still flowing forth His goodnesse unto all,  
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place  
In His widdell Palace, through those Angels fall,  
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall  
A new unknown Colony therein,  
Whose root from earths base groundworke  
should begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to  
nought, [might]  
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by His  
According to an heavenly patterne wrought,  
Which He had fashion'd in his wise foresight  
He man did make, and breath'd a living spright  
Into his face most beautifull and fyre,  
Endew'd with wisdomes riches, heavenly, rare

Such He him made that he resemble might  
Himselfe as mortall thing immortall could,  
Him to be Lord of every living wight  
He made by love out of His owne like mould,  
In whom He might His mightie selfe behold,  
For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,  
That like itselfe in lovely shape may bee

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace  
No lesse then Angels whom he did ensue,  
Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,  
Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,  
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,  
Where they for ever should in bonds remaine  
Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at  
first

Made of meere love, and after liked well,  
Seeing him like creature long accurst  
In that deepe horror of depeyred hell,  
Him, wretch, in doole would let no lenger  
dwell,

But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,  
And pay the price, all were his debt extreme  
Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,  
In which he reigned with his glorious syre,  
He downe descended, like a most demisse  
And abyett thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,  
That He for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,  
And him restore unto that happie state  
In which he stood before his haplesse fate

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,  
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfide,  
Nor spint, nor Angell, though they man sur-  
pas, [guyde]

Could make amends to God for mans mis-  
but only man himselfe, who selfe did slvde  
So, taking flesh of sared virgins wombe,  
For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne  
Without all blemish or reproehfull blame,  
He freely gave to be both rent and torne  
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame  
Ryng him, that them most vile bearme,  
At length him wringd on a gallow-tree,  
And slew the Just by most unjust decree

O huge and most unspeakable impression  
Of loves deepe wound, that pierst the piteous  
hart

Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,  
And, sharply launching every inner part,  
Dolours of death into his soule did dart,  
Doing him die that never it deserved,  
To free his foes, that from his heast had  
swerv'd]

What hart can feelee least touch of so sore  
launch, [wound?

Or thought can thynke the depth of so deare  
Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never  
stanneth

But stil do flow, and freshly still redound,  
To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound,  
And cleanse the guilt of that infected cryme  
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!  
 O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of Light!  
 Most lively image of thy Fathers face,  
 Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,  
 Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds be-  
 high,  
 How can we thee requite for all this good?  
 Or what can prize that thy most precious  
 blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in heu of all this love,  
 But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine  
 Ay me! what can us lesse then that behove?  
 Had he required life of us againe, [gaine?  
 Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with  
 He gave us life, he it restored lost,  
 Then life were least, that us so litle cost

But he our life hath left unto us free, [band,  
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was  
 Ne ought demands but that we loving bee,  
 As he himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,  
 And bound therto with an eternall band,  
 Him first to love that us so dearly bought,  
 And next our brethren, to his image wrought

Him first to love great right and reason is,  
 Who first to us our life and being gave,  
 And after, when we fared had amisse,  
 Us wretches from the second death did save,  
 And last, the food of life, which now we have,  
 Even he himselfe, in his deare sacrament,  
 To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent

Then next, to love our brethren, that were  
 made  
 Of that selfe mould and that selfe Makers hand,  
 That we, and to the same againe shall fade,  
 Where they shall have like heritage of land,  
 How ever here on higher steps we stand,  
 Which also were with selfe-same price re-  
 deemed  
 That we, how ever of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord  
 Commanded us to love them for his sake,  
 Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,  
 Which in his last bequest he to us spake,  
 We should them love, and with their needs  
 partake,  
 Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,  
 We give to him by whom we all doe live

Such merer he by his most holy reede  
 Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,  
 Ensampled it by his most righteous deede,  
 Shewing us merrie (miserable erev!)  
 That we the like should to the wretches shew

And love our brethren, thereby to approve  
 How much, himselfe that loved us, we love  
 Then rouse thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy  
 soyle,  
 In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,  
 And doest thy mynd in dirty pleasures moile,  
 Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thine,  
 Lift up to him thy heave clouded eyne,  
 That thou his soveraine bountie mayst behold,  
 And read, through love, his mercies manifold

Beginne from first, where he encradled was  
 In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,  
 Betweene the toylefull Oxe and humble Asse,  
 And in what rags, and in how brise aray,  
 The glory of our heavenly riches lay,  
 When him the silly Shepheards came to see,  
 Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest  
 knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,  
 His humble carriage, his unsauely wayes,  
 His canered foes, his fights, his toyle, his  
 strife,  
 His pynes, his povertie, his sharpe assayes,  
 Through which he past his miserable dayes,  
 Offending none, and doing good to all,  
 Yet being malist both of great and small.

And looke at last, how of most wretched wights  
 He taken was, betrayd, and false acensed,  
 How with most seornefull taunts, and fell des-  
 pights,  
 He was revild, disgrast, and foule abused,  
 How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how  
 brused,  
 And lastly, how twixt robbers cruelyfyde,  
 With bitter wounds through hands, through  
 feet, and syde!

Then let thy shry hart, that feels no paine,  
 Empiered be with pittifull remorse,  
 And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,  
 At sight of his most sacred heavenly force,  
 So torne and mangled with malicious force,  
 And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows  
 wrought,  
 Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought  
 With sence whereof, whilst so thy softened  
 spirit

Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale  
 Through meditation of his endless merit,  
 Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy v'cale,  
 And to his soveraine mercie doe appeale,  
 Learne him to love that loved thee so deare,  
 And in thy brest his blessed image beare

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and  
 mind [brice,  
 Thou must him love, and his becheasts em-

All other loves, with which the world doth  
blind

Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,  
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,  
And give thy selfe unto him full and free,  
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,  
And ravisht with devouring great desire  
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest  
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire  
With burning zeale, through every part entire,  
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,  
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,  
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,

Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye  
Compar'd to that celestially beaunties blaze,  
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth  
daze

With admiration of their passing light,  
Blinding the eyes, and lunning the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired bee  
With heavenly thoughts farre above humane  
skil,

And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see  
Th' Idee of his pure glorie present still  
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill  
With sweete enragement of celestially love,  
Kindled through sight of those pure things  
above

## AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravisht  
thought,

Through contemplation of those goodly sights,  
And glorious images in heaven wrought,  
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet de-  
lights

Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights,  
I faune to tell the things that I behold,  
But feeble my wits to faile, and tongue to fold

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almightie  
Spright!

From whom all gifts of wit and knowledg  
To shed into my breast some sparkling light  
Of thine eternall Truth, that I may show  
Some life beames to mortall eyes below  
Of that immortall beaute, there with thee  
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see

That with the glorie of so goodly sight  
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire  
Faure seeming shewes, and feed on vaine  
Transported with celestrill desyre [delight,  
Of those faure formes, may lift themselves up  
hyer,

And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,  
Th' eternall fontaine of that heavenly beauty

Beginning then below, with th' easie view  
Of this base world subject to fleshly eye,  
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,  
To contemplation of th' immortall sky  
Of the soare fauleon so I learne to fly,  
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,  
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed  
With sight of that is faure, looke on the frame

Of this wide universe, and therein reed  
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name  
Thou canst not count, much lesse their natures  
name,

All which are made with wondrous wise respect.  
And all with admirable beauntie deckt

First, th' Earth, on adamantyne pillars founded  
Amid the Sea, engirt with brassen bands,  
Then th' Aire still sitting, but yet firmly  
bounded

On everie side, with pyles of flaming brands,  
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall  
hands,

And, last, that mightie shining christall wall,  
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,  
That still as every thing doth upward tend,  
And further is from earth, so still more cleare  
And faure it growes, till to his perfect end  
Of purest beauntie it at last ascend, [hyre,  
Ayre more then fire, fire much more then  
And heaven then vnto, appeares more pure and  
fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye  
On that bright shynne round still moving  
Masse, [Skye,  
The house of blessed God, which men call  
All sowd with glistring stars more thicke then  
grasse,

Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,  
But those two most, which, ruling night and  
day,

As King and Queene, the heavens Empire sway,

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene  
That to their beautie may compared bee,  
Or evn the sight that is most sharpe or keene  
Endure their Captains flaming head to see?  
How much lesse those much higher in degree,  
And so much fairer, and much more then these,  
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For farre above these heavens, which here we  
Be others farre exceeding these in light, [see,  
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,  
But infinite in largenesse and in light,  
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,  
That need no Sunne to illuminate their spheres,  
But their owne native light farre passing theirs

And as these heavens still by degrees arise,  
Untill they come to their first Movers bound,  
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,  
And carrie all the rest with him around,  
So those likewise doe by degrees redound.  
And rise more faire, till they at last arise  
To the most faire, whereto they all do strive

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have  
In full enjoyment of felicitie, [place,  
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face  
Of the Divine Eternall Majestie,  
More faire is that, where those Ideas on hie  
Enranged be, which Plato so admired,  
And pure Intelligences from God inspired

Yet fairer is that heaven, in which doe raine  
The soveraine Powers and mightie Potentates,  
Which in their high protectiōs doe containe  
All mortall Princes and imperrall States,  
And farrer yet, wherea the royall Seates  
And heavenly Dominations are set,  
From whom all earthly governance is fet

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,  
Which all with golden wings are overdight,  
And those eternall burning Seraphims,  
Which from their faces dart out fierie light,  
Yet fairer then they both, and much more  
bright,

Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend  
On Gods owne person, without rest or end

These thus in faire each other farre exceeding,  
As to the Highest they approach more neare,  
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,  
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,  
Though all their beauties joynd together  
were,

How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse  
The image of such endless perfectnesse?

Cease then, my tongue! and lend unto my  
mynd

I cave to bethinke how great that beautie is,  
Whose utmost parts so beautifull I fynd,

How much more those essentriall parts of his  
His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his blis,  
His grace, his doome, his merey, and his  
might,

By which he lends us of himselfe a sight!

Those unto all he daily doth display,  
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,  
As in a looking-glasse, through which he may  
Be seene of all his creatures vile and base,  
That are unable else to see his face, [bright,  
His glorious face! which glistereth else so  
That th' Angels selves can not endure his  
sight

But we, fraile wights! whose sight cannot  
sustaine [ahyne,

The Suns bright beames when he on us doth  
But that their points rebutted backe againe  
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne  
The glory of that Majestie Divine, [darke,  
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are  
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent  
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,  
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,  
And in the same, as in a brasse booke,  
To reade enregistred in every nooke  
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare,  
For all that's good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,  
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,  
Mount up aloft through heavenly contem-  
plation, [soule do blind,  
From this darke world, whose damps the  
And, like the native brood of Eagles kynd,  
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,  
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,  
Before the footstoole of his Majestie  
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling inno-  
ce dare looke up with corruptible eye [cence,  
On the dread face of that great Deity,  
For feare, lest if he churce to looke on thee,  
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded  
be

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,  
Close covered with the Lambes integrity  
From the just wrath of his avengfull threate  
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy,  
His throne is built upon Eternity,  
More firme and durable then Steele or brasse,  
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth  
passe

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,  
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,  
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,

Under the rigour of his iudgement just,  
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,  
From whence proceed her beames so pure and  
bright  
That all about him sheddeth glorious light

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing  
sparkle

Which darted is from Titans flaming head  
That with his beames enlumineth the darke  
And dampish ure, whereby all things are red,  
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled  
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze  
The greatest wiewds which thereon do gaze

But that immortall light, which there doth  
shine,

Is many thousand times more bright, more  
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,  
Through which to God all mortall actions here,  
And even the thoughts of men, do plane ap-  
peare,

For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,  
Through heavenly vertue which her beames  
doe breed

With the great glorie of that wondrous light  
His throne is all encompassed around,  
And lnd in his owne brightnesse from the  
sight

Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound,  
And underneath his feet are to be found  
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,  
The instruments of his auenging yre

There in his bosome Sapience doth sit,  
The soveraine deirling of the Deity,  
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit  
For so great powre and peercesse majesty,  
And all with gemmes and jewels gorgeously  
Adorn'd, that brighter then the starres appeare,  
And make her native brightnes seem more  
cleare

And on her head a crowne of purest gold  
Is set, in signe of highest soverainety,  
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,  
With which she rules the house of God on hy,  
And menageth the over-moring sky,  
And in the same these lower creatures all  
Subjected to her powre imperall

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,  
And all the creatures which they both containe,  
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill  
They all partake, and do in state remaine  
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,  
Through obseruation of her high behest,  
By which they first were made, and still in-  
crease

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can tell,  
For she the dnghters of all womens race,  
And Angels eke, in beantie doth excell,  
Sprinkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,  
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,  
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,  
Ne can on earth compired be to ought

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)  
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill,  
That all posteritie admired it,  
Have purtrayd this, for all his maistring skill,  
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,  
And were as faire as fahling wits do faine,  
Could once come neare this beauty soverayne

But had those wits the wonders of their dyes,  
Or that sweete Tern Poet, which did spend  
His plenteous vaine in setting forth her  
praise.

Scene but a glimpse of this which I pretend,  
How wondrously would he her face commend,  
Above that Idole of his faying thought,  
That all the world shold with his times be  
fraught

How then dare I, the novice of his Art,  
Presume to picture so diuine a right,  
(Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,  
Whose beantie fills the heavens with her light,  
And darkes the earth with shadow of her  
sight?

Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weake and faint  
The pourtraict of so heavenly heu to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold  
And see at will her soveraigne praises sing,  
And those most sacred mysteries unfold  
Of that faire love of mightie heavens King,  
Enough is me t' admvire so heavenly thing,  
And, being thus with her linge love possessd,  
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest,

But who so may, thrise happie man him hold,  
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace,  
And lets his owne Belov'd to behold,  
For in the view of her celestiall face  
All joy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place,  
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight  
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she, out of her secret thresury  
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,  
Euen heav'nly riches, which there hidden ly  
Within the closet of her chasteest bowre,  
Th' eternall portion of her precions dowre,  
Which mighty God hath given to her free,  
And to all those which thereof worthy bee

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee  
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,

And letteth them her lovely face to see,  
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they con-  
ceave,

And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave  
Their soule of sense, through infinite delight,  
And them transport from flesh into the spright

In which they see such admirable things,  
As carries them into an extasy,  
And heare such heavenly notes and carolings,  
Of Gods high praise, that fills the brazen sky,  
And feels such joy and pleasure inwardly,  
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,  
And onely think on that before them set

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,  
Or idle thought of earthly thing, remaine,  
But all that earst seemd sweet seemes now  
offen-e

And all that pleased earst now seemes to paine,  
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,  
Is tryed all on that which now they see,  
All other sights but fynyed shaddowes bee

And that faire Lampe, which useth to inflame  
The hearts of men with selfe-consuming tyre  
Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sunfull  
blame,

And all that pompe to which proud mind-  
By name of honor, and so much desire,

Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,  
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,  
And senses fraught with such satietie,  
That in nought else on earth they can delight,  
But in th' aspect of that felicitie,  
Which they have written in their inward ey,  
On which they feed, and in their fastened mynd  
All happy joy and full contentment fynd

Ah, then, my hungry soule! which long hast  
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought, [fed  
And, with false beauties flattering but misled,  
First after vaine deceiptfull shaddowes sought,  
Which all are fled, and now have left thee  
nought

But late repentance through thy follies grief,  
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief

And looke at last up to that Sovereine Light,  
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty  
springs,

That kindleth love in every godly spright  
Even the love of God, which loathing brings  
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming  
things,

With whose sweete pleasures being so possest,  
Thy stuying thoughts henceforth for ever rest

## PROTHALAMION.

OR,

## A SPOUSALL VERSE,

MADE BY

EDM SPLNSLR,

IN HONOUR OF THE DOUBLED MARRIAGE OF THE TWO HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADIES,  
THE LADIE ELIZABETH AND THE LADIE KATHERINE SOVERSEY, DAUGHTERS TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LARKE OF WORCESTER, AND ESPOUSED TO THE TWO WORTHIE  
GENTLEMEN HENRY GILFORD, AND WILLIAM FLTER, ESQUYERS

CALMR was the day, and through the trem-  
bling ayre

Succete breathing Zephirus did softly play  
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay  
Hot Titans beames, which then did glisten  
When I, (whom sullem care, [sweare,  
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay  
In Princes Court, and expectation vayne  
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,  
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,  
Walkt forth to ease my payne

Along the shore of silverstreaming Themmes,  
Whose ruddy Baucke, he which his River  
hemmes

Was paynted all with variable flowers,  
And all the meades adorned with dantie  
gemmes

Fitt to deeke may dens bowres,  
And crowne their Paramours  
Against the Brydale day, which is not long  
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end  
my Song



There, in a Meadow, by the Rivers side,  
 A Flocke of Nymphes I chanced to spy,  
 All lovely Daughters of the I lood thurby  
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,  
 As each had bene a Brude,  
 And each one had a little wicker basket,  
 Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,  
 In which they gathered flowers to fill their  
 flasket,  
 And with fine fingers crompt full sentencely  
 The tender stalkes on lyve  
 Of every sort, which in that Meadow grow,  
 They gathered some the Violet, pallid blew,  
 The little Dazie, that at evening closes,  
 The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose tren,  
 With store of vermil Roses,  
 To decke their Bridgromes posies  
 Against the Brydale day, which was not long  
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end  
 my Song

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe  
 Come softly swimming downe along the Lee,  
 Two furer Birds I yet did never see,  
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,  
 Did never winter shew,  
 Nor Joye himself, when he a Swan would be,  
 For love of Leda, winter did appeare,  
 Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,  
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare  
 So purely white they were, [bare,  
 That even the gentle stream the which them  
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes  
 spare  
 To wet their silken feathers, lest they might  
 Soyle their faire plumes with water not so  
 And marre their beantes bright. [faire,  
 That shone as heavens light. [long  
 Against their Brydale day, which was not  
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end  
 my Song

Lfsoones the Nymphes, which now had  
 Flowers their fill,  
 Ran all in haste to see that silver brood  
 As they came floating on the Chrystal I lood,  
 Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed  
 Their wondring eyes to fill, [fill,  
 Thim seem'd they never saw a sight so layre,  
 Of Fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme  
 Them heavenly borne, or to be that same pyrr  
 Which through the Skie draw Venus silver  
 For sure they did not seeme [Teeme,  
 To be begot of any earthly Seede  
 But rather Angels, or of Angels breede,  
 Yet were they bred of Somers-heat they say,  
 In sweetest Season, when each flower and  
 The earth did fresh aray, [weede  
 So fresh they seem'd as day,

Even as their Brydale day, which was not  
 long  
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end  
 my Song

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew  
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,  
 That to the sense did fragrant odours vield,  
 All which upon those goodly Birds they threw  
 And all the Waves did strew,  
 That like old Penens Waters they did seeme,  
 When downe along by pleasant Temples shore,  
 Scattred with flowers, through Thessaly they  
 came,  
 That they appear, through Lillies plenteous  
 Like a Brydes Chamber floor [store,  
 Two of those Nymphes, merue while, two  
 Garlands bound [found  
 Of freshest flowers which in that Mead they  
 The which presenting all in trim array,  
 Their snowie foreheads therewithall they  
 Whil'st one did sing this Lay, [crown'd,  
 Prepar'd against that Day. [long  
 Against their Brydale day, which was not  
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end  
 my Song

'Ye gentle Birdes' the worlds faire orna-  
 ment,  
 And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower  
 Doth leade unto your lovers blisfull bower  
 Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content  
 Of your loves complement,  
 And let faire Venus, that is Queene of love,  
 With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you  
 smile,  
 Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove  
 All Loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile  
 For ever to asoile  
 Let enlisse Peace your steadfast hearts accord,  
 And blessed Pleentie wait upon your bord  
 And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,  
 That fruitfull issue may to you afford,  
 Which may your foes confound,  
 And make your joyes redound  
 Upon your Brydale day, which is not long  
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end  
 my Song

So ended she, and all the rest around  
 To her redoubled that her under-song [long  
 Which said their brydale day should not be  
 And gentle Leda from the neighbour ground  
 Their accents did resound  
 So forth those joyous Birdes did passe along,  
 Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,  
 As he would speake but that he lackt a tong,  
 Yet did by signes his glad affection show,  
 Making his stream run slow

And all the foule which in his flood did dwell  
 Gau floek about these twaine, that did excell  
 The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend  
 The lesser starres So they, enranged well,  
 Did on those two attend,  
 And their best service lend [long  
 Against their wedding day, which was not  
 Sweete Themmes' runn softly, till I end  
 my Song

At length they all to mery London came,  
 To mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,  
 That to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,  
 Though from another place I take my name,  
 An house of auncient fame [towres  
 There when they came, whereas those bricke  
 The which on Themmes brode aged baekes doe  
 ryde, [bowers,  
 Where now the stndious Lawyers have their  
 There whylome wout the Templer Knights to  
 Till they deead through pride [by de,  
 Next whereunto there standes a stately place,  
 Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace  
 Of that great Lord, which therein wout to  
 dwell, [case,

Whose want too well now feeles my freendles  
 But ah! here fits not well  
 Olde woes, but joyes, to tell  
 Against the bridale daye, which is not long  
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end  
 my Song

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,  
 Great Englands glory, and the Worlds wide  
 wonder, [did thunder,  
 Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine  
 And Hercules two pillors standing neere  
 Did make to quake and feare  
 Faire branch of Honor, flower of Chevalro'

That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,  
 Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,  
 And endlesse happnesse of thine owne name  
 That promisetht the same, [armes,  
 That through thy prowesse, and victorious  
 Thy country may be freed from forraigne  
 harmes,  
 And great Elisas glorious name may ring  
 Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide  
 Alrnes,  
 Which some brave muse may sing  
 To ages following  
 Upon the Brydale day, which is not long  
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly till I end  
 my Song

From those lugh Towers this noble Lord is-  
 sning,  
 Like Radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre  
 In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre,  
 Descended to the Rivers open vewing,  
 With a great traine ensuing  
 Above the rest were goodly to bee seene  
 Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,  
 Besceeming well the bower of anne Queene,  
 With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,  
 Fit for so goodly stature,  
 That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in  
 sight, [bright,  
 Which deeke the Bauldrieke of the Heavens  
 They two, forth paeing to the Rivers side,  
 Received those two saure Brides, their Loves  
 delight,  
 Which, at th' appointed tyde,  
 Each one did make his Bryde  
 Against their Brydale day, which is not long  
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end  
 my Song

## SONNETS

WRITTEN BY SPENSER,

COLLECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH THEY APPEARED

I

*To the right worshipfull my singular good frend,  
 M Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of the Lawes*

HARVEY, the happy above happiest men  
 I read, that, sitting like a Looker-on  
 Of this worldes Stage, doest note with critique  
 pen

The sharpe dishkes of each condition  
 And, as one carelesse of snspition,  
 Ne faw nest for the favour of the great,  
 Ne fearest foolish reprehension

Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat  
 But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,  
 Like a great Lord of peerlesse liberty,  
 Lifting the Good up to lugh Honours seat,  
 And the Evill damming evermore to dy  
 For Life, and Death, is in thy doomefull  
 writing'

So thy renowne lives ever by endighting

Dublin, this xxvij of July, 1586

Your devoted frend during life,  
 EDWARD SPENCER

## II

(Prefixed to 'Nennio, or A Treatise of Nobility,'  
§c)

Who so wil seeke, by right deserts, t' attaine,  
Unto the tye of true Nobility,  
And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,  
Deriue furre from famous Ancestrie  
Behold them both in their right vnomie  
Here truly pourtray'd, as they ought to be,  
And striving both for termes of dignitie,  
To be advanced highest in degree  
And, when thou doost with equall insight see  
The od' twixt both, of both them deem aright  
And chuse the better of them both to thee  
But thanks to him, that it deserves, belight,  
So Nennio first, that first this worke created,  
And next to Ioues, that truly it translated

LO SPENCER

## III

Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias  
Scanderbeg, king of the Epirots, translated  
into English

Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt  
Her ancient monuments of mightie petres,  
And old Herdes, which their world did daunt  
With their great deedes, and fill their chil-  
drens eares?

Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,  
Admire their statues, their Colossoes great  
Their rich triumphall Arks which they did  
raie,  
Their huge Pyramids, which do heauen threat.

Let one, whom later age hath brought to  
light,  
Matchable to the greatest of those great,  
Great both by name, and great in power and  
might,  
And meriting a meere triumphant seate.

The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infi-  
dels,  
Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tels  
EDM. SPENCER

## IV

(Prefixed to 'The Commonwealth and Govern-  
ment of Venice')

The antique Babel, Emprresse of the East,  
Upread her buidinges to the threatned skie  
And second Babel tyrant of the West  
Her many Towers upraised much more high  
But, with the weight of their own surquedry,  
They both are fallen, that all the earth did  
seare,

And buried now in their own ashes lie,  
Yet shewing, by their heapes, how great they  
were

But in their place doth now a third appcare,  
Layre Venice, flower of the last worlds de-  
light

And next to them in beauty draue th neare,  
But farre exceeds in policie of right

Yet not so sayre her buildinges to behold  
As Lewkenors stile that hath her beautie  
told.

EDM. SPENCER.

# A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND

DISCOURSED BY WAY OF A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

IUDOXUS AND IRENÆUS

*Eudox*

But of that countrey of Ireland, whence you lately came, be soe goodly and commodious a soyle, as ye report, I wonder that noe course is taken for the turning thereof to good uses, and redneing of that savage nation to better government and civilitye

*Iren* Marry, soe there have bene divers good plottes devised, and wise counsell cast allready about reformation of that realme, but they are, it is the fatal destiny of that land, that noe purposes, whatsoever are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it proceede from the very Gifts of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that he resereth her in this unquett state still for some secrett scourdge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be knowne, but yet much to be feared

*Eudox* Surely I suppose this but a vayne conceit of simple men, which judge things by theyre effectes, and not by theyre causes, for I will rather thinke the cause of this evil, which hangeth upon that countrey, to proceede rather of the unsoundnes of the counsell, and plottes, which you say have bene oftentimes layd for the reformation, or of faintnes in following and effecting the same, then of any such fatal course or appointment of God, as you misdeeme but it is the manner of men, that when they are fallen into any absurditye, or theyr actions succede not as they would, they are ready allwayes to impute the blame thereof unto the heavens, soe to excuse their owne follies and unperfectiones Soe have I also heard it often wished (even of some whose greates wisdomes, in my opinion, should seeme to judge more soundly of soe weighty a consideration) that all that land were a sea-poole which kind of speech, is the manner rather of desperat men farr driven, to wishe the

utter ruine of that they cannot redress, then of grave counsellors, which ought to thinke nothing soe hard but that, through wysedome, it may be masted and subdued, since the Poet sayeth, that 'the wyse man shall rule even over the starres,' much more over the earth, for were it not the part of a desperat phisition to wish his diseased patient dead, rather then to apply the best endevours of his skill for his recovery But since we are so farre entred, let us, I pray you, a little devyse, of those evils, by which that countrey is held in this wretched ease, that it cannot (as you say) be reured And if it be not painfull to you, tell us what things, during your late continuance there, you observed to be most offensive, and an empeachment unto the good rule and government thereof

*Iren* Surely, Iudox, the evils which you desire to be recounted are very many, and almost countable with those that were lidden in the baskett of Pandora But since ye soe please, I will out of that infinit number, reeken but some that are most capital, and commonly current both in the life and conditions of privat men, as also in the managings of publick affayres and pollicye, the which you shall understind to be of diverse natures, as I observed them for some of them are of very great antiquitye and longe continuance, others more late and of lesse endurancce, others daily growing and encreasing continually as the evil occasions are every day offered

*Eudox* Tell them then, I pray you, in the same order that you have now rehearsed them, for there can be noe better methode then this which the very matter it self offereth And when ye have reckoned all the evils, lett us heare your opinion for redressing of them after which there will perhaps of it self appeare some reasonable way to settle a sound and perfect rule of government, by shunning the former evils, and

following the offred good The which methode we may learne of the wise Phisitions, which first require that the malady be knowne thoroughly, and discovered, afterwarde doe teach how to cure and redress it, and lastly doe prescribe a diett with straight rule and orders to be dayly observed, for feare of a relapse into the former disease, or falling into some other more daungerous then it

*Iren* I will then, according to your advisement, beginne to declare the evils, which seeme to me most hurtfull to the common-weale of that land, and first, those which I sayd were most auncient and long growen And they also are of three kindes, the first in the Lawes, the second in Customes, and the thurd in Religion

*Eudox* Why, Irenens, can there be any evil in the Lawes? can thinges, which are ordayned for the good and safetie of all, turne to the evill and hurt of them? This well I wote, both in that state and in all others, that were they not containyd in duty with feare of law, which restrayneth offences, and inflicteth sharpe punishment to misdoers, no man should enjoy any thing, every mans hand would be agaynst another Therefore, in finding fault with the lawes, I doubt me, you shall much over-shoote your self, and make me the more dislike your other dislikes of that government.

*Iren* The lawes, Eudox, I doe not blame for themselves, knowing right well that all lawes are ordayned for the good of the common-weale, and for repressing of licentiousness and vice, but it falleth out in lawes, no otherwise then it doth in phisick, which was at first devised, and is yet dayly ment, and ministered for the health of the patient But nevertheless we often see, that either through ignorance of the disease, or through unseasonableness of the time, or other accidentes coming between, in steede of good, it worketh hurt, and, out of one evill, throweth the patient into many miseries See the lawes were at first intended for the reformation of abuses, and peaceable continuance of the subjectes, but are sithence either disannulled, or quite prevaricated through change and alterations of times, yet are they good still in them-selves, but to that common-wealth, which is ruled by them, they worke not that good which they should, and sometimes also, perhaps, that evill which they would not.

*Eudox* Whether do you meane this by the common-law of the realme or by the Statute Lawes, and Actes of Parliaments?

*Iren* Surely by them both, for even the common-law, being that which William of Normandy brought in with his conquest and layed upon the neck of England, though it perhaps fitted well with the state of England then being, and was readely obeyed through the power of the commander, which had before subdued the people unto him, and made easy way to the setting of his will, yet with the state of Ireland peradventure it doth not so well agree, being a people altogether stubborne, and untamed, or yf it were ever tamed, yet now lately having quite shaken of theyr yoke and broken the bandes of theyre obedience For England (before the entrance of the Conquerour) was a peaceable kingdome, and but lately entred to the mild and goodly government of K. Edward, surnamed the Confessour, besides now lately growen unto a loathing and detestation of the unjust and tyrannous rule of Harold, an usurper, which made them the more willing to accept of any reasonable conditions and order of the new victor, thinking surely that it could be noe worse then the later, and hoping well it would be as good as the former yet what the proof of the first bringing in and establishing of those lawes hath bene, was after to many full bitterly made knowne But with Ireland it is far otherwise, for it is a nation ever acquainted with warres, though but amongst themselves, and in theyre owne kind of military discipline, trayned up ever from theyr youtthes, which they have never yet bene taught to lay aside, nor made to learne obedience unto lawe scarcely to know the name of lawe, but insteede therof have always preserved and kept theyr owne lawe, which is the Brehoonne lawe

*Eudox* What is that which ye call the Brehoonne Lawe? it is a word to us altogether unknown

*Iren* It is a certayne rule of right unwritten but delivered by tradition from one to another, in which oftentimes there appeareth greate shewe of equitie, in determining the right betweene party and party, but in many thinges repugning quite both to God and mans lawe as for example, in the case of murder, the Brehoon, that is theyr judge, will compound betwene the murderer and the frendes of the party murdered, which prosecute the action, that the malefactor shall give unto them, or to the child or wife of him that is slayne, a recompence, which they call a Breghe, by which by lawe of thevrs, many murders are amongst them made up and smothered And this judge being (as he

is called) the Lordes Brehoon, adjudgeth for the most part a better share unto his lord, that is the lord of the soyle, or the herd of that sept, and also unto himself, for his judgement, a greater portion then unto the playntiff or partyes grieved

*Eudox* This is a most wicked lawe indeed, but I trust it is not now used in Ireland since the kinges of England have had the absolute dominion therof, and established theyr owne lawes there

*Iren* Yes, truly, for there be many wide countreys in Ireland in which the lawes of England were never established, nor any acknowledgment of subjection made, and also even in those that are subdued, and seeme to acknowledge subjection, yet the same Brehoon lawe is practised amongst themselves, by reason, that dwelling as they doe, whole nations and septs of the Irish together, without any Englishman amongst them, they may doe what they list, and compound or altogether conceale amongst themselves their owne crimes, of which noe notice can be had by them which would and might amend the same, by the rule of the lawes of England

*Eudox* What is this which you say? And is there any part of that realme or any nation therein, which have not yet bene subdued to the crowne of England? Did not the whole realme universally accept and acknowledge our late prince of famous memory, Henry the Eighth, for theyr only king and liege lord?

*Iren* Yes, verely in a Parliamtent holden in the time of Sir Antony Sent-Leger, then Lord Deputy, all the Irish lordes and principall men came in, and being by sure meanes wrought therunto, acknowledged King Henry for theyr sovereyne lord, reserving yet (as some say) unto themselves all theyr owne former priviledges and segniories inviolate

*Eudox* Then by that acceptaunce of his sovereynty they also accepted of his lawes Why then should any other lawes be now used amongst them?

*Iren* Truo it is that thereby they bound themselves to his lawes and obedience, and in case it had bene followed upon them, as it should have bene, and a government therupon presently settled amongst them agreeable therunto, they should have bene reduced to perpetuall civilitye, and containe in continuall dutye But what bootes it to breake a colt, and to lett him straight runn loose at randome Soe were this people at first well handled, and wisely brought to acknowledge

alleageance to the Kinges of England, but being straight left unto themselves and theyr owne inordinate life and manners, they estoones forgott what before they were taught, and soe soone as they were out of sight by themselves, shooke of theyr bridles, and began to colt anew, more leentiously then before

*Eudox* It is a great pitty, that soe good an opportunitye was omitted, and soe happy an occasion fore-stald, that might have bred the eternall good of that land But doe they not still acknowledge that submission?

*Iren* Now they doe not, for now the heyres and posteritye of them which yielded the same aie (as they say) either ignorant therof, or doe willfully denye or stedfastly disavowe it

*Eudox* How can they doe soe justly? Doth not the aot of the parent, in any lawfull graunt or conveyance, bind the heyres for ever thereunto? Since then the aunccestours of those that now live yielded themselves then subjectes and hedgemen, shall it not tye theyr childreu to the same subjection?

*Iren* They say no, for theyr aunccestours had noe estate in any theyr landes, signories, or hereditamentes, longer then during theyr owne lives, as they alledge, for all the Irish doe hold theyr landes by Tanistrye, which is (as say they) noe more then a personall estate for his life tyme, that is, Tanisth, by reason that he is admitted therunto by election of the countrey

*Eudox* What is this that you call Tanisth and Tanistrye? They benames and termes never hard of nor known to us

*Iren* It is a custome among all the Irish, that presently after the death of any theyr cheif Lordes or Captaynes, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place, generally appoynted and known unto them, to choose another in his steede, where they doe nominate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest sonne, nor any of the children of theyr Lord deceased, but the next to him of blood, that is the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother to him yf he have any, or the next cossin germaine, or soe forth, as any is elder in that kindred or sept, and then next to him they choose the next of blood to be Tanisth, whoe shall next succede him in the sayd Captaynrye, yf he live thereunto

*Eudox* Doe they not use any ceremonies in this election? for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitions rites

*Iren* They use to place him that shalbe theyr Captayne, upon a stone illwaved reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill in many of the which I have seene the foote of a man formed and engraven, which theyr svr was the measure of theyr first Captayns foote, wheron he standing receiveth an oth to preserve all the former auncient customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succeession peaceably to his Tanistih, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is, after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself round aboute, thrise forward and thrise backward

*Eudox* But how is the Tanistih chosen?

*Iren* They say he setteth but one foote upon the stone, and receaveth the like othe that the Captayne did

*Eudox* Have you ever hard what was the occasion and first beginning of this custome? for it is good to knowe the same, and may perhaps discover some secret meaning and entent therein, very materiall to the state of that government.

*Iren* I have heard that the beginning and cause of this ordinance amongst the Irish, was specially for the defence and mayntenance of theyr landes in theyr posteritie, and for excluding of all innovation or alienation therof unto straungers, and specially to the English. For when theyr Captayne dyed, yf the signiory should descend to his child, and he perhaps in Infancy, another might peradventure stepp in betwene, or thrust him out by strong hand, being then unable to defend his right, or to withstand the force of a forreiner, and therefore they doe appoynt the eldest of the kinne to have the signiorye, for that he commonly is a man of stronger yeares, and better experience to mayntayne the inheritance, and to defend the countrey, either agaynst the next bordering Lordes, which use commonly to encroch one upon another as ech one is stronger, or agaynst the English, which theyr thinke he still in waye to wipe them out of theyr landes and territories. And to this end the Tanistih is allway ready knowne, yf it should happen the Captayne suddainly to dye, or to be slayne in battell, or to be out of the countrey, to defend and keepe it from all such doubtes and dangers. For which cause the Tanistih hath also a share of the countrey allotted unto him, and certayne cuttings and spendings upon all the Inhabitantes under the Lord

*Eudox* When I heare this woord Tanistih,

it bringeth to my mynd and remembrance what I have reade of Tania, that it should signifie a province or signiorye, as Aquitania, Lusitania, and Britania, the which some thinke to be derivd of Dania, that is, from the Danes, but, I thinke, amiss. For sure it seemeth, that it came aunciently from those barbarous nations that over-ranne the world, which possessed those dominions, wherof they are now soe called. And so it may well be that from the first originall of this woord Tanistih and Tanistih came, and the custome therof hath sithence, as many others els, bene continu'd. But to that generall subjection of the land, wherof we formerly spake, me seemes that this custome or tenure can be no barr nor empeachment, seeing that in open Parliamt by theyr sayd acknowledgement they waded the benefit therof, and submitted themselves notwithstanding to the ordinance of theyr new Sovereigne

*Iren* Yea, but they say, as I earst tolde you, that they reserved theyr titles, tenures, and signiories whole and sound to themselves, and for proofe alleadg, that they have ever sithence remain'd to them untouched, soe as nowe to alter them, should (say they) be a greave wronge

*Eudox* What remedie is there, then, or meanes to avoide this inconvenience? for, without first cutting of this dangerous custome, it seemeth hard to plante any sounde ordinance, or reduce them to a civill government, since all theyr ill customes are permitted unto them

*Iren* Surely nothing hard, for by this Act of Parliamt wherof we speake, nothing was given to King Henry which he had not before from his uncestours, but onely the bare name of a King, for all other absolute power of principalltie he had in himself before derivd from many former Kinges, his famous progenitors and worthy conquerours of that land. The which, sithence they first conquered and subdued unto them by force, what needeth afterward to enter into any such idle termes with them to be called theyr King, wheras it was in the power of the conquerour to take upon himself what title he will over the dominions conquered. For all is the conquerours, as fully to Brutus sayth. Therefore (me seemes) instead of so great and meritorious a service as they best they performed to the King, in bringing all the Irish to acknowledge him for theyr Leige, they did great hurt unto his title, and have left a perpetuall gall in the myndes of that

people whoe, before being absolutely bound to his obedience, are now tyed but with termes, whereas els both theyr lives, theyr landes, and theyr libertyes were in his free power to appoynt what tenures, what lawes, what conditions he would over them which were all his against which there could be no rightfull resistance, or if there were, he might, when he would, establish them with a stronge hand

*Eudox* Yes, but perhaps it seemed better unto that noble King to bring them by theyr owne accord unto his obedience. and to plant a peaceable government amongst them, then by such violent meanes to keepe them under Neither yet hath he thereby lost any thing that he formerly had, for having all before absolutely in his owne power, it remaineth so still unto him, he having neither forgiven nor forgone anything thereby unto them, but having received something from them, that is, a more voluntary and loyall subjection See that her Majesty may yet, when it shall please her, alter any thing of those former ordinaunces, or appoynt other lawes, that may be more both for her owne behoof, and for the good of that people

*Iren* Not soe, for it is not soe easie, now that thinges are grown into an habite and have theyr certayne course, to channge the channell, and turne the streame another way, for they may have now a colourable pretence to withstand such Innovations, having accepted of other lawes and rules alreadye

*Eudox* But you say they doe not accept of them, but delight rather to leane to theyr old customes and Brehoon lawes, though they be much more unjust and also more inconvenient for the common people, as by your later relation of them I have gathered As for the lawes of England, they are surely most just and most agreeable both with the government and with the nature of the people How falls it then, that you seeme to dislike of them as not soe meete for that realme of Ireland, and not only the Common Lawe, but also the Statutes and Acts of Parliamente, which were specially provided and intended for the onely benefit thereof?

*Iren* I was about to have told you my reason therein, but that yourself drew me away with other questions, for I was shewing you by what meanes, and by what sort, the Positive Lawes were first brought in and established by the Norman Conquerour which were not by him devised or applied to the state of the realme then being, nor as yet might

best be, (as should by lawgivers principally be regarded) but were indecde the very lawes of his owne cuntry of Normandy The condition wherof how farr it differeth from ths of England is apparaunt to every least judgement But to transferr the same lawes for the government of the realme of Ireland was much more inconvenient and unmeet, for he found a better advauntage of the time, then was in the planting of them in Ireland, and followed the execution of them with more severitye, and was also present in person to overlooke the Magistrates, and to overawe the subjectes with the terrour of his sword and countenance of his Majesty. e. But not soe in Ireland, for they were otherwise affected, and yet doe soe remayne, soe as the same lawes (mr seemes) can ill sitt with theyr disposition, or worke that reformation that is wished For lawes ought to be fashioned unto the manners and conditions of the people, to whom they are ment, and not to be imposed unto them according to the simple rule of right, for els (as I sayd) in steede of good they may worke ill, and pervert Justice to extreme Injustice For he that would transferr the lawes of the Lacedaemonians to the people of Athens should find a grente absurditye and inconvenience For those Lawes of Lacedaemon were devised by Lycurgus, as most proper and best agreing with that people, whom he knewe to be enclined altogether to warres, and therefore wholly trayned them up even from theyr craddels in armes and military exercises, cleane contrarie to the institution of Solon, who, in his lawes to the Atheniens, laboured by all meanes to temper theyr warlike courage with sweete delight of learning and sciences, soe that as much as the one excelled in armes, the other excelled in knowledge The like regard and moderation ought to be had in tempering, and managing of this stubborne nation of the Irish, to bring them from that delight of licentious barbarisme unto the love of goodness and civilitye

*Eudox* I can not see how that may better be then by the discipline of the lawes of England for the English were, at the first, as stout and warrehke a people as ever were the Irish, and yet ye see are now brought unto that civilitye, that no nation in the world excelleth them in all goodly conversation, and all the studies of knowledge and humanitye.

*Iren* What they now be both you and I see very well, but by how many thornye and hard wayes they are come therunto, by how



many civil broyles, by how many tumultuous rebellions, that even hazzarded oftentimes the whole safetie of the kingdome, may easily be considered all which they nevertheless sayrely overcame, by reason of the continuall presence of the King, whose onely person is oftentimes in steede of an army, to containe the unruly people from a thousand civil occasions, which this wretched kingdome is, for want therof, dayly carryed into. The which, whensoe they make head, noe lawes, noe penalties, can restrayne them, but that they doe, in the violence of their furies, treade downe and trample under foote all both divine and humane thinges, and the lawes themselves they doe specially rage upon, and reud in peeces, as most repugnant to theyr libertie and naturall freedome, which in theyr madness they affect.

*Eudox* It is then a very unseasonable time to pleade lawe, when a sword is drawn in the hand of the vulgar, or to thinke to retayne them with the feare of punishmentes, when they looke after libertie, and shake of all government.

*Iren* Then see it is with Ireland continually, *Eudoxus*, for the sword was never yet out of theyr hand, but when they are weary of warres, and brought downe to extreme wretchedness, then they creepe a litle perhaps, and sue for grice, till they have gotten new breath and recovered their strength agayne. Soe as it is in vryne to speake of planting of lawes, and plotting of pollicies, till they are altogether subdued.

*Eudox* Were they not soe at the first conquering of them by Stranghowe, in the time of King Henry the second? was there not a through way then made by the sword for the imposing of lawes upon them? and were they not then executed with such a mightie hand as you say was used by the Norman Conquerour? What odde, is there then in this case? why should not the same lawes take as good effecte in that people as they did heere being in like sort prepared by the sword and brought under by extremitye? and why should they not continue in as good force and vigour for the containyng of the people?

*Iren* The case is yet not like, but there appeareth a greate odde betweene them, for by the conquest of Henry the Second, true it is the Irish were utterly vanquished and subdued, soe as noe enemye was able to hold up his head agaynst his power, in which theyre weakness he brought in his lawes, and settled them as now they there remayne, like as

William the Conquerour did, soe as in thus much they agree, but in the rest, that is the cheifest, they varye, for to whom did King Henry the second impose those lawes? not to the Irish for the most part of them fledd from his power into the desertes and mountaynes, leaving the wide cuntry to the conquerour, who in theyr steede cftsoones placed English men, who possessed all theyr landes and did quite shutt out the Irish, or the most part of them. And to those new Inhabitantes and Colonies he gave his lawes, to weeke, the same lawes under which they were borne and bred, the which it was noe difficulte to place amongst them, being formerly well enured therunto, unto whom afterwarde there repyred divers of the poore distressed people of the Irish for succour and relief, of whom, such as they thought fitt for labour and industriously disposed, as the most part of the baser sort are, they received unto them as theyr vassals, but scarcely vouchsafed to impart unto them the benefit of those lawes, under which themselves lived, but every one made his will and comauement a law unto his owne vassall thus was not the lawe of England ever properly applyed unto the Irish nation, as by a purposed plott of government, but as they could insinuat and steale themselves under the same by theyr humble cringdage and submission.

*Eudox* How comes it then to pass, that having once beene soe lowe brought, and thoroughly subjected, they afterwarde listed themselves soe strongly agayne, and sithence doe stand soe stiffly agaynst all rule and government?

*Iren* They say that they continued in that lowlynes, until the time that the division betweene the two howses of Lancaster and Yorke arose for the crowne of England. At which time all the great English Lordes and Gentlemen, which had great possessions in Ireland, repaired over lither into England, some to succour theyr freendes heere, and to strengthen theyr party to obtayne the crowne, others to defend theyr landes and possessions heere agaynst such as hovered after the same upon hope of alteration of the kingdome, and succession of that side which they favoured and affected. Then the Irish, whom they before had banished into the mountaynes, where they lived onely upon white meates, as it is recorded, seeing now theyr landes soe dispeopled, and weakened, came downe into all the playnes adjoining, and thence expelling those fewe English that remayned, repossessed them agayne, since

which they have remayned in them, and, growing greater, have brought under them many of the English, which were before theyr Lordes. This was one of the occasions by which all those countreys which, lying neere unto any mountaynes or Irish desertes, had bene planted with English, were shortly displanted and lost. As namely in Mounster all the landes adjoyning to Slewloghr, Arlo, and the bogg of Allone. In Connaught all the Countreys bordering uppon the Cilluers, Monterolis and Oriorke countie. In Leinster all the landes neighbouring unto the mountaynes of Glanmaleerih, unto Shillelah, unto the Briskelah, and Polmonte. In Ulster, all the countreys neere unto Tyrconnel, Tyrono, and the Scotts.

*Eudox* Surely this was a greates violence, but yet by your speach it seemeth that only the countreys and valleys neere adjoyning unto those mountaynes and desertes, were thus recovered by the Irish, but how comes it now that we see almost all that realme repossessed of them? Was there any more such evill occasions grown by the troubles of England? Or did the Irish, out of those places see by them gotten, breake further and stretch themselves through out the whole land? for now, for ought that I can understand, there is noo part but the bare English pale in which the Irish have not greatest footing.

*Iren* But out of these small beginnings by them gotten neere the mountaynes, did they spredd themselves into the Inland, and also, to theyr further advantage, there did other like unhappy accidentes happen out of England, which gave hart and good opportunitye to them to regayne theyr old possessions. For, in the raigne of King Edward the fourth, thinges remayned yet in the same state that they were after the late breaking out of the Irish, which I spoke of, and that noble prince began to cast an eye unto Ireland, and to mynd the reformation of thinges there runn amiss. for he sent over his brother the woorthy Duke of Clarence, whose having married the heyre of the Earle of Ulster, and by her having all the Earledome of Ulster, and much in Meath and Mounster very carefully went about the redressing of those late evils, and though he could not beate out the Irish agayne, by reason of his short continuance, yet he did slitt them up within these narrow corners and glinnes under the mountaynes foote, in which they lurked, and soe kept them from breaking any further, by buylding of strong holdes upon every border,

and fortifying all passages. Amongest which he builded the castle of Clare in Tomond, of which countrey he had the inheritance, and of Mortimers landes adjoyning, which is now (by the Irish) called Kullalowe. But the times of that good King growing also troublesome did lett the thorough reformation of all thinges. And therunto soone after was added another fatall mischief, which wrought a greater calamitye then all the former. For the said Duke of Clarence, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was by practise of evill persons about the King, his brother, called thence away, and soone after by sinister meanes was cleane made away. Presently after whose death all the north revolting did sett up O'neale for theyr Captayne, being before that of small power and regard. and there arose in that part of Tomond, one of the O'Briens, called Murroh en-Ruah, that is, Morrice of the Fearn, or wast wilde places, whose gathering unto him all the rehels of the discontented Irish, eftsones surprised the said castle of Clare, burnt all, and spoyled all the English dwelling there, and in short space possessed all that countrey of beyond the River of Shannon and neere adjoyning whence shortly breaking forth, like a suddayne tempest, he over-ran all Mounster and Connaught, breaking downe all the holdes and fortresses of the English, defaencing and utterly subverting all corporat townes that were not strongly walled for those he had noe meanes nor engines to overthrowe, neither indeede would he stay at all about them, but speedely rann forward, accounting his suddynness his most advantage, that he might overtake the English before they could fortifye or gather themselves together. Soe in short space he cleane wiped out many great townes, as first Inshequin, then Killaloe, before called Clarisfort, afterwards, Thurles, Mourne Buttevant, and many others, whose names I cannot remember, and of some of which there is now noe memory nor signe remayning. Upon report wherof then flocked unto him all the scumm of the Irish out of all places, that ere long he had a mighty army, and thence marched forth into Leinster, where he wrought great outrages, wasting all the countreys where he went, for it was his policye to leave noe holdes behind him, but to make all playne and wast. In the which he soone after created himself King, and was called King of all Ireland, which before him I doe not remember that any did soe generally, but only Edward le Bruce.

*Eudox* What! was there ever any generall

King of all Ireland? I never heard it before, but that it was allwayes (whilst it was under the Irish) divided into sower, and sometimes into five kingdoms or dominions. But this make himself King of all Ireland?

*Iren* I would tell you in case you would not challenge me none for forgetting the matter which I had in hand, that is, the inconvenience and unfitnes which I suppose he to be in the lawes of the land

*Ludoz* No surely, I have no occasion, for neither is this impertinent therunto, for sithence you did sett your course (as I remember) in your first part to treat of the evils which hindereth the peace and good ordering of that land, amongst which the first which you had in hand, this discourse of the over-running and wasting of the realme is very materiall therunto, for that it was the beginning of all the other evils, which sithence have afflicted that land, and opened a way unto the Irish to recover their possession, and to beate out the English which had formerly wonne the same. And your second and third part, which is the redressing of those evils, and planting of newing the remembrance of those occasions and accidents by which those ruines happened, and having before us the ensamples of those times, to be compared with ours, and to be warned by those which shall have them unto us, and as for the poynt where you left, I will not forget afterwards to call you back againe therunto

*Iren* This Edward le Bruce was brother to Robert le Bruce, who was King of Scotland at such time as King Edward the Second reigned here in England, and bare a most malicious and spitefull mynd against King Edward, doing him all the hurt he could, and annoying his territories of England, whilst he was troubled with civil warres of his Barrons at home. He also, to worke him the more mischief, sent over his sould brother Edward with a power of Scottes and mennes of the Lacies and of the Irish with whom he combined, they gott footing, and gathering to him all the scatteringes and out-lives out of all the woodes and mountaines, in which they long had lurked, marched forth into the English Pale, which then was chiefly in the north, from the

poynt of Donluce, and beyond unto Dublin having in the middest of her Knocksargus, Belfast, Armagh, and Carlingford, which are now the most out-bowndes and abandoned places in the English Pale, and indeede not counted of the English Pale at all, for it stretches now no further then Dundalke towards the north. There the said Edward le Bruce spoyled nud burnt all the olde English inhabitantes, and sneked and razed all cittyes and corporat townes noe lesse then Murroghe en Rannagh, of whom I erst told you for he wasted Belfast, Green-Castle, Kells, Beltrilbot, Castletowne, Newton, and many others good townes and strong holdes he rooted out the noble families of the Audleys, the Talbots, the Touchets, the Chamberlains, the Mandevils, and the Savages out of Ardes, though of the Lord Savage there remayne yet in heyre, that is now a very poore gentelman of very meane condition, yet dwelling in the Ardes. And coming lastly to Dundalke, he there made himself King, and ruigned by the space of one whole yeare, by the name of Edward King of Ireland, untill that King Edward of England, having sett some quiett in his sayres at home, sent over the Lord John Bremmeham to be generall of the warres against him, whoe, encountering him neere to Dundalke, over-threwe his arme, and slewe himself, and presently followed the victorie soe hotly upon the Scottes, that he suffered them not to breathe, or to gather themselves together agayne, till they came to the sea-cost. Notwithstanding, all the way that they fledd, for very rancour and despite that they returned they utterly consumed and wasted whatsoever they had before left unforted, bridges and habitations, they left nothing, nor any people remaining, for those fewe which yet survived, fledd from their furie further into the English Pale. Thus was all that goodly countrey utterly wasted, and left desolat as yet it remaineth to this day, which before hath bene the chief ornament and beauty of Ire-land, for that of the north sometimes was as populous and plentifull as any part of England, and velded unto the King of England as it appeareth by good recordes, thirty thousand marks of old mony by the yeare, besides many thousands of able men to serve them in their warres. And sure it is yet in most beautifull and sweet countrey as any is under heaven, seamed thoroughout with many

goodly rivers, replenished with all sortes of fish, most abundantly sprinkled with many sweet llandes and goodly lakes, like litle Inland Seas, that will carry even ships upon theyr waters, adorned with goodly woodes fitt for building of howses and shippes, soe comothously, as that yf some princes in the world had them, they would soone hope to be lordes of all the seas, and ere long of all the world, also full of good portes and bryens opening upon England and Scotland, as inviting us to come to them, to see what excellent comodities that countrey can afford, besides the soyle it self most fertile, fitt to yeld all kind of fruite that shal be comitted therunto And lastly, the heavens most milde and temperat, though somewhat more moyst then the part toward the West

*Eudox* Truly Irenæus, what with your prizes of the countrey, and what with your discourse of the lamentable desolation therof made by those rragtyle Irish Seottes, you have filled me with great compassion of theyr calamities, that I doe much pittie that sweete land, to be subject to soe many evils as every day I see more and more thrown upon her, and doe half begynn to thinke, that it is (as you sayd in the beginning) her fatall misfortune, above all countreys that I knowe, to be thus miserably tossed and turmoiled with these variable stormes of afflictions But since we are thus farr entred into the considerations of her mishaps, tell me, have they bene any more such tempests, as ye terme them, wherein she hath thus wretchedly bene wracked?

*Iren* Many more, God wote, have there bene, in which her principall partes have bene rent and torne asunder, but none that I can remember soe universall as these And yet the rebellion of Thomas Fitz Gerald did well-nigh stretch itself into all partes of Ireland But that, which was in the tyme of the government of the Lord Gray, was surely noe less generall then all those, for there was no part free from the contagion, but all conspired in one to cast of theyr subjection to the crowne of England Nevertheless, through the most wise and valiaunt handling of that right voble Lord, it gott not that head which the former evils found, for in them the realme was left, like a shipp in a storme amidst all the raging surges, unruled, and undirected of any for they to whom she was comitted either faynted in theyr labour, or forsooke theyr charge But he (like a most wise pilote) kept her course carefully, and held her moste strongly even

agaynst those raging billowes, that he brought her safely out of all, soe as long after, even by the space of twelve or thirtene yeares, she rode in peace, through his only paynes and excellent endurance, how ever envye list to bluster agaynst him But of this we shall have more occasion to speake in another place now (if you please) lett us returne agayne unto our first course

*Eudox* Truly I am very gladd to heare your judgement of the government of that honorable man soe soundly, for I have indeede oftentimes hard it maligned, and his doings depraved of some, whose (I perceave) did rather of malicious mynd, or private greivance, seeke to detract from the honour of his deedes and counsells then of any just cause but he was nevertheless, in the judgement of all good and wise men, defended and mayntayned And now that he is dead, his immortall fame surviveth, and flourisheth in the mouthes of all people, first even those that did backbite him, are choked with theyr owne venome, and breake theyre galles to heare his soe honorable report But lett him rest in peace, and turne we to our more troublesome matters of discourse, of which I am right sorye that ye make soe short an end, and covett to pass over to your former purposes, for there be many other partes of Ireland, which I have heard have bene noe less vexed with the like stormes, then these which you have treated of, as the countrey of the Birnes and Tooles neere Dublin, with the insolent outrages and spoyles of Fough mac Hughhe, the countreys of Katerlagh, Wexford, and Waterford, of the Kevanaghs The countreys of Leas, Kilkenny, and Kildare of the Moores The countreys of Oslye and Longford of the Connors The countreys of Westmeath, Cavan, and Louth of the O Reileys, the Kelles, and many others, soe as the discouraging of them, besides the pleasure which would redounde out of theyr history, be also very profitable for matter of pollicye

*Iren* All this which ye have named, and many moe besides, often times have I right well known, (and yet often times doe) kindle great fires of tumultuous broyles in the countreys bordering upon them All which to rehearse should rather be to chronicle times, then to search into reformation of abuses in that realme and yet very needfull it wil be to consider them, and the evils which they have often stirred up, that some redress therof, and prevention of the evils to come, may thereby the rather be devised But I

suppose we shall have a fitter opportunity for the same, when we shall speake of the particuller abuses and enormities of that government, which wil be next after those generall defectes and inconveniences which I sayd were in the lawes, customes, and religion.

*Eudox* Goe to then, a Godes name! and followe the course which you have promised to your self, for it fitteth best, I must confesse, with the purpose of your discourse. Declare your opinion, as you began, about the lawes of that realme, what incomodity you have conceived to be in them, chiefly in the Common Lawe, which I would have thought to be most free from all such dislike

*Iren* The Common Law is (as before I sayd) of itself most rightfull and very convenient (I suppose) for the kingdome for the which it was first devised, for this (I thinke) as it seemes reasonable, that out of the manners of the people, and abuses of the countrey, for which they were invented, they take theyr first beginning, or els they should be most unjust, for noe lawes of man (according to the straight rule of right) are just, but as in regard of the evils which they prevent, and the safety of the common-weale which they provide for. As for example, in the true ballunemg of justice, it is a fitt wrong to punish the thought or purpose of any before it be enacted, for true Justice punnisheth nothing but the evill act or wicked word, yet by the lawes of all kingdomes it is a capitall crime to devise or purpose the death of the King the reason is, for that when such a purpose is effected, it should then be to late to devise therof, and should turne that common-weale to more hurt by such loss of theyr Prince, then such punnishment of the malefactors. And therefore the lawe in that case punnisheth the thought, for better is a mischeif, then an inconvenience. Soe that, *jus politicum*, though it be not of it self just, yet by application, or rather necessity, it is made just, and thus only respect maketh all lawes just. Now then, if these lawes of Ireland be not likewise applied and fitted for that realme, they are sure very inconvenient.

*Eudox* You reason strongly but what unfitnesse doe you finde in them for that realme? shewe us some particulars

*Iren* The Common Lawe appointeth that all tryalls, as well of crimes as titles and rights, shal be made by verdict of a Jurye, choosen out of the honestest and most sub-

stantiall free-holders. Now, most all the free-holders of that realme are Irish, which when the cause shall fall betwixt an Englishman and an Irish, or betweene the Queene and any free-holder of that countrey, they make noe more scruple to pass agaynst an Englishman, and the Queene, though it be to strayne theyr othes, then to drinke milke unstrayned. Soe that, before the Jurye goe together, it is well known what the verdict will be. The tryall herof have I soe often seene, that I dare confidently vouch the abuse therof. Yet is the lawe of itself, I say, good, and the first institution therof, being given to all naturall Englishmen, very rightfull, but now that the Irish have stept into the roomes of the English, (whoe are now become soe heedfull and provident to keepe them out from henceforth that they make noe scruple of conscience to passe against them) yt is good reason that either that course of the lawe for tryall be altered or other provision for juryes made.

*Eudox* In sooth, Irenaeus, you have discovered a point woorthly the consideration, for hereby not only the English subject findeth noe indifferency in deciding of his cause, be it never soe just, but alsoe the Queene, as well in all pleas of the crowne, as also in inquiries for Escheates, landes attaynted, wardships, concealmentes, and all such like, is abused and exceedingly dammaged.

*Iren* You say very true, for I dare undertake, that at this day there are more attaynted landes, concealed from her Majesty, then she hath now possessions in all Ireland and it is noe small inconvenience, for, beside that she looseth soe much land as should turne her to great profit, she besides looseth soe many good subjectes, which might be assnred unto her, as those landes would yeld inhabitanes and living unto.

*Eudox* But doe that people (say you) make noe more conscience to perjure themselves in theyr verdictes, and damne theyr sowles?

*Iren* Not only soe in theyr verdictes, but also in all other theyr dealings, especially toward the English, they are most wilfully bent for though they will not seeme manifestly to doe it, yet will some one or other subtle-headed fellowe amongst them pike some quicke, or devise some evasion, wherof the rest will lightly take hold, and suffer themselves easely to be ledd by him to that themselves desired. For in the most apparant matter that may be the least question or doubt that can be moved will make a stopp unto them, and putt them quite out of the way. Besides that, of themselves they

are (for the most part) soe cautelous and wylre-headed, speerilly being men of soe small experience and praetize in lawe matters, that you would wonder whence they borrowe such subtilties and slye shifts.

*Eudox* But, me thinks, this inconvenience might be much helped by the Judges and Chief Magistrates which have the choosing and nominating of those juries, if they would have care to appoynt either most Englishmen, or such Irishmen as were of the soundest judgement and disposition, for noe doubt but some there be incorruptible.

*Iren* Some there be indeede as you say, but then would the Irish party crye out of partiality and complaine he hath noe justice, that he is not used as a subject, that he is not suffred to have the free benefit of the lawe, and these outeries the Magistrates there doe much shunne as they have cause, since they are soe readily hearkened unto heere neither can it be indeede, although the Irish party would be soe contented to be soe compassed, that such English freeholders, which are but fewe, and such faithfull Irishmen, which are indeede as fewe, shall alwayes be chosen for tryalls, for being soe fewe, they should be made wary of their free-holdes. And therefore a good care is to be had by all good occasions to encrease theyr numbers, and to plant more by them. But were it soe, that the juries could be piked out of such choyse men as you desire, there would nevertheless be as badd corruption in the tryall, for the evidence being brought in by the base Irish people, wil be as deceitfull as the verdictes, for they care much lesse then the others what they sweare, and sure their Lordes may compell them to saie any thinge, for I myself have heard, when one of that base sort (which they call charles) being challenged, and reproved for his false oth, hath answered confidently, That his Lord commanded him, and it was the least thing he could doe for his Lord to sweare for him, soe unconscionable are these common people, and so litle feeling have they of God, or theyr owne sowles good.

*Eudox* It is a most miserable case, but what helpe can there be in this? for though the manners of the tryalls should be altered, yet the proof of every thing must needes be by testimonies of such persons as the parties shall produce, which yf they shall corrupt, how can there ever any light of the trueth appeare? what remedye is there for this evil, but to make heavy lawes and penalties agaynst jurors?

*Iren* I thinke sure that will doe small good, for when a people are inclined to any vice, or have noe touch of conscience, nor sence of theyr evil doings, it is bootlesse to thinke to restrayne them by any penalties or sorte of punishment, but either the occasion is to be taken away, or a more understanding of the right, and shame of the fault to be imprinted. For yf that Licurgus should have made it death for the Laedemouans to steale, they being a people which naturally delighted in stealth, or yf it should be made a capitall crime for the Flemmings to be taken in drounkennes, there should have bene few Laedemouans then left, and fewer Flemmings. Soe impossible it is to remove any fault, soe generall in a people, with terror of lawes or most sharpe restrayntes.

*Eudox* What meanes may there then be to remove this inconvenience? for the ease sure seemes very hard.

*Iren* We are not yet come to that poynt to devise remedies for the evils, but only are now to recount them, of the which, this that I have told you is one defect in the Common Lawes.

*Eudox* Tell us then (I pray you) further, have you any more of this sort in the Common Lawes?

*Iren* By rehearsall of this, I remember also of an other like, which I have often observed in tryalls to have wrought greit hurt and lundraunce, and that is, the exceptions which the Common Law alloweth a fellow in his tryall, for he may have (as you knowe) thirty-six exceptions peremptorye agaynst the jurors, of which he shall shewe noe cause. By which shift there being (as I have shewed you) small store of honest jurye men, he will either putt of his tryall, or leave it to such men as (perhaps) are not of the soundest sort, by whose meanes, yf he can acquitt himself of the crime, as he is likely, then will he plaguo such as were brought first to be of his jurye, and all such as were any pryty against him. And when he comes forth, he will make theyr ewes and garrans to walke, yf he doe noe other mischiefe to theyr persons.

*Eudox* This is a slye devise, but I thinke it might soone be remedied, but we must leave it awhile with the rest. In the meanwhile goe ye forward with others.

*Iren* There is an other noe less inconvenient then this, which is the tryall of accessories to felony, for, by the Common Lawe, the accessories cannot be proceeded

against, till the principall receive his tryall. Now the case often falleth out in Ireland that a stealth being made by a rebell, or an outlaw, the stolen goodes are conveyed to some husbandman or gentellman, which hath well to take to, and yet liveth most by the receipt of such goodes stolen, where they are found by the owner, and handled whereupon the party is perhaps apprehended and committed to goale, or putt upon sureties, till the sessions, at which time the owner, preferring a bill of indictment, proves sufficiently the stealth to have bene made upon him by such an outlaw, and to have bene found in the possession of the prisoner, against whom, nevertheless, noe course of lawe can proceede, or trivall can be had, for that the principall thief is not to be gotten, notwithstanding that he likewise standeth perhaps indicted at once with the receiver, being in rebellion, or in the woodes, whereunto peradventure he is slowne before he can be gotten, and soe the receiver cleare acquitted and discharged of the crime. By which meanes the thieves are greatly encouraged to steale, and theyr mayntainers emboldened to receive theyr stealths, knowing howe hardly they can be brought to any tryall of lawe.

*Eudox* Truly this is a great inconvenience, and a great cause (as you say) of the mayntenance of thieves knowing theyr receivers always readye, for, were there noe receivers, there would be noe thieves, but this (me seemes) might easely be provided for by some Act of Parliament, that the receiver, being convicted by good proofe, might receive his tryall without his principall.

*Iren* You say very true, Eudoxus, but it is almost impossible to be compassed. And herein also you discover another imperfection in the course of the Common Lawe, and first ordinance of the reime, for ye knowe that the sayd Parliament must consist of the piers, gentellmen, freeholders, and burgesses of that reime it self. Nowe perhaps these being themselves, or the most part of them (as may seeme by their stiff with-standing of this Act) culpable of this crime, or favourers of theyr frendes, which are such by whom theyr kitchins are soe often amended, will not suffer any such Statute to pass. Yet hath it oftentimes bene attempted, and in the time of Sir John Perrot very earnestly (I remember) laboured but by noe meanes could be effected. And not only this, but many other like which are as needfull for the reformation of that reime.

*Eudox* This also is surely a great defect,

but we must not talke, you saie, of the redressing of this, untill our second part come, which purposely therefore is appoynted. Therefore proceede to the recounting of more such evils, yf you have any more.

*Iren* There is also a great inconvenience which hath wrought greit dammage both to her Majesty, and to the common wealth through close and colourable conveyances of the landes and goodes of traytors, fellows, and fugitives. As, when one of them myndeth to goe into rebellion, he will convey away all his landes and lordships to feoffees of trust, whereby he reserveth unto himself but an estate for terme of life, which being determined either by the sword or by the halter, theyr landes cometh straight unto theyr hevres, and the Quene is defrauded of the intent of the lawe, which layd that grevous punishment upon traytors to forfeit all theyr landes to the Prince, to the end that men might be thereby terrified from committing treasons, for manye which would little esteeme of theyr owne lives, yet for remorse of theyr wives and children should be withheld from those baynous crimes. This appeareth playnly in the late Earle of Desmond, for, before his breaking forth into his open rebellion, he had conveyed secretly all his landes to feoffees of trust, in hope to have entt of her Majestie from the escheat of his landes.

*Eudox* Yea, but this was well enough avoided, for that Act of Parliament which gave all his landes to the Quene did (as I have heard) cut off and frustrat all such conveyances, as had any time by the space of twelve yeares before his rebellion, bene made, within the compass wherof, that fraudulent feoffement, and many other the like of his accomplices and fellowe traytors, which were attaynted, hath bene made void.

*Iren* Very true, but how hardly that Act of Parliament was wrought out of them, I can witnesse, and were it to be pressed againe, I dare undertake it would never be compassed. But were it soe that such Acts might easily be brought to pass against traytors and fellows, yet were it not an endless trouble, that noe traytor nor fellow should be attaynted, but a Parliament must be called for bringing his landes to the Quene, which the Common-Lawe giveth her.

*Eudox* Then this is noe fault of the Common-Lawe, but of the persons which worke this fraud unto her Majesty.

*Iren* Yes, mary! for the Common-Lawe hath left them this benefitt, wherof they may advantage, and wrest it to theyr badd pur-





trayning another mans goodes, you will not denye but it is to be abolished and taken away

*Iren.* It is soe, but not by taking away the subject withall, for that is to violent a medecine, especially this use being permitted, and made lawfull unto some, and to other some death. As to most of the corporat townes, there it is graunted by theyr charter, that they may, every man by himself, without any officer (for that were more tolerable) for any dett, to distrayne the goodes of any Irish, being tound within theyr libertye, or but passing through theyr townes. And the first permission of this was for that in those times when that graunt was made, the Irish were not amenable to lawe, soe as it was not safetye for the townesmen to goe to them forth to demand theyr dett, nor possible to drawe him into lawes, so that he had leave to be his owne bayliff, to arrest his dettors goodes within his owne frauneluse. The which the Irish seeing thought it was lawfull for them to distrayne the townesmens goodes in the countrey where they found it. And soe, by the example of that graunte of the townesmen, they thought it lawfull and made it a use to distrayne one anothers goodes for small detts. And to say truthe, me thinks it is hard for everye trying dett, of two or three shillings to be driven to lawe, which is soe farr from them sometimes to be sought, for which me thinks it is heavey ordinance to give death, especially to a rude man that is ignorant of lawe, and thinketh a common use or graunte to other men is a lawe for himself.

*Eudor.* Yea, but the judge, when it cometh before him to try all, may easely decide this doubt, and lay open the intent of the lawe by his better discretion.

*Iren.* Yes, but it is dangerous to leave the sence of the lawe unto the reason or will of the judges, whose are men and may be miscarried by affections, and many other meanes. But the lawes ought to be like unto stonye tables playne, stedfast, and immoveable. There is also such another Statute or two, which make Coygnye and Liverye to be treason, noe less inconvenient then the former, being, as it is penned, howe be the first purpose thereof were expedient, yet thereby now noe man can goe into another mans howse for lodgings, nor to his owne calvaunts howse to take victuall by the way, nor withstanding that there is not other lawes for him to have lodgings, nor horse

meate, nor mans meate, there being noe Innes, nor none otherwise to be bought for money, but that he is endamaged to the Statute of treason, whensoever he shall happen to fall out with his tenaunt, or that his sayd host list to complaine of grievance, as oftentimes I have seene them very maliciously doe through the least provocation.

*Eudor.* I doe not well knowe, but by gess, what you doe meane by these termes of Coygnye and Liverye therefore I pray you explaine them.

*Iren.* I knowe not whether the wordes be English or Irish, but I suppose them rather to be ancient English, for the Irishmen can make noe derivation nor analogye of them. What Liverye is, we by common use in England knowe well enough, namelye, that it is allowance of horse-meate, as they commonly use the word in stabling, as to keepe horses at liverye, the which word, as I gess, is derived of livering or delivering forth theyr nightlye foodes. Soe in great howses, the liverye is sayd to be served up for all night, that is theyr nightes allowance for drinke. And Liverye is also called the upper garment which serving men weare, soe called (as I suppose) for that it is delivered and taken from him at pleasure soe it is apparent, that by the word Liverye is meant horse-meate, like as by the word Coygnye is understood mans-meate, but how the word is derived is very hard to tell some say of coyne, because they used commonly in theyr Coynges, not only to take money, but coine also, and that taking of money was specially ment to be prohibited by that statute but I think rather that this word Coygnye is derived of the Irish. The which is a common use amongst the Irish Landlordes, to have a common spending upon theyr tenauntes for all theyr tenante, being commonly but tenauntes at will they use to take of them what victualls they list, nor of victualls they were wont to make small reckning. And in this were the tenauntes wronged, for it was an ordinarye and knowne custome, and his Lord commonly used soe to countaunt with him, which if at anye time the tenaunt misliked, he might freely depart at his pleasure. But now by this Statute the sayd Irish Lord is wronged, for that he is cut of in his customarye services, of the which there was one besides many more of the like, as the Irish, Co-shurh Bonaught, Shurgh, and such like, the which I think the Irish were customes brought in by the English.

land, is made nowe a border, which how inconvenient it is lett every man judge. And though that right noble man, that is the Lord of the libertie doe endeavour himself all that he may to yeld equall justice unto all, yet can there not but great abuses lurke in so inward and absolute a privilege, the consideration wherof is to be respected carefully, for the next succession. And much like unto this graunte there are alsoe other privileges graunted unto most of the corporations there, that they shall not be bound to any other government then their owne, that they shall not be charged with garrisons, that they shall not be traveled forth of their owne franchises, that they may buye and sell with thieves and rebels, that all amercementes and fines that shal be imposed upon them shall come unto themselves. All which, though at the time of their first graunt they were tollerable, and perhaps reasonable, yet nowe are most unreasonable and inconvenient, but all these will easily be entt of with the superiour power of her Majesties prerogative, agaynst which her owne grauntes are not to be pleaded or enforced.

*Eudox* Nowe truly, Irenaeus, ye have (no seemes) very well handled this poynt, toucheng the inconveniences in the Common Lawe there, by you observed, and it seemeth that you have a myndfull regard unto the things that may concerne the good of that realme. And yf you can as well goe through with the Statute Lawes of that land, I will thinke you have not lost all your time there. Therefore, I pray you, now take them in hand, and tell us what you thinke to be amiss in them.

*Iren* The Statutes of that realme are not many, and therefore we shall the sooner runn through them. And yet of these fewe there are sundrye impertinent and unnecessarye the which perhaps, though at the time of the making of them were very needefull, yet nowe through chauge of time are cleane antiquated, and altogether idlo as that which forbiddeth any to weare thoyr beardes on the upper lipp, and none under the chin that which putteth away saffron shirtes and smockes, that which restrayneth the use of gilt bridles and petronells, that which is appointed to the recorders and clarkes of Dublin and Drogheda, to take but two pence for the cōpye of a playnt, that which commandeth bowes and arrowes, that which maketh that all Irishmen that shall converse amongst the English shal be taken for spies, and soe punished, that

which forbiddeth persons ameanable to lawe to enter and distrayne in the landes in which they have title; and many other the like I could rehearse.

*Eudox* These, which you have repeated, seeme very frivolous and fruteless, for by the breach of them little dammage or inconvenience can come to the Common-wealth. Neither, indeede, yf any transgress them, shall he seeme woorthy of punishment, scarce of blame, having for that they beare the name of lawes. But lawes ought to be such, as that the keeping of them should be greatly for the behoofe of the Common-wealth, and the violating of them should be very heinous, and sharply punished. But tell us of some more weighty dislikes in the Statutes then these, and that may more behoofully import the reformation of them.

*Iren* There is one or two Statutes which make the wrongfull distrayning of any mans goodes agaynst the forme of the Common Lawe to be felony. Tho which Statutes seeme surely to have bene at first ment for the great good of the realme, and for restrayning of a fowle abuse, which then raigned commonly among that people, and yet is not altogether layed aside, that when any one was indebted to another, he would first demand his debt, and, yf he were not payed, he would straight goe and take a distress of his goodes and chattels, where he could find them, to the valewe the which he would keepe till he were satisfied, and thus the simple churle (as they call him) doth commonly use to doe yet through ignorance of his misdoing, or evil use that hath long settled amongst them. But this, though it be sure most unlawfull, yet surely (me seemes) to hard to make it death, since there is no purpose in the other party to steale the others goodes, or to conceale the distress, but doth it openly, for the most part before witnesses. And againe, the same Statutes are soe slackely penned (besides the later of them is soe unsensibly contrived that it scarce carryeth any reason in it) that they are often and very easily wrested to the fraud of the subject, as yf one going to distrayne upon his owne land or tenement, where lawfully he may, yet yf in doing thereof he transgress the least poynt of the Common Lawe, he straight committeth felonye. Or yf one by any other occasion use sometymes to eappo on another, which same is straight felonye. This is non-law, but lawe.

*Eudox* Nevertheless the evil use

land, is made now a border, which how inconvenient it is lett every man judge. And though that right noble man that is the Lord of the libertie doe endeavour himselfe all that he may to yield equall justice unto all, yet can there not but great abuses lurke in the inward and absolute a privilege, the consideration wherof is to be respected carefully, for the next succession. And much like unto this grante there are also other privileges granted unto most of the corporations there, that they shall not be bound to any other government then their owne, that they shall not be charged with garbions, that they shall not be travell'd forth of their owne franchises, that they may live and sell with theeres and rebels, that all amercementes and fines that shal be imposed upon them shall come unto themselves. All which, though at the time of their first grant they were tollerable, and perhaps reasonable, yet now are most unreasonable and inconvenient, but all these will easily be cutt off with the superior power of her Majesties prerogative, against which her owne grantees are not to be pleaded or enforced.

*Ludor* Nowe truly, Irememb, ye have (me seemes) very well handled this point, touching the inconveniences in the Common Lawe there by you observed, and it seemeth that you have a misadfall regard unto the things that may concerne the good of that realme. And if you can as well goe through with the Statute Lawes of that land, I will thinke you have not lost all your time there. Therefore I pray you, now take them in hand, and tell us what you thinke to be amiss in them.

*Iren* The Statutes of that realme are not many, and therefore we shall the sooner runn through them. And yet of these fewe there are sundry impertinent and unnecessary the which perhaps, though at the time of the making of them were very needefull, yet now through change of time are become antiquated, and altogether idle as that which forbiddeth any to weare theyr beards on the upper lipp, and none under the chin, that which putteth away strifon shirts and smockes, that which restrayneth the use of gilt bridles and petronells, that which is appoynted to the recorders and clerkes of Dublin and Drogheda, to take but two pence for the cōpye of a playnt, that which commandeth bowes and arrowes, that which maketh that all Irishmen that shall converse amongst the English shall be taken for spies, and soe punished, that

which forbiddeth per one amercable to lawe to enter and destroye in the landes in which they have title; and many other the like I could rehearse.

*Ludor* These, which you have repeated, seeme very frivolous and fruitles, for by the breach of them little damage or inconvenience can come to the Common-wealth. Neither, indeed, if any transgress them, shall he seeme worthy of punishment, scarce of blame, saying for that they beare the name of lawes. But lawes ought to be such, as that the keeping of them should be greatly for the behoofe of the Common-wealth and the violating of them should be very harmful, and sharply punished. But tell us of some more weighty offences in the Statute then these, and that may more behoofully import the reformation of them.

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*Ludor* Nevertheless the evil use

travelling and their mans goodes, you will not denye but it is to be abolished and taken away.

*Iren* It is soe, but not by taking away the subject withall, for that is to violent a medicine, especially this use being permitted and much lawfull unto some, and to other some death. As to most of the corporat townes, there it is granted by their charter, that they may, every man by himself, without any officer (for that were more tolerable) for any debt, to distraine the goodes of any Irish, being found within their liberties, or but passing through their townes. And the first permission of this was for that in those times when that grant was made, the Irish were not amenable to lawe, soe as it was not safe for the townesmen to goe to them forth to demand theyr debt, nor possible to drawe him unto lawe, so that he had leave to be his owne barrist, to arrest his debtors goodes within his owne franchise. The which the Irish seeing thought it was lawfull for them to distraine the towne mens goodes in the countrey where they found it. And soe, by the example of that privilege of the towne-men, they thought it lawfull and made it a use to distraine one anothers goodes for small debts. And to say truth, we thinke it is hard for every trilling debt, of two or three shillings to be driven to lawe which is soe farr from them sometimes to be sought, for which we thinke it an heavey ordinance to give death, especially to a rude man that is ignorant of lawe, and thinketh a common use or grante to other men is a lawe for himself.

*Judge* Yea, but the judge, when it cometh before him to tryall, may easely decide this doubt, and lay open the intent of the lawe by his better discretion.

*Iren* Yea, but it is dangerous to leave the sense of the lawe unto the reason or will of the judges, whose are men and may be miscarryed by affections, and many other meanes. But the lawes ought to be like unto stonye tables, plain, stedfast, and unmovable. There is also such another Statute or two, which make Coyne and Interest to be treason noe less inconvenient then the former, being, as it is penned, how the first purpose thereof were expedient, give thereby now noe man can goe into another thousands houses for lodgings, nor to his owne restaurants houses to take victuall by the way, notwithstanding that there is noe other lawe for him to have lodging, nor horse

meate, nor mans meate, there being noe Innes, nor none otherwise to be bought for money, but that he is endamaged to the Statute of treason, whensoever he shall happen to fall out with his tenant, or that his sayd host list to complayne of greivance, as oftentimes I have seene them very maliciously doe through the least provocation.

*Eudox* I doe not well knowe, but by gess, what you doe meane by these termes of Coyne and Liverye therefore I pray you explaine them.

*Iren* I knowe not whether the wordes be English or Irish, but I suppose them rather to be ancient English, for the Irishmen can make noe derivation nor analogie of them. What Liverye is, we by common use in England knowe well enough, namely, that it is allowance of horse-meate, as they commonly use the word in stabling, as to keepe horses at liverye, the which word, as I gess, is derived of livering or delivering forth their nightlye foode. Soe in great houses, the liverye is sayd to be served up for all night, that is their nyghtly allowance for drinke. And Liverye is also called the upper garment which serving men weareth, soe called (as I suppose) for that it is delivered and taken from him at pleasure soe it is apparent, that by the word Liverye is meant horse-meate, like as by the word Coyne is understood mans-meate, but how the word is derived is very hard to tell some say of coyne, because they used commonly in their Coynges, not only to take meite, but coine also, and that taking of money was especially ment to be prohibited by that Statute but I thinke rather that this word Coyne is derived of the Irish. The which is a common use amongst the Irish landlords, to have a common spending upon their tenants, for all their tenants, being commonly but tenants at will, they use to take of them what victuals they list, for of victuals they were wont to make small reckning neither in this were the tenants wronged, for it was an ordinary and known custome, and his Lord commonly use soe to covenant with him, which if at any time the tenant misliked, he might freely depart at his pleasure. But now by this Statute the sayd Irish Lord is wronged, for that he is cutt off from his customary services, of the which this was one, besides many more of the like, as Cuddeshill, Cossurh, Bonaght, Shragh, Soreham, and such like, the which (I thinke) at first were customes brought in by the English

upon the Irish, for they were never woont, and yet are very loth to yeld any certayne rent, unt onely such spendinges, sayng commonly, 'Spend me and defend me.'

*Eudox* Surely I take it as you say, that thern the Irish Lordes hath greate wronge, since it was an auncient custome, and nothing contrarye to lawe, for to the willing there is noe wronge done. And thus right well I wote, that even heere in England, there are in many places as large customes as that of Coygne and Laverne. But I suppose by your speech, that it was the first meaning of the Statute to forbid the violent taking of victuals upon other mens tenurtes against their willes, which surely is a great outrage, and yet not soe great (me seemes) as that it should be made treason for considering that the nature of treason is concerning the realme, estate or person of the King, or praetising with his enemies, to the derogation and daunger of his crowne and dignitie, it is hardly wrested to make this treason. But (as you earst sayd) 'better a mischief then an inconvenience.'

*Iren* Another Statute I remember, which having beene an auncient English custome is now upon adviement made an Irish lawe, and that is called the Custome of Kin-cogish, which is, that every head of every sept, and every cheif of every kindred or familie, should be answerable and bound to bring forth every one of that kindred or sept under him at all times to be justified, when he should be required or charged with any treason, felonye, or other havyous crime.

*Eudox* Why, surely this seemes a very necessary lawe. For considering that many of them be such locells and scatterings, as that they cannot easily by any sheriff, constable, or other ordinarie officer be gotten, when they are challenged for any such fact, this is a very good meane to gett them to be brought in by him, that is the head of that sept, or cheif of that howse wherefore I wonder what just exception you can make agaynst the same.

*Iren* Trewe, *Eudoxus* in the pretence of the good of that Statute you have nothing erred, for it seemeth very expedient and necessary, but the hurt which cometh thereby is greater then the good. For, whilst every cheif of a sept standeth soe bound to the lawe for every one of his blond or sept that is under him, inclusing every one of his sept is put under him, and he made grete by the commaunding of them all. For if he may not commaunde them, then that lawe doth wrong

which bindeth him to bring them soorth to be justified and yf he may commaunde them, then he may commaunde them aswell to ill as to good, whereby the lordes and captayns of countreyes, and the principall and heades of septs, are made stronger, when it should be a most specciall care in poliere to weaken them, and to set up and strengthen divers of his underlinges against him, which, whensoever he shall offer to swarre from dutye may be able to heerd him for it is very daungerous to leave the command of soe many as some septs are, being five or six thousand persons, to the will of one man, whome may leade them to what he will, as he himselfe shal be inclined.

*Eudox* In very deepe, *Iren*, it is very daungerous, especially seeing the disposition of those people is not alwayes inclinable to the best. And therefore I hold it noe wise-doine to leave unto them to much command over their kindred, but rather to withdrawe their followers from them as much as may be, and to gather them under the commaunde of lawe by some better meane then this custome of Kin-cogish. The which woord I woulde be gladd to knowe what it namely signifith, for the meaning thereof I seeme to understaund reasonable well.

*Iren* It is a woord mingled of the English and Irish together, soe as I am partly leidd to thinke, that the custome thereof was first English, and afterwarde made Irish, for such an other lawe they had heere in England, as I remember, made by King Alured, that every gentellman should continually bring soorth his kindred and followers to the lawe. Soe Kin is English, and Cogish signifith affinity in Irish.

*Eudox* Siththen we have thus reasonably handled the inconvenience in the lawes, lett us now pass unto the second part, which was, as I remember, of the abuses of customes, in which, me seemes, you have a fayre champion tryd open unto you, in which you may at large stretch out your discourse into many sweete remembraunces of antiquities, from whence it seemeth that the customs of that countrey proceeded.

*Iren* Indeede, *Eudoxus*, you say very true, for alle the customes of the Irish, which I have often noted and compared with that I have read, would minister occasion of most ample discourse of the first originall of them, and the antiquitye of that people, which in trueth I doe thinke to be more auncient then most that I knowe in this end of the world, soe as yf it were in the handling of some man

of sound judgement and plentiful reading it would be most pleasant and profitable. But it may be we may, at some other time of meeting, take occasion to treat thereof more at large. Here only it shall suffice to touch such customs of the Irish as seeme offensive, and repugnant to the good government of that realme.

*Eudox* Followe then your owne course, for I shall the better content my self to forbear my desire now, in hope that you will, as you say, some other time more abundantly satisfy it.

*Iren* Before we enter into the treatise of their customs, it is first needfull to consider from whence they first sprong, for from the sundry manners of the nations, from whence that people which now are called Irish were derived, some of the customs that now remayne amongst them have bene first fetcht, and since they have bene continued amongst them, for not of one nation was that people, but of many and of different conditions and manners. But the chiefest which have first possessed, and inhabited it, I suppose to be Seythians, which at such time as the Northerne Nations overflowed all Christendome, came downe to the sea-coast, where enquiring for other countiees abroad, and getting intelligence of this countrey of Ireland, finding shipping convenient, passed over thither, and arrived in the North-part thereof, which is now called Ulster, which first inhabiting, and afterwarde stretching themselves further into the land as their number increased, named it all of themselves Scuttenland, which more briefly is called Scutland, or Scotland.

*Eudox* I wonder (Irenens) whether you runne soe farre astraic, for whilst we talke of Ireland, we thinke you rip upp the originall of Scotlande, but what is that to this?

*Iren* Surely verie much, for Scotlande and Ireland are all one and the same.

*Eudox* That seemeth more straunge, for we all knowe right well they are distinguished, with a great sea running betwene them, or els there are two Scotlandes.

*Iren* Never the more are there two Scotlandes, but two kindes of Scotts there were indeede (as ye may gather out of Buckham) the one Irn or Irish Scotts, the other Albin-Scotts, for those Scotts or Seythians arrived (as I sayd) in the North partes of Ireland, where some of them afterwarde passed into the next coast of Albin, now called Scutland, which (after much trouble) they

possessed, and of themselves named it Scotland, but in process of time (as is commonly scene) the denomination of the part prevailed in the whole, for the Irish Scotts putting away the name of Scottes, were called onely Irish, and the Albin Scotts, leaving the name of Albin, were called onely Scottes. Therefore it cometh that of some writers Ireland is called Scotia-major, and that which nowe is called Scotland, is named Scotia-minor.

*Eudox* I doe now well understand your distinguishing of the two sortes of Scottes, and two Scotlandes, how that this which is now called Ireland was nunciently called Irn, and afterwarde of some writers Scotland, and that which now is called Scotland was formerly called Albin, before the coming of the Scottes thither but what other nation inhabited the other partes of Ireland?

*Iren* After this people thus planted in the North, or before, (for the certaintye of times in thinges soe farr from all knowledge cannot be justly avouched) another nation coming out of Spayne arrived in the West part of Ireland, and finding it wast, or weakly inhabited, possessed it who whether they were native Spaynyards, or Gaules, or Affricans, or Gothes, or some other of those Northerne Nations which did overspredd all Christendome, it is impossible to affirme, onely some naked conjectures may be gathered, but that out of Spayne certainly they came, that doe all the Irish Chronicles agree.

*Eudox* You doe very boldly, Irenens, adventure upon the historie of soo nuncient times, and leane to confidently unto those Irish Chronicles which are most fabulous and forged, in that out of them you dare take in hand to lay open the originall of such a nation soe antique, as that no monument remayneth of her beginning and first inhabiting there, specially having bene in those times allwayes without letters, but onely bare traditions of times and remembraunces of BARNES, which use to forge and falsifie every thing as they list, to please or displease any man.

*Iren* Truly I must confess I doe soe, but yet not soe absolutely as you suppose. I doe here relye upon those Bards or Irish Chronicles, though the Irish themselves, through their ignorance in matters of learning and deepe judgement, doe most constantly beleve and avouch them, but unto them besides I add my owne reading, and out of them both

together, with comparison of times, likewise of manners and customes, affinity of wordes and names, properties of natures and uses, resemblances of rites and ceremonies, monuments of churches and tombes, and many other like circumstances, I doe gather a likelihood of truth, not certainly affirming any thing, but by conferring of times, languages, monuments, and such like, I doe hunt out a probability of things, which I leave to your judgement to beleve or refuse. Nevertheless there be some very ancient authors which make mention of these things, and some moderne, which by comparing them with present times, experience, and their owne reason, doe open a window of great light unto the rest that is yet unscene, as namely, of the older Cesar, Strabo, Tacitus, Ptolome, Plinie, Pompeius Mela, and Berosus of the later, Vincentius, Eneis Silvius, Liddus, Buckhanan, of all which I doe give most credit unto Buckhanan, for that he himself being an Irish Scott or Pict by nation, and being very excellently learned and industrious to seek out the truth of these things concerning the originall of his owne people, hath both sett downe the testimonies of the ancientes truly, and his owne opinion, withall very reasonably, though in some things he doth somewhat flatter. Besides, the Bards and Irish Chroniclers themselves, though through desire of pleasing perhaps to much, and through ignorance of arte and proper learning, they have clouded the truth of those times, yet there appeareth amongst them some reliques of the true antiquity, though disguised, which a well-eyed man may happily discover and find out.

*Eudox* How can there be any truth in them at all, since the ancient nations which first inhabited Ireland were altogether destitute of letters, much more of learning, by which they might leave the verities of things written. And these Bards, coming alsoe too many hundred yeares after could not knowe what was done in former ages nor deliver certaintie of any thing but what they sayed out of their unlearned herdes.

*Iren* Those Bards indeede, Cesar writeth, deliver noe certayne truth of any thing, neither is there any certayne hold to be taken of any antiquity which is received by tradition, since all men be liars, and may lie when they will, but yet for the antiquity of the writers Chroniclers of Ir had give me leave to say for nothing not to justifie them, but to shewe that some of them might say truth. For they say that the Irish have

allwayes bene without letters, ye are then much deceayd, for it is certayne, that Ireland hath had the use of letters very anciently and long before England.

*Eudox* Is it possible? Howe comes it then that they are soe barbarous still and soe unlearned, being soe old schollers? For learning (as the Poet sayth) 'Emoluit mores, nec sinit esse feros' whence then (I pray you) could they have those letters?

*Iren* It is hard to say for whether they at theyr first coming into the land, or afterwards by trading with other nations which had letters, learned them of them, or devised them amongst themselves, it is very doubtful, but that they had letters anciently it is nothing doubtfull, for the Saxons of England are sayd to have theyr letters, and learning, and learned men, from the Irish, and that also appeareth by the likeness of the characters, for the Saxons character is the same with the Irish. Now the Scythians never, as I can reade, of old had letters amongst them: therefore it seemeth that they had them from that nation which came out of Spayne, for in Spayne there was (as Strabo writeth) letters anciently used, whether brought unto them by the Phoenicians, or Persians, which (as it appeareth by him) had some footing there, or from Marselles, which is sayd to have bene inhabited first by the Greekes, and from them to have had the Greeke character, of which Marsilians it is sayd, that the Gaules learned them first, and used them only for the furtherance of theyr trades and private businesses for the Gaules (as is strongly to be proved by many ancient and authentical writers) did first inhabit all the sea-coast of Spayne, even unto Cales and the mouth of the Streits, and peopled also a great parte of Italie, which appeareth by sundry cities and havens in Spayne called of them, as Portugallia, Gallicia, Galdunum, and alsoe by sundry nations therein dwelling, which yet have received theyr owne names of the Gaules, as the Rhegni, Presamarci, Taniariti, Xeni, and divers others. All which Pompeius Mela, being himself a Spaniard, yet sayeth to have descended from the Celts of France, whereby it is to be gathered, that that nation which came out of Spayne into Ireland were anciently Gaules, and that they brought with them those letters which they had learned in Spayne, first into Ireland, the which some also say doe much resemble the old Phoenician character being likewise distinguished with prickes and accents, as theyr anciently, but the further enquiry thereof needeth a

place of longer discourse then this our short conference.

*Ludox* Surely you have shewed a great probability of that which I had thought impossible to have been proved, but that which you now say, that Ireland should have bene peopled with the Gules, seemeth much more strange, for all their Chronicles doe say, that the west and south was possessed and inhabited of Spanyards, and Cornelius Tacitus also doth strongly asserine the same, all which you must overthrow and falsifie, or retorne your opinion.

*Iren* Neither now, nor soe, for the Irish Chronicles (as I said unto you) being made by unlearned men and writing things according to the appearance of the truth which they conceived, doe err in the circumstances put in the matter. For all that came out of Spaine (they being now diligent searchers into the differences of nations) supposed them to be Spanyards, and soe called them, by the groundworke thereof is nevertheless as I said true and certayne, however they through ignorance disguise the same, or through their owne vanity (while they would not seeme to be ignorant), doe themselves build and enlarge many forged histories of their owne antiquity, which they deliver to fooles, and make them believe them for trewe, as for example, that nest of one Cathelus the sonne of Cecrops or Argos, who having married the King of Aegyptus daughter, thence sailed with her into Spayne, and there inhabited. Then that of Demul and his sower sonnes, who coming out of Seythians peopled Ireland, and inhabited it with his sonne two hundred and fifty yeeres untill he was overcome of the Gyrgines dwelling then in Ireland, and at last quite banished and rooted out, after whom two hundred yeeres, the sonnes of one Dolu, being Seythians, arrived there againe, and possessed of the whole land, of which the youngest, called Slevius, in the end made himself monarch. Lastly, of the sower sonnes of Mylesius King of Spayne, which conquered that land from the Seythians, and inhabited it with Spanyards, and called it of the name of the youngest, Hibernia, Hibernia all which are in very truth fables, and very Mylesius lies (as the Latine proverbe is), for never was there such a King of Spayne called Mylesius, nor any such colome seated with his sonnes, as they saye, that can ever be proved, but yet under these tales we may in a manner see the truth lurke. For Seythians, heere inhabiting, they name and doe put Spanyards,

wherby appeareth that both those nations heere inhabited, but whether very Spanyards, as the Irish greatly affect, is now wayes to be proved.

*Ludox* Whence cometh it then that the Irish doe soe greatly covett to fetch themselves from the Spanyards, since the old Gules are a more ancient and much more honorable a nation?

*Iren* Even soe of a very desire of new singleness and vanity, for being as they are now accounted the most barbarous nation in Christendome they to avoide that reproche would derive themselves from the Spanyards, whom they now see to be a very honorable people, and next bordering unto them, but all that is most vayne, for from the Spynard that now is, or that people that now inhabites Spayne, they now wayes can approve themselves to descend, neither should it be greatly glorious unto them, for the Spynard, that now is, is come from as rude and savage nations as they, there being, as it may be gathered by course of ages and viewe of their owne histories, (though they therein labour much to ennoble themselves) scarce any droppe of the old Spanish blood left in them, for all Spayne was first conquered by the Romans, and filled with colonies from them, which were still increased, and the native Spynard still cutt off. Afterwards the Carthaginians in all the long Punicke Warres (having spoyled all Spayne, and in the end subdued it wholly to themselves) did, as it is likely, roote out all that were affected to the Romayns. And lastly the Romaynes, having againe recovered that countrey and sett out Flaumball, did doubtlesse cutt off all that favoured the Carthaginians, soe that betwixt them both, to and froe, there was scarce a native Spynard left, but all inhabited of Romayns. All which tempestes of troubles being overblown, there long after rose a new storme, more dreadfull then all the former, which over-ran all Spayne, and made an infinite confusion of all things, that was, the coming downe of the Gothes, the Hunnes, and the Vnibris. And lastly all the nations of Seythia, which, like a mountayn flood, did overflowe all Spayne, and quite drown and wash away whatsoever reliques there were left of the land-bredd people, yea, and of all the Romayns to. The which Northerne nations finding the complexion of that soyle, and the vehement heate there furr differing from their natures, tooke noe felicitye in that countrey, but from thence passed over,



nud did spredd themselves into all countreys in Christendome, of all which there is none but hath some mixture and sprinckling, yf not through peopling of them. And yet after all these the Moores and Barbarians, breaking over out of Africa, did finally possess all Spayne, or the most part thereof, and did tread downe under theyr heathenish secte whatever litle they found there yet standing. The which, though afterward they were beaten out by Ferdinando of Aragon and Isabell his wife, yet they were not soe elensed, but that through the marriages which they had made, and mixture with the people of the land, during theyr long continuance there, they had left noe pure dropp of Spanish bloud noe more of Romayne, nor of Seythian. Soe thut of all nations under heaven (I suppose) the Spanyard is the most mingled, most uncertayne, and most bistoridly, wherefore most foolishlye doe the Irish thinke to ennoble themselves by wresting theyr auncientrye from the Spaynyarde, who is unable to derive himself from any certayne.

*Eudor* You speake very sharply, Irrenus, in dishonour of the Spanyard, whom some other boast to be the only brave nation under the skye.

*Iren* Soe surely he is a very brave man, neither is that which I speake anything to his derogation, for in that I sayed he is a mingled nation, it is noe dispryise, for I thinke there is noe nation nowe in Christendome, nor muche further, but is mingled, and compounded with others. For it was a singular providence of God, and a most admirable purpose of his wisdom, to drive those northerne heathen nations downe into these Christian partes, where they might receive Christianitye, and to mingle nations soe remote myraculously, to make, as it were, one kinned and bloud of all people, and ech to have knowledge of him.

*Eudor* Neither have you sure any more dishonoured the Irish, for you have brought them from very greut and auncient nations, as any were in the world, how ever fondly they affect the Spanish. For both Seythians and Gaules were two as mightye nations as ever the world brought forth. But is there any token, denomination, or monument of the Gaules yet remaynyng in Ireland, as there is of the Seythians?

*Iren* Yea surely very many wordes of the Gaules remaynyng, and yet daylye used in common speche.

*Eudor* Why what was the Gaulish

speech? is there any part of it still used amongst any nation?

*Iren* The Gaulish speech is the very Britisht, the which was very generally used here in all Brittain before the coming in of the Saxons, and yet is retayned of the Welshmen, the Cornishmen, and the Brittons of France, though time, working the alteration of all things, and the trading and interdeale with other nations rounde about, have chaunged and greatly altered the dialect thereof. But yet the originall wordes appeare to be the same, as whoe that list to read in Camden and Buekhaman, may see at large. Besides, ther be many places, as havens, hills, townes, and castles, which yet beare names from the Gaules, of the which Buchanan reherseth above 300 in Scotland, and I can (I thinke) recount neere as many in Ireland which retaine the old denomination of the Gaules, as the Menapi, the Canet, the Venti, and others, by all which many other very reasonable probabilities (which this short course will not suffer to be layed forth) it appeareth that the cheif inhabitants in Ireland were Gaules, coming thither first out of Spayne, and afterwarde from besides Trinai where the Gothes, the Hunnes, and the Getes sate downe, they also being (as it is sayd of some) auncient Gaules, and lastly passing out of Gallia it self, from all the seacoastes of Belgia and Celtica, unto all the southerne coastes of Ireland, which they possessed and inhabited, wherupon it is at this day, amongst the Irish a common use to call any straunge inhabitant there amongst them, Gull, that is, descended from the Gaules.

*Eudor* This is very likely, for even soe did those Gaules aunciently possess and people all the southerne coastes of our Brittain, which yet retaineth theire old names, as the Belge in Sommersetshire, Wiltshire and part of Hampshire the Atribati in Barkshire, Regni in Sussex and Surrey and many others. Nowe thus farr then I understand your opinion, that the Seythians planted in the North partes of Ireland, the Spanyards (for soe we will call them, whatever they were that came from Spayne) in the West, the Gaules in the South soe that there nowe remayneth the East partes towards England, which I would be gladd to understand from whence you thinke they were peopled.

*Iren* Myr, I thinke from the Brittons themselves, of which though there be litle footing now remaynyng, by reason that the

Saves a Church, and lastly the English, drive out all the inhabitants thereof, did preserve and people it themselves. Yet amongst the Irish, the Britons, the Kavanaghs, and other nations in Connaught, there is a no more of the Britons remaining, as the Irish are called of the old British word *Tal* that is, no hill or mountain. Britons of the British word *Benn* that is, woods, and the Kavanaghs of the word *Ben*, that is, strong, so that in these three people the very denomination of the hills that is still remaine. Besides, the Britons being the ancient or proper name of any nation or people, he craveth unto him, Cunnaworth, that is in British helps, for they call their owne language, *Cunnaworth*, I understand to prove the same, he is called by *Mac* or *Mac* Sionas, and he is called *Mac* Parnam, and a part of Great Brittain. I shall it appeareth by good reason yet extant that King Arthur, did drive him forth, and had all that land in his owne name and subjection, he unto I see it did receive probability of the names of these persons, and peoples, as I did in the former but they should be so long, for this time, and I receive them for another. And though you have had my opinion, howe all that is true of Ireland was first peopled and by what nations. After all which the Saxons were in a while did wholly unto themselves. For first I find, King of Northumberland, did utterly waste and subvert it as it appeareth out of his complaint against him, and returned King Edgar brought it under his obedience, as it appeareth by an ancient record in which it is found written that he subdued all the Islands of the North even unto Norway, and then the king did bring under his subjection.

Eudox. Thus ripping up of ancient histories, is very pleasing unto me, and indeede favourer of good conceits, and some reading withall. I see heereby howe profitable travel, and experience of strange nations, is to him that will apply them to good purpose. Neither indeede would I have thought, that any such antiquities could have bene avouched for the Irish, that maketh me the more to long to see some more of your observations, which ye have gathered out of that country, and have erst half promised to putt forth, and sure in this mingling of nations appeareth (as you erst have well noted) a wonderfull providence and purpose of Almighty God, that stirred up that people of the farthest partes of the world to seeke out

those regions so remote from them, and by that means both to restore their deserved habitations, and to make himself knowne to the Heathen. But was there, I pray you, noe more generall winning of that land, then first by the Scythians, which you say were the Scots, and afterwards by Spaniards, besides the Gauls Britons, and Saxons?

Iren. Yes there was an other, and that the first and the greatest, which was by the English when the Earle Strongbow, having conquered that land, delivered up the same unto the hundes of Henry the second, then King whose sent over thither great store of gentlemen, and other wellick people, amongst whom he distributed the land and settled such a strong colony therein, as never since could, with all the subtill practises of the Irish be rooted out, but abide still a mighty people of as many as remaine English of them.

Eudox. What is this that you say, of soe many as remaine English of them? Why, are no they that were once English abiding English still?

Iren. Noe for the most part of them are degenerated and grown almost meerely Irish, yea and more militions to the English then the very Irish themselves.

Eudox. What heere? And is it possible that an Englishman, brought up naturally in such civill civill as England shordes, can find such liking in that barbarous rudeness, that he should forgett his owne nature, and forgoe his owne nation? how may this be, or what (I pray you) may be the cause hereof?

Iren. Surely, nothing but the first civill ordinance and institution of that Commonwealth. But thereof now is here noe fitt place to speake, least, by the occasion thereof offering matter of a long discourse, we might be drawn from this that we have in hand, namely, the handling of abuses in the customes of Ireland.

Eudox. In truth, Irenour, you do well remember the plot of your first purpose, but yet from that (me seemes) ye have much swayed in all this long discourse, of the first inhabiting of Ireland, for what is that to your purpose?

Iren. Truly very materriall, for if ye marked the course of all that speech well, it was to shew by what meanes the customes, that now are in Ireland, being some of them indeede very strange and almost heathenish, were first brought in, and that was, as I said,

by those nations from whom that countrey was first peopled, for the difference of manners and customes doth followe the difference of nations and people the which I have declared unto you to have bene three speciall which seated themselves there to wit first the Seythians, then the Gaules, and lastly the English. Notwithstanding that I am not ignorant, that there were sundrie other nations which got footing in that kind of the which there yet remaine diverse great families and seiges, of whom I will also in their proper places make mention.

*Eudox.* You bring your self Ikenus, very well into the way againe notwithstanding that it seemeth that ye were never out of the way but nowe that ye have passed through those antiquities, which I could have wished not so soon ended, beginn when you please, to declare what customes and manners have beene derived from those nations to the Irish, and which of them you find fault withall.

*Iren.* I will then begin to count their customes in the same order that I counted their nations, and first with the Seythian or Scottish manners. Of the which there is one use amongst them, to keepe their cattell and to live themselves the most part of the yeare in bolves, pasturing upon the mountayns, and wast wild places, and removing still to fresh land, as they have depastured the former. The which appeareth playne to be the manner of the Seythians, as you may reade in Olaus Magnus, and Jo. Bohemus, and yet is used amongst all the Tartarians and the people about the Caspian Sea, which are naturall Seythians, to live in heardses as they call them, being the very same that the Irish bolves are, driving their cattell continually with them, and feeding onely upon their milke and white meates.

*Eudox.* What fault can ye find with this custome? for though it be an old Seythian use yet it is very behoofull in that countrey of Ireland, where there are greato mountaynes, and wast desertes full of grasse, that the same should be eaten downe, and nourish many thousand of cattell for the good of the whole realme, which cannot (me thinkes) be well any other way, then by keeping those Bolves there, as ye have shewed.

*Iren.* But by this custome of bolves there growe in the meere time many great enormities unto that Common-wealth. For first, yf there be any out-lawes, or loose people, (as they are never without some) which live upon stealthes and spoyles, they are evermore suc-

ceeded and find relief onely in those Bolves, being upon the wast places, whereas this should be driven shortly to starve, or to come downe to the townes to steale riches, where, by one means or other, they would soon be caught. Besides such stealthes of cattell as they make, they bring commonly to those Bolves, where they are received readily, and the thif harboured from daunger of lawe, or such officers as might light upon him. Moreover, the people that thus live in those Bolves growe thereby the more barbarous, and live more licentious then they could in townes, using what crimes they list and practising what mischieves and villanies they will, either against the government there, by their combinations or against private men, whom they injurie, by stealing their goods, or murdering themselves. For there they thinke themselves self exempted from lawe and obedience, and having once tasted freedome doe, like a steere that hath bene long out of his yoke, grudge and repyne ever after to come under yoke againe.

*Eudox.* By your speache Ikenus I perceive more evils come by this use of bolves, then good by their grazing, and therefore it may well be reformed but that must be in his due course do you proceed to the next.

*Iren.* They have another custome from the Seythians, that is the wearing of Mantells and long gibbes, which is a thick curled bush of heare hanging downe over their eyes, and monstrously disfigure them, which are both very bidd and hurtfull.

*Eudox.* Doe you thinke that the mantell came from the Seythians? I would surely thinke otherwise, for by that which I have read, it appeareth that most nations in the world anciently used the mantell. For the Jewes used it, as you may reade of this mantell. The Chaldeans also used it as you may reade in Diodorus. The Egyptians likewise used it, as ye may reade in Herodotus, and may be gathered by the description of Beremce, in the Greeke Commentaries upon Calmachus. The Greekes also used it anciently, as appeareth in Venus mantell lined with starres, though afterwards they changed the forme thereof into their clothes, called Pallia, as some of the Irish also doe. And the ancient Latines and Romanus used it, as ye may reade in Virgill, who was a very ancient antiquary,—that Pander, when Aeneas came unto him at his feast, did entertaine and feast him, sitting on the ground, and lying on mantells. In soc-

in such as he useth this very word MANTILL  
for a mantell.

'Mantills beare sturmant.'

So as I suppose that the mantell was a gen-  
erall helpe to men in warre and not proper  
to the soldiers only, as you suppose.  
For I can find out but that it was used  
by the soldiers to put on and yet since dis-  
carded by the soldiers. But in this later  
age of the world, since the death of the Po-  
pish religion, it is a reuel and brought  
in by the Northern nations which,  
because of their cold care and frozen  
habitation into the north side of Europe,  
they are clothed with their usuall woodes,  
set to defend the cold, and that is naturall  
for them. I think they had at home bene used  
the mantell but they left not off, by reason  
that it was a perpetuall warre with the  
English from that land invaded, but still  
remained from place to place, carried all waies  
with them in that warre, as their houses, they  
built and they garnished and coming lastly  
into Ireland, they found there more speciall  
use for it by reason of the cold climate,  
from whence it is more grown into that  
use, all in such which that people now have  
it. After all in the Gaules succeeding, yet  
finding the mantle necessary for that garment,  
continued the use thereof.

For both then the necessity thereof  
is soe common as to be alledge, that it is  
necessary of house-keeping bedding and clothing,  
what reason have we then to wish soe neces-  
sary a thing cast off?

For because the commoditie doth not  
counterbalance the incommoditie, for the incom-  
modities that thereby doe arise are much  
more many, for it is a fitt house for an out-  
law, a fitt house for a rebell, and a fitt  
cloke for a thief. First the out-law being  
for his many crimes and villanies banished  
from the towne and houses of honest men  
and wandering in wast places, far from  
danger of lawe, maketh his mantell his  
house and under it covereth himself from  
the wrath of heaven, from the offence of  
the earth, and from the sight of men. When  
it raineth it is his tent, when it freezeth it is  
his tabernacle. In Sommer he can wear it  
loose in winter he can wear it close, at all  
times he can use it, never heavy, never  
combersome. Likewise for a rebell it is as  
necessary, for in his warre that he maketh  
(as at first it becometh the name of warre)  
when he still flyeth from his foe, and hideth

in the thicke woodes and strait passages,  
waiting for advantages, it is his bedd, yea,  
and almost his household stuff. For the  
wood is his house against all weathers, and  
his mantell is his cave to sleepe in. Therein  
he wrappeth himself rounde, and encloseth  
him self strongly against the gnattes, which  
in that countrey doe more annoy the naked  
rebells, whilst they keepe the woodes, and  
doe more sharplie wound them then all their  
enemies speeres or speares, which can come  
seldome nigh them yet, and oftentimes they  
mantell serveth them when they are neere  
driven, being wript about their left arme  
in steede of a Targett, for it is as hard to  
cutt through it with a sword, besides it is  
light to beare, light to throwe away, and,  
being (as they then commonly are) naked, it  
is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thief it is  
soe hand-some, as it may seeme it was first  
invented for him, for under it he can easily  
conceale any fitt pillage that cometh hand-  
somerly in his way, and when he goeth abroad  
in the night on free-booting, it is his best  
and surest friend, for lying as they often  
doe, two or three nightes together abroad to  
watch for their bootie, with that they can  
pretelive shrowde themselves under a bush  
or banks side, till they may conveniently  
doe their errand and when all is done, he  
can in his mantell pass through any towne  
or company, being close hooded over his  
head as he useth, from knowledge of any  
to whom he is endanngered. Besides all this,  
if he be disposed to doe mischief or villany  
to any man, he may under his mantell goe  
privily armed without suspicion of any, car-  
rying his head-piece, his sheane, or pistoll if  
he please, to be allwaie in readiness. Thus  
necessary and fitting is a mantell for a badd  
man, and surely for a badd housewife it is  
noe less convenient, for some of those that  
be wandering women, there called of them  
Berntoolthe, it is half a wardrobe, for in  
Sommer you shall have her arrayed com-  
monly but in her smocke and mantle, to be  
more ready for her light services in Winter,  
and in her travell, it is her best cloke and  
safeguard, and also a coverlet for her lewde  
exercise. And when she hath filled her  
revel, under it she can hilde both her burden  
and her blame, yea, and when her breast is  
borne it serves in steede of a cradde and all  
her swaddling cloutes. And as for all other  
good women which love to doe but little  
worke, howe handsome it is to be and  
sleepe, or to lowze themselves in the sun-  
shine, they that have bene but a while in

Ireland can well witness Sure I am that ye will thinke it very unfit for good house-wives to stirre in, or to busy them selves about theyr house-wiverie in such sort as they should These be some of the abuses for which I would thinke it meete to forbiidd all mantells

*Eudox* O evill my nded man, that having reckned up soe many uses of a mantell, will yet wish it to be abandoned! Sure I thinke Diogenes dish did never serve his master more turnes, notwithstanding that he made it his dish, his cupp, his measure, his water-pott, then a mantell doth an Irish man But I see they be all to badd intentes, and therefore I will joyne with you in abolishing it But what blame lay you to the gibb? Take heede (I pry you) that you be not to busye therewith for feare of your owne blame, seing our Englishmen take it up in such a generall fashion to weare theyr heare soe unmeasurably long, that some of them exceede the longest Irish gibbes

*Iren* I feare not the blame of any undeserv'd dislikes, but for the Irish gibbes, I say that, besides theyr savage brutishness and lothsome filthiness which is not to be named, they are as fitt maskes as a mantell is for a thief For whensoever he hath runn himself into that perill of lawe that he will not be knowne, he either cutteth of his gibbe quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it soe lowe downe over his eyes, that it is very hard to discern his theivish countenance, and therefore fitt to be trussed up with the mantell

*Eudox* Truly these thre Seythian abuses, I hold most fitt to be taken away with sharpe penalties, and surely I wonder how they have bene kept thus long, notwithstanding soe many good provisions and orders as have bene devised for the reformation of that people

*Iren* The cause therof shall appeare to you hereafter, but lett us now goe forward with our Seythian costumes, of which the next that I have to create of is the manner of theyr raising the crye in theyr conflictcs, and at other troublesome times of uproare the which is very naturall Seythian, as you may reade in Diodorus Siculus, and in Herodotus, describing the manner of the Seythians and Persians coming to give the charge at theyr battells at the which it is sayd, they come running with a terrible yell and hubb-abowe, as if heaven and earth would have gone together, which is the very image of the Irish hubb-abowe, which theyr

kerns use at theyr first encounter Besides, the same Herodotus writeth, that they used in theyr battells to call upon the names of theyr captaynes or generalls, and sometimes upon theyr greatest king deceased, as in the battell of Ionius agaynst Cyrus which custome to this day manifestly appeareth amongst the Irish For at theyr joyning of battell, they likewise call upon theyr captaynes name, or the name of his auncestours As they under Oncale crye Laudargabowe, that is, the bloudy hand, which is Oncales badge they under O'Brien call Laun-lader, that is, the strong hand And to theyr ensample, the old English also which there remaineth have gotten up theyr cryes Seythian-like, as the Geraldins Croum-abowe, and the Butlers Butleaur-abowe And herein also lyeth open an other manifest proof that the Irish be Seythes or Scotts, for in all theyr encounters they use one very common word, crying Farruh, Farruh, which is a Scottish word, to wecte, the name of one of the first Kinges of Scotland, called Fargus, Fergus, or Ferragus, which fought agaynst the Pictes, as ye may reade in Buchanan *De rebus Scottis*, but as others write, it was long before thit, the name of theyr chief Captaine, under whom they fought agaynst the Asirens, the which was then soe fortunate unto them, that ever sithence they have used to call upon his name in theyr battells

*Eudox* Beleve me, this observation of yours, Irenus, is very good and delightful, farre beyond the blunt conceit of some, who (I remember) have upon the same word Farruh, made a very gross conjecture, as namely Mr Stanhurst, who though he be the same country man borne, that should searche more neerely into the secret of these things, yet hath strayed from the truth all the heavens wide (as they say,) for he thereupon groundeth a very gross imagination, that the Irish should descend from the Egyptians which came into that island, first under the leading of one Scota the daughter of Pharaon, wherupon they use (sayth he) in all theyr battells to call upon the name of Pharaon, crying Farruh, Farruh Surely he bootes wyde on the bowe hand, and very farr from the marke For I would first knowe of him what ancient ground of authority he hath for such a senseless fable, and yf he found it in any of the rude Irish bookes, as it may be he had, yet (we scemes) that a man of his learning should not soe lightly have bene carryed away with old wives tales

from approbation of his own reason; for whether Scots be an Egyptian word or smacke of any learning or judgement lett the learned judge. But this Scots rather cometh of the Greek *scotos*, that is, darkness, which hath not lett him see the light of the truth.

*Iren* You know not Eudoxus, how well Mr Sturmhurste could see in the darke, perhaps he hath owles or cats eyes, but well I wote he saw not well the light of the truth in matters of more weight. But as for Iarrick I have told you my conjecture onely, and yet thus much more I have to prove a likelihood, that there are this day yet in Ireland many Irish men (chiefly in the North partes) called by the name of Iarricks. But lett that now be thus onely for this place sufficient that it is a common word used in the Irish Inbbohowes, the which (with all the rest) is to be abolished, for that it discovereth an affectation of Irish captivity, which in this platforme I endeavour specially to beate downe. There be other sortes of cries also used amongst the Irish, which savoure greatly of the Seythian barbarisme, as the Irish lamentations at the Irish barrill, with dispirittfull out-cries, and immoderate waylinges, the which Mr. Sturmhurst also might have used for an argument to prove them Egyptians, which lamented for the death of Joseph. Others thinke this custome to come from the Spaniards, for that they doe see unmeasurably likewise bewaile the dead, but the same is not proper Spanish, but altogether heathenish, brought in thither first either by the Seythians, or the Moores, which were Africans, that long possessed that countrey. For it is the manner of all Pagans and Infidells to be intemperate in their waylinges of the dead, for that they had noe faith nor hope of salvation. And this ill custome also is specially noted by Diodorus Siculus, to have bene in the Seythians, and is yett amongst the Northern Scotts.

*Eudox* This is sure an ill custome also, but it doth not see much concerne civil reformation, as an abuse of religion.

*Iren* I did not rehearse it as one of the abuses which I thought most worthy of reformation, but having made mention of Irish cries I thought this manner of lowd crying and howling not impertinent to be noted as unevill and Seythian-like for by these oldenstones, and other like conjecturall circumstances, the descents of nations can onely be proved, where other monumentes of writings be not remaining.

*Eudox* Then (I pray you) whensoever in your discourse you meeete with them by the way, doe not shunne, but boldly touche them, for besides the great pleasure and delight for the antiquitye, they bring also great profit and helpe unto civilitye.

*Iren* Then sith you will have it soe, I will heere take occasion, since I lately spake of the Irish manner of cries in joyning battell, to speake also somewhat of the manner of the Irish armes, and array in battell, with other customes perhaps worthy the noting. And first of the Irish armes and weapons, amongst which the Irish brode swordes are proper Seythian, for such the Seythians used commonly, as ye may reade in Olaus Magnus. And the same also used the old Scottes, as ye may reade in Buehrman, and in Solinus, where the pictures of them are in the same forme expressed. Also the Irish short bowes, and little quivers with short bearded arrowes, are also very Seythian, as ye may reade in the same Olaus. And the same sort, both of bowes, quivers, and arrowes, are at this day to be seen commonly amongst the Northern Irish-Scotts, whose Scottish bowes are not past three quarters of a yard longe, with a string of wreathed hempe slackly bent, and whose arrowes are not much above half an ell longe, tipped with Steele heades, made like common brode arrowe heades, but much more sharpe and slender, that they enter into an armed man or horse most cruelly, notwithstanding that they are shott forth weakely. Moreover, the Irish long brode shieldes, made but of wicker rodde, which are commonly used amongst the Irish Northern Irish, but specially of the Scottes, are brought from the Seythians, as ye may reade in Olaus Magnus, Solinus, and others likewise they going to battell without armour on the bodies or heades, but trusting onely to the thickness of the Irish gibbes, the which (they say) will sometimes beare of a good stroke, as inere savage and Seythian, as ye may see in the said Images of the old Seythians or Scottes, sett forth by Herodianus and others. Besides, the Irish confused kind of marche in heapes without any order or array, the Irish clashing of swordes together, the Irish fierce running upon the enemies, and the Irish manner of fight, resemblith altogether that which is reade in histories to have bene used of the Seythians. By which it may almost unfailibly be gathered, together with other circumstances, that the Irish are very Scotts or Seythians originall, though since intermingled with many other nations repaying

and joining unto them And to these I may add also another very stronge conjecture which cometh to my mynd, that I have often there observed amongst them, that is, certayne religious ceremonies, which are very superstitiously yet used amongst them, the which are also written by sundrye authours, to have bene observed amongst the Seythians, by the which it may very vehemently be presumed that both the nations were aunciently all one For Plutark (as I remember) in his Treatise of Homer, endeavouring to serche out the truth, what countryman Homer was, proveth it most strongly (as he thinketh) that he was an Æolian borne, for that in describing a sacrifice of the Greekes, he omitteth the chibbone, the which all the other Greeians (saving the Æolians) doe use to burne in their sacrifices also for that he maketh the entralls to be rosted on five spittes, the which was the proper manner of the Æolians whose onely, of all nations and countreys of Grecia, used to sacrifice in that sort, whereas all the rest of the Greekes used to roste them on three spittes By which he inferreth, necessarily, that Homer was an Æolian And by the same reason may I (as reasonable) conclude, that the Irish are descended from the Seythians, for that they use to this day some of the same ceremonies which the Seythians aunciently used As for example, ye may reade in Lucian, in that sweete dialogue which is intituled Toxaris or of friendship, that the common oath of the Seythians was by the sword, and by the fire, for that they recounted these two speciall divine powers, which should worke vengeance on perjurours So doe the Irish at this day, when they goe to any battell say certayne prayers or charmes to their swordes, making a cross therewith upon the earth, and thrusting the pointes of their blades into the ground, thinking thereby to have the better success in fight Also they use commonly to sweare by their swordes Likewise at the kindling of the fire, and lighting of candells, they say certayne prayers or use some other superstitious rites, which sheweth that they honour the fire and the light, for all those Northern nations, having bene used to be annoyed with much cold and darknes, are wonte therefore to have the fire and the sunn in great veneration like as contrariwise the Moores and Egyptians, which are much offended and grieved with much extreme heate of the sunn, doe every morning, when the sunn riseth, fall to cursing and banning of him as their plague

and chief scourge Also the Seythians used, when they would binde any solemne vow or combination amongst them, to drinke a bowle of blood together, vowing thereby to spend their last blood in that quarrell and even soe doe the wild Scotts, as ye may reade in Buechinnan, and some of the Northern Irish likewise As ye may also reade in the same booke, in the Tale of Arsacomas, that it was the manner of the Seythians, when any one of them was heavily wronged, and would assemble unto him any forces of people to joyne with him in his revenge, to sitt in some publiek place for certayne dayes upon an oxe hide, to which there would resort all such persons as being disposed to take armes, would enter into his pay, or joyne with him in his quarrell, and the same ye may likewise reade to have bene the auncient manner of the wild Scotts, which are indeede the very naturall Irish Moreover, the Seythians used to sweare by their Kinges hand, as Olaus sheweth And soe doe the Irish now use to sweare by their Lordes hand, and, to forswear it, hold it more criminall then to sweare by God Also the Seythians sayd, that they were once every yeare turned into wolves, and soe is it written of the Irish though Mr Camden in a better sence doth suppose it was a disease, called Lycanthropia, soe named of the wolfe And yet some of the Irish doe use to make the wolfe their gossip The Seythians also used to seeth their flesh in the hide, and soe doe the Northern Irish yet The Seythians likewise used to boyle the blood of the beast yet living, and to make meate thereof and soe doe the Irish still in the North Many such customes I could recount unto you, as of their old manner of marrying, of burying, of dauncing, of singing, of feasting, of cursing, though Christians have wiped out the most part of them, by resemblance wherof it might plainly appeare unto you that the nations are the same, but that by the reckning of these fewe which I have told unto you, I find my speech drawn out to a greater length then I purposed Thus much onely for this time, I hope, shall suffice you, to thinke that the Irish are aunciently descended from the Seythians

Eudor Surely, Ireneus, I have, in these fewe wordes, herd that from you which I would have thought had bene impossible to have bene spoken of times soe remote, and customes so auncient with delight wherof I was all that while as it were entranced, and carried soe farr from my self, as that I am

nowe right sorye that you ended soe soone But I marvell much howe it cometh to pass, that in soe long continuance of time, and many ages come betwene, yet any jote of those old rites and superstitions customes should remayne amongst them

*Iren* It is noe cause of wonder at all, for it is the manner of all barbarous nations to be very superstitious, and diligent observers of old customes and antiquities, which they receive by continuall tradition from their parentes, by recording of their Bards and Chroniclees, in their songes, and by daylie use and example of their elders

*Eudor* But have you I pray you observed any such customes amongst them, brought likewise from the Spanyardes or Gaules, as these from the Seythians? that may sure be very materiall to your first purpose.

*Iren* Some perhaps I have, and who that will by this occasion more diligently marke and compare their customes shall find many more But there are fewer I thinke remaying of the Gaules or Spanyardes then of the Seythians, by reason that the partes, which they then possessed, lying upon the coast of the Westernne and Southerne Sea, were thence continually visited with strangers and forreine people, repaying thither for traffick, and for fishing, which is very plentifull upon these coastes for the trade and entredale of sea-cost nations one with another worketh more civiltie and good fashions in them, all sea men being naturally desirous of new fashions, then amongst the inland dwellers, which are seldome scene of forreiners, yet some of such as I have noted, I will reecounte unto you And first I will, for the better credit of the rest, shewe you one out of their Statutes, amongst which it is enacted that noe man shall weare his bearde but onely on the upperlipp like muschachoes, shavinge all the rest of his chinne And this was the ancient manner of Spaynyardes, as yet it is of all the Mahometans to cutt of all their beardes close, save only their muschachoes, which they weare long And the cause of this use was for that they, being bred in a hote country, founde much haire on their faces and other partes to be noysome unto them for which cause they did cutt it most away, like as contrarily all other nations, brought up in cold countreyes, doe use to nonrish their haire, to kepe them warme, which was the cause that the Seythians and Scottes weare Glibbes (as I shewed you) to keepe their heades warme, and long

beardes to defend their faces from cold From them also (I thinke) came saffron shirtes and smockes, which was devised by them in those hote countreyes, where saffron is very common and rise, for avoyding that evill which cometh by much sweating, and longe wearing of hinnen also the women amongst the old Spanyardes had the charge of all household affayres, both at home and abroad, (as Bohemus writeth) though nowe the Spanyardes use it quite otherwise And soe have the Irish women the trust and care of all things, both at home, and in the fieldes Likewise rounde leather targetts is the Spanish fashion, whome used it (for the most part) paynted, which in Ireland they use also, in many places, coloured after their rude fashion Moreover the manner of their womens riding on the wrong side of their horse, I meane with their faces towards the right side, as the Irish use, is (as they say) old Spanish, and, as some say, Affricane, for amongst them the women (they say) use so to ride acrosse Also the deepe smock sleeve hanging to the grounde, which the Irish women use, they say, it was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbarye and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion, for in armory the fashion of the Manche, which is given in armes by many, being indeede nothing els then a sleeve, is fashioned much like to that sleeve And that Knightes in ancient times used to weare their mistress or loves sleeve, upon their armes, is appeareth by that which is written of Sir Lanneclott, that he wore the sleeve of the Fayre Mayde of Asteloth in a turney, whereat Queene Guenever was much displeased

*Eudor* Your conceite is good, and well fitting for things soe farr grown from certaynte of knowledge and learning, onely upon likely hoodes and conjectures But have you any customes remaying from the Gaules or Brittons?

*Iren* I have observed a fewe of either, and whome will better searche into them may finde more And first the profession of their Bards who (as Cesar writeth) were usuall amongst the Gaules, and the same was also common amongst the Brittons and is not yet altogether left of by the Welsh which are their posteritye For all the fashions of the Gaules and Brittons, as he testifieth, were much like The long darts came also from the Gaules as ye may reade in the same Cesar, and in Jo Bohemus Likewise the said Bohemus writeth, that the Gaules used



sword: a hand full broad, and soe doe the Irish now. Also that they used long wicker sheldes in battaill that should cover their whole bodies, and so doe the Northern Irish but because I have not seene such fashioned targets used in the Southerne parts, but onely amongst the Northern people, and Irish-Scotts, I doe thinke that they were rather brought in by the Seythians, then by the Gaules. Also the Gaules used to drinke their enemyes blood and paynte themselves with it: soe also they write, that the old Irish were wonte and soe I have seene some of the Irish doe, not their enemyes but their friends blood. As namely at the execution of a notable traytour at Lannernicke, called Murreogh O Bruin, I sawe an old woman, which was his foster mother, take up his head whilst he was quartered and sucked up all the blood running thereout, saying, that the earth was not woorthye to drinke it, and therewith also steeped her face and breast, and tore her haire, crying out and shreeling out most terrible.

*Eudox.* You have very well ranne through such customes as the Irish have derived from the first old nations which inhabited that land namely, the Seythians, the Spaniards, the Gaules, and the Britons. It nowe remaineth that you take in hand the customes of the old English which are amongst the Irish of which I doe not thinke that you shall have much to finde fault with, considering that by the English most of the old bidd Irish customes were abolished, and more civill fashions brought in theyr steede.

*Iren.* You thinke otherwise, Eudoxus, then I doe, for the chiefest abuses which are nowe in that realme, are growen from the English that were, but are nowe much more lawless and heentious then the very wild Irish soe that as much care as was then by them had to reforme the Irish, soe much and more must nowe be used to reform them, soe much time doth alter the manners of men.

*Eudox.* That seemeth very strange which you say, that men should soe much degenerate from theyr first natures as to growe wilde.

*Iren.* Soe much can libertie and ill example doe.

*Eudox.* What libertie had the English there, more then they had heere at home? Were not the lawes plaunted amongst them at the first, and had not they governours to courke and keepe them still in awe and obediencie?

*Iren.* They had, but it was, for the most

part, such as did more hurt then good, for they had governour: for the most part of them live, and commonly out of the two halves of the (verblush and the Butlers, both adversaryes and every kills one against the other. Whoe though, for the most part, they were by as deputies under some of the King of Englandes come: Irishmen, or other nere kin men whoe were the Kinges lieutenantes, yet they awayd soe much, as they had all the rule, and the others but the title. Of which Butlers and Geraldins, albeit I must confess they were very brave and worthy men, as also of other the Peeres of that realme, made Lord Deputie and Lord Justices at sundry times, yet thorough greatnes of their true conquests and victories they grew in want, and lent both that reall authoritie, and also their private power, one against another, to the utter subversion of themselves, and strengthening of the Irish againe. Thus you may see plainly discovered by a letter written from the citizens of Corke out of Ireland, to the Earle of Shrewsbury then in England, and remaining yet upon record, both in the Power of London and also amongst the Chronicles of Ireland. Wherein it is by them complained, that the English Lords and Gentlemen, who then had great possessions in Ireland by grant, through pride and insolencie, to make private warres one against another, and when either parte was weak they would wage and drawe in the Irish to take their parte by which meanes they both greathly encouraged and enabled the Irish, which till that time had bene shut up within the Mountaine of Slawloghir, and weakened and disabled themselves, inso-much that their revenues were wonderfullly impaired, and some of them, which are there reckoned to have bene able to have spent 12 or 13 hundred poundes per annum, of old rent, (that I may say noe more) besides theyr commodities of creekes and havens, were nowe scarce able to dispend the third part. From which disorder, an other huge calamitie came upon them, as that, they are nowe grown to be almost as lowe as the Irish. I meane of such English as were planted above toward the West, for the English Pale hath preserved it self, through neereness of their state, in reasonable civilitye, but the rest which dwell above Conaught and in Monaster, which is the sweetest soyle of Ireland, and some in Leinster and Ulster, are degenerate, and growen to be as very patchcockes as the wild Irish, yea and some of them have

quite-shaken of theyr English names, and put on Irish that they might be alltogether Irish

*Eudox* Is it possible that any should soe farre growe out of frame that they should in soe short space, quite forget theyr countrey and theyr owne names? That is a most dangerous lechtrigie, much woorse then that of Mes-sala Corvinus, who, being a most learned man, through sickness forgate his owne name. But can you counte us any of this kinde?

*Iren* I cannot but by reporte of the Irish themselves, who report, that the Mack-mahons, in the Northe, were aunciently English, to witt, descended from the Iltz Ursulas, which was a noble familie in England, and that the same appereth by the signification of theyr Irish names. Likewise that the Mack-swines, now in Ulster, were aunciently of the Veres in England, but that they themselves, for hatred of English, soe disguised theyr names.

*Eudox* Could they ever conceave any such devilish dislike of theyr owne naturall countrey, as that they would be ashamed of her name, and byte of her dugg from which they sucked life?

*Iren* I wote well there should be none, but proude hartes doo oftentimes (like wanton colts) kicke at theyr mothers, as we reade Alcibiades and Themistocles did, whoe, being banished out of Athens, fledd unto the King of Asia, and there stured them up to warre agaynst theyr owne countrey, in which warres they themselves were cheiftynges. So they say did these Mack-swines and Mack-mahons, or rather Veres and Iltz Ursulas for private despite, turne themselves agaynst England. For at such tyme as Ro Vere, Earle of Oxford, was in the Britons warres agaynst King Richard the Second, through the malice of the Peeres, banished the realme and proscribed, he with his kinsman Iltz Ursula fledd into Ireland, where being prosecuted, and afterwards putt to death in England, his kinsman, there remaining behind in Ireland, rebelled, and, conspiring with the Irish, did quite cast of the English name and allegiance, since which time they have ever soe remayned, and have ever sithence bene counted meere Irish. The verye like is also reported of the Mack-swines, Mack-mahons, and Mack-sheehers of Mounster, whoe likewise were aunciently English, and old followers of the Earle of Desmonde, untill the rugne of King Edward the Fourth at which tyme the Earle of Desmonde that then was, called Thomas, being through false subor-

nation (as they say) of the Queene for some offence by her agaynst him conceaved, brought to his death at Drogheda most unjustly, notwithstanding that he was a very good and sound subject to the King. Thereupon all his kinsmen of the Geraldins, which then was a mightye familie in Mounster, in revenge of that huge wronge, rose into armes agaynst the King, and utterly renounced and forsooke all obedience to the crowne of England, to whom the sayd Mack-swines, Mack-sheehers, and Mack-mahons, being then servauntes and followers, did the like, and have ever sithence soe continued. And with them (they say) all the people of Mounster went out, and many others of them, which were meere English, thenceforth joyned with the Irish agaynst the King, and termed themselves meere Irish, taking on them Irish habits and customes, which could never since be cleane wiped away, but the contagion therof hath remayned still amongst theyr posterities. Of which sorte (they say) be most of the surnames which end in an, as Hernan, Shenan, Maugan, &c the which now recounte themselves meere Irish. Other greate houses there be of the old English in Ireland, which through heentious conversing with the Irish, or marrying, or fostering them, or lacke of good nature, or other such unhappye occasions, have degenerated from theyr auncient dignitie, and are nowe grown as Irish as O-hirnlans breeche, as the proverbe there is of which sorte there are two most pitifull examples above the rest, to witt the Lord Brenechame, whoe being the most auncient baron, I thinke, in England nowe waxen the most savage Irish amongst them, naming himself Irishlike, Noccorish, and the other is the greate Mortimer, whoe forgetting howe greate he was once in England, or English at all, is nowe become the most barbarous of them all, and is called Mack-mahmarn, and not much better then he is the old Lo Courcye, who, having lewdly wasted all the landes and signories that he had, allyed himself unto the Irish and is himself also nowe grown quite Irish.

*Eudox* In truth this which you tell is a most shamefull hearing, and to be reformed with most sharpe censures in soe greate personages, to the terror of the meener for where the Iordes and cheif men wax soe barbarous and bastardlike, what shal be hoped of the pesantes, and base people? And herebye sure you have made a fyre way unto your self to lay open the abuses

of theyr evill customes, which you are nowe nexte to declare the which, uoe doubt are very bidd and barbarous, being borrowed from the Irish, as theyr apparrell, theyr language, theyr riding, and many other the like.

*Iren* You cannot but thinke them sure to be very brute and uncivill, for were they at the best that they were of old, when they were brought in, they should in soe long an alteration of time seeme very straunge and wonderfull. For it is to be thought, that the use of all England was in the raigne of Henry the Second, when Ireland was first planted with English, very rude and barbarous, soe as yf the same should be nowe used in England by any, it would seeme woorthy of sharpe correction, and of newe lawes for reformation, for it is but even the other day since England grewe to be evill therefore in counting the evill customes of the English there, I will not have regard whether the beginning therof were English or Irish, but will have respect onely to the inconvenience therof. And first I have to finde fault with the abuse of language, that is, for the speaking of Irish amongst the English, which as it is unnaturall that ny people should love anothers language more then they owne, soe it is very inconvenient, and the cause of many other evils.

*Endor* It seemeth straunge to me that the English should take more delight to speake that language then they owne, wheras they should (me thinks) rather take scorn to acquaynte theyr tonges therewith for it hath bene ever the uro of the conquerours to dispuise the language of the conquered, and to force him by all meanes to learne his. Soe did the Romans alwayes use, in soe much as there is almost noe nation in the worlde, but it is sprinkled with theyr language. It were good therefore (me thinks) to searche out the originall cause of this evill, for, the same being discovered, a redress therof wil be the more easily provided. For I thinke it were straunge, that the English being soe many, and the Irish soe fewe as they then were left, they being the fewer should drawe the more unto theyr use.

*Iren* I suppose that the chiefe cause of the bringing in of the Irish language, amongst them, was specially theyr fostering, and marrying with the Irish, the which are two most daungerous infections for first the child that sucketh the milke of the nurse, must of necessity learne his first speache of

her, the which being the first that is enured to his tongue, is ever after most pleasing unto him, in soe much as though he afterward be taught English, yet the smacke of the first will allwayes abide with him, and not onely of the speache, but also of the manners and conditions. For besides that yong children be like apes, which will affect and imitate what they see done afore them, specially of theyr nurses whom they love soe well, they moreover drave unto themselves, together with theyr sucke, even the nature and disposition of theyr nurses for the mynd followeth much the temperature of the bodye, and also the woordes are the Image of the mynd, soe as, they proceeding from the mynd, the mynd must needes be affected with the woordes. Soe that the speache being Irish, the harte must needes be Irish, for out of the aboundance of the harte the tonge speareth. The next is the marriage with the Irish, which how daungerous a thing it is in all common-wealthes appereth to every simplest sence, and though some greate ones have perhaps used such matches with theyr vassals, and have of them nevertheless raysed woorthy issue, as Telamon did with Termessa, Alexander the Great with Roxane, and Julius Caesar with Cleopatra, yet the example is soe perillous, as it is not to be adventured for in steede of these fewe good, I could counte unto them infinite many evill. And indeede how can such matching but bring forth an evill race, seug that commonly the child taketh most of his nature of the mother, besides speache, manners, and inclination, which are (for the most part) agreeable to the conditions of theyr mothers? For by them they are first framed and fashioned, soe as what they receive once from them, they will hardly ever after forgoe. Therefore are these evill customes of fostering and marrying with the Irish most carefully to be restrained, for of them two the third evill that is the custome of language (which I speake of) cheifly proceedeth.

*Endor* But are there not Lawes already appointed for voyding of this evill?

*Iren* Yes, I thinke there be, but as good never a whitt as never the better. For what doe statutes avyle without penalties, or lawes without charge of execution? For soe there is another like lawe enacted agaynst wearing of Irish apparrell, but nevertheless is it observed by any, or executed by them that have the charge for they in theyr private discretions thinke it not fitt to be forced

upon the poore wretches of that countrey, which are not worth the price of English apparrell, nor expedient to be practised agaynst the abler sorte, by reason that the bare countrey (say they) doth yeelde noe better and were there better to be had, yet these were fitter to be used, as namelv, the mantell in traveling, because there be noe Innes where meete bedding might be had, soe that his mantell serves him then for a bedd and the leather quilted jacke in journeying and in camping, for that it is fittest to be under his shirte of mayle, for any occasion of soden service, as there happen many, and to cover his thinn breeche on horsebacke the greate linnen rowle, which the women weare, to keepe theyr heades warme after cutting theyr haire, which they use in any sickness, besides theyr thicke folded linnen shurtes, theyr longe-sleeved smokes, theyr half-sleeved coates, theyr silken fillets, and all the rest they will devise some colourable reason for them, either of necessitie, or of antiquitye, or of comeliness

*Eudox* But what colour soe ever they alleage, me thynkes it is not expedient that the execution of a lawe once ordyned should be left to the discretion of the judge or officer, but that, without partialitye or regarde, it should be fulfilled as well on English, as Irish

*Iren* But they thinke this precisenes in reformation of apparrell not to besoe materiall, or greatly pertinent

*Eudox* Yes surely but it is, for mens apparrell is commonly made according to theyr conditions, and theyre conditions are oftentimes governed by theyr garments for the person that is gowned is by his gowne putt in mynd of gravitye, and also restrained from lightnes by the very unaptness of his weede. Therefore it is written by Aristotle, that when Cyrus had overcome the Lydians that were a warlike nation, and devised to bring them to a more peaceable life, he chaunged theyr apparrell and musick, and insteede of theyr shorte warlike coates, clothed them in long garments like women, and in steede of theyr warlike musick, appointed to them certayne lascivious lyes, and loose gigges, by which in shorte space theyr myndes were so mollified and abated, that they forgate theyr former fierceness, and became most tender and effeminate whereby it appeareth, that there is not a litle in the garment to the fashioning of the mynde and conditions But be all these, which you have described, the fashions of the Irish weede?

*Iren* Noe, all these that I have rehearsed unto you, be not Irish garments, but English, for the quilted leather Jacke is old English, for it was the proper weede of the horseman, as ye may reade in Chaucer, where he describeth Sir Thopas his apparrell and armour, when he went to fight agaynst the Gyant, in his robe of sheeklton, which sheeklton is that kind of guilded leather with which they use to embroder theyr Irish jacks And there likewise by all that description ye may see the very fashion and manner of the Irish horseman most lively set forth, his long hose, his shoes of costly cordewayne, his haqueton, and his habbergon, with all the rest therto belonging

*Eudox* I surely thought that that manner had bene kindly Irish, for it is farr differing from that we have nowe, as also all the furniture of his horse, his stronge brasse bitt, his slyding rynes, his shaunekpillow without stirrups, his manner of mounting, his fashion of riding, his charging of his speare aloft above head, and the forme of his speare.

*Iren* Noe sure, they be native English, and brought in by the Englishmen first into Ireland neither is the same counted an uncomely manner of riding, for I have heard some greate varnours say, that, in all the services which they had scene abroade in forrayne countreys, they never sawe a more comely horseman then the Irish man, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge neither is his manner of mounting unseemly, though he wante stirrups, but more ready then with stirrups, for in his getting up his horse is still going, whereby he gavneth way And therefore the stirrups were called soe in scorne, as it were a stayre to gett up, being derived of the old English woord sty, which is, to gett up, or mounte.

*Eudox* It seemeth then that ye finde noe fault with this manner of riding, why then would you have the quilted Jacke layed away?

*Iren* I would not have that layed away, but the abuse therof to be putt away, for being used to the end that it was framed, that is, to be worne in warre under a shirte of mayle, it is allowable, as also the shirte of mayle, and all his other furniture but to be worne drilye at home and in townes and errill places it is a rude habite and most uncomely, seeming like a players paynted coate

*Eudox* But it is worne (they say) likewise of Irish footemen, how doe you allowe

of that? for I should thinke it were unseemely

*Iren.* Noe, not as it is used in warre for it is then worne likewise of a footeman under a shirte of mayle, the which footeman they call a Galloglas, the which name doth discover him to be also an ancient English, for *Gallogla* signifies an English scurviour or rascal. And he being soe armed, in a long shirte of mayle donne to the calfe of his leggs, with a long brode axe in his hand, was then *pedes gravis armatura*, and was in steede of the armed footeman that nowe weareth a corselett, before the corseletts were used. or almost invented

*Eudox.* Then him belike ye likewise allow in your straight reformation of old customes

*Iren.* Both him and the kearne also (whom onely I tooke to be the proper Irish souldiour) can I allowe, soe that they use that habite and custome of theirs in the warres onely, when they are led forth to the service of their Prince, and not usually at home, and in civil places, and besides doe lay aside the civil and wild uses which the galloglas and kearne doe use in their common trade of life.

*Eudox.* What be those?

*Iren.* Marre those be the most lothsome and barbarous conditions of any people (I thinke) under heaven, for, from the time they enter into that course, they doe use all the beastly behaviour that may be to oppress all men, they spoyls as well the subject as the enemy, they sterle, they are cruell and bloudie, full of revenge and delighting in deadly execution, licentious, swearer, and blasphemous, common ravishers of women, and murderers of children

*Eudox.* These be most villenous conditions, I marvaile then that ever they be used or employed or almost suffred to live what good can there then be in them?

*Iren.* Yet sure they are very valiaunte and hardy, for the most part great endurours of cold, labour, hunger, and all hardness very active and strong of hand, very swift of foote, very vigilante and circumspect in their enterprises, very present in perill, very great scorers of death

*Eudox.* Truly, by this that ye say, it seemes the Irishman is a very brave souldiour

*Iren.* Yea surely, even in that rude kind of service he beareth himself very courageously. But when he cometh to experience of service abroad, and is putt to a peece, or a pike, he maketh as woorthy a souldiour as any

nation he meeteth with. But lett us (I pray you) turne againe to our discourse of civil customes amongst the Irish

*Eudox.* Me thinke, all this which you speake of concerneth the customes of the Irish very materiallie for their uses in warre are of no small importance to be considered, as well to reforme those which are evil, as to confirme and continue those which are good. But followe you your owne course, and shew what other their customes you have to dislike of.

*Iren.* There is amongst the Irish a certayne kind of people called Bards, which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to sett forth the praises and dispraises of men in their poems and rimes, the which are had in soe high request and estimation amongst them that none dare to displease them for feare of running into reproche through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouthes of all men. For their verses are taken up with a generall applause, and usually songe at all feasts and meetings, by certayne other persons, whose proper function that is, which also receive for the same grent rewards and reputation besides

*Eudox.* Doe you blame this in them, which I would otherwise have thought to have bene woorthy of good accounte, and rather to have bene maintayned and augmented amongst them, then to have bene disliked? For I have reade that in all ages Poettes have bene had in speciall reputation, and that (me seeme) not without greato cause, for besides their sweete inventions, and most witty lives, they have allwayes used to sett forth the praises of the good and vertuous, and to brate downe and disgrace the bad and vicious. Soe that many brave yong myndes have oftentimes, through hearing of the praises and famous Lulogues of woorthy men song and reported unto them, bene stirred up to asiet like comendacions, and soe to strive to like desertes. Soe they say the Lacedemonians were more inclined to desire of honour with the excellent verses of the Poet Tirtius, then with all the exhortations of their Captaines, or authoritye of their Rulers and Magistrates

*Iren.* It is most true that such Poettes, as in their writings doe labour to better the manners of men, and through the sweete bayte of their numbers, to steale into yonge spiritts a desire of honour and vertue are woorthy to be had in great respect. But these Irish Bards are for the most part of another mynd, and soe farr from instructing yong men in

morall discipline, that they themselves doe more desearve to be sharply disciplined, for they seldome use to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the ornaments of theyr poems, but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most daungerous and desperate in all partes of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they sett up and glorifye in theyr rimes, him they prayso to the people, and to yong men make an example to followe

*Eudox* I marvayle whate kind of speeches they can find, or what face they can putt on, to prayse such lewde persons as live soe lawleslye and licentiouslye upon stealthes and spoyle, as most of them doe, or how can they thinke that any good mynde will applaude or approve the samo?

*Iren* There is none soe badd, Eudoxus, but shall finde some to favoure his doings, but such lyecentious partes as these, tending for the most parte to the hurte of the English, or mayntennance of theyre owne lewde libertye, they themselves, being most desirous therof, doe most allowe Besides this, evill thinges being deeked and suborned with the gay attyre of goodly woordes, may easely deceave and carrie away the affection of a yong mynd, that is not well stayed, but desirous by some bold adventure to make proove of himself, for being (as they all be) brought up idelly without awe of parentes, without precepts of masters, without feare of offence, not being directed, or employed in any course of life, which may carrye them to vertue, will easely be drawn to followe such as any shill sett before them for a yong mynd cannot rest, and yf he be not still busied in some goodness, he will find himself such busines as shall soone busye all about him In which yf he shall finde any to prayse him, and to give him encouragement, as those Bards and rimers doe for a litle reward, or a shure of a stollen cowe, then waveth he most insolent and half madd with the love of himself, and his owne lewde deedes And as for woordes to sett forth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly glose and paynted shewe thereunto, borrowed even from the prayses which are proper to vertue itself As of a most notorious thief and wicked outlawe, which had lived all his lifetime of spoyle and robberyes, one of these Barden in his prayse sayd, That he was none of those idell milk-sops that was brought up by the fire side, but that most of his dayes he spent in armes and valyant enterprises,

that he did never eate his meate before he had wonne it with his swoorde, that he was not slugging all night in a cabin under his mantell, but used commonly to keepe others wakening to defend theyr lives, and did light his candell at the flames of theyr howses to leade him in the darkenes that the day was his night, and the night his day, that he loved not to lye long wooing of wenches to yeld unto him, but where he came he took by force the spoyle of other mens love, and left but lamentations to theyr lovers, that his muske was not the hurpe, nor dayes of love but the cryes of people, and clashing of armour, and that finally, he died not bewayled of many, but made many wawe when he died that dearely bought his death Doe not you thinke (*Eudoxus*) that many of these prayses might be applied to men of best deserte? yet are they all yelded to a most notable traytoure, and amongst some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the songe, when it was first made and songe unto a person of high degree, they were bought (as their manner is) for forty crownes.

*Eudox* And well worthy cure! But tell me (I pray you) have they any arte in theyr compositions? or be they any thing wittye or well savoured, as Poems should be?

*Iren* Yea truly, I have caused diverse of them to be translated unto me that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornamentes of Poetrye yet were they sprinkled with some prett flowers of theyr owne naturall device, which gave good grace and comelines unto them, the which it is greite pittie to see soe abused, to the graeing of wickedness and vice, which would with good usage serve to beautifye and adorne vertue This evill custome therefore needeth reformation And now next after the Irish Kearne me some the Irish Horse-boyes or Cullies (as they call them) would come well in order, the use of which though necessitive (as times now be) doe enforce, yet in the thorough reformation of that realme they should be cutt off For the cause why they must now be permitted, is the wante of convenient fumes for loading of travellers on hors backe, and of ostleres to tende theyr horses by the waye But when thinges shalbe reduced to a better pace, this needeth specially to be reformed For out of the free of these rakehell horse-boyes, coming up in knavery and villanie are theyr kearne continually supplied an inveterate For having bene once brought up as ill

horse-boy, he will never after fall to labour, but is onely made fitt for the halter. And these also (which is one fowle over-sight) are for the most parte bred up amongst Englishmen and souldiours, of whom learning to shoote in a peece, and being made acquainted with all the trades of the English, they are afterwarde, when they become kerne, made more fitt to cutt thei throates. Next to this there is another much like, but much more leude and dishonest, and that is, of thei re Kearrooghs, which are a kind of people that wander up and downe to gentell-mens howses, living onely upon cardes and dice, the which, though they have litle or nothing of thei owne, yet will they play for much mony, which if they winne, they waste most lightly, and if they loose, they paie as slenderlie, but make recompence with one stealth or another, whose onely hurte is not, that they themselves are idle lossels, but that through gaming they drawe others to like lewdness and idleness. And to these may be added another sorte of like loose fellowes, which doe pass up and downe amongst gentellmen by the name of Jesters, but are (indeede) notable rogues, and partakers not onely of many stealthes by setting forth other mens goodes to be stolen, but also pryvy to many trayterous practises, and common carryers of newes, with desire whereof you would wonder howe much the Irish are fedd for their use commonlye to send up and downe to knowe newes, and yf any meete with another his second woorde is, What newes? Insoemuch that herof is told a pretty jest of a Frenchman, whose having bene sometimes in Ireland, where he marked their greate enquiry for newes, and meeting afterwarde in France an Irishman, whom he knewe in Ireland, first saluted him, and afterwarde thus merely. Sir, I pray you, quoth he, tell me of curtest, have ye hearde yet any thing of the newes that ye soe much enquired for in your countrey?

*Eudox* This argueth in them sure a greate desire of Innovation, and therefore these occasions that nurish the same are to be taken away, as namely, these Jesters, Kearrooghs, Beantoolhs, and all such stragglers, for whom (me seemes) the shorte rid-daunce of a marshall were meeter then any ordinaunce or prohibition to restrayne them. Therefore (I pray you) leave all these rabblementes of such loose runnagates, and pass to some other customes.

*Iren* There is a great use amongst the Irish to make greate assemblyes together

upon a rath or hill, there to parley (they say) about matters of wronge betwene towneship and towneship, or one private person and another. But well I wote, and true it oftentimes hath bene proovied, that in these meetings many mischeifs have bene both practised and wrought, for to them doe commonly resorte all the scumme of base people and loose, where they may freely meete and conferr of whate they list, which els they could not doe without suspicion or knowledge of others. Besides, at these parleyes I have diverse times knowne, that many Englishmen, and good Irish subjectes, have bene villanously murdered by moving one quarrell or another agaynst them. For the Irish never come to those rathes but armed, whether on horse or on foote, which the English nothing suspecting, are then commonly taken at advantage like sheepe in the pin-folde.

*Eudox* It may be, Irenæus, that an abuse may be in those meetings. But these rounde hills and square baynes, which ye see soe strongly treneched and throwen up, were (they say) at first ordayned for the same purpose, that people might assemble thereon, and therefore auniently they were called Folkemotes, that is, a place for people to meete or talke of any thing that concerned any difference betwene parties and townships, which seemes yet to me very requisite.

*Iren* Ye say very true, Eudoxus. The first making of these high hilles was at first indeed to verze good purpose for people to meete, but though in the times when they were first made they might well serve to good occasions, as perhaps they did then in England, yet things being since altered, and now Ireland much differing from that state of England, the good use that then was of them is now turned to abuse, for these hilles wherof you speake were (as ye may gather by reading) appointed for two special uses, and built by two severall nations. The one is those which you call Folke-motes, the which were built by the Saxons, as the woorde bewraeth, for it signifyeth in Saxone a meeting of folke or people, and those are for the most parte in some fowre square, well treneched for meeting the others that are rounde were cast up by the Danes, as the name of them doeth betoken, for they are called Dane-rathes, that is, hills of the Danes, the which were by them devised, not for parleys and treatys, but appoynted as fortes for them to gather unto in troublesome time,

when my trouble arose, for the Danes, being but fewe in comparison of the Saxons in England used this for their safetye they made these small rounde hilles, soe strongly fenced, in every quarter of the hundred, to the end that if in the night, or at any other time, any troublous crye or uprore should happen, they might repaire with all speede unto their owne forte, which was appointed for their quarter, and there remaine safe, till they could assemble themselves in greate strength for they were made soe stronge with one small entrinche, that whosoever came thither first, were he one or twoe, or like fewe, he or they might there rest safe, and defend themselves against many, till more succoure came unto them And when they were gathered to a sufficient number they marched to the next forte, and soe forwardes till they mett with the perill, or knewe the occasions therof But besides these two sortes of hilles, there were numerous diverse others, for some were raysed, where there had bene a greate battayll fought, as a memorye or trophie therof, others, as monuments of burials of the carcasses of all those that were slayne in any fight, upon whom they did throwe up such rounde mountes, as memorials for them, and sometimes did cast up greate heapes of stones, as we maie reade in many places of the Scripture, and other whiles they did throwe up many round heapes of earth in a Circle, like a garland, or pitch manye longe stones on ende in compasse, every of which (they say) betokened some woorthy person of note there slayne and buryed, for this was their auncient custome, before Christmitye came in amongst them that church-yarles were inclosed

*Eudox* Ye have very well declared the originall of these mountes and greate stones incircled, which some vayne termes the old Giants Trivets, and thinke that those huge stones could not els be brought into order or reared up without the strength of giants or others And some vayne I thinke that they were never placed there by mans hand or arte, but ouely remyned there since the beginning, and were afterwarde discovered by the deluge, and layed open us then by the washing of the waters, or other like casualtie But lett them with those dreames and vaine imaginations please themselves, for you have satisfied me much better, both by that I see some confirmation therof in Holye Writt, and also remember that I have reade in many Histories and Chroni-

cles the like mounts and stones oftentimes mentioned

*Iren* There be many greate authorities (I assure you) to proove the same, but as for these meetings on hilles, wherof we were speaking, it is very inconvenient that any such should be permitted, specially in a people soe evil mynded as they nowe be and diversly shewe themselves

*Eudox* But yet it is very needefull (me seemes) for many other purposes, as for the countrye to gather together when there is any imposition to be layed upon them, to the which they then may all agree at such meetings to cutt and divide amongst themselves, according to their holdings and abilities Soe as yf at those assemblies there be any officers, as Constables, or Bayliffs, or such like amongst them, there can be noe perill nor doubt of such bad practises

*Iren* Nevertheless, dangerous are such assemblies, whether for Cesse or ought els, the Constables and Officers being also of the Irish, and yf any happen to be there of the English, even to them they may proove perillous Therefore for avoyding of all such evil occasions, they were best to be abolished

*Eudox* But what is that which ye call Cesse? It is a woorde saro not used amongst us heere, therefore (I pray you) expounde the same.

*Iren* Cesso is none other but that which your selfe called imposition, but it is in a kind perhaps unacquainted unto you For there are cesses of sundrye sortes, one is, the cessing of souldiours upon the country, for Ireland being a country of warre (as it is handled) and alwayes full of souldiours, they which have the government, whether they find it the most ease to the Queenes purse, or most readye meanes at hand for the victualling of the souldiours, or that necessity enforceeth them therunto, doe scatter the armye abroad the country, and place them in townes to take their victuals of them, at such want times as they lye not in campe, nor are otherwise employed in service Another kinde of cesse, is the imposing of provision for the Governours house-keeping, which though it be most necessarye, and be also (for avoyding of all the evils formerly therein used) lately brought to a composition, yet it is not without greate inconveniences, noelesse then heere in England, or rather much more The like cesso is also charged upon the country sometimes for victualling of the souldiours, when they lye in garrison, at such times as there is none remainyng in the



Queenes store, or that the same cannot conveniently be conveyed to their place of garrison. But those two are not easy to be redressed when necessary thereunto compelleth, but as for the former, as it is not necessary, soe is it most hurtfull and offensive to the poore countrey, and nothing convenient for the soulhours themselves, whoe, during their lying at cesse, use all kind of outrageous disorder and villanie both towards the poore men that vittell and lodge them, and also to all the rest of the countrey about them, whom they abuse, oppresse, spoyle, and afflict by all the meanes they can invente for they will not onely not content themselves with such victuals as they re hostes doe provide for them, nor yet as the place perhaps will afforde, but they will have other meate provided, and *aqua vita* sent for, yea and monye besides layed at their trenchers, which if they wante, then about the house they walke with thewretched poore man and the sille poore wife, whoe are gladd to purchase theyr peace with any thing. By which vile manner of abuse, the countrey people, yea and the very English which dwell abroad and see, and sometimes feele theso outrages, growe into greate detestatione of the soulhours, and thereby into hatred of the very government, which draweth upon them such evils. And therefore thus ye may also joyne unto the former evill customes which we have to reprove in Ireland.

*Eudox.* Trulye this is one not the leaste, and though the persons, by whom it is used be of better note then the former roghish sorte which ye reckned, yet the faulte (me seemes) is noe lesse woorth of a Marshall.

*Iren.* That were a harde course, *Endoxus*, to redresse everr abuse by a Marshall it would seeme to you very evill surgerye to cutt off every unsounde or sieke parte of the bodye, which, being by other due meanes recovered, might afterwards doe very good service to the bodye agayne, and happily helpe to save the whole. Therefore I thinke better that some good salve for the redresse of this evill be sought forth, then the leest parte suffred to perrishe, but herof we have to speake in another place. Nowe we will proceede to other like defectes, amongst which there is one generall inconvenience which raigneth almost throughout all Ireland that is, of the Lordes of landes and Free-holders, whoe doe not there use to sett out theyr landes to farme, or for terme of yeaes, to theyr tenants, but only from yeaere to yeaere, and some during pleasure, neither indeede will the Irish tenant or hus-

bandman otherwise take his land then soe longe as he list himselfe. The reason herof in the tenants is, for that the land-lordes there use most shamefully to racke theyr tenants, laying upon him Coygne and Liverie at pleasure, and exacting of him (besides his covenante) what he plesse. Soe that the poore husbandman either dare not lunde himselfe to him for longer time, or that he thinketh by his continuall libertie of change to keepe his land-lord the rather in awe for wronging him. And the reason why the Land-lord will not longer covenante with him is, for that he daily looketh after changes and alterations, and hovereth in expectation of newe workes.

*Eudox.* But what evill commeth heerby to the common-wealth, or what reason is it that any land-lord should not set, nor any tenant take his land as himself list?

*Iren.* Marve! the evils which cometh thereby are greate, for by this means both the land-lord thinketh that he hath his tenants more at commaunde, to followe him unto what action soever he shall enter, and also the tenants, being left at his libertie, is fit for everye occasion of change that shal be offered by time, and soe much also the more readye and willing is he to runne into the same, for that he hath noe such estate in any his holding, noe such building upon any farme, noe such costes employed in seneing and husbanding the same, as might with-hold him from any such willfull course, as his lordes cause, or his owne lewde disposition may carrie him unto. All which he hath forborne, and spred so much expence, for that he had noe firme estate in his tement, but was only a tenant at will or litle more, and soe at will may leave it. And this inconvenience may be reason enough to grounde any ordinance for the good of a common-wealth, against the private behoofe or will of any land-lord that shall refuse to graunte any such terme or estate unto his tenants as may tende to the good of the whole realme.

*Eudox.* Indeede (me seemes) it is a greate willfullnes in any such land-lordes to refuse to make any longer farmes unto theyr tenants, as may, besides the generall good of the realme, be also greatly for theyr owne proffit and avayle. For what reasonable man will not thinke that the tement shalbo maile much better for the lordes behoefe, yf the tenants may by such good meanes be drawn to builde himself some handsome habitation thereon, to ditche and enclose his groundes, to

inure and husband it as good farmers use ? For when his tenants terme shalbe expired, it will yield him, in the renewing of his lease, both a good tme, and also a better rente. And also it wil be for the goodde of the tenants likewise, whose by such buildinges and inclosures shall receive many benefitts: first, by the handsonnes of his house, he shall take grate comforte of his life, more ease dwelling, and a delighte to keepe his sayde house neat and cleane, which nowe being as they commonly are, rather wyney-steades then houses, is the chiefest cause of his soe beastly manner of life, and evadge condition, living and lying together with his beaste in one house, in one roome, and in one bedd, that is, the cleane strawe, or rather the fowle dongell. And to all these other commodities he shall in shorte tme finde a grater added, that is his owne wealth and riches encreased, and wonderfully enlarged, by keeping his cattell in inclosures, where they shall allwayes have fresh pasture, that nowe is all trampled and over runne, warme coverte, that nowe keth open to all weather, safe being that nowe are continually filched and stolen.

*Iren* Ye have well, *Eudoxus*, counted the comodities of this our good ordinance, amongst which this that ye named last is not the last, for all together being most benefeciall both to the land-lord and tenant, this chiefly redoundeth to the good of the common-wealth, to have the land thus inclosed, and well fenced. For it is both a principall barre and impetchement unto thieves from stealing of cattell in the night, and also a gall against all rebells, and out-laves, that shall rise up in any number against the government, for the theif therchy shall have much adoe, first to bring forth, and afterwards to drive away his stolen prey through the common high wayes, where he shall soone be disered and mett withall. And the rebell or open enemy, if any such shall happen, either at home, or from abroad, shall easely be found when he cometh forth, and also be well encountered withall by a fewe in soe strait passages and strange inclosures. This therefore, when we come to the reforming of all these evil customes before mentioned, is needfull to be remembred. But nowe by this tme we see that I have well ruine throughe the evil uses which I have observed in Ireland. And howbeit there be many more abuses woorthy, the reformation both in publike and in privato amongst them, yet these, for that they

are the more generall, and most tending to the hurte of the common-wealth, as they have come to my remembrance, I have, as breisly as I could, rehearsed them unto you. Wherefore nowe I thinke it best that we pass unto our thurde parte, in which we noted inconveniences that are in religion.

*Eudox* Surely you have very well handled these two former, and if you shall as well goe thouroughe the thurde likewise, ye shall merite a very good meede.

*Iren* Little have I to say of religion, both because the partes thereof be not many, (it self being but one) and my self have not bene much conversant in that calling, but as lightly passing by I have scene or heard. Therefore the faulte which I finde in Religion is but one, but the same is universall throughe out all the countrey, that is, that they are all Papistes by thaire profession, but in the same soe blindly and brutishly enformed, (for the most parte) as that you would rather thinke them Atheistes or Infidells for not one amongst an hundred knoweth any grounde of religion, or any article of his faythe, but can perhaps say his Pater noster, or his Ave Maria, without any knowledge or understanding what one wordo thereof meaneth.

*Eudox* This is truly a most pitifull hearing that soe many soules should fall into the devills handes at once and heke the blessed comforte of the sweete gospell and Christes deare passion. Ave me! how cometh it to pass that being a people, as they are, trading with soe many nations, and frequented of soe manye, yet they have not tasted any parte of these happye joyes nor once bene lightened with the morning starre of trueth but lye weltring in such spirituall darkeness harde by hell-mouth, even readye to fall in yf God happily help not?

*Iren* The general faulte cometh not of any late abuse either in the people or theyr prestes, whose can teache noe better then they knowe, nor shewe noe more light then they have scene, but in the first institution and planting of religion in all that realme, which was as I reade in the tme of Pope Celestine, whose, as it is written, did first send over thither Palladius, whose there decersinge, he afterwards sent over St. Patricke, being by nation a Britton, who converted the people (being then Infidells) from paganisme and christened them. In which Popes time and longe before it is certayne that religion was generally corrupted with theyr popish trumperie, therefore what other could they learne them, then such trashe as was taughte them,

and drinke of that cup of fornication with which the purple harlott had then made all nations drunken?

*Eudox* What! doe you then blame and finde faulte with soe good an Acte in that good pope as the reducing of such a greate people to Christianitie, bringing soe manye sowles to Christ? If that was ill, what is good?

*Iren* I doe not blame the christening of them, for to be seiled with the marke of the Lambe, by what hand soever it be done rightlie, I hold it a good and gracious worke, for the generall profession which they then take upon them of the Cross and faith of Christ. I nothing doubt but that through the powerfull grace of that mighty Saviour it will worke salvation in many of them, but nevertheless since they drinke not from the pure spring of life but onely tasted of such troubled waters as were brought unto them, the dregges therof have bredd greate contagion in theyr sowles, the which dayly encreasng and being still more augmented with their owne lewde lyes and faulty conversation hath now bredd in them this generall disease that can not, but onely with very stronge purgations, be clensed and carryed away

*Eudox* Then for this defeete ye finde noe faulte with the people themselves nor with the prestes which take the charge of sowles, but with the first ordinaunce and institution therof?

*Iren* Not soe, *Eudoxus*, for the sinne or ignorance of the prestes shall not excuse the people, nor the authoritye of their greate pastour, Peters successor, shall not excuse the preist, but they all shall dye in theyr sinnes for they have all erred and gone out of the way together

*Eudox* But yf this ignorance of the people be such a burden to the pope, is it not a blott unto them that now hold the place of government, in that they which are in the lighte themselves suffer a people under theyr charge to wallowe in such deadly darkness, for I doe not see that the faulte is charged but the faulte-master

*Iren* That which you blame, *Eudox*, is not (I suppose) any faulte of will in these godly fathers which have the charge therof, but the inconvenience of the time and troublesome occasions, wherewith that wretched realme hath continually bene turmoyled, for instruction in religion needeth quiett times, and ere we seeke to settle a sounde discipline in the clargye, we must purchase peace unto

the lay etye, for it is an ill time to preache amongst swoordes, and most harde, or rather impossible, it is to settell a good opinion in the myndes of men for matters of religion doubtfull, which have a doutless evill opinion of ourselves, for ere the newe be brought in, the old must be removed

*Eudox* Then belike it is meete that some sifter time be attended, that God send peace and quietness there in civill matters before it be attempted in ecclesiasticall I would rather have thought that (as it is sayde) correction should begin at the howse of God, and that the erre of the sowle should have bene preferred before the care of the bodye.

*Iren* Most true, *Eudoxus*, the care of the sowle and sowles matters are to be preferred before the care of the bodye in consideration of the woorthyness therof, but not till the time of reformation, for yf you should knowe a wicked person dangerously sicke, having nowe both soule and bodye greatly diseased, yet both recoverable, would ye not thinke it ill advisement to bring the preacher before the plustion? For yf his bodye were neglected, it is like that his languishing soule being disquieted by his discessefull bodye, would utterly refuse and lothe all spirituall comfort, but yf his bodye were first recured, and brought to good frame, should there not then be founde best time to recure his soule also? Soe it is in the state of the realme Therefore (as I sayd) it is expedient, first to settle such a course of government there, as thereby both civill disorders and also ecclesiasticall abuses may be reformed and amended, wherto needeth not any such great distaunce of times, as ye suppose I require, but one joynte resolution for both that eche might seconde and confirme the other

*Eudox* That we shall see when we come therunto in the meane time I consider thus much, as ye have delivered, touching the generall faulte which ye suppose in religion, to weet, that it is popish, but doe ye finde noe particular abuses therein, nor in the ministers therof?

*Iren* Yes verely; for what ever disorder you see in the Church of England ye may finde there, and many more Namely, grosse Simonie, greedie covetousness, fleshly incontinence, careless slouth, and generally all disordered life in the common clergyman And besides all these, they have theyr owne particular enormities, for all the Irish prestes, which nowe enjoye the church livings there, are in a manner mere layemen, go lyke laymen, live like laymen, and

fall we all kind of husbandry, and other worldly affairs: as the other Irish men do. They read & recite scriptures, not practice to the people, nor in other the sacrament of communion: but the laymen they do, for they consider yet after the popish fashion, and wish perhaps to retain such which take the Irish name, & call it "guth" what fruits etc. they may in their livings, the which they esteem as holy, and some of them (they say) give as directors and shares of their living to their Bishop (I speak of those who are Irish) as they receive them divine.

*Engl.* Is it so different amongst them? Is it not lawful but that the governors do receive it? Is it not lawful also?

*Iren.* How can they, as I tell I have observed? Let the Irish Bishop have their estate in such an absolute subjection under them, that they do not complain of them, as they may do to it in what they please, for they, knowing their own unworthiness and unworthiness, as if that they are that, will not say, as at their shops will yield what is necessary, and let take what he has, and some of them whose churches are in remote parts, such who can do the worst, never do nor put at all bestow the benefices, which are in their own hands, as when a man keeps them in their own hands, and sets their own servants and bondsmen to take up the tithes and fruits of them, with the which some of them purchase great families, and double say to en-tell upon the same. In which abuse if any question be moved they have a very ready colour of excuse, that they have no worthy ministers to bestow them upon, but I hope them so undisturbed for any such sufficient person as any shall bring unto them.

*Engl.* But is there no law or ordinance in force with this mischief, nor hath it never before been looked into?

*Iren.* Yes it seems it hath, for there is a statute there enacted in Ireland, which seems to have been grounded upon a good meaning — That whosoever Englishman being of good conversation and sufficiency, shall be brought unto any of the bishopps, and recommended unto any living within their diocess that is presently void, that he shall (without contradiction) be admitted therunto before any Irish.

*Engl.* This is surely a very good law, and well provided for this evil, we speak of, and why is not the same observed?

*Iren.* I think it is well observed, and

that none of the bishopps transgress the same but yet it worketh no reformation hereof for many respects. First there are not such sufficient English ministers sent over as might be presented to any bishop for any living but the most parte of such English as come over thither of themselves are either unlearned, or men of some badd note, for which they have forsaken England. Soe as the bishop to whom they shall be presented, may justly reiect them as incapable and insufficient. Secondly, the bishop himself is perhaps an Irish man whose being made judge by that lawe of the sufficiency of the ministers, may at his own will, dislike of the Englishman, as unworthy in his opinion, and admit of any Irish whom he shall thinke more meete for his turne. And yet he shall at the instance of any Englishman of some name there, whom he will not displease, accept of any such English minister as shall be tendered unto him, yet he will underhand carve such a harde hande over him, or by his officers wringe him soe sore, as he will scarce make him weary of his poore living. Lastly, the benefices themselves are soe meane, and of soe small profit in these Irish countreies, through the ill husbandry of the Irish people which inhabite them, that they will not yeelde any competent maintenance for any honest minister to live on scarcely to buy him a gowne. And were all this redressed (as happily it might be) yet what good shall any English minister doe amongst them by preaching or teaching which either cannot understand him, or will not heare him? Or what comfort of life shall he have when all his parishioners are soe uncharitable, soe intractable, so ill-affected unto him, as they usually be to all the English? Or finally, howe dare almost any honest ministers that are peacefull civil men, commit their safetie into the hands of such neighbours, as the boldest captainnes dare scarcely dwell by?

*Engl.* Little good then (I see) is by that statute wrought howe ever well intended, but the reformation thereof must growe higher, and be brought from a stronger ordinance then the commaundement or penaltie of a lawe, which none dare enforce or compliance of when it is broken. But have you any more of those abuses in the clergy?

*Iren.* I could perhaps reckon more, but I perceive my speech to growe to longe, and these may suffice to judge of the generall disorders which rage amongst them, as for the particulars, they are to many to be

reckned For the cleargye there (except some fewe grave fathers which are in high place about the state, and some fewe others which are lately planted in theyr newe Colledge,) are generally badd, lecentious, and most disordered

*Eudox* Ye have then (as I suppose) gone through these three first parties which ye purposed unto your self, to weete, the Inconvenience which ye observed in the lawes, in the customes, and in the religion of that land, the which (me seemes) ye have so thoroughly touched, as that nothing more remayneth to be spoken thereof

*Iren* Not soe thoroughly as ye suppose, that nothing more can remayne, but soe generally as I purposed, that is, to laye open the generall evils of that realme, which doe hinder the good reformation therof for to counnte the particular faultes of private men should be a worke to infinite, yet some there be of that nature, that though they be in private men, yet theyr evill reacheth to a generall hurte, as the extortions of sherriffs, subsherriffs, and theyr brylliffs, the corruption of vittailors, cessors, and purveyors, the disorders of seneschalls, captaynes, and theyr souldiours, and many such like All which I will only name heere, that theyr reformation may be mynded in place where it most concerneth But there is one very fowle abuse which, by the way, I may not omitt, and that is in captaynes, who, notwithstanding that they are specially employed to make the peace through stronge execution of warre, yet they doe soe dandle theyr domges, and dallye in the service to them committed, as yf they would not have the Enemy subdued, or utterly beaten downe, for ferre leant afterwards they should neede employment, and soe be discharged of pay for which cause some of them that are layed in garrison doe soe handle the matter, that they will doe noe greate hurte to the enemyes, yet for colour sake some men they will kill, even halfe with the consent of the enemy, being persons either of base regard, or enemies to the enemy, whose heades elsomes they send to the governour for a commendacion of theyr great endeavour, telling how naughtye a service they have performed by cutting of such and soe dangerous rebells

*Eudox* Trulye this is a prettye mockerye, and not to be permitted by the governours

*Iren* Yea! but how can the governours knowe readely what persons those were, and what the purpose of theyr killing was? Yea, and what will ye say, yf the captaynes doe

justifie thus theyr course by ensample of some of theyr governours, which (under Benedicte, I doe tell it you) doe practise the like slighes in theyr governments?

*Eudox* Is it possible? Take heede what you say, Irenæus

*Iren* To you onely, Eudoxus, I doe tell it and that even with greate hartes grief, and inward trouble of mynde to see her Majestie soe much abused by some whom she putteth in speciall trust of these greates affayres of which some, being martiall men, will not doe allwayes what they may for quieting of thinges, but will rather winke at some faultes, and will suffer them unpunished, least that they (having putt all thinges in that assurance of peace that they might) should seeme afterwards not to be needed, nor continued in theyr government with soe great a charge to her Majestie And therefore they doe cunningly carrye theyr course of government, and from one hand to another doe handie the service like a tennis-ball, which they will never quite strike away, for feare least afterwards they should wante sporte

*Eudox* Doe you speake of under-magistrates, or principall governours?

*Iren* I doe speake of noe particulars, but the truth may be founde oute by tryalle and reasonable insight into some of theyr doings And yf I should say there is some blame herof in some of the principall governours, I think I might also shewe some reasonable proof of myr speache As for example, some of them seing the end of theyr governmente drive nigh, and some mischeifs or troublous practise growing up, which afterwards may worke trouble to the next succeeding governours, will not attempt the redress or cutting of therof, either for feare they should leave the realme unquiett at the end of theyr government, or that the next that cometh should receive the same to quiett, and soe happily winne more prayse therof then they before And therefore they will not (as I sayd) seeke at all to redresse that evill, but will either by granting protection for a time, or holding some imparlaunce with the rebell, or by treatye of commissioners, or by other like devises, onely smooother and keepe downe the flame of the mischeif, soe as it may not breake out in theyr time of government what comes afterwards they care not, or rather wish the worst. This course hath bene noted in some governours

*Eudox* Surely (Irenæus) thus, yf it were true, should be woorthy of a heavy judgement but it is harde to be thought, that any go-

vernour would see much rather enuye the good of that realme which is putt into his hand, or defraunde her Majestie, whose trusteth him see much, or maligne his successours which shall possess his place, as to suffer an evill to growe up, which he might timely have kept under, or perhaps to nourish it with coloured countenances, or such sinister meanes

*Iren* I doe not certainly avouch see much, (Eudoxus) but the sequell of things doth in a manner proove, and plainly speake see much, that the governours usually are envious one of anothers greater glorie, which if they would seeke to excell by better government, it should be a most laudable emulation. But they doe quite otherwise for this (as ye may marke) is the common order of them, that whose cometh next in the place will not followe that course of government, how ever good, which his predecessor held, either for disdayne of him, or doubt to have his doings drowned in another mans praise, but will straight take a way quite contrarie to the former as if the former thought (by keeping under the Irish) to reforme them, the next, by discontentauncing the English will currie favour with the Irish, and see make his government seeme plausible in viewe, as having all the Irish at his commande but he that comes next after will perhaps followe neither one nor the other, but will dandle the one and the other in such sort, as he will sucke sweete out of them both, and leave bitterness to the poore lande, which if he that comes after shall seeke to redress, he shall perhaps finde such crosses as he shall be hardly able to beare, or doe any good that might worke the disgrace of his predecessors. Examples herof ye may see in the governors of late times sufficiently, and in others of former times more manifestly, when the government of that realme was committed sometimes to the Geraldus, as when the Howse of Yorko had the Crowne of England, sometimes to the Butlers, as when the Howse of Lancaster gott the same. And other whiles, when an English governour was appoynted, he perhaps founde enemies of both. And thus is the wretchedness of that fatall kingdom which, I thinke, therefore, was in old times not called amisse Bannu or suera Insula, taking sacred (sacra) for accursed

*Eudox* I am sorye to heare see much as ye reporte, and nowe I beginne to conceave somewhat more of the cause of her continuall wretchedness then heretofore I founde, and wish that this inconvenience were well looked

into for sure (me seemes) it is more waightye then all the former, and more hardly to be redressed in the governour then in the governed, as a maladye in a vitall parte is more incurable then in an externall

*Iren* You say very true, but nowe that we have thus ended all the abuses and inconveniences of that government, which was our first parte, it followes next to speake of the seconde, which was of the meanes to cure and redress the same, which we must labour to reduce to the first beginning thereof

*Eudox* Right see, Irenens for by that which I have noted in all this your discourse we suppose that the whole ordinance and institution of that realmes government was, both at first when it was placed, evil plotted, and also since, through their other oversights, runne more out of square to that disorder which is now come to, like as two indirect lines, the further they are drawn out, the further they goe asunder

*Iren* I doe see, Eudoxus, and as you say, see thinke, that the longer that government thus continueth, in the worse course will that realme be, for it is all in vaine that they nowe strive and endeavour by fayne meanes and peaceable plottes to redress the same, without first removing all those inconveniences, and newe framing (as it were in the forge) all that is worne out of fashion. For all other meanes will be but as lost labour, by patelung up one hole to make manye, for the Irish doe strongly hate and abhorre all reformation and subjection to the English, by reason that, having bene once subdued by them, they were thrust out of all their possessions. Soe is nowe they feare, that if they were agayne brought under, they should likewise be expelled out of all, which is the cause that they hate the English government, according to the saying, 'Quem metuunt oderunt'. Therefore the reformation must nowe be the strength of a greater power

*Eudox* But, mo thinkes, that might be by making of good lawes, and establishing of newe statutes, with sharpe penalties and punishments for amendment of all that is presently amiss, and not (as ye suppose) to beginne all as it were anewe, and to alter the whole forme of the government, which howe dangerous a thing it is to attempt you your selfe must needs confess, and they which have the managing of the realmes whole policie cannot, without greate cause, feare and refrayne for all Innovation is perilous, in so much as though it be mente for the better, yet see many accidents and fearful

events may come betwene, as that it may hazarde the losse of the whole

*Iren* Very true, Ludoxus all change is to be shunned, where the affairs stand in such state as that they may continue in quietness, or be assured at all to abide as they are. But that in the realme of Ireland we see much otherwise, for every day we perceive the troubles to growe more upon us, and one evill growing upon another, insomuch as there is noe parte sounde nor ascertayned, but all have theyr eares upright, waiting when the watch-woord shall come that they should all rise generally unto rebellion, and cast away the English subjection. To which there now little wanteth, for I thinke the woorde be alreadye given, and there wanteth nothing but opportunitye, which truly is the death of one noble parson, whose being himself most steadfast to his most noble Queene and his countrey, coasting upon the South-Sea, stoppeth the Ingate of all that evill which is looked for, and holdeth in all those which are at his becke, with the terror of his greatness, and the assurance of his honourable loyalty. And therefore where you thinke, that good and sounde lawes might amende and reforme thinges amiss, there you thinke surely amisse. For it is vayne to prescribe lawes, where noe man careth for keeping them, nor feareth the daunger of breaking them. But all the realme is first to be reformed and lawes are afterwards to be made for keeping and conteyning it in that reformed estate.

*Ludox* Howe then doe you thinke is the reformation therof to be begonne, yf not by lawes and ordinances?

*Iren* Even by the sword for all those evils must first be cutt away with a strong hand, before any good can be planted, like as the corrupt brunnels and unholmes boughes are first to be pruned, and the fowle moss clenched and scraped away, before the tree can bring forth any good fruit.

*Ludox* Did you blame me, even now, for wishing Kearne, Horse-boyes, and Kearsoughs to be cleane cutt of as to violent rimes, and doe you your self now prescribe the same medicine? Is not the sword the most violent redress that may be used for any evill?

*Iren* It is so, but yet where noe other remedy may be founde nor is hope of recovery to be had. As for the loose and of people which we would have cutt if I blamed it, for that they might otherwise be brought per-

haps to good, as namely by this way which I sett before you.

*Eudox* Is not your way all one in effect with the former, which you founde faulte with, save onely this oddes, that I sayd by the halter, and you say by the sword? What difference is there?

*Iren* There is surely greete difference when you shall understand it, for by the sword which I named, I doe not meane the cutting of of all that nation with the sword, which farre be it from me that I should ever thinke so desperately, or wish so uncharitably, but by the sword I meane the royall power of the Prince, which ought to stretch it self forth in the cheifest strength to the redressing and cutting of of those evils, which I before blamed, and not of the people which are evill. For evill people, by good ordinances and government may be made good, but the evill that is of it self evill will never become good.

*Eudox* I pray you then declare your mynde at large, how you would wish that sword which you meane, to be used to the reformation of all those evils.

*Iren* The first thing must be to send over into that realme such a strouge power of men, as that shall perforce bring in all that rebellious route of loose people, which either doe nowe stande out in open armes, or in wandring companies doe keepe the woodes, spoyling the good subject.

*Eudox* You speake nowe, Irenaeus, of an infinite charge to her Majestie, to send over such an armie as should treade downe all that standeth before them on foote, and laye on the grounde all the stiff-necked people of that kinde, for there is nowe but one outlawe of any greete reckning, to wete, the Earle of Tyrone, abroad in armes, agaynst whom you see what huge charges she hath bene at, this last yeare, in sending of men, providing of victuals, and making head agaynst him yet there is litle or nothing at all done, but the Queenes treasure spent, her people wasted, the poor countrey troubled, and the enemye nevertheless brought unto noe more subjection then he was or list outwardly to shewe, which in effect is none, but rather a scorne of her power, and an emboldening of a proude rebell, and an encouragement unto all like hard disposed traitors that shall dare to lift up theyr heels agaynst theyr Sovereigne Ladye. Therefore it were harde counsell to drawe such an exceeding great charge upon her whose event shall be so uncertayne.

*Iren* True indeede, yf the event should

be uncertayne; but the certaintye of the effect herof shal be soe infallible as that noe reason can gainsaye it, neither shall the charge of all this armye (the which I demaunde) be much greater then soe much as in these two last yeares warres hath saynly bene expended. For I dare undertake, that it hath cost the Queene above 200000 poundes alreadye, and for the present charge, that she is nowe at there, amonnteth to very e neere 12000 poundes a monthe, wherof cast ye the accoumpte, yet nothing is done. The which somme, had it bene employed as it should be, would have effected all this that I nowe goe about

*Eudox* Howe meane you to have it employed, but to be spent in the paye of souldiours, and provision of victuals?

*Iren* Right soe, but it is nowe not disbursed at once, as it might be, but drawen out into a long length, by sending over nowe 20000 poundes, and the next hylfe yeare 10000 poundes, soe as the souldiour in the meane time, for wante of due provision of victuall, and good payment of his due, is starved and consumed, that of a thousand, that goe over lusty & able men, in half a yeare there are not left five hundred. And yet the Queenes charges are never a whit the lesse, but what is not payed in present monye is accoumpted in dett, which will not be long unpaid, for the Cruptayne, halfe whose souldiours are dead, and the other quarter never mustered, nor scene, comes shortly to demaunde prymment heere of his whole accoumpte, where, by good meanes of some greate ones, and pryve sharing with the officers and servauntes of othersome, he receiveth his dett, much less perhaps then was due, yet much more indeede then he justly deserved

*Eudox* I take this, sure, to be noe good husbandrye, for what must needs be spent as good spent at once, where is enough, as to have it drawen out into longe delays, seing that therby both the service is much hindered, and yet nothing saved. But it may be, Irenaus, that the Queenes treasure in soe greate occasions of disbursements (as it is well known she hath bene at lately) is not alwayes soe readye nor soe plentifull as it can spare soe greate a somme together, but being payed as it is, nowe some and then some, it is noe greate burthen to her, nor any greate impoverishing to her coffers, seing by such delaye of time that it daylye cometh in as fast as she parteth it out

*Iren*. It may be as you sayd, but for the

going through of so honorable a course I doubt not but yf the Queenes coffers be not soe well stored, (which we are not to looke into) but that the whole realme which nowe, as thinges be used, doe feele a continuall burden of that wretched realme hanging upon theyr backes, would, for a small riddaunce of all tht trouble, be once troubled for all, and putt to all theyr shouldres, and helping handes, and hartes also, to the defraying of that charge, most gladfullie and willughe, and surely the charge in effect, is nothing to the infynite great good which should come thereby, both to the Queene, and all this realme generally, as when time serveth shal be shewed

*Eudox* Howe many men then would you require to the finishing of this which ye take in hand? and howe long space would you have them entertayned?

*Iren* Verely, not above 10000 footemen, and 1000 horse, and all those not above the space of one yeare and a halfe, for I would still, as the heate of the service abteth, abate the number in pryce, and make other provision for them, as I will shewe

*Eudox* Surely, it seemeth not much which ye require, nor noe long time, but howe would you have them used? Would you leade forth your armye agaynst the Lneny, and seeke him where he is to fight?

*Iren* Noe, *Eudoxus*, it would not be, for it is well knownen that he is a slyng enemye, hiding himself in woodes and bogges, from whence he will not drawe forth, but into some straite passage or perillous foord, where he knowes the armie must needs passe, there will he lye in wait and yf he finde advantage fit, will dangerouslye hazarde the troubled souldiour. Therfore to seeke him out that still flyeth, and followe him that runneth hardlye be founde, were vayne and bootelss, but I would divide my men in garrison upon his countrey, in such places as I should thinke might most annoyne him

*Eudox* But howe can that be, Irenaus, with so fewe men? For the enemye, as you nowe see, is not all in one countrey, but some in Ulster, some in Connaughte and others in Leynster. Soe as to plant soe stronge garrisons in all these places should require many more men then you saye of or to plante all in one, and to leave the rest naked, should be but to leave them to the spoyle.

*Iren* I would wish the chief power of the armye to be garrisoned in one countrey that is strongest, and thither upon the rest that are weakest: As for example, the Lurie of



Tyrone is now accounted the strongest upon him would I lay 8000 men in garrison, 1000 upon Lough Mac-Hughe and the Kavanagh, and 1000 upon some part of Connaught, to be at the direction of the Governour.

*Eudox.* I see now all your men bestowed, but in what places would you sett theyr garrison that they might rise out most conveniently to service? And though perhaps I am ignorant of the places, yet I will take the miserie of Ireland, and lay it before me, and make myne eyes (in the meane while) my schoole-master, to guide my understanding to judge of your plott.

*Iren.* These 8000 in Ulster I would divide likewise into fower partes, soe as there should be 2000 footemen in every garrison, the which I would thus place. Upon the Blackwater, in some convenient place, as high uppon the River as might be, I would laye one garrison. Another would I putt at Castleblissar, or thereabouts, soe as they should have all the passages upon the river to Loughfoyle. The thurde I would place about Bearneemaghie or Bondraue, soe as they might lie betwene Connaught and Ulster, to serve upon both sides, as occasion should be offered, and thus therefore would I have stronger then any of the rest, because it should be most enforced, and most employed, and that they might put wardes at Billa-shyne and Belke, and all those passages. The last would I sett about Monahim or Belterbert, soe as it should fronte both upon the enemye that wane, and also keepe the countreys of Cavan and Meath in awe from passing of strigglers, and outgadders from those partes, whence they use to come forth, and oftentimes use to worke much mischief. And to overye of these garrisons of 2000 footemen I would have 200 horsemen added, for the one without the other can doe but litle service. The fower garrisons, thus being placed, I would have to be vittayled fower hand for halfe a year, which ye will say to be hard, considering the corruption and usuall wast of victualls. But why should not they be as well vittayled for soe long time, as the shippes are usuallye for a yere, and sometimes two, seing it is easier to keepe them on land then on water? Theyr bread would I have in floure, soe as it might be baked still to serve theyr necessary wante. Theyr drinke also there brewed within them, from time to time, and theyr beef before hand barrelled, the which may be used as it is needefull, for I make noe doubt but fresh

victualls they will sometimes provide for themselves amongst theyr enemies creete. Hereunto would I likewise have them have a store of hore and shooe, with such other necessaryes as may be needefull for soul-dour, soe as they would have noe occasion to look for relief from abroad, or cause such trouble, for theyr continuall supplye, as I see and have often proved in Ireland to be cumbersome to the Deputye, and more dangerous to them that receive them, then halfe the leading of an armie, for the enemye, knowing the ordinarye wayes by which theyr relief must be brought them, weth commovile to draw himself into the straye passages thitherwardes, and oftentimes doth dangerouslye distress them. Besides, the pryce of such forces as should be sent for theyr convey shall be spared the charge of the carradges, and the exactions of the countrey likewise. But once every halfe yere the supplye to be brought by the Deputye himselfe, and his power, whoe shall then visite and overlooke all those garrisons, to see what is needefull, to change what is expedient, and to direct what he shall best advise. And these fower garrisons issuing forth, at such convenient times as they shall have intelligence or espiall upon the enemye, will so drive him from one side to another, and tennis him amongst them, that he shall finde no where safe to keepe his creete, or hide himselfe, but flying from the fire shall fall into the water, and out of one danger into another, that in shorte space his creete, which is his moste sustenance, shall be wasted in prying, or killed in driving, or starved for wante of pature in the woodes, and he himself brought soe lowe, that he shall have noe harte nor abilitye to endure his wretchedness, the which will surely come to pass in very shorte space, for one winters well following of him will soe plucke him on his knees, that he will never be able to stand up agayne.

*Eudox.* Doe you then thinke the winter time fittest for the service of Ireland? Howe falls it then that our most employmentes be in sommer, and the armies then ledid commonly forth?

*Iren.* It is surely misconceived, for it is not with Ireland as it is with other countreys, where the warres flame most in sommer, and the helmetts glister brightest in the fyre sunne-shine. But in Ireland the winter yeldeth best service, for then the trees are bare and naked, which use both to cloth and house the kearne, the ground is cold

and wett, which useth to be his bedding, the ax is sharpe and butte, which useth to blowe through his naked sides and legges, the knife are barren and without milke, which useth to be his onely food, neither yf he kill them then, will they yeelde him any flesh, nor yf he keepe them will they give him any food, besides then being all in calfe (for the most parte) they will, through much chasing and driving, cast all theyr calves and loose theyr milke, which should retayne him the next summer.

*Eudox* I doe well understand your reason, but, by your leave, I have heardo it otherwise sayde, of some that were outlawes, that in sommer they kept themselves quiett, but in winter they would playe theyr partes, and when the nightes were longest, then burne and spoyl the most, soe that they might safely retorne before daye.

*Iren* I have likewise heardo, and also seeke proof therof trewe. But that was of such outlawes as were either abiding in well inhabited countreies, as in Mounster, or bordering to the English pale, as Feugh Mae Hughie, the Kevynaghs, the Moores, the Denmoyes, the Keturs, the Kellies or such like. For for them indeede the winter is the fittest time of spoyling and robbing, because the nightes are then (as ye say) longest and darkest, and also the countreies rounde about are then fullest of corne, and good provision to be every where gotten by them, but it is furro otherwise with a stronge peopled enemy, who possesseth a whole countrey, for the other being but a few, are indeede privily lodged, and kept in out villages, and corners nigh the woodes and mountaynes, by some theyr pryve frendes, to whom they bring theyr spoyles and stealthes, and of whom they continually receive seerett relief, but the open enemy having all his countrey wasted, what by himself, and what by the souldiours, findeth then succour in noe place. Townes there are none of which he may gett spoyl, they are all burnt, countrey howses and farmours there are none, they be all fled, bread he hath none, he ploughed not in sommer, flesh he hath, but yf he kill it in winter, he shall wante milke in sommer, and shortly want life. Therefore if they be well followed but one winter, ye shall have litle worke with them the next sommer.

*Eudox* I doe nowe well perceive the difference, and doe verely thinke that the winter time is the fittest for service. Withall I perceive the manner of your handling the service, by drawing sudayne draughtes upon

the enemy, when he looketh not for you, and to watche advantages upon him as he doth upon you. By which straight keeping of them in, and not suffering them long at any time to rest, I must needs thinke that they will soone be brought lowe, and driven to great extremities. All which when you have performed, and brought them to the very last cast, suppose that they will offer, either to come in unto you and submit themselves, or that some of them will seeke to withdrive themselves, what is your advise to doe? will you have them received?

*Iren* Noe, but at the beginning of those warres, and when the garrisons are well plained and fortified, I would wish a proclamation were made generallye and to come to theyr knowledge. — That what persons soever would within twenty dayes absolutely submit themselves, (excepting onely the very principalls and ring-leaders) should finde grace. I doubt not, but upon the settling of those garrisons, such a terror and neere consideration of theyr perillous estate wilbe stricken into most of them, that they will covett to draw away from theyr leaders. And agayne I well knowe that the rebells themselves (as I sawe by proof in the Desmonds warres) will turne away all theyr rasell people, whom they thinke unserviceable, as old men, women, children, and huides, (which they call churries), which would onely wast theyr victualls, and yeeld them noe ayde, but theyr cattell they will surely keepe away. These therefore, though pollicie would turne them breake agayne that they might the rather consume and afflicte the other rebells, yet in a pitifull commiseration I could wish them to be received, the rather for that this base sorte people doth not for the most parte rebell of himself, having noe harte therunto, but is of force driven by the graunde rebells into theyr actions, and carryed away with the violence of the streame, els he should be sure to loose all that he hath, and perhaps his life also, the which nowe he carryeth unto them, in hope to enjoy them there, but he is there by the strong rebells themselves soone turned out of all, soe that the constrainyte herof may in him deserve pardon. Likewise yf any of theyr able men or gentellmen shall then offer to come away, and to bring theyr cattell with them, as some noe doubt may stealte them privily away, I wish them also to be received, for the disabling of the enemy, but withall, that good assurance may be taken for theyr true behaviour and absolute submission, and that they then be not suf-

fred to remaine any longer in those partes, noe nor about the garrisons, but sent awaie into the inner partes of the realme, and dispersed in such sort as they shall not come together, nor easilie returne if they would. For if they might be suffered to remayne about the garrison, and there murther, as they will offer to till the grounde and yeeld a greate parte of the profit therof, and of theiur cattell, to the Coronell, wherewith they have heretofore tempted many, they would (as I have by experience knowne) be ever after such a gall and inconvenience unto them, as that theiur profit should not recompence their hurte for they will privily reliefe theiur frendes that are forthie, they will send the enemye secrett advertisement of all their purposes and journeyes which they meane to make upon them, they will also not sticke to drive the enemye privily upon them, yea and to betraye the forte it selfe, by discoverie of all her defectes and disadvantages (yet any be) to the cutting of all theiur throates. For avoyding wherof and many other inconveniences, I wish that they should be carryed farr from thence into some other parte, soe that (as I sayd) they come in and submit themselves, upon the first summons, but afterwards I would have none received, but left to theiur fortune and miserable end. My reason is, for that those which will afterwards remayne without are stout and obstinat rebells, such as will never be made dutifull and obedient, nor brought to labour or civil conversation, having once tasted that licentious life, and being acquainted with spoyle and outrages, will ever after be ready for the like occasions, soe as there is noe hope of theiur amendment or recoverye, and therefore needefull to be cutt off.

*Eudox* Surely of such desperat persons as will willfully followe the course of theiur owne follye, there is noe compassion to be had, and for others ye have proposed a mercifull meanes, much more then they have deserved, but what then shalbe the conclusion of this warre? for you have prefixed a shorte time of the continuance therof.

*Iren* The end (I assure me) wil be very shorte and much sooner then can be (in soe greate a trouble, as it seemeth) hoped for although there should none of them fall by the swoorde, nor be slayne by the souldiour, yet thus being kept from murtherance, and theiur cattell from running abroad, by this harderstraynte they would quickly consume themselves, and devoure one another. The proof wherof I sawe sufficiently ensampled in

those late warres in Mounster, for notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentifull cuntry, full of corne and cattell, that you would have thought they would have bene able to stand long, yet ere one yeare and a litle they were brought to such wretchedness, as that any stony hart would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the woodes and ghinnes they came creeping forth upon theiur handes, for theiur legges could not beare them, they looked like anatomies of death, they spake like ghostes crying out of theiur graves, they did eate of the dead carrions, happy were they if they could finde them, yet one another soone after, insoemuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of theiur graves, and if they founde a plotte of water-cresses or slim-rokes, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue therewithall, that in shorte space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentifull cuntry suddainly made voyde of man or beast, yet sure in all that warre there perished not many by the swoorde but all by the extremitye of famine which they themselves had wrought.

*Eudox* It is a wonder that you tell, and more to be wondred howe it should soe shortly come to pass.

*Iren* It is most true, and the reason also very readye, for ye must conceive that the strength of all that nation is the Kearne, Galloglashe, Stokaghe, Horsemen, and Horse-boyes, the which having bene never used to have any thing of their owne, and now living upon the spoyle of others, make noe spare of any thing, but havocke and confusion of all they meete with, whether it be theiur owne frendes goodes, or theiur foes. And if they happen to gett never soe great spoyle at any time, the same they consume and wast in a trice, as naturally delighting in spoyle, though it doe themselves noe good. On the other side, whatsoever they leave unsent the souldiour when he cometh there, he havocketh and spoyleth likewise, soe that betwene them both nothing is very shortly left. And yet this is very necessarye to be done for the soone finishing of the warre, and not onely this in this wise, but also all those subjectes which border upon those parts, are either to be removed and drawen away, or likewise to be spoyled, that the enemye may find noe succour thereby for what the souldiour spares the rebell will surely spoyle.

*Eudox* I doe nowe well understand you. But nowe when all thinges are brought to

this pass, and all filled with this ruffall spectacle of soe many wretched carcasses starving, goodlye countrey wasted soe longe & desolation and confusion, as even I that doe but heare it from you and doe picture it in my mnde, doe greatly pittie and commiserate it, y<sup>t</sup> it shall happen, that the state of this miserie and lamentable image of things shal be told, and feelingly presented to her Sacred Majesty, being by nature full of mercy and clemencye, whose is most inclinable to such pityfull complaynt, and will not endure to heare such tragedyes made of her people and poore subjectes as some about her may insinuate, then she perhaps, for verye compassion of such calamities, will not onely stopp the streame of such violence, and returne to her wonted mildenesse, but also conne them little thanks which have bene the authors and counsellours of such bloodie platformes. See I remember in the late government of the good Lord Graye, when, after long travell and many perilous assayes, he had brought thinges almost to this pass that ye speake of, and that when it was even made readye for reformation, and might have bene brought to whitt her Majesty would like complaynte was made agaynst him, that he was a bloudye man, and regarded not the life of her subjectes noe more then dogges, but had wasted and consumed all, soe as nowe she had nothing almost left, but to rage in theyr ashes, her Majesties care was soone lente thereunto, and all suddainly turned topsy turvy, the noble Lord est-sones was blamed the wretched people pittied and new counsells plotted, in which it was concluded that a general pardon should be sent over to all that would accept of it, upon which all former purposes were blannked the Governour at a baye, and not onely all that greate and long charge, which she had before bene at, quite lost and cancelled, but also that hope of good which was even at the doore putt backe and cleane frustrated. All which, whether it be true, or noe, your selfe can well tell.

*Iren* To true, Eudoxus, the more the pittie, for I may not forgett soe memorable a thing neither can I be ignorant of that perilous device and of the whole meanes by which it was compassed, and very cunningly contrived by sowing first disension betwene him and an other Noble Personage, wherein they both founde at length howe notably they had bene abused and howe thereby, under-hand, this universall alteration of thinges was brought aboute, but then to late

to staye the same, for in the meane time all that was formerly done with long labour and great toyle was (as you say) in a moment undone, and that good Lord blotted with the name of a bloudy man, whom, who that will knowe, knewe him to be most gentell affable, loving, and temperate, but that the necessity of that present state of thinges enforced him to that violence, and almost chaunged his very naturall disposition. But otherwise he was soe farr from delighting in blood, that oftentimes he suffred not just vengeance to fill where it was deserved and even some of those which were afterwarde his accusers had tasted to much of his mercy, and were from the gallows brought to be his accusers. But his course indeede was this, that he spared not the herdes and principalls of any mischievous practize or rebellion, but shewed sharpe judgement on them, chiefly for examples sake, that all the meaner sorte, which also then were generally infected with that evil, might by terrour therof be reclaimed, and saved, yf it might be possible. For in that last conspiracye of some of the English Pale, thinke you not that there were manye more guiltye then they that felt the punishment or was there any almost clere from the same? yet he touched onely a fewe of speciall note, and in the tryall of them alsoe even to prevent the blame of crueltie and partiall dealing, as seeking theyr bloud, which he, in his great wisdom (as it seemeth) did fore-see would be objected agaynst him, he, for the avoiding therof, did use a singular discretion and regarde. For the Jurye that went upon theyr tryall he made to be chosen out of theyr nearest kinsemen, and theyr Judges he made of some of theyr owne fathers, of others theyr uncles and dearest frendes, whose when they could not but justly condemne them, yet uttered theyr judgement in abundance of teares, and yet he even henn was counted bloudye and cruell.

*Eudox* Indeepe soe have I heard it often here spoken, and I perceave (as I alwayse verely thought) that it was most unjustlye, for he was alwayse knowne to be a most just, sincere godly, and right noble man, farr from such sternesse, farr from such unrighteousnes. But in that sharpe execution of the Spryngard at the Forte of Smerwicke, I heard it specialllye noted, and, yf it were true as some reported, surelye it was a great touche to him in honour, for some say that he promised them life, others that at least he did putt them in hope therof.

*Iren* Both the one and the other is most untrue, for thus I can assure you, my selfe being as neere them as any, that he was soe farre from either promising, or putting them in hope, that when first their Secretarie called, as I remember Jacques Gessray, an Italian, being sent to treat with the Lord Deputy for grace, was flatly denyed, and afterwarde they Coronell, named Don Sebastian, came forth to intreate that they might parte with theyr armes like souldiours, at least with theyr liues, according to the custome of warre and lawe of nations, it was strongly denyed him, and tolde him by the Lord Deputy himselfe, that they could not justlye pleade either custome of warre, or lawe of nations, for that they were not any lawfull enemies, and if they were, he willed them to shewe by what commission they came thither into another Princes dominions to warre, whether from the Pope or the King of Spayne, or any other the which when they sayd they had not, but were onely adventurers that came to seeke fortune abroad, and serve in warres amongst the Irish, who desired to entertayne them, it was then tolde them, that the Irish themselves, as the Earle and John of Desmonde with the rest, were noe lawfull enemies, but rebels and traitours, and therefore they that came to succour them noe better then rogues and runnagates, specially coming with no licence, nor commission from their owne King. Soe as it should be dishonorable for him in the name of his Queene to condicion or make any termes with such rascalls, but left them to theyr choise, to yelde and submit themselves, or noe. Whereupon the sayd Coronell did absolutely yelde himselfe and the forte, with all therein, and craved onely mercye, which it being not thought good to shewe them, both for danger of themselves, yf, being saved, they should afterwarde joine with the Irish, and also for terror to the Irish, who were much emboldened by those forrayne succours, and also putt in hope of more ere long, there was noe other way but to make that shorlo end of them which was made. Therefore most untruelye and maliciously doe these evill tongues backbite and staine the shered ashes of that most just and honorable personage, whose least vertue, of many most excellent which abounded in his heroycall spirit, they were never able to aspire unto.

*Eudox* Trulye, Irenneus, I am right gladd to be thus satisfied by you in that I have often hearde questioned, and yet was never

able, till nowe, to chole the mouth of such detractors with the certayne knowledge of theyr shamefull untruthes: neither is the knowledge herof unpertinent to that win h we formerly had in hand I meane to the thorough pre-venting of that sharpe course which we have sett downe for the bringing under of those rebels of Ulster and Connaught, and preparing a way for theyr perpetuall reformation least happily, by any such sinister suggestions of evasive and to much bloudsheek, all the plott might be overthrowen, and all the cost and labour therein employd be utterly lost and cast awaye.

*Iren* Ye say most true, for, after that Lordes calling away from thence, the two Lordes Justices continu'd but a while of which the one was of mynde, (as it seemeth) to have continued in the footing of his predecessor, but that he was scorbed and restrained. But the other was more mildly disposed, as was meete for his profession, and willing to have all the pittifull woundes of that commonwealth healed and recured, but not with that herde as they should be. After whom Sir John Perrot, succeeding (as it were) into another mans harvest, founde an open way to what course he list, the which he bent not to that poynthe which the former governours intended, but rather quite contrarye, as it were in scorne of the former, and in a vayne vaunte of his owne counsell, with the which he was to willfullye earred, for he did treade downe and disgrace all the English, and sett up and countenance the Irish all that he could, whether thinking thereby to make them more tractable and bixome to his government, (wherein he thought much amiss) or privily plotting some other purposes of his owne, as it partly afterwarde appeared, but surely his manner of government could not be sounde nor wholesome for that realme, being soe contrarye to the former. For it was even as two physicians should take one sieke bodye in hand at two sundrye times, of which the former would minster all thinges meete to purge and keepe under the bodye, the other to painner and strengthen it suddenly agayne, wherof what is to be looked for but a most dangerous relapse? That which we see nowe through his rule, and the next after him, happened thereunto, being nowe more dangerously sieke then ever before. Therefore by all meanes it must be fore-seene and assured, that after once entering into this course of reformation, there be afterwarde noe remorse or drawing backe for the

sight of any such misall objects as must therupon followe, nor for compassion of their calamities, seeing that by no other meanes it is possible to recure them, and that these are not of will, but of very urgent necessity.

*Eudor* Thus farre then ye have nowe proceeded to plunke your garrisons, and to directe their services, of the which nevertheless I must needs conceive that there cannot be any certayne direction sett downe, soe that they must followe the occasions that shal be dayly offered, and diligently awayted. But, by your leave (*Irenus*), notwithstanding all this your careful fore-sight and provision, (me thinks) I see an evil lurke unespied, that may chaunce to hazarde all the hope of this great service, yf it be not very well looked into, and that is, the corruptions of their captaynes for though they be placed never soe carefully, and their compaynes filled never soe sufficiently, yet may they, yf they list, discarde whom they please, and send away such as will perhaps willingly be rid of that dangerous and hard service, the which (I wote well) is their common custome to doe, when they are layd in garrison, for then they may better lude their defaults, then when they are in campe, where they are continually eyed and noted of all men. Besides, when they pay cometh, they will (as they say) detayne the greatest portions thereof at their pleasure, by an hundreth shillings that neede not here to be named, through which they oftentimes deceave the souldiours, abuse the Queene, and greatly hinder the service. Soe that lett the Queene pay never soe fullye, lett the muster-master viewe them never soe diligently, lett the deputye or generall looke to them never soe exactly, yet they can cosen them all. Therefore (me seemes) it were good, yf it be possible, to make some provision for this inconvenience.

*Iren* It will surely be very harde, but the cheifest helpe for prevention herof must be the care of the coronel that hath the government of all his garrison, to have an eye to theyr alteration, to knowe the number and the names of the sick souldiours, and the slave, to marke and observe theyr ranks in theyr dayly rising forth to the service, by which he cannot easely be abused, soe that he himselfe be a man of speciall assurance and integritye. And therefore greate regarde is to be had in the choosynge and appoynting of them. Besides, I would not by any meanes that the captaynes should have the prying of theyr souldiours, but that there should be a pay-master appoynted, of speciall

trust, which should paye everye man according to his captaynes ticket, and the account of the clarke of his bande, for by this meanes the captayne will never seeke to falsifye his alterations, nor to diminish his compayne, nor to deceave his souldiours, when nothing therof shal be for his gayne. This is the manner of the Spaniards captaynes, whose never hath to meddle with his souldiours paye, and indeede scorneth the name as base to be counted his souldiours pagador, whereas the contrary amongst us hath brought thinges to soe bad a pass, that there is noe captayne, but thinkes his band very sufficient, yf he muster thre score and stickes not to say openly that he is unworthy of a captaynship, that cannot make it woorth 500<sup>l</sup> by the yeare, the which they right well verifye by the proole.

*Eudor* Truly I thinke this a very good meane to avoide that inconvenience of captaynes abuses. But what say you of the coronel? what authoritye thinke you meete to be given him? whether will ye allowe him to protecte, to safe conducte, and to have marshall lawe as they are accustomed,

*Iren* Yea verely, but all these to be limited with verye strait instructions. As thus for protections, that they shall have authoritye after the first proclamation, for the space of twentye dayes, to protect all that shall come in unto them, and them to sende unto the Lord Deputye with theyr safe conducte or pass, to be at his disposition, but soe as none of them retorne backe agayne, being once come in, but be presently sent away out of the countrey, unto the next sherriff, and so conveyed in safetye. And likewise for marshall lawe, that to the souldiour it be not extended, but by tryall formerly made of his crime, by a jurye of his fellowe souldiours as it ought to be, and not rashlye at the will or displeasure of the coronel, as I have sometimes seene to lightlye. And as for others of the rebells that shall light into theyr handes, that they be well ware of what condition they be, and what holding they have. For, in the last generall warres there, I knewe many good freeholders executed by marshall lawe, whose landes were thereby saved to theyr heyres, which should otherwise have escheated to her Majestie. In all which, the greate discretion and uprightness of the coronel himselfe is to be the cheifest stay both for all these doubts, and for many other difficultes that may in the service happen.

*Eudor* Your caution is verye good, but nowe touching the arche-rebell himselfe, I

meane the Earle of Tyrone, if he, in all the time of these warres, should offer to come in and submitt himselfe to her Majestie, would you not have him receaved, giving good hostages, and sufficient assurance of himselfe?

*Iren* Noe, marye, for there is noe doubt, but he will offer to come in, as he hath done diverse times alreadye, but it is without any intent of true submission, as the effect hath well shewed, neither indeede can he now, yf he would, come in at all, nor give that assurance of himselfe that should be meete, for being, as he is, very suttell-headed, seing himselfe now soe farre engaged in this badd action, can he thinke that by his submission he can purchase to himselfe any safetye, but that hereafter, when thinges shal be quieted, these his villanyes will ever be remembered? And whensoever he shall treade awyre (as needes the most righteous must sometimes) advantage wil be taken therof, as a breache of his pardon, and he brought to a reckning for all former matters besides, howe harde it is now for him to frame himselfe to subjection, that having once sett before his eyes the hope of a kingdome, hath thereunto founde not onely encouragement from the greatest King of Christendome, but also founde great sayntnes in her Majesties withstanding him, whereby he is animated to thinke that his power is to defende him, and to offend further then he hath done, whensoe he please, lett everye reasonable man judge. But yf he himselfe should come in, and leave all other his accomplices without, as O-Donell, Mac-Mahon, Maguecrhe, and the rest, he must needes thinke that then, even they will ere long cutt his throte, which having drawn them all into this occasion, nowe in the middest of theyr trouble giveth them the slip, whereby he must needes perceave howe impossible a thing it is for him to submitt himselfe. But yet yf he would doe soe, can he give any good assurance of his obedience? For howe weak hold is there by hostages hath to often bene proved, and that which is spoken of taking Shane O-Neale-is sonnes from him, and setting them up agaynst him is a verve perillous counsell, and not by any meanes to be putt in prooffe, for were they lett forth and could overthrowe him, whoe should afterwards overthrowe them, or what assurance can be had of them? It wil be like the tale in *Aesope* of the wild horse, whoe, having enmitye agaynst the stagge came to a man to desire his ayde agaynst his foe, y noe yelding

thereunto mounted upon his backe, and soe following the stagge ere longe slewe him, but then when the horse would have him light he refused, but kept him ever after in his service and subjection. Such, I doubt not, would be the proof of Shane O-Neale-is sonnes. Therefore it is most dangerous to attempt any such plott, for even that very manner of plott, was the meanes by which this trayterous Earle is nowe made soe great for whenas the last O-Neale, called Tyrrelaghe O-Neale, beganne to stand upon some tickell termes, this fellowe, then called Baron of Dungannan, was sett up as it were to bearde him, and countenaunced and strengthened by the Queene soe farre, as that he is nowe able to keepe her selfe play much like unto a gamester that having lost all, borroweth of his next fellow gamester that is the most winner, somewhat to mayntayne play, with which he, setting unto him agayne, shortly thereby winneth all from the winner.

*Eudor* Was this rebell first sett up by the Quene (as you saie), and now become so undutifull?

*Iren* He was (I assure you) the most outcast of all the O-Neales then, and lifted up by her Majestie out of the dust, to that he hath nowe wrought himselfe unto, and nowe he playeth like the frozen snake, whoe being for compassion relieved by the husbandman, soone after he was warme begann to luss, and threaten daunger even to him and his.

*Eudor* He surely then deserveth the punishment of that snake, and should woorthely be hewed in peeces. But yf ye like not of the raising up of Shane O-Neale-is sonnes agaynst him, what say you then of that advise which (I hearde) was given by some to drave in the Scottes, to serve agaynst him? howe like you that advise?

*Iren* Much worse then the former, for whoe is he that is experienced in those partes and knoweth not that the O-Neales are neerelye allyed unto the Mac-Neales of Scotland, and to the Earle of Argyle, from whom they use to have all theyr succours of those Scotts and Reddshankes? Besides, all these Scotts are, through long continuance, entermynghed and allyed to all the inhabitants of the North, soe as there is noe hope that they will ever be wrought to serve faithfully agaynst theyr old frendes and kinsemen. And yf they would, howe when the warres are finished, and they have overthrowen him shall they themselves be putt out? Doe we not all knowe, that the Scotts were the first inhabitants of all the North, and that those



which are nowe called North Irish were indeede very Scotts, which challenge the aunient inheritaunce and dominion of all that countrey to be theyr owne auniently. This then were but to leape out of the pann into the fire, for the cheifest caveat and provise in the reformation of the Northie must be to keepe out the Scotts

*Eudor* Indee, I remember that in your discourse of the first peopling of Ireland, you shewed that the Seythians or Scottes were the first that sate downe in the Northie, whereby it seemeth they may challenge some right therein. Howe comes it then that O-Neale claymes the dominion therof, and this Earle of Tyrone sayeth the right is in him? I pray you resolve me therein, for it is very needefull to be knownen, and maketh most to the right of the warre agaynst him, whose success useth commonly to be according to the justness of the cause, for which it is made. For yf Tyrone have any right in that segmorie (me seemes) it should be wrong to thrust him out or yf (as I remember ye sayd in the beginning) that O-Neale, when he acknowledged the King of England for his liege Lord and Sovereigne, did (as he alleageth) reserve in the same submission all his segnories and rightes unto himselfe, it should be accounted unjust to thrust him out of the same

*Iren* For the right of O-Neale in the segmorie of the Northie, it is surely none at all. For beside that the Kinges of England conquered all the realme, and thereby assumed and invested all the right of that land to themselves and theyr heyres and successors for ever, soe as nothing was left in O-Neale but what he received backe from them, O-Neale himselfe never had any aunient segmorie in that countreye, but what by usurpation and encrochement, after the death of the Duke of Clarence, he gott upon the English, whose landes and possessions being formerly wasted by the Scotts, under the leading of Edward le Bruce, (as I formerly declared unto you) he eft-sones entred into, and sithence hath wrongfullye detayned, through the other occupations and greiv affayres which the Kinges of England (soone after) fell into heere at home, soe as they could not intend to the recoverye of that countrey of the Northie, nor the restrayning of the insolencye of O-Neale, whose, finding none nowe to withstand him, ragned in that desolation, and made himselfe Lorde of those fewe people that remayned there, upon whom ever since he hath continued his first

usurped power, and nowe exacteth and extorteth upon all men what he list. soe that nowe to subdne or expell an usurper, should be noe unjust enterprize nor wrongfull warre, but a restitution of aunient right unto the crowne of England, from whence they were most unjustlye expelled and longe kept out.

*Eudor* I am verie gladd heere to be thus satisfi'd by you, that I may the better satisfye them whom often I have hearde object these doubtles, and slaundersously to barke at the courses which are held agaynst that trayterous Earle and his adherentes. But nowe that you have thus settled your service for Ulster and Connaughte, I would be gladd to heare your opinion for the prosecuting of Feugh Mac Hughe, whose being but a base villen, and of himselfe of noe power, yet soe continually troubleth that state, notwithstanding that he lyeth under theyr nose, that I disdayne his hold arrogauncye, and thinke it to be the greatest indignitye to the Queene that may be, to suffer such a caitiff to play such *Rex*, and by his example not only to give harte and encouragment to all such bold rebels, but also to yeld them succoure and refuge agaynst her Majesty, whensoever they flye into his Cummerreeghe wherfore I would first wish, before you enter into your plot of service agaynst him, that you should laye open by what meanes he, being soe base, first lifted himselfe up to this dangerous greatnes, and how he mayntayneth his parte agaynst the Queene and her power, notwithstanding all that hath bene done and attempted agaynst him. And whether also he hath any pretence of right in the landes which he holdeth, or in the warres that he maketh for the same?

*Iren* I will soe, at your pleasure, and since ye desire to know his first beginning, I will not only discover the first beginning of his privt howse, but also the originall of all his sept, of the Birnes and Tooles, so farre as I have learned the same from some of themselves, and gathered the rest by readinge. This people of the Birnes and Tooles (as before I shewed unto you my conjecture) descended from the aunient Brittons, which first inhabited all those Easterne partes of Ireland, as theyr names doe betoken, for *Brin* in the Brittons language signifieth hillye, and *Tol* hole, valley or darke, which names, it seemeth, they tooke of the countrey which they inhabited, which is all very mountayne and woodie. In the which it seemeth that ever sithence the coming in of the English with Deurmuide-ne-Gall, they



have continued Whether that theyr countrey being soe rude and mountaynous was of them dispised, and thought not woorthye the inhabiting, or that they were receaved to grace by them, and suffred to enioye theyr lands as innitt for any other, yet it seemeth that in some places of the same they did putt foote, and fortified with sundry eastells, of which the rhyues onely doe there now remaine, since which time they are grown to that strength, that they are able to lift up hand agaynst all that state, and nowe lately, through the boldness and late good success of this Feugh Mac Hugh, they are soe farr emboldened, that they threaten perill even to Dublin, over whose necke they continually hange. But touching your demaunde of this Feugh, is right unto that countrey or the seignorye which he claymes therein, it is most rayne and arrougaunte For this ye cannot be ignoraunte of, that it was parte of that which was given in inheritaunce by Dcurmuid Mac Murroghe, King of Leinster, to Strangbone with his daughter, and which Strangbone gave over to the King and to his heyres, soe as the right is absolutely nowe in her Majestie, and yet it were not, yet could it not be in this Feugh, but in O-Brin, which is the ancient lord of all that countrey, for he and his auncestours were but followers unto O-Brin, and his grandfather, Shane Mac Tirrelaghe, was a man of meanest regarde amongst them, neither having wealth nor power But his sonne Hughe Mac Shane, the father of this Feugh, first beganne to lift up his head, and through the strength and greate fastness of Glan-Moleerh, which adjoyneth unto his howse of Ballinacorrh, drewe unto him many theves and out-laves, which fledd unto the succour of that glunne, as to a sannetuarye and brought unto him parte of the spoyle of all the countrey, through which he grewe stronge, and in shorte space got to himselfe a greate name thereby amongst the Irish, in whose fouling this his sonne continuing hath, through many unhappy occasions, encreased his said name, and the opinion of his greyness, soe that nowe he is become a dangerous enemy to deale withall.

*Eudox* Surely I can comend him that, being of himselfe of soe brise condition, hath through his owne hardness lifted himselfe up to that height that he dare now to fronte princes, and make termes with greate potentates, the which as it is honorable to him, soe it is to them most disgracefull, to be bearded of such a base varlett, that being but of late grown out of the doughty hill

beginneth nowe to overcroe soe high mountaynes, and make himselfe greate protectour of all outlaves and rebels that will repayre unto him But doe you thinke he is nowe soe dangerous an enemye as he is counted, or that it is soe harde to take him downe as some suppose?

*Iren* Noe verely, there is noe great reckning to be made of him, for had he ever bene taken in hand, when the rest of the realme (or at least the partes adjoining) had bene quiett, as the honourable gentellman that nowe governeth there (I meane Sir William Russell) gave a notable attempte therunto, and had woorthely perfourmed it, if his course had not bene crossed unhappely, he could not have stode three monthes, nor ever have looked up agaynst a verye meane power but nowe all the partes about him being up in a madding moode, as the Moores in Lease, the Kevenghs in the countye of Wexforde, and some of the Butlers in the countye of Kilkenny, they all flocke unto him, and drawe unto his countrey, as to a strong hold where they thinke to be safe from all that prosecute them And from thence they doe at their pleasures breake out into all the borders adjoining, which are well peopled countreies, as the countyes of Dubhn, of Kildare, of Catarlaghe, of Kilkenny, of Wexforde with the spoiles wherof they vittell and strengthen themselves, which otherwise should in shorte time be starved, and soone pined away, soe that what he is of himselfe you may herebye soone perceave.

*Eudox* Then, by soe much as I gather out of your speaches the next way to end the warres with him, and to roote him quite out, should be to keepe him from invading those countreies adjoining, which (as I suppose) is to be done, either by drawing all the inhabitants of those next borders away, and leaving them utterly wast, or by planting garrisons upon all those frontiers about him, that, when he shall breake forth, he may sett upon him and shorten his returne.

*Iren* Ye couceave rightlye, Eudoxus, but for the dispeopling and driving away of all the inhabitants from the countreys about him, which ye speake of, should be a greatt confusion and trouble, as well for the unwillingness of them to leave theyr possessions, as also for plaeing and providing for them in other countreies, (me seemes) the better course should be by planting of garrisons about him, the which, whensoever he shall looke forth, or be drawn out with desire of the spoyle of those horders, or for neces-

sive of vittell, shal he allwayes readye to intercept his going or coming

*Eudox* Where then doe ye wish these garrisons to be plantted that they may serve best agaynst him, and howe manye in everye garrison?

*Iren* I my selfe, by reason that (as I told you) I am noe martiall man, will not take uppon me to directe soe dangerous affaires, but onely as I understood in the purposes and plotts, which the Lord Graye who was well experienced in that service, agaynst him did laye downe to the personnmince whereof he onely required 1000 men to be layed in fowre garrisons, that is, at Ballineecorrah 200 footemen and 50 horse, which should shutt him out of his great ghinne, whereto he soe much trusteth, at Knockelough 200 footemen and 50 horse to answeare the countye of Catvlaghe, at Arkloe or Wickloo 200 footemen to defende all that side towarde the sea, in Shelagh 100 footemen which should cutt him from the Kewynghs and the countye of Wexforde, and about the three castells 50 horsemen, which should defende all the countye of Dublin, and 100 footemen at Talbots Towne, which should keepe him from breking out into the countye of Kildare, and be allwayes on his necke on that side. The which garrisons, soo layed, will soe busye him, that he shall never rest at home, nor stirre forth abroad but he shall be had, as for his creeche they cannot be above grounde, but they must needes fall into theyr handes or starve, for he hath noe fastness nor refuge for them. And as for his partakers of the Moores, Butlers, and Kavanaghes, they will soone leave him, when they see his fastness and strong places thus taken from him.

*Eudox* Surely this seemeth a plott of great reason, and small difficultie which promisseth hope of a shorte end. But what speciall directions will ye sett downe for the services and ringes out of these garrisons?

*Iren* None other then the present occasions shall minister unto them, and as by good spiralls, wherof there they cannot wante store, they shall be drawen continually upon him, soe as one of them shal be still upon him, and sometimes all at one instant bay to him. And this (I assure my selfe) will demaunde no longe time, but wil be all finished in the space of one yeare, which howe small a thing it is unto the eternal quietness which shall thereby be purchased to that realme, and the great good which shall growe to her Majestie, should (me

thynkes) readely drawe on her Highnes to the undertaking of the enterprise.

*Eudox* You have very well (me seemes), Tienens, plotted a course for the relieving of those warres nowe in Ireland, which seeme to aske noe long time, nor greite charge, soe as the effecting thereof be committed to men of sure trust, and some experience, as well in the same countrey as in the manner of those services, for yf it be left in the handes of such rave captaynes as are usuallye sent out of England, being therto preferred onely by friendship, and not chosen by sufficiencye, it will soone fall to ground.

*Iren* Therefore it were meete (me thinkes) that such captaynes onely were theinto employed, as have formerly served in that countrey, and bene at leyst hientenantes unto other captaynes there. For otherwise, being brought and transferred from other services abroad, as in Fraunce, in Spayne, and in the Lowe-countreies, though they be of good experience in those, and have never soe well deserved, yet in these they wil be newe to seeke, and, before they have gathered experience, they shall buye it with great losse to her Majestie, either by hazarding of theyr companye through ignorance of the places, and manner of the Irish services, or by loosing a great parte of the time that is required hereunto, being but shorte, in which it might be finished, before they have almost taken out a newe lesson, or can tell what is to be done.

*Eudox* You are noe good frend to newe captaynes it seemes, Iren, that you barre them from the credit of this service but (to say truely) me thinkes it were meete, that any one, before he come to be a captayne, should have bene a souldiour, for, 'Pareo qui nescit, nescit imperare'. And besides, there is great wrong done to the old souldiour, from whom all merites of advancement which is due unto him is cutt off by shuffling in these newe cutting captaynes into the places for which he hath long served, and perhaps better deserved. But nowe that you have thus (as I suppose) finished all the warre, and brought all thinges to that lowe obbe which ye speake of, what course will ye take for the bringing in of that reformation which ye intend, and recovering all thinges from this desolate estate, in which (me thinkes) I beheld them nowe left, unto that perfect establishment and newe commonweilth which ye have conceaved, of which soe great good may redounde to her Majestie, and an assured peace be confirmed? For that

is it whereunto we are nowe to looke, and doe greately long for, being long sithence made wearye with the huge charge which we have layed upon us, and with the strong endurance of soe many complayntes, soe many delays, soe many doubts and dangers, as will hereof (I know well) arise unto the which before you come, it were meete (me thinks) that you should take some order for the souldiour, which is nowe first to be discharged and disposed of, some way, the which if you doe not well fore-see, may growe to be a great inconvenience as all this that we suppose you have quitted us from, by the loose leaving of soe many thousand souldiours, which from hence forth wil be unfit for any labour or other trade, but must either seeke service and employment abroad, which may be dangerous, or els will perhaps employe themselves here at home, as may be discomodious.

*Iren* You say verie true, and it is a thing indeede much misheld in this our common-wealth that noe better course is taken for such as have bene employed once in service, but that returning, either maymed and soe unable to labour, or otherwise, though whole and sounde, yet afterwards unwilling to worke, or rather willing to sett the hangman a worke. But that needeth another consideration but to this that we have nowe in hande, it is farre from my meaning to leave the souldiour soe at random or to leave that vast realm soe weak and destitute of strength, which may both defend it against others that might seeke then to sett upon it, and also keepe it from that relapse which I before did fore-cast. For it is one speciall good of this plott which I would devise, that 6000 souldiours of these whom I have nowe employed in this service, and made thoroughly acquainted both with the state of the country, and manners of the people should henceforth be still continued, and for ever maintayned of the countrey, without any charge to her Majestie, and the rest that either are old, and unable to serve any longer, or willing to fall to thurst, as I have seen many souldiours after the service to prove verie good husbendes, should be placed in parte of the houses by them wound, at such rate or rather better then others, to whom the same shall be sett out.

*Felix* Is it possible Irenna? Can there be any such order taken? I that see many men should be kept still in her Majesties service without any charge to her at all? Shall we then have an exceeding great good,

both to her Highnes to have soe manye old souldiours allway readye at call, to what purpose soever she list employe them, and alsoe to have that land thereby soe strenghtened that it shall neither feare any forrein invasion, nor practize, which the Irish shall ever attempte, but shall keepe them under in continuall awe and firme obedience.

*Iren* It is soe indeede. And yet this trulye I doe not take to be any matter of great difficultye, as I thinke it will also soone appeare unto you. And first we will speake of the North parte, for that thosame is of most wrought and importance. Soe soone as it shall appeare that the enemye is brought downe, and the stout rebell either cutt off, or driven to that wretchedness that he is noe longer able to hold up his head, but will come to any conditions, which I assure my selfe will be before the end of the second Winter, I wish that there be a generall proclamation made, that whatsoever out-lawes will freely come in, and submit themselves to her Majesties mercy, shall have libertye soe to doe, where they shall either find that grace they desire, or have leave to returne agayne in safetye upon which it is liklye that soe manye as survive will come in to sue for grace, of which whoe-soe are thought meete for subjection, and fitt to be brought to good, may be received, or els all of them, (for I thinke that all wilbe but a very fewe,) upon condition and assurance that they will submit themselves absolutelye to her Majesties ordinance for them, by which they shall be assured of life and libertye, and be onelye tyed to such conditions as shall be thought by her meete for containing them ever after in due obedience. To the which conditions I nothing doubt but they will all most readelye, and upon their knees submit themselves, by the proof of that which I sawe in Mounster. For upon the like proclamation there they all came in, both tygge and ragge, and when as afterwards many of them were denyed to be received, they bade them doe with them what they would, for they would not by any means returne agayne, nor goe forth. For in this case who will not accept almost of any conditions, rather then dye of hunger and miserie?

*Eudox* It is very liklye soe. But what then is the ordinance, and what be the conditions which you will propose unto them, which shall reserve unto them an assurance of life and libertye?

*Iren* Soe soone then as they have given the best assurance of themselves which

may be required, which must be (I suppose) some of their principall men to remaine in hostage one for another, and some other for the rest, for other suretye I reekon of none that may binde them, neither of wife, nor of children, since then perhaps they would gladly be ridd of both from the famine, I would have them first unarmed utterly and stript quite of all their warlike weapons, and then these conditions sett downe and made known unto them, where they shall be placed, and have land given unto them to occupy and to live upon, in such sorte as shall become good subjectes, to labour thenceforth for their living, and to apply themselves to honest trades of civilltye as they shall every one be founde meete and able for

*Eudox* Where then, a Gods name, will you place them? In Leinster? or will you find out any new lande there for them that is yet unknown?

*Iren* Noe, I will place them all in the countrey of the Brinnes and Tooles, which Phengh Mac Hinghe hath, and in all the landes of the Kevanaghs, which are nowe in rebellion, and all the landes which will fall to her Majestie thereabouts, which I knowe to be very spacious and large enough to containe them, being very neere twentye or thirtie miles wyde

*Eudox* But what then will ye doe with all the Brinnes there, the Tooles, and the Kevanaghs, and all those that nowe are joyned with them?

*Iren* At the same very time, and in the same manner that I make that proclamation to them of Ulster, will I have it also made to these, and upon their submission thereunto, I will take like assurance of them as of others. After which I will translate all that remaine of them into the places of thother in Ulster, with all they creeate, and what else they have left them, the which I will cause to be divided amongst them in some meete sorte, as echo may thereby have somewhat to sustayne himself a while withall, untill, by his further travell and labour of the earth, he shalbe able to provide himselfe better

*Eudox* But will you then give the lande freelye unto them, and make them heyres of the former rebels? soe may you perhaps make them heyres also of all their former villanies and disorders, or howe els will you dispose of them?

*Iren* Not soe, but all the landes I will give unto Englishmen whom I will have

drawen thither, who shall have the same with such estates as shal be thought meete, and for such rentes as shall eft-sommes be rated under everye of these Englishmen will I place some of the Irish to be tenants for a certayne rente, according to the quantitie of such land, as every man shal have allotted unto him, and shalbe founde able to weelde, wherein this speciall regarde shal be had, that in noe place under any land-lorde there shall remaine manye of them planted together, but dispersed wide from theyre acquaintance, and scattered farre abroad through all the countrey. For that is the evill which I nowe finde in all Ireland, that the Irish dwell together by theyr septs, and severall nations, soe as they may praetize or conspire what they will, whereas yf there were English shedd amongst them and placed over them, they should not be able once to styrre or murmur, but that it shoulde be knowne, and they shortened according to theyr demerites

*Eudox* Ye have good reason, but what rating of rents meane you? To what end doe you purpose the same?

*Iren* My purpose is to rate the rents of all those landes of her Majestie in such sorte, unto those Englishmen which shall take them, as they may be well able to live thereupon, to yeeld her Majestie reasonable cheverye, and also give a competent maintenance unto the garrisons, which shall be there left amongst them, for these souldiours (as I told you) remaining of the former garrisons I cast to be maintayned upon the rente of those landes which shal be escheated, and to have them divided through all Ireland in such places as shalbe thought most convenient, and occasion may require. And this was the course which the Romans used in the conquest of England, for they planted some of their legions in all places convenient, the which they caused the countrey to maintayne, enting upon everye portion of lande a reasonable rent, which they called Romescott, the which might not surcharge the tenant or free-holder, and defrayed the pay of the garrison and this hath bene alwayes observed of all princes in all countreys to them newly subdued, to sett garrisons amongst them to containe them in dutye, whose burthen they made them to beare, and the wante of this ordinaunce, in the first conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second, was the cause of the shorthe decaye of that government, and the quicke recoverye agayne of the Irish. Ther-



formerlye shewed in the first planning of them And moreover at every e of those fortes I would have the state of a towne layed forth and encompassed, in the which I would wish that there should be placed inhabitantes of all sortes, as marchauntes, artificers, and husbandmen, to whom there should be charters and franchises graunted to incorporate them The which, as it wil be no matter of difficultye to drawe out of England persons which should very gladly be soe placed, soe would it in shorte space turne those partes to greate comoditie, and bring ere longe to her Majestie much profit, for those places are soe fitt for trade and traffike, having most convenient out-gates by diverse rivers to the sea, and in-gates to the richest partes of the lande, that they would soone be enriched, and mightelye enlarged, for the very seating of the garrisons by them besides, the safetie and assurance that they shall worke unto them wil alsoe drawe thither store of people and trade, as I have scene examples at Mariborough and Phillipstowne in Leynster, where by reason of these two fortes, though there were but small wardes left in them, there are two good townes nowe grown, which are the greatest staye of both those two countyes

*Eudox* Indee (me seemes) three such townes, as you say, would doe verye well in those places with the garrisons, and in shorte space would be soe augmented, as they would be able with litle helpe to wall themselves stronglye but, for the planting of all the rest of the countrey, what order would ye take?

*Iren* What other then (as I sayd) to bring people out of England, which should inhabit the same, whereunto though, I doubt not, but grente troupes would be readye to runne, yet for that in such cases, the worst and most decayed men are most readye to remove, I would wish them rather to be chosen out of all partes of the realme, either by discretion of wise men thereunto appoynted, or by lott, or by the drumme, as was the old use in sending forth of colonies, or such other good meanes as shall in theyr wiselome be thought meetest Amongest the chiefest of which I would have the lande sett into segniories, in such sorte as it is nowe in Mounster, and divided unto hundreds and parishes, or wardes, as it is in England, and layed out into shires as it was anniently, viz the countye of Downe, the countye of Antrim, the countye of Louth, the countye of Armaghe, the countye of Cavan, the

countye of Colrane, the countye of Monahan, the countye of Tyrone, the countye of Fermanagh, the countye of Donnegall, being in all tenne Over all which Irish I wish a Lord President and a Counsell to be placed, which may keepe them afterwarde in awe and obedience, and minister unto them justice and equitye

*Eudox* Thus I see the whole purpose of your plot for Ulster, and nowe I desire to heare your like opinion for Conaughte.

*Iren* By that which I have alreadye sayd of Ulster you may gather my opinion for Conaughte, being verye answerable unto the former But for that the landes, which therein shall escheate unto her Majesty, are not soe intierlye together as that they can be accompted in one somme, it needeth that they be considered severallye. The province of Conaughte containeth in the whole (as appeareth by the Recordes of Dublin) 7200 plow-landes of the former measure, and is of late divided into six shires or countyes the countye of Clare, the countye of Lentrum, the countye of Roscomman, the countye of Galloway, the countye of Maisho, and the countye of Slengho Of the which, all the countye of Slengho, all the countye of Maisho, the most parte of the countye of Roscomman, the most parte of the countye of Lentrum, a greate parte of the countye of Galloway, and some of the countye of Clare, is like to escheate unto her Majesty for the rebellion of theyr present possessours The which two countyes of Slengho and Maisho are supposed to containe almost 3000 plow-landes, the rente wherof, ratable to the former, I vallew allmost at 6000*l* per annum The countye of Roscomman, saving what pertayneth to the howse of Roscomman and some fewe other English there lately seated, is all one, and therefore it is whollye likewise to escheate to her Majesty, saving those portions of English inhabitants, and even those English doe (as I understand by them) paye as much rente to her Majesty as is sett upon those in Ulster, counting theyr composition monye therewithall, soe as it may runne all into one reckning with the former two countyes Soe that this countye of Roscomman, containing 1200 plow-landes, as it is accompted, amounteth to 2400*l* by the yeare, which with that former two countyes rente maketh about 8300*l* for the former wanted somewhat. But what the escheated landes of the countyes of Galloway and Lentrum will arise unto is yet uncertayne to define, till survey thereof be made, for that those landes are intermingled

with the Earle of Clanricarde, and others, but it is thought they be the one halfe of both these countyes, soe as they may be counted to the value of one whole countye, which containeth above one thousand plowlandes, for soe manye the least countie of them all comprehendeth, which maketh two thousand poundes more, that is, in all, 10 or 11000! Thother two countyes must remayne till they escheates appeare the which letting pass yet as unknowne, yet thus much is knowne to be accounted for certayne, that the composition of these two countyes, being rated at 20s every plow-land, will amounte to above 2000! more all which being layed together to the former, may be reasonably estimated to rise unto 13000! the which somme, together with the rente of the escheated landes in the two last countyes, which cannot yet be valued, being, (as I doubt not) no less then a 1000! more, will yeld a pay largely unto a thousand men and their victuallers, and a thousand poundes over towards the Governour

*Eudox* Ye have (me thinkes) made but an estimate of these landes of Conaughte even at a very eventure, soe as it should be harde to builde any certaintye of charge to be raysed upon the same.

*Iren* Not altogether upon uncertaintyes, for thus much may easely appeare unto you for certayne, as the composition mont of every plowland amounteth unto, for this I would have you principallly to understand, that my purpose is to rate all the landes in Ireland at 20s every plowland, for their composition toward the garrison. The which I knowe, in regarde of being freed from all other charges whatsoever, wil be readily and most gladly yelded unto. So that there being in all Ireland (as appeareth by their old records) 43920 plowlandes, the same shall amounte to the sum likewise of 43920L, and the rest to be reared of the escheated landes which fall to her Majestie in the sayd provinces of Ulster, Conaughte, and that parte of Leinster under the rebels, for Mounster we deale not yet withall.

*Eudox* But tell me this, by the way, doe you then lay composition upon the escheated landes as you doe upon the rest? for soe (me thinkes) you reckon altogether. And that sure were to much to pay seven nobles out of every plow-land, and composition mony besides, that is 20s out of every plow-land.

*Iren* No, you mistake me, I doe put only seven nobles rent and composition both upon every plow-land escheated. that is 40s for

composition, and 6s 8d for cheiferie to her Majestie

*Eudox* I doe now conceave you, proceede then (I pray you) to the appointing of your garrisons in Conaughte, and shewe us both how many and where you would have them placed

*Iren* I would have one thousand laid in Conaughte in two garrisons, namely, 500 in the countie of Mayo, about Clan Mac Costalors, which shall keepe the Moores and the Burkes of Mac William Enter thother 500 in the countie of Clanricarde, about Garandoughe, that they may containe the Conhors and the Burkes there, the Kellyes and Mackenrys, with all them thereabout, for that garrison which I formerly placed at Loughearne will serve for all occasions in the countie of Slegho, being neere adjoyning thereto, soe as in one nights marche they may be almost in any place therof when neede shall require them. And like as in the former places of garrisons in Ulster, I wished three corporate townes to be planted, which under the safeguard of that strengthe shall dwell and trade safely with all the countrey about them, soe would I also wish to be in this of Conaughte, and that besides, there were another established at Athlone, with a convenient warde in the castell there for their defence.

*Eudox* What should that neede, sith the Governour of Conaughte useth to lye there alwayes, whose presence wil be a defence to all that towneship?

*Iren* I knowe he doth soe, but that is much to be disliked that the Governour should lye soe farr off, in the remotest place of all the province, whereas it were meetter that he should be continually abiding in the midst of his charge, that he might both looke out alike into all places of his government, and also be soone at hand in any place, where occasion shall demaunde him, for the presence of the Governour is (as you say) a great stay and bridle unto them that are ill disposed like as I see it is well observed in Mounster, where the daylye good therof is continually apparant and, for this cause also doe I greatly dislike the Lord Deputres seating at Dublin, being the outest corner in the realme, and least needing the awe of his presence, whereas (me seemes) it were fitter, since his proper care is of Leinster, though he hath care of all besides generally, that he should seate himselfe about Athlone, or thereabouts, upon the skirte of that unquett countrey, so that he might sitt, as it were, at the very mayne mast of his shipp, whence he

might easely over looke and sometimes over-  
reache the Moores, the Butlers, the Demp-  
sies, the Keatins, the Connors, O-Carrell,  
O-Molloy, and all that heape of Irish nations  
which there lye huddled together without any  
to over-rule them, or contraine them in dutye  
For the Irishman (I assure you) feares the  
Government no longer then he is within  
sight or reach

*Eudox* Surely (me thinkes) herein you  
observe a matter of much importaunce, more  
then I have hearde ever noted, but sure  
that seemes soe expedient, as that I wonder  
it hath bene heeretofore ever omitted, but  
I suppose the instaunce of the citizens of  
Dublin is the greatest lett therof

*Iren* Truly, then it ought not to be soe,  
for noe cause have they to feare that it wil be  
any hindraunce for them, for Dublin wil be  
still, as it is, the key of all passages and  
transportations out of England thither, to noe  
less profit of those citizens then it now is,  
and beside other places will thereby receive  
some benefitt But lett us now (I pray you)  
come to Leinster, in the which I would wish  
the same course to be observed as in Ulster

*Eudox* You meane for the leaving of the  
garrisons in theyr fortes, and for planting of  
English in all those countieyes betwene the  
countie of Dublin and the countie of Wex-  
ford, but those wast wilde places, I thinke,  
when they are wonne unto her Majestie, that  
there is none that wil be hastye to seeke to  
inhabite them

*Iren* Yes enough, (I warrantte you,) for  
though the whole trick of the countrey be  
mountayne and woodye, yet there are many  
goodly valleyes amongst them, fitt for  
smyre habitations, to which those moun-  
tainys adjoining wil be a greate increase of  
pasturage, for that countrey is a very greate  
soyle of cattell, and verye fitt for breede as  
for come it is nothing naturall, save onely  
for barley and otes, and some places for rye,  
and therefore the larger pennmoorthes may be  
allowed unto them, though otherwise the  
wildness of the mountayne pasturage doe  
recompence the badness of the soyle, so as I  
doubt not but it will fynde inhabitantes and  
undertakers enoughe.

*Eudox* Howe much then doe you thinke  
that all those landes which Feugh Mac Hugh  
holdeth under him may amounte unto, and  
what rent may be reared therout to the  
mayntenance of the garrisons that shal be  
layed there?

*Iren* Truly, it is impossible by ayme to  
tell it, and as for experience and knowledge

thereof I doe not thinke that there was ever  
any of the particulars therof, but yet I will  
(yf it please you) gesse therat, uppon  
gromide onely of theyr judgement which  
have formerly divided all that countrey into  
two shires or countyes, namely the countye  
of Wicklow, and the countye of Fearnese the  
which two I see noe cause but that they  
should wholy escheate unto her Majestie, all  
but the barronye of Arekloe which is the  
Earle of Ormond-is auncient inheritance,  
and hath ever bene in his possession, for all the  
whole lande is the Queenes unless there be  
some graunte of any parte therof to be shewed  
from her Majestie as I thinke there is onely  
of New-castell to Sir Henry Harrington, and  
of the castell of Fearnese to Sir Thomas Mas-  
terson, the rest, being almost thirtie miles  
over, I doe suppose can contayne noe less then  
two thousand plowlandes, which I will estimate  
at 4000/ by the yere The rest of Leinster,  
being seven countyes, to witt, the countye of  
Dublin, Kildare, Katarlaghe, Wexford, Kil-  
kenny, the King and Queenes countyes, doe  
contayne in them 7400 plowlandes, which  
amounteth to soe many poundes for composi-  
tion to the garrison, that makes in the whole  
11,400 poundes, the which somme will yeele  
paye unto a thousand souldiours, litle want-  
ing, which may be supplied out of other  
landes of the Kavanaghes, which are to be  
escheated unto her Majestie for the rebellion  
of theyr possessours, though otherwise in-  
deede they be of her Majesties owne auncient  
demeane

*Eudox* It is greate reason But tell us  
nowe where would you wishe those garrisons  
to be layed, whether altogether, or to be dis-  
persed in sundrye places of the countrey?

*Iren* Marye, in sundrye places, to witt,  
in this sorte, or much like as may be better  
devised, for 200 in a place I doe thinke to be  
enough for the safeguarde of the countrey, and  
keeping under all suddayne upstartes that  
shall seeke to trouble the peace therof ther-  
fore I wish to be layed at Ballinacorn, for  
the keeping of all badd parsons from Glan-  
malour, and all the fastness there-aboutes,  
and also to contraine all that shal be planted  
in those landes thenceforth, 200 Another  
200 at Knocklough in theyre former place of  
garrison, to keepe the Briskelagh and all those  
mountaynes of the Kavanaghs, 200 more to  
lie at Fearnese, and upwards, inward upon  
the Slane, 200 to be placed at the forte of  
Lease, to restrayne the Moores, O-sorie, and  
O-Carrell, other 200 at the forte of Osulke,  
to courbe the O-Connors, O-Molloy, Mac-



Coghlane, Macegelchan, and all those Irish nations bordering thereabouts

*Eudox* Thus I see all your thousand men bestowed in Leinster what say you then of Meath? Which is the first parte?

*Iren* Meathe, which containeth both East Meath and West Meath, and of into the Anlie nowe called the countye of Longforde, is accompted therunto But Meath it selfe, according to the old reecordes, containeth 4920 plowlandes, and the countye of Longforde 947, which in the whole make 5267 plowlandes, of which the composition monye will amounte likewise to five thousand, two hundred, threescore and seaven poundes to the myntenance of the garrison But because all Meathe, lying in the bosome of that kingdome, is allwayes quett enough, it is needlesse to put any garrison there, soe as all that charge may be spared But in the countye of Longforde I wish 200 footemen and fiftye horsemen to be placed in some convenient sente betwene the Annlie and the Breme, as about Lough Sillon, or some like place of that river, soe as they might keepe both the O-Relyes, and also the O-Farrels, and all that out-skirte of Meathe in awe, the which use upon every light occasion to be stirring, and, having continuall enmitye amongst themselves, doe thereby oftentimes trouble all those partes, the charge wherof being 3400 and odd poundes is to be cutt out of that composition monye for Meath and Longforde, the over-plus, being almost 2000*l*. by the ycare, will come in clearlye to her Majestie

*Eudox* It is woorth the harkening unto But nowc that you have done with Meath, procede (I pray you) with Moenster, that we may see howe it will rise there for the mayntenance of the garrison

*Iren* Moenster containeth by reccorde at Dublin 16000 plow-landes, the composition wherof, at the least, will make 16000*l*. by the ycare, out of the which I would have a thousand souldiours to be mayntayned for the defence of that province, the charge of which with the rittaylers wages, will amounte to 12000*l*. by the ycare, the other 4000*l*. will defraye the charges of the President and the Counsell of that province.

*Eudox* The reckning is easye, but in this accompte, by your leave, (me thinkes) you are deceived, for in this somme of the composition monye ye counte the landes of the undertakers of that province, whose are, by theyr graunte from the Queene, to be free from all such impositions whatsoever, ex-

cepting theyr onelye rent, which is surelye enough

*Iren* Ye say true, I did soe, but the same 20s for every plowland I ment to have deducted out of that rent due upon them to her Majestie, which is noe hunderaunce, nor charge at all more to her Majestie then it nowe is, for all that rent which she receives of them, she putteth forth the agayne to the mayntenance of the Presidencie there, the charge wherof it doth scarcely defraye, whereas in this accompte both that charge of the Presidencie, and also of 1000 souldiours more, shal be mayntayned

*Eudox* It should be well, if it could be brought to that But nowe where will you have your thousand men garrisoned?

*Iren* I would have 100 of them placed at the Baintree where is a most fitt place, not onely to defend all that side of the west parte from forrayne invasion, but also to answere all occasions of troubles, to which that countrey, being soe remote, is very subject And surely here also would be planted a good towne, having both a very good haven and plentifull fishing, and the lude being all-readye escheated to her Majestie, but forcibly kepto from her by a ragtyle kerne that proclaime meth himselfe the bastarde sonne of the Earle of Clancare, being called Donel Mac Cartye, whom it is meete to fore-see to cutt off, for whensoever the Earle shall dye, all those landes after him are to come unto her Majestie he is like to make a fowle starre there, though of himselfe of noc power, yet through supportaunce of some others whose lye in the winde, and looke after the fall of that inheritaunce Another 100 would I have placed at Castell-Mayne, which should keepe all Desmonde and Kerye, for it answereth them both most conveniently Also about Kilmorc in the countye of Coreke would I have placed 200, the which should breake that nest of theeves there, and avnswear equallo both to the countie of Lymerieke, and also the countie of Corke Another hundred would I have lye at Corke, as well to comaunde the towne, as also to be readye for any forreyne occasion Likewise at Waterford, would I place 200, for the same reasons, and also for other privye causes, that are noc less important. Moreover on this side of Arlo, nere to Moseric Whirke, which is the countrey of the Bourkes, about Kill-Patrice, I would have 200 more to be garrisoned, which should scoure both the White Knights countrey and Arlo, and Moseric Whirke, by which places all the



as for all occasions of suddaine services, as also for preventing of all times of dearth and scarcitye and thus wanto is much to be complained of in England above all other countreies, whose, trusting to much to the usuall blessing of the earth, doe never forecast any such hard seasons, nor any such suddaine occasions as these troublous times may every day bring forth, when it will be to late to gather provision from abroad, and to bring it perhaps from farre for the furnishing of shippes or souldiours, which peradventure may neede to be presently employed, and whose wante may (which God forbid) happye hazzarde a kingdome.

*Eudox* Indeede the wante of these magazines of vittayls, I have heerde oftentimes complained of in England, and wondred at in other countreies, but that is nothing nowe to our purpose, but as for these garrisons which ye have nowe soe strongly plaunted throughout all Ireland, and every place swarming with souldiours, shall there be noe end of them? For nowe thus being (me seemes) I doe see rather a countrey of warre then of peace and quiet, which ye earst pretended to worke in Ireland, for if you bringe all things to that quietness which you said, what neede then to maintayne soe great forces as you have charged upon it?

*Iren* I will unto you, *Eudoxus*, in private discover the drift of my purpose I meane (as I tolde you) and doe well hope hereby both to settell an eternall peace in that countrey, and also to make it verye profitable to her Majestie, the which I see must be brought in by a stronge hand, and soe continued, till it runne in a stedfast course of government, the which in this sorte will neither be disheile nor dangerous, for the souldiour being once brought in for the service into Ulster, and having subdued it and Connaughte, I will not have him to laye downe his armes any more, till he have effected that which I purpose, that is, first to have this generall composition for the maintenance of the C throughout all the realme in regard of the troublous times, and darlie danger which is threatned to this realme by the King of Spayne And the next to be to cutt all my souldiours in such sorte as I have done, that noe parte of all that realme shal be able or dare doe much as to quench. Then will I easily bring in my reformation, and thereupon establish such a new government as I may thinke fittest for the good of that realme, which

being once established, and all thinges putt into a right way, I doubt not but they will runne on sayrely And though they would ever seeke to swarve aside, yet shall they not be able without forreyn violence once to remove, as you your selfe shall soone (I hope) in your own reason readily conceive, which if ever it shall appeare, then may her Majestie at pleasure with-drawe some of her garrisons, and turne theyr paye into her purse, or yf she will never please soe to doe (which I would rather wish), then shall she have a number of brave old souldiours allwayes readye for any occasion that she will employe them unto, supplying theyr garrisons with fresh ones in theyr steede, the maintenance of whom shal be noe more charge to her Majestie then nowe that realme is, for all the revenue therof, and much more, she spendeth, even in the most peaceable times that are there, as thinges nowe stand And in time of warre, which is nowe surelye every seaventh yeare, she spendeth infinite treasure besides to small purpose

*Eudox* I perceave your purpose, but nowe that you have thus strongly made way unto your reformation, as that I see the people soe humbled and prepared that they will and must yeelde to any ordonnance that shal be given them, I doe much desire to understand the same, for in the beginning you promised to shewe a meane howe to redresse all those inconveniences and abuses, which you shewed to be in that state of government, which nowe standes there, as in the lawes, customes, and religion wherein I would gladly knowe first, whether, insteade of those lawes, ye would have new lawes made for nowe, for ought that I see, you may doe what you please.

*Iren* I see, *Eudoxus*, that you well remember our first purpose, and doo rightly continue the course therof First therefore to speake of Lawes, since we first begonne with them, I doe not thinke it convenient, though nowe it be in the power of the Prince to change all the lawes and make newe, for that should breede a greate trouble and confusion, as well in the English now dwelling there and to be plaunted, as also in the Irish For the English, having bene trayned up allwayes in the English government, will hardly be enured unto any other, and the Irish will better be drawn to the English then the English to the Irish government Therefore since we cannot nowe applye lawes itt for the people, as in

the first institution of common-wealthes it ought to be, we will applye the people, and fit them to the lawes, as it most conveniently may be. The lawes therefore we resolve shall abide in the same sorte that they doe, both Common Lawe and Statutes, onelye such defectes in the Common Lawe, and inconveniencies in the Statutes, as in the beginning we noted and as men of deepe insight shall advise, may be chaunged by some other newe Actes and ordinaunces to be by a Parliament there confirmed. As those of tryalls of Pleas of the Crowne, and private rightes betwene parties, colourable conveyances, accessaries, &c.

*Eudox* But howe will those be redressed by Parliament, when as the Irish which sway most in Parliament (as you sayd), shall oppose themselves agaynst them?

*Iren* That may nowe be well avoyded. For nowe that soe many Free-holders of English shal be established, they together with Burgesses of townes, and such other loyall Irish-men as may be preferred to be Knightes of the Shire, and such like, wyl be able to bearde and counter-poise the rest, whoe also, being nowe broughte more in awe, will the more easely submit to any such ordinaunces as shal be for the good of themselves, and that realme generallie.

*Eudox* You say well for the increase of Freeholders, for theyre numbers will hereby be greatlye augmented, but howe shall it pass through the higher howse, which will still consist all of Irish?

*Iren* Marye, that also may well be redressed by the example of that which I have hearde was done in the like case by King Edward the Thirde (as I remember), whoe, being greatlye bearded and crossed by the Lordes of the Cleargye, they being then by reason of the Lordes Abbots and others, to manye and to stronge for him, soe as he could not for theyr frowardness order and reforme thinges as he desired, was advised to directe out his writtes to certayne Gentlemen of the best abilitie and trust, entitling them therein Barrons, to serve and sitt as Barrons in the next Parliament. By which meanes he had soe many Barrons in his Parliament, as were able to waigh downe the Cleargye and theyr frenendes, the which Barrons they say, were not afterwarde Lordes, but only Barronets, as sundrye of them doe yet retayne the name. And by the like devise her Majestie may nowe likewise courbe and cutt shorte these Irish and unrulye Lordes that binder all good proceedings

*Eudox* It seemeth noe less then for reforming of all those inconvenient statutes that ye noted in the beginning, and redressing of all those evill customes, and lastly, for settling sound religion amongst them me thinkes ye shall not neede any more to goe over those particulars agayne, which you mentioned, nor any other which might besides be remembered, but to leave all to the reformation of such Parliaments, in which, by the good eare of the Lord Deputye and Counsell they may all be amended. Therefore nowe you may come to that generall reformation which you spake of, and bringing in of that establishment, by which you sayd all men should be contained in dutye ever after, without the terrour of warlike forces, or violent wrestinge of thinges by sharpe punnishments.

*Iren* I will see at your pleasure, the which (me seemes) can by noe meanes be better plotted then by example of such other realmes as have bene annoyed with like evils, that Ireland nowe is, and useth still to be. And first in this our realme of England, it is manifest, by reporte of the Chronicles and aunient writers, that it was greatlye infested with robbers and out-lawes, which lurked in woodes and fast places, whence they used ostentines to breake forth into the highe wayes, and sometimes into the small villages to robbe and spoye. For redress wherof it is written that King Allured, or Alfred, who then raigned, did devide the realme into shires, and the shires into hundrethes, and the hundrethes into ripes or wapentakes, and the wapentakes into tithinges. Soe that tenn tithinges made an hundrethe, and five made a lathe or wapentake, of which tenn, eeh one was bounde for another, and the eldest or best of them, whom they called the Tithingman or Burseholder that is, the eldest pledge, became suretye for all the rest. Soe that yf any one of them did starte into any undutifull action, the Burseholder was bounde to brunge him forth, whoe joining est-sones with all his tithing, would followe that loose person through all places, till they broughte him in. And yf all that tithing sayled, then all that lathe was charged for that tithing, and if that lathe failed, then all the hundred was demanded for them, and yf the hundred, then the shire, whoe, joining est-sones together, would not rest till they had founde out and delivered in that undutifull fellowe which was not amenable to lawe. And herin it seemeth, that that good Saxon King

followed the Counsell of Jethro to Moses, whoe advised him to devide the people into hundredes, and to sett Captaynes and wise men of trust over them, which should take the charge of them, and ease him of that burthen. And soe did Romulus (as you may reade) devide the Romaynes into tribes, and the tribes into Centuries or hundredes. By this ordinaunce the King brought this realme of England, (which before was most troublesome) into that quett state, that noe one badd person could starte but he was straight taken holde of by those of his owne tithing, and theyr Burseholder, whoe being his neighbour or next kinsman were privy to all his wayes, and looked narrowly into his life. The which insatiation (yf it were observed in Ireland) would worke that effecte which it did then in England, and keepe all men within the compass of dutye and obediencie.

*Eudox* This is contrarie to that you sayd before, for, (as I remember,) you sayd there was a greate disproportion betwene England and Ireland, soe as the lawes which were fitting for one would not fitt the other. Howe comes it then, now, that you would transerre a principall institution from England to Ireland?

*Iren* This lawe was made not by a Norman Conquerour, but by a Saxon King, at what time England was very like to Ireland, as now it standes for it was (as I tolde you) greatlye annoyed with robbers and out-lawes, which troubled the whole state of the realme, everye corner having a Robin Hood in it, that kepte the woodes, and spoyle all passagers and inhabitants, as Ireland now hath, soe as, me seemes, this ordinaunce would fitt very well, and bring them all into awe.

*Eudox* Then, when you have thus tithed the comunaltye, as ye say, and set Burseholders over them all, what would ye doe when ye come to the gentellmen? would ye holde the same course?

*Iren* Yea, maye, most speciallye, for this you must knowe, that all the Irish almost boast themselves to be gentellmen, noe less then the Welsh, for yf he can derive himselfe from the head of a septe, as most of them can, (and they are experte by theyr Bardes,) then he holdeth himselfe a gentellman, and therupon scorneth vestsones to worke, or use any handie labour, which he sayeth is the life of a peasante or churle, but thencefoorth becometh either an horse-boy, or a stokaghe to some kearne, enuring

himselfe to his weapon, and to his gentell trade of stealing, (as they counte it.) Soe that, a gentellman, or any woorthy yoman of them, have any children, the eldest perhaps shal be kept in some order, but all the rest shall shiffe for themselves, and fall to this occupation. And moreover it is a common use amongst some of they best gentellmens sonnes, that soe soone as they are able to use theyre weapons, they straight gather to themselves three or fowre stragglers, or kerne, with whom wandring a while idely up and downe the countrey, taking onely meate, he at last falleth into some badd occasion that shal be offered, which being once made knowne, he is thencefoorth counted a man of woorth, in whome there is courage, wherupon there drave unto him many other like loose yong men, which, stirring him up with encouragement, provoke him shortly to flatt rebellion, and this happenes not onely sometimes in the sonnes of theyr gentellmen, but oftentimes also of theyr nobellmen, speciallye of theyr base sonnes, as there are fewe without some of them. For they are not ashamed onely to acknowledge them, but also boast of them, and use them in such secrett services as they themselves will not be seene in, as to plaguo theyr enemies, to spoyle theyr neighbours, to oppress and crush some of theyr owne to stubburne free-holders, which are not tractable to theyr bad willes. Two such bastards of the Lord Roehes there are now out in Mounster whom he doth not onely countenance but also privilye maintayne and relieve mightely against his tenants, such other is there of the Earle of Glancartye in Desmond, and many others in many more places.

*Eudox* Then it seemes that this ordinaunce of tithing them by the polle is not onelye fitt for the gentellmen, but also for the nobellmen, whom I would have thought to have bene of soe honorable myndes, as that they should not neede such a base kinde of being bounde to theyr ill-regaunce, who should rather live helde in and staved all others from undutifulnes, then neede to be forced thereunto themselves.

*Iren* Yet soe it is, Eudoxus, but yet because the nobellmen cannot be tithed, there being not many thinges in them, and also because a Burseholder over them should not onelye be a greate indignitye, but also a danger to add more power to them then they have, or to make one the commaunder of ten, I hold it meete that there were onely sureties

taken of them, and one bounde for another, whereby, yf any shall swaſe, his ſuretyes ſhall for ſafegarde of theyr bandes either bring him in, or ſeake to ſerve upon him and beſides this, I would wiſh them all to be ſworne to her Maieſtie, which they never yet were, but at theyr firſt creation, and that oath would ſure contayne them greatlye, or the breache of it bring them to ſhorter vengeance, for God uſeth to punniſh perjurye ſharplye Soe I reade, that in the raigne of Edward the Second, and alſo of Henry the Seaventh, (when the times were verye broken) that there was a corporat oath taken of all the lordes and beſt gentell-men, of fealtye to the King, which nowe is noe leſſe needfull, becauſe many of them are ſuſpected to have taken another othe privelye to ſome badde purpoſes, and therupon to have receaved the Sacrament, and bene ſworne to a preiſt, which they thinke bindeth them more then theyr allégeance to theyr Prince, or love of theyr countrey

*Eudox* This tithing of that common-people, and taking ſuretyes of lordes and gentellmen, I like verye well, but that it wilbe verye troubleſome ſhould it not be as well to have them all booked, and the lordes and gentell-men to take all the meaner ſorte upon themſelves? for they are beſt able to bring them in, whenſoever any of them ſtarteth out

*Iren* This indeede (*Eudoxus*) hath bene hitherto, and yet is a common order amongst them, to have all the people booked by the lordes and gentellmen, but yet it is the wooreſt order that ever was deviſed, for by this booking of men all the inferiour ſorte are brought under the commaunde of theyr lordes, and forced to followe them into any action whatſoever Nowe this you are to underſtand, that all the rebellions that you ſee from time to time happen in Ireland are not begonne by the common people, but by the lordes and captaynes of countreyes, upon pride or willfull obſtinaevy agaynſt the government, which whenſoever they will enter into, they drawe with them all theyr people and followers, which thinke themſelves bounde to goe with them, becauſe they have booked them and undertaken for them And this is the reaſon that ye have fewe ſuch badde occaſions here in England, by reaſon that the noblemen, however they ſhould happen to be ill diſpoſed, ſhould have noe commaunde at all over the comunaitye, though dwelling under them, becauſe that everye man ſtandeth upon himſelfe, and

buildeth his fortunes upon his owne ſayth and firme aſſuraunce the which this manner of tithing the polls will woork alſo in Ireland For by this the people are broken into many ſmall partes, like little ſtreames, that they cannot eaſely come together unto one head, which is the principall regarde that is to be had in Ireland to keepe them from growing to ſuch a head, and adhering unto great men

*Eudox* But yet I can not ſee howe this can be well brought, without doing great wrong to the noblemen there, for at the conqueſt of that realme, thoſe great ſegmories and lordſhips were given them by the King, that they ſhould be the ſtronger agaynſt the Irish, by the multitude of followers and tenants under them all which hold theyr tenementes of them by fealtye, and ſuch ſervices, whereby they are (by the firſt graunt of the King) made bounde unto them, and tyed to riſe out with them into all occaſions of ſervice And this I have often hearde, that when the Lord Deputy hath rayſed any generall hoſtages, the noblemen have claymed the leading of them, by graunte from the Kinges of England under the Greater Seale exhibited, ſoe as the Deputyes would not reſuſe them to have the leading of them, or, yf they did, they would ſee woork, as none of theyr followers ſhould riſe forth to the hoſting

*Iren* You ſay verye true, but will you ſee the fruite of theſe grauntes? I have knowne when theſe lordes have had the leading of theyr owne followers under them to the generall hoſting, that they have for the ſame entt upon every plowland within theyr countrey 40s or more, wherebye ſome of them have gathered above 7 or 8000, and others much more, into theyr purſe, in lieu wherof they have gathered unto themſelves a number of looſe kearne out of all partes, which they have carred forth with them, to whom they never gave pennye of entertainment, allowed by the countrey or forced by them, but let them feede upon the countreyes, and extort upon all men where they come, for that people will never aſke better entertainment then to have a colour of ſervice or employment given them, by which they will pill and ſpoyle ſoe outrageouſly, as the verye Enemye can not doe much woore and they alſo ſometimes turne to the Enemyes

*Eudox* It ſeemes the firſt intent of theſe grauntes was agaynſt the Irish, which nowe ſome of them uſe agaynſt the Queene her ſelfe But nowe what remedye is there for

this? Or howe can these grauntes of the Kinges be avoyded, without wronging of those lordes which had those landes and lordships given them?

*Iren* Surely they may be well enough, for most of those lordes, since theyr first grauntes from the Kinges by which these landes were given them, have sithence bestowed the most parte of them amongst theyr kinsfolkes, as every lorde perhaps in his time hath given one or other of his principall castells to his yonger sonne, and other to others, as largely and as amplye as they were given to him, and others they have sold, and others they have bought, which were not in theyr first graunte, which nowe nevertheless they bring within the compass therof, and take and exaete upon them, as upon their first demeanes, all those kinde of services, yea and the very wilde Irish exactions, as Coigne and Iverye, for him and such like, by which they poll and utterly undoe the poore tenants and freeholders unto them, which either through ignorance knowe not theyr tenures, or through greatness of theyr newe lordes dare not challenge them, yea, and some lordes of countreyes also, as greate ones as themselves, are nowe by strong hand brought under them, and made theyr vassalls. As for example Arondell of Stronde in the Countye of Coreke, whoe was aunciently a greate lorde, and was able to spend 3500*l*. by the yere as appeareth by good Recordes, is nowe become the Lord Barryes man, and doth to him all the services which are due unto her Majestie. For reformation of all which, it were good that a commission should be granted forth under the Great Seale, as I have seene once recorded in the old counsell booke of Mounster, It was sent forth in the time of Sir William Drurye unto persons of speciall trust and judgement to enquire throughout all Ireland beginning with one countrey first, and soe resting a while till the same were settled, by the verdict of a sounde and substantiall jurye, how every man holdeth his landes, of whom and by what tenure, soe that every one should be admitted to shewe and exhibite what right he hath, and by what services he holdeth his land, whether in chief or in socadge, or in knights service, or howe else soever. Thereupon would appeare, first howe all those greate English lordes doe charge those greateservies, what seignories they usurpe, what wardeships they take from the Queene, what landes of hers they conceale, and then howe those Irish captaynes of countreyes have

encreased upon the Queenes free-holders and tenants, howe they have translated the tenures of them from English holding unto Irish Tanistrie, and defeated her Majestie of all the rightes and duties which are to accerwe to her therout, as wardeships, liveryes, mariadges, fines of alienations, and manye other comodities, which nowe are kepte and concealed from her Majestie to the value of 60,000*l*. yearlye, I dare undertake, in all Ireland, by that which I knowe in one countreye.

*Eudox* This, Irenæus, would seeme a dangerous commission, and readye to stirre up all the Irish into rebellion, whose knowing that they have nothing to shewe for all those landes which they holde, but theyr swordes, would rather drawe them then suffer theyr landes to be thus drawn away from them.

*Iren* Nether should theyr landes be taken away from them, nor the uttermost advantages enforced agaynst them. But this by discretion of the commissioners should be made knowne unto them, that it is not her Majesties meaning to use any such extremitye, but onely to reduce thinges into order of English lawe, and make them to hold theyr landes of her Majestie, and restore to her her due services, which they detayne out of those landes which were aunciently held of her. And that they should not onely be thrust out, but also have estates and grauntes of theyr landes nowe made to them from her Majestie, soe as they should thenceforth holde them rightfullie, which they nowe usurpe most wrongfullie, and yet without all I would wish, that in all those Irish countreyes there were some land reserved to her Majesties free disposition for the better containing of the rest, and entermedling them with English inhabitauntes and estates, that knowledge might still be had by them, and of all theyr doings, soe as no manner of practize or conspiracye should be had in hand amongst them, but notice should be given therof by one meanes or other, and theyr practises prevented.

*Ludox* Trulye neither can the English, nor yet the Irish lordes, thinke themselves wronged, nor hardlie dealt withall herein, to have that indeede which is none of theyr owne at all, but her Majesties absolutely, given to them with such equall conditions, as that both they may be assured therof, better then they are, and also her Majestie not defrauded of her right utterlye, for it is a great grace in a prince, to take that with conditions which is absolutely her owne. Thus shall the

Irish be well satisfyed, and as for the great men which had such grauntes made them at first by the Kinges of England, it was in regarde that they should keepe out the Irish, and defend the Kinges right, and his subjectes but now seeing that, instead of defending them, they robbe and spoyle them, and, instead of keeping out the Irish, they doe not onelye make the Irish theyr tenauntes in those landes, and thrust out the English, but also they themselves become meere Irish, with marryng with them, fostring with them, and combining with them agaynst the Queene, what reason is there but that those grauntes and priviledges should be either revoked, or at least reduced to the first intention for which they were graunted? For sure in myne opinion they are more sharply to be chastised and reformed then the rude Irish, which, being verye wilde at the first, are now become somewhat more civill, when as these from civilitye are growen to be wilde and meere Irish

*Iren* Indeepe as you say, *Eudoxus*, these doe neede a sharper reformation then the verrye Irish, for they are much more stubborne, and disobedient to lawe and government, then the Irish be, and more malicious to the English that daylye are sent over

*Eudox* Is it possible I pray you? Howe comes it to pass, and what may be the reason thereof?

*Iren* Marye! they say that the lande is theys onely by right, being first conquered by theyr auncestours, and that they are wronged by the newe English mens intruding therunto, whom they call Alloonagh with as greate reproche as they would rate a dogge And for that some of theyr auncestours were in times past (when they were evill and incorrupted) Justices and Deputyes of the lande, they thinke that the like authoritye should be given to them, and the charge of the realme left in theyr handes, which, for that they see it nowe otherwise disposed, and that trust not given them (which theyr auncestours had) they thinke themselves greatly indignified and disgraced, and thereby growe both discontented and undutifull

*Eudox* In truth, *Iren*, this is more then ever I hearde, that English-Irish there should be worse then the wilde Irish Lord! howe quickly doth that countrey alter mens natures! It is not for nothing (I perceave) that I have heard, that the Counsell of England thinke it noe good pollicie to have that realme reformed, or planted with English, lest they should growe as undutifull as the Irish, and become

much more dangerous as appeareth by the example of the Lacies in the time of Edward the Second, which you spoke of, that shooke of theyr alleageaunce to theyr naturall Prince, and turned to the Scott (Edward le Bruce), devising to make him King of Ireland

*Iren* Noe times have bene without badd men but as for that purpose of the Counsell of England, which ye spake of, that they should keepe that realme from reformation, I thinke they are most lewdly abused, for theyr great carefulness and earnest endeavours doe witness the contrarye Neither is it the nature of the countrey to alter mens manners, but the badd myndes of them, whoe having bene brought up at home under a straight rule of dutye and obedience, being allwayes restrayned by sharpe penalties from lewde behaviour, see soone as they come thither, where they see lawes more slacklye tended, and the harde restraynt which they were used unto nowe slackted, they growe more loose and careless of theyr dutye and as it is the nature of all men to love libertye, see they become flatt libertines, and fall to all licentiousness, more boldly daring to disobey the lawe, through the presumption of favour and friendship, then any Irish dare

*Eudox* Then yf that be soe, (me thinkes) your late advisement was every evill, wherby you wished the Irish to be sowed and sprinkled with the English, and in all the Irish countreyes to have English plaunted amongst them, for to bring them to English fashions, since the English be sooner drawn to the Irish then the Irish to the English for as you sayd before, if they must runne with the streame, the greater number will carrye away the less Therefore (me seemes) by this reason it should be better to parte the Irish and English, then to mingle them together

*Iren* Not soe, *Eudoxus*, for where there is noe good stay of government, and strong ordinaunces to holde them there indeede the fewer will followe the more, but where there is due order of discipline and good rule, there the better shall goe formost, and the worse shall followe And therefore nowe, since Ireland is full of her owne nation that may not be rooted out, and somewhat stored with English allreadye, and more to be, I thinke it best by an union of manners, and conformitye of myndes, to bring them to be one people, and to putt away the dislikefull conceit both of the one, and the other, which will be by noe meanes better then by this entermingling of them That neither all the Irish may dwell together, nor all the English, but







boilely labour to followe a few cowes grazing, but such impotent persons, as being unable for strong travell, are yet able to drive cattell to and fro the pasture for the keeping of cowes is of it selfe a very idle life and a little nurserie of a thief. For which cause I remember that I disliked the Irish manner of keeping Bolyes in Sommer upon the mountaynes, and lying after that savage sorte. But yet they will alwayes feede many cattell, or keepe them on the mountaynes lett them make some townes neere the mountaynes side, where they may dwell together with ne.ighbours, and be conversant in the viewe of the world. And, to say truth though Ireland be by nature counted a great soyle of pasture, yet had I rather have fewer cowes kept, and men better mannered, then to have such huge encroachment of cattell, and noe encrease of good conditions. I would therefore wish that there were made some ordinances amongst them, that whosoever keepeth twenty or more should keepe a plough going for otherwise all men would fall to pasturing, and none to husbandry, which is a great cause of this dearth now in England, and a cause of the usuall stealthes now in Ireland. I for looke into all countreies that live in such sorte by keeping of cattell, and you shall finde that they are both very barbarous and unevill, and also greatly given to warre. The Tartarians, the Muscovites, the Norweges, the Gothes, the Armenians, and many others doe witness the same. And therefore since now we purpose to drive the Irish from their warres and tumults, to the love of peace and civility, it is expedient to abridge their great custome of herding, and augment their more trade of tillage and husbandry. As for other occupations and trades, they neede not to be enforced to, but every man bounde onely to followe one that he thinkes himselfe aptest for. For other trades of artificers will be occupied for very necessarie and constrained use of them, and soe likewise will merchandise for the gayne thereof. But learning, and bringing up in liberall sciences, will not come of it selfe, but must be drawn on with strait lawes and ordinances. And therefore it were meete that such an acte were ordained, that all the sonnes of lordes, gentlemen, and such others as are able to bring them up in learning, should be travell up therein from their child-hood. And for that end every parish should be forced to keepe one petty school-master, adjoining to the parish church, to be the more in viewe, which

should bring up their children in the first rudiments of letters: and that, in every country or baronye, they should keepe an other able school-master, which should instructe them in grammar, and in the principles of sciences, to whom they should be compelled to send their youth to be disciplined, whereby they will in short time growe up to that civill conversation that both the children will loth their former rudeness in which they were bred, and also the parentes will, even by the example of their young children perceive the foulness of their owne brutish behaviour compared to theirs: for having bath that wonderfull power in it selfe, that it can soften and temper the most sterne and savage nature.

*Eudor* Surely I am of your mynde that nothing will bring them from their unevill life sooner then learning and discipline, next after the knowledge and feare of God. And therefore I doe still expect, that we should come therunto, and sett some order for reformation of religion, which is first to be respected, according to the saying of Christ, 'First seeke the kingdom of heaven, and the righte-nesses thereof.'

*Iren* I have in mynde soe to doe, but lett me (I pray you) first finish that which I had in hand, whereby all the ordinances which shall afterwards be sett for religion may abide the more firmely, and be observed more diligently. Nowe that this people is thus tithed and ordered, and every one bound unto some honest trade of life, which shall be particularly entred and sett downe in the tithing booke, yet perhaps there will be some stragglers and runnagates which will not of themselves come in and yield themselves to this order and yet after the well finishing of this present warre and establishing of the garrisons in all strong places of the countrey where there was wonted refuge was most, I doe suppose there will fewe stand out, or if they doe, they will shortly be brought in by the cares. But yet afterwards, least any one of these should swarve, or any that is tied to a trade should afterwards not followe the same according to this institution, but should straggle up and downe the countrey, or meane in corners amongst their frendes idlye, as Crooghs, Bards, Jesters, and such like I would wish that there were a Provost Marshall appointed in every shire, which should continually walke through the countrey, with halfe a dozen, or half a score of horsemen, to take up such loose persons as they should finde thus wandring, whom he should punish

by his owne authoritye, with such paynes as the persons should seeme to deserve for yf he be but once taken soe idlye roguing, he may punish him more lightlye, as with stockes, or such like, but yf he be founde agayne soe loytring, he may scourge him with whippes, or roddes, after which yf he be agayne taken, lett him have the bitterness of the marshall lawe Likewise yf any reliekes of the old rebellion be founde by him, that have not either come in and submitted themselves to the lawe, or that having once come in, doe breake forth agayne, or walke disorderlye, lett them taste of the same cupp in Gods name, for it was due unto them for theyr first guilt, and now being revivd by theyr later looseness, lett them have theyr first deserte, as now being founde untt to live in a commonwealth

*Eudox* Thus were a good manner, but me thinks it is an unnecessary charge, and also untt to continue the name or forme of any marshall lawe, when as there is a proper officer alreadye appointed for these turnes, to witt the sheriff of the shire, whose peculiar office it is to walke continuallye up and downe his baly-wick, as ye would have a marshall to snatche up all those runnagates and unprofitable members, and to bring them to his goale to be punished for the same Therefore this may well be spared

*Iren* Not soe, me seemes, for though the sherriff have this authoritye of himselfe to take up all such stragglers, and imprison them, yet shall he not doe soe much good, nor worke that terrour in the hartes of them, that a marshall shall, whom they shall knowe to have power of life and death in such cases, and speciallye to be appointed for them Neither doth it hinder but that, though it pertayne to the sherriff, the sherriff may doe them what he can, and yet the marshall may walke his course besides, for both of them may doe the more good, and more terrifye the idle rogues, knowing that though he have a watche upon the one, yet he may light upon the other But this proviso is needefull to be had in this case, that the sherriff may not have the like power of life as the marshall hath, and as hertofore they have bene accustomed, for it is dangerous to give power of life into the handes of him which may have benefitt by the parties death, as yf the sayd loose liver have any goods of his owne, the Sherriff is to seaze therupon, wherby it hath often come to pass, that some that have not deserved perhaps judgement of death, though otherwise perhaps offending, have bene for theyr goodes sake

caught up, and carryed straight to the bounge, a thing indeede very pittiful and very horrible Therefore by noe meanes I would wish the Sherriff to have such authoritye, nor yet to emprison that loosell till the sessions, for soe all gayles might soone be filled, but to send him to the Marshall, whose effsones finding him faultye, shall give him meete correction, and ridd him away forthwith

*Eudox* I doe nowe perceave your reason well But come we nowe to that wherof we erst spake, I mean, to religion and religious men, What order will you sett amongst them?

*Iren* For religion htle have I to saye, my selfe being (as I sayd) not professed therein, and it selfe being but one, soe as there is but one waye therein, for that which is true onelye is, and the rest are not at all, yet in planting of religion thus much is needfull to be observed, that it be not sought forcebly to be impressed into them with terrour and sharpe penalties, as nowe is the manner, but rather delivered and intimated with mildenes and gentleness, soe as it may not be hated afore it be understood, and theyr Professors dispised and rejected For this I knowe that the most of the Irish are soe farre from understanding of the popish religion as they are of the protestauntes profession, and yet doe they hate it though unknown, even for the very hatred which they have of the English and theyr government Therefore it is expedient that some discrete Ministers of theyr owne countrey-men be first sent amongst them, which by theyr milde persuasions and instructions, as also by theyr sober life and conversation, may drawe them first to understand, and afterwards to embrace, the doctrine of theyr salvation, for yf that the auncent godly Fathers, which first converted them, beinge infidells, to the faith, were able to drawe them from Infidelitie and paganism to the true beleefe in CHRIST, as St. Patrickke, and St. Columbe howe much more easelie shall the godlye teachers bring them to the true understanding of that which they already profess? wherin it is grente wonder to see the oddes which is betwene the zeale of Popish preistes, and the Ministers of the Gospell, for they spare not to come out of Spayne, from Rome, and from Rhemes, by long toyle and dangerous travell hither, wher they knowe perill of death wayteth them, and noe reward nor richness is to be founde, onely to drawe the people to the Church of Rome, wheras some of our idell Ministers, having a waye for credit and estimation thereby opened unto

them, and having the livings of the country offered them without paynes, and without perill, will neither for the same, nor for any love of God, nor zeale of religion, nor for all the good they might doe by winning of soe many soules to God, be drawn forth from their warme nests and their sweete loves side to looke out into Godes harvest, which is even readye for the sickle, and all the fildes yellowe long agoe doubtles those good old godly Fathers will (I feare me) rise up in the Daye of Judgement to condemne them.

*Eudox.* Surely, it is great pittie, Ireneus, that there are none chosen out of the Ministers of England good, sober, and discret men, which might be sent over thither to teache and instructe them, and that there is not as much care had of theyr soules as of theyr bodies, for the care of both lyeth upon the Prince

*Iren.* Were there never soe many sent over they should doe smill good till our enormitye be taken from them, that is that both they be restrayned from sending theyr yonger men abroad to other Universities beyond the seas, as Rhemes, Down, Louvain, and the like, and that others from abroad be restrayned from coming to them, for they lurking secretly in theyr houses and in corners of the countrey doe more hurte and hindernesse to religion with theyr privie persuasion, then all the others can doe good with theyr publicke instructions, and though for these later there be a good statute ther ordained, yet the same is not executed, and as for the former there is noe lawe nor order for theyr restrainte at all

*Ludox.* I marvelle it is noe better looked unto, and not only this, but that also which, I remember, you mentioned in your houses concerning the profits and revenues of the landes of fugitives in Ireland, which by pretence of certayne colourable conveyances are sent continuallye over unto them, to the comfort of them and others against her Majestie, for which heere in England there is good order taken, and whye not then as well in Ireland? For though there be noe statute there enacted therefore, yet might her Majestie, by her onely prerogative, seaze all the fruits and profits of those fugitives landes into her handes, till they come over to testifye theyr true allegiance

*Iren.* Indeede she might soe doe, but the combrous times doe perhaps hinder the regarde therof, and of many other good intentions

*Eudox.* But why then did they not myrel it in peaceable times?

*Iren.* Let us see that to theyr grace considerations, but proceede we forward. Next care in religion is to litle up and repair all the ruinous churches, wherof the most parte lyt even with the ground, and some that have bene lately repaired are soe unhandsome patcht, and thatched, that men doe even shunne the places for the uncomeliness therof therefore I would wish that there were order taken to have them built in some better forme, according to the churches of England, for the outward shew (as are your selfe) doth greatlye drawe the rude people to the reviling and frequenting therof, what ever some of our late to mee fooles saye, "there is nothing in the seemely forme and comely orders of the churches." And, for soe keeping and continuing them there should likewise Churchwardens of the gravest men in the parish be appointed as there be heere in England, which should take the yearly charge both herof and also of the schoole-houses, which I wished to be builded neere to the sayd churches, for in maintenance of both which, it were meete that some severall portion of lande were allotted, such no more mortuaries are to be looked for

*Eudox.* Indeede (me seemes) it would be soe convenient, but when it is done howe will we have your churches served, or your Ministers maintayned? since the livings (as you say) are not sufficient scarce to make them a newe gowne much less to yeelde more maintenance according to the dignitye of theyr degree

*Iren.* There is noe way to helpe that, but to live two or thre of them together, untill such time as the countrey growe more rich and better inhabited, at which time the tithes and other obligations will also be more augmented and better valued. But nowe that we have gone thus through all that theyr sortes of troubles, had sett a course for theyre good establishment lett us (if you please) goe next to some other needefull pointe of other publicke matter, noe less concerning the good of the commonweale, though but accidentallie depending on the former. And first I wish that order were taken for the cutting downe and opening of all paces through woodes, soe that a wide waye of the space of a hundredth yrdes might be layed open in everye of them for the safetie of travellers, which use often in such perilous places to be robbed, and sometimes mur-

thered Next, that bridges were builte upon all rivers, and all the foordes marded and spilte, soe as none might pass any ether waye but by those bridges, and everie bridge to have a gate and a small gate-howse sett theron, wherof this good will come that noe night stealthes (which are commonly driven in by-ways and by blinde foordes unused of anye but such like) shal be conveyed out of one countrey into another, as they use, but they must pass by those bridges, where they may be either haply encountered, or easily tricked, or not suffred to pass at all, by meanes of those gate-houses Also that in all straites and narrow passages, as betwene two bogges, or through any deepe forde, or under any mountayne side, there should be some litle fortlage, or wooden castell sett, which should keepe and comaunde that strait, wherby any rebell that should come in the countrey might be stopped the waye, or pass with great perill Moreover, that all highe wayes should be fenced and shutt up on both sides, leaving onely fortye foote breadthe for passage, soe as none should be able to passe but through the highe waye, wherby theeves and might robbers might be the more easily pursued and encountered, when there shal be noe other waye to drive theyr stolen cattell but therin, as I formerly declared Further, that there should be in sundry convenient places, by the high wayes, townes appoynted to be builte, the which should be free Bouroughes, and incorporate under Bayliffes, to be by their inhabitaunts well and strongly intrenched, or otherwise fenced with gates at each side therof, to be shutt nightly, like as there is in manye places of the English Pale, and all the wayes about it to be stronglye shutt up, soe that none should passe but through those townes To some of which it were good that the priviledge of a markett were given, the rather to strengthen and enable them to theyr defence, for nothing dothe sooner cause civilitye in anye countreye then manye markett townes, by reason that people repaying often thither for theyr needes, will daylye see and learne civill manners of the better sort Besides, there is nothing doth more staye and strengthen the countreye then such corporate townes, as by proofe in many rebellions hath bene seene, in all which when the countreyes have swarved, the townes have stood stiffe and fast, and yielded good relief to the souldiours in all occasions of service And lastly there doth

nothing more enriche any countreye or realme then manye townes, for to them will all the people drawe and bring the frutes of theyr trades, as well to make money of them, as to supplye theyr needefull uses, and the countreyemen will also be more industrious in tillage, and rearing all husbandrye comodities, knowing that they shall have readye sale for them at those townes and in all those townes should there be convenient Innes erected for the lodging and harbouring of all travellers, which are now oftentimes spoyled by lodging abroad in wike thatched howses, for wante of such safe places to shrowde themselves in

*Eudox* But what profit shall your markett townes reape of theyr markett, whereas each one may sell theyr corne and cattell abroad in the countrey, and make theyr seeret bargaynes amongst themselves, as nowe I understand they use?

*Iren* Indeede, Eudoxus, they doe soe, and thereby noe small inconvenience doth arise to the commonwealth, for nowe, when any one hath stolen a cowe or a garron, he may secretlye sell it in the countreye without privytee of anye, wheras yf he brought it in the markett towne it would perhaps be knowne, and the theif discovered Therefore it were good that a straight ordinaunce were made, that none should buye or sell any cattell but in some open markett (there being nowe markett townes everie where at hand) upon a great penaltie, neither should they likewise buye any corne to sell the same agayne, unless it were to make malte therof, for by such engrossing and regrating we see the dearthe that nowe comonly rageth heere in England to have bene caused Heereunto also is to be added that good ordinaunce, which I remember was once proclaimed throughout all Ireland That all men should marke theyr cattell with an open severall marke upon theyr flunkes or buttocks, soe as yf they happened to be stolen, they might appeare whose they were, and they which should buye them might thereby suspecte the owner, and be warned to abstayne from buying of them of a suspected person with such an unknowne marke

*Eudox* Surely these ordinaunces seeme verye expedient, but speciallye that of free townes, of which I wonder there is such small store in Ireland and that in the first peopling and planting therof they were neglected and omitted

*Iren* They were not omitted, for there were, through all places of the countreye

convenient, manye good townes seated, which through that inundation of the Irish, which I first told you of, were utterlie wasted and defaced, of which the ruines are yet in manye places to be scene, and of some noe signe at all remayning, save onelye theyr byre names, but theyr seates are not to be founde.

*Eudor* But howe then cometh it to pass, that they have never since recovered, nor their habitations reedified, as of the rest which have bene noe less spoyled and wasted?

*Iren* The cause therof was for that, after theyr desolation, they were begged by gentlemen of the Kinges, under colour to repavre them and gather the poore reliques of the people agayne together, of whom having obtayned them, they were soe farre from reedifying of them, as that by all meanes they have endeavoured to keepe them wast, least that, being repayred, theyre charters might be renewed, and their Burgesses restored to theyr landes, which they had nowe in their possession, much like as in these old monumentes of abbeyes, and religious howses, we see them likewise use to doe. For which cause it is judged that King Henry the Eight bestowd them upon them, knowing that thereby they should never be able to rise agayne. And even soe doe these Lordes, in those poore old corporate townes, of which I could name you diverse but for kindling of displeasure. Therefore as I wished manye corporate townes to be erected, soe would I agayne wish them to be free, not depending upon the service, nor under the commaundement of anye but the Governour. And being soe, they will both strengthen all the countrey rounde about them, which by theyr meanes will be the better replenished and enriched, and also be as continuall holdes for her Majestie, yf the people should revolte and breake out agayne, for without such it is ensue to forraie and over-runne the whole lande. Lett be for example, all those free-bouroughes in the Lowe-countreies, which are nowe all the strength therof. These and other like ordinances might be delivered for the good establishment of that realme, after it is once subdued and reformed, in which it might be afterwards verye easilye kept and maintained, with small care of the Governours and Counsell there appoynted, soe as that it should in shorte space yeld a plentifull revenue to the crowne of England, which nowe doth but sucke and consume the treasurye therof, through those unsounde plottes

and changefull orders which are daylye devised for her good, yet never effectually prosecuted or performed.

*Eudor* But in all this your discourse I have not marked any thing by you spoken touching the appoyntment of the principall Officer, to whom you wish the charge and performnance of all this to be committed. Onelye I observed some fowle abuses by you noted in some of the late Governours, the reformation wherof you left for this present time.

*Iren* I delighte not to laye open the blames of soe great Magistrats to the rebuke of the worlde, and therefore theyr reformation I will not meddle with, but leave unto the wisdomes of greater heades to be considered. Onelye thus much I will speake generally therof, to satisfye your desire, that the Government and chief Magistraey I wish to continue as it doth, to wete, that it be ruled by a Lorde Deputye or Justice, for that it is a very safe kinde of rule but there-withall I wish that over him there were placed also a Lord Lieutenannt, of some of the greatest personages in England (such an one I could name, upon whom the eye of all England is fixed, and our last hopes now rest), whose beinge entitled with that dignitie, and beinge allwayes heere resident, maye backe and defende the good cause of the government agaynst all malignours, which else will, through theyr cunning workinge under hand, deprave and pull bricke what ever thinge shal be well begunne or intended there, as we commonlye see by experience at this day, to the utter ruine and desolation of that poor realme. And this Lieutenanneye should be noe discountenancing of the Lord Deputye, but rather a strengthening and maintryning of all his doenges, for nowe the chief evil in that government is, that noe Governour is suffred to goe on with any one course, but upon the least information heere, of this or that, he is either stopped or crossed, and other courses appoynted him from hence which he shall runne, which howe inconvenient it is, is at this houre to well felte. And therefore this should be one principle in the appoyntment of the Lord Deputyes authoritye, that it shoulde be more ample and absolute then it is, and that he should have uncontrolled power to doe any thing that he, with the advisement of the Counsell, should thinke meete to be done. For it is not possible for the Counsell heere, to direct a Governour there, whose shal be forced oftentimes to followe the necessitye of pre-

sent occasions, and to take the suddayne advantage of time, which being once loste will not be recovered, whilst, through expecting directions from hence, the delays wherof are oftentimes through other greater affairs most irkesome, the opportunitye there in the meane time passes away, and greite danger often groweth, which by such timely prevention might easely be stopped And this (I remember) is woorthely observed by Machiavell in his discourses upon Livia, where he commendeth the manner of the Romaneyne government, in giving absolute power to all theyr Counsuls and Governours, which yf they abused, they should afterwards dearely answer it And the contrarye therof he reprehendeth in the States of Venice, of Florence, and many other principalities of Italye, whoe use to limite theyr cheif officers soe straightly, as that thereby oftentimes they have lost such happye occasions as they could never come unto agayne The like wherof, whoe soe hath bene conversaunte in that government of Ireland, hath to often seene to theyr great hindraunce and hurte Therefore this I could wish to be redressed, and yet not soe but that in particular thinges he should be restrayned, though not in the generall government, as namelye in this, that noe offices should be solde by the Lord Deputye for monye, nor noe pardons, nor protections bought for rewardes, nor noe beeves taken for Captaynries of countreys, nor noe shares of Bishopricks for nominating theyr Bishops, nor noe forfeitures, nor dispensations with penall Statutes given to theyr servauntes or frendes, nor noe selling of licences for transportation of prohibited wares, and speciallye of corne and flesh, with manye the like, which neede some manner of restraint, or els very great trust in the honourable disposition of the Lord Deputye

Thus I have, Eudoxus, as breifly as I could, and as my remembrance would serve me, runne through the state of that whole countrey, both to lett you see what it nowe is, and also what it may be by good care and amendment Not that I take upon me to chaunge the pollicye of soe greate a kingdom, or prescribe rules to such wise men as have the handling therof, but onely to shewe you the evils, which in my small experience I have observed to be the cheif hinderaunces of the reformation therof, and by way of conference to declare my simple opinion for the redresse therof, and establishing a good course for that government, which I doe not deliver for a perfect plott of myne owne invention, to be onely followed, but as I have learned and understood the same by the consultations and actions of verye wise Governours and Counsellours whom I have sometimes hearde trete thereof Soe have I thought good to sett downe a remembrance of them for myne owne good, and your satisfaction, that whoe so list to overlooke them, althlough perhaps much wiser then they which have thus advised of that state, yet at leyst, by comparison herof, may perhaps better his owne judgement, and by the light of others fore-going him may followe after with more ease, and happely finde a wayrer waye thereunto then they which have gone before

Eudox I thanke you, Irenaeus, for this your gentell paynes, withall not forgetting, nowe in the shutting up, to putt you in mynde of that which you have formerlye halfe promised, that heereafter when we shall meete agayne upon the like good occasion, ye will declare unto us those your observations which ye have gathered of the Antiquities of Ireland.





## APPENDIX I.

## VARIATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS

Page 4 (LETTER OF THE AUTHORS), col 2, l 9, v<sup>u</sup> All the early editions read v

P 5 (VERSES TO THE AUTHOR), col 2, l 13, *faure* (1609), *fare* (1590)

P 5 (VERSES TO THE AUTHOR), col 2, l 17, *cedes* (1609) The 4to 1590 has *cede*

P. 9 (VERSES BY THE AUTHOR), col 1, l 30, *sorerauns* The 4to 1590 reads *soierauu*, but fol 1611 has *soreraunes*

Page 11, book I canto I stanza 4, line 5, *my feeble* (1596), *mine feeble* (1590)

P 13, bk I c i st 12, l 5, *your strole* The 4to 1590 reads *you hardy strole*, but it is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print,' though the incorrect reading is retained in the 4to 1596, and in the fol 1611

P 13, bk I c i st 15, l 7, *shapes* (1590), *shape* (1596)

P 14, bk I c i st 21, l 5, *later spinning* The editions of 1590, 1596, and 1611 read *later ebbe gins t arole (to arole)*, but this lection is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print'

P 14, bk I c i st 23, l 9, *off* (1590), *? off* (Col her)

P 14, bk I c i st 24, l 8, *raft* (1590), *refl* (1609)

P 14, bk I c i st 30, l 9, *sits* (1590), *fits* (1609)

P 16, bk I c i st 42, l 8, *sights* The 4to 1590 reads *ughes* In the 'Faults escaped in the Print' we are told to read *sights*

P 17, bk I c i st 50, l 3, *He thought have* (1590), *He thought t have* (1611)

P 17, bk I c i st 50, l 8, *can* (1590), *gan* (1679)

P 17, bk I c i st Arg l 3, *stead* (1596) The 4to 1590 has *steps*

P 19, bk I c i st 14, l 4, et passim (Books I II III) *off* (1596), *of* (1596)

P 19, bk I c i st 17, l 5, *cruell spies* The 4tos 1590, 1596, and fol 1609 read *cruelles*, which is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print'

P 19, bk I c i st 17, l 9, *die* (1609), *dies* (1590)

P 19, bk I c i st 18, l 1, *quoth* (1596) *qd* (1590)

P 19, bk I c i st 19, l 9, et passim (Books I II III) *whither* (1596), *whelther* (1590)

P 20, bk I c i st 22, l 5, *thy* (1590), *your* (1596)

P 20, bk I c i st 29, l 2, *shade him thither* (1590), *shade thither* (1596), *shadow thither* (1609)

P 20, bk I c u st 29, l 3, *now ymouned now that mounted* (1590, 1596) The reading in the text is found in 'Faults escaped in the Print'

P 21, bk I c ii st 32, l 9, *plaints* (1596), *plants* (1590)

P 26 bk I c in st 38, l 7, *the* (1590), *that in errata*

P 29, bk I c iv st 16, l 3, *huitlen* (1590), *huitieu* (1609)

P 29, bk I c iv st 23, l 7, *diu diopsie* (1590), *? diu e dropsie* (Upton), *hydropsy* (Collier)

P 29, bk I c iv st 24, l 3, *schally* (1590), *scalled* (?)

P 30, bk I c iv st 27, l 6, *pelfe* (1596), *pelpe* (1590)

P 30, bk I c iv st 29, l 9, *fourth* (1596), *forth* (1590)

P 30, bk I c iv st 30, l 4, *chaw* (1590), *jaw* (1609)

P 30, bk I c iv st 30, l 6, *neighbours* (1596), *neibors* (1590)

P 30, bk I c i st 32, l 9, *fifte first* (1590), but *fifte* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'

P 31, bk I c iv st 39, l 2, *faery* (1596), *fary* (1590)

P 31, bk I c iv st 41, l 9, *renverst* (1590), *re'nerst* (1609)

P 31, bk I c iv st 43, ll 1, 3, *pledge, edge* (1596), *pled, edg* (1590)

P 33, bk I c v st 2, l 5, *hurld* The 4to 1590 has *huls*, but *hurld* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print' The editions 1596, 1609 retain the incorrect reading

P 33, bk I c v st 7, l 9, *And heuen helmets deepe* (1590), *And helmets heuen deepe* (1596)

P 34, bk I c v st 15, l 2, *thistly* (1590), *thirstie* (1596)

P 36, bk I c v st 35, l 9, *leke* (1590), *leake* (1596)

P 36, bk I c v st 38, l 6, *chifs* The editions 1590, 1596, and 1609 read *chifs* The correction is supplied in 'Faults escaped in the Print'

P 37, bk I c v st 41, l 2, *nigh* (1590), *high* (1596)

P 38, bk I c v st 52, l 9, *ensewd* (1596), *en-sewed* (1590)

P 38, bk I c vi st 1, l 5, *in* The 4tos and folio 1609 read *it*, though *in* is among the errata

P 40, bk I c vi st 15, l 2, *Or Bacchus* (1590), *Of Bacchus* (1596), *Hughes, If Bacchus*

P 41, bk i c vi st 23, l 8, *noused* (1590), *nourled* (1596)  
 P 41, bk i c vi st 26, l 5, *fies and fell* (1596), *suff and cruell* (1590)  
 P 42, bk i c vi st 33, l 9, *woods* (1596), *wods* (1590)  
 P 42, bk i c vi st 39, l 7, *he* (1596), *she* (1590)  
 P 43, bk i c vi st 47, l 8, *to fight* (1590), *two fight* (1611)  
 P 45, bk i c vii st 12, l 9, *stound* (1596), *stood* (1590)  
 P 45, bk i c vii st 13, l 8, *smole* (1596), *smol* (1590)  
 P 45, bk i c vii st 18, ll 4, 5, *brought, naught* (1590), *brought, nought* (1596)  
 P 45, bk i c vii st. 20, l 3, *that* (1590), *the* (1596)  
 P 46, bk i c vii st 22, l 9, *sight* is omitted in 4to 1590, but is found in the 4to 1596  
 P 46, bk i c vii st. 29, l 4, *glitterand* (1590), *glitter and* (1679)  
 P 47, bk i c vii st 32, l 18, *whose* (1609), *her* (1590)  
 P 47, bk i c vii st 37, l 7, *trample* (1596), *amble* (1600)  
 P 47, bk i c vii st 37, l 8, *chaust* (1596), *chaust* (1590)  
 P 48, bk i c vii st 43, l 5, *ronne* The 4to 1590 has *come*, which is amended in 'Faults escaped in the Print'  
 P 48, bk i c vii st 47, l 3, *hands* (1596) The 4to 1590 reads *hand*  
 P 49, bk i c vii st 52, l 4, *That* All the early editions read *that*, but ? the  
 P 49, bk i c vii Arg l 3, *that gyaunt* (1590, 1596), but the *gvaunt* is among the errata  
 P 49, bk i c vii st 1, l 6, *through* (1596), *thorough* (1590)  
 P 50, bk i c vii st 7, l 6, *wise* The 4to 1590 reads *wist* which is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print'  
 P 51, bk i c vii st 21, l 5, *their ? his*, i c Argoglio's (Church)  
 P 51, bk i c vii st 21, l 7, *poure* (1596), *poure* (1590)  
 P 51, bk i c vii st 22, l 4, *right* (so in all old editions) Most modern editions read *left*  
 P 51, bk i c vii st 24, l 6, *his* (1596), *hei* (1590)  
 P 53, bk i c vii st 44, l 4, *delight*, ? *dislike* (Upton)  
 P 54, bk i c ix Arg l 2, *bands* (1596) The text of the 4to 1590 reads *hands*, but *bands* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print'  
 P 55, bk i c ix st 9 l 3 *the* (among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print') Ed 1590 reads *that*, a lection which Church defends  
 P 56, bk i c ix st 12, l 9, *on* (from 'Faults escaped in the Press') The text has *at*  
 P 56, bk i c ix st 17, l 8, *proues* (1590), *prouesse* (1609)  
 P 58, bk i c ix st 32, l 7, *glee* (1590), ? *fee* (Church)  
 P 58, bk i c ix st 33, l 3, *cliff* in errata, *clift* (1590)  
 P 58, bk i c ix st. 33, l 3, *ypight* (1596), *ypight* (1590)

P 58, bk i st 35, l 4, *griesie* (1590), *griesly* (1611)  
 P 59, bk i c ix st. 42, l 7, *holds* The 4to 1590 reads *hold*  
 P 59, bk i c ix st 46, l 7, *falsed* (1596), *falsest* (1590)  
 P 60, bk i c ix st 52, l 1, *saw* (1596), *heard* (1590)  
 P 60, bk i c ix st 52, l 3, *relied* (1590), *relierd* (1611)  
 P 60, bk i c ix st 53, l 2, *feeble* (1590), *seely* (1596), *silly* (1609)  
 P 60, bk i c ix st 53, l 6, *greater* (1596), *greter* (1590)  
 P 62, bk i c v st 20, l 5, *Dry-shod*, &c This line is found in fol 1609, but is omitted in the 4tos  
 P 63, bk i c x st 27, l 6, *His blamefull body in salt water sore* (1590), *His body in salt scate smarking sore* (1596)  
 P 64, bk i c v st 36, l 4, *their* The 4to 1590 reads *there*  
 P 65, bk i c x st 52, l 6, *Brings* The 4to 1590 has *Bring*  
 P 65, bk i c v st 52, l 6 *them* (1590) ? *him* or for *traveller* (l 4) read *travellers*  
 P 66, bk i c v st. 57, l 5, *pretious*, adopted from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print' The text of the 4to 1590 has *pitious*, which is retained by the fol 1611  
 P 66, bk i c v st 59, l 2, *frame* The editions of 1590, 1596, 1609, 1611, read *fame*, though *frame* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'  
 P 67, bk i c v st 62, l 4, *As wretched*, &c (1590) The 4to 1596 reads *Quoth he, as wretched and in d in like paine*  
 P 67, bk i c v st 62, l 8, *And bitter ballades*, &c (1590), *And ballades none are to be fought* (1596)  
 P 67, bk i c v st 62, l 9, *then* (1590) is omitted in 1596 and 1611  
 P 67, bk i c x st 65, l 3, *face* (1590), *place* (1596)  
 P 68, bk i c xi st 7, This stanza is not found in the first 4to, but is in second 4to 1596  
 P 70, bk i c xi st 22, l 1, *his* (1590), ? *the* (Church)  
 P 70, bk i c xi st 26, l 6, *stringed* (1590), *inged* (1609)  
 P 71, bk i c xi st 30, l 5, *one* The 4tos read *is* though *one* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print' Mr Collier says there is no authority for reading *one*  
 P 71, bk i c v st 37, l 2, *yelled* (1609), *yelled* (1590)  
 P 72, bk i c vi st 41, l 4, *Nor* (1609), *For* (4tos 1590, 1596)  
 P 73, bk i c vi st 54, l 7, *pouse* (1590) ? *novre*  
 P 75, bk i c xii st 11, l 2, *too* (1596) *to* (1590)  
 P 75, bk i c xii st 11, l 4, *gossibs* (1590), *gos sips* (1596)  
 P 75, bk i c xii st 17, l 4, *note* (1590), *no'te* (1596)  
 P 77, bk i c xii st 32, l 6, *wylie* (1596), *wiely* (1590)  
 P 77, bk i c xii st 34 l 2, *vaine*, adopted from the errata The text of the 4to 1590 has *faine* Church thinks that *faine* = *fained* or *feigned* is a good reading

P 77, bk i c xii st 34, l 3, *improrided* (1590),  
*u* *improrided* is found in some modern editions

P 77, bk i c xii st 36, l 7, *bauns* (1590), *banes*  
 (1596)

P 78, bk i c xii st 39 l 9, *sprite* (1590) Some  
 later editions, as 1611 read *spree*

P 78, bk i c xii st 40, l 9, *Hus* (1590), *Her*  
 (1596)

P 79, bk ii Prol st 2 l 8, *Amazon* The fol  
 1609, following the text of 4to 1590, reads *Ama-ons*,  
 but *Ama-on* is among the errata in 'Faulst es-  
 caped in the Print'

P 79, bk ii st 4, l 6, *thou* (1596), *they* (1590)

P 80, bk ii c i st 3, l 2, *food* (1590), *feude*  
 (1609)

P 81, bk ii c i st 12, l 9, *chaleuge* (1596),  
*chaleug* (1590),

P 81, bk ii c i st 16, l 1, *hefe* (1596, 1609),  
*life* (1590)

P 82, bk ii c i st 20, l 2, *quut* (1590), *quite*  
 (1596)

P 82, bk ii c i st 20, l 7, *blo'ed* (1596),  
*blotting* (1590)

P 83, bk ii c i st 23, l 3, *we'll become'h* (1590,  
 1596), *ill becomeeth* (1679)

P 83, bk ii c i st 31, l 4, *on* (1596), *one*  
 (1590)

P 83, bk ii c i st 32, l 7, *must* (1596), *most*  
 (1590)

P 83, bk ii c i st 33, l 6, *thrise* is adopted  
 from the errata of 4to 1590, but *there* occurs in all  
 old editions

P 83, bk ii c i st 34, l 6, *steedu* (1590),  
*steadie* (1609)

P 84, bk ii c i st 39, l 4, *dolour* (1590),  
*labour* (1596)

P 84, bk ii c i st 42, l 9, *stout courage* (1590),  
*courage stout* (1609)

P 85, bk ii c i st 47, l 2, *ight* (1590), *igh't*,  
 (1609)

P 86, bk ii c i st 58, l 4, *fruse* (1590) ? *fruze*  
 (Church)

P 86, bk ii c i st 59, l 2, *common* (1590),  
*commen* (1590)

P 86, bk ii c i st 59, l 6, *great* (1596), *greet*  
 (1590)

P 87, bk ii c ii st 4, l 3, *lieu* (1590), ? *love*  
 (Church)

P 87, bk ii c ii st 5, l 3, *hard* (1596), *hart* (1590)

P 87, bk ii c ii st 7, l 7, *pray* (Collier) It is  
 chace in all the old editions

P 88, bk ii c ii st 12, l 8, *fame* (1596), *frame*  
 (1590)

P 88, bk ii c ii st 21, l 2, *hond* (1609), *hand*  
 (1596)

P 89, bk ii c ii st 28, l 2, *their champions*  
 The 4to 1590 reads *her champions*, but 4to 1696  
 has *their champion*

P 89, bk ii c ii st 30, l 1, *there* (1609), *their*  
 (1590, 1596)

P 89, bk ii c ii st 30, l 3, *bloodguiltnesse*  
 (1609), *bloodguiltresse* (1590, 1596)

P 90, bk ii c ii st 34, l 9, *her* (1590), *their*  
 (1596)

P 90, bk ii c ii st 38, l 5, *forward* (1590),  
 ? *froward* (cf l 7 of st 38)

P 91, bk ii c ii st 42, l 6, *to hold* All the old  
 editions read *to make*

P 91, bk ii c ii st 44, l 4, *enrold* The 4to  
 1590 reads *enrold*, the fol 1609 *introid*

P 92, bk ii c iii st 3, l 7, *heard* (1596), *hard*  
 (1590)

P 92, bk ii c iii st 4, l 5, *A pleasing raine of*  
*gloru*, &c (1590), *A pleasing raine of gloru raine*  
*did and* (1596)

P 92, bk ii c iii st 6, l 9, '*Mercur*' loud (so  
 all old editions), ? '*Mercy*, Lord !'

P 92, bk ii c iii st 11, l 4, *course* (1596),  
*course* (1590)

P 93, bk ii c iii st 20, l 5, *does greatly them*  
*affaire* (1590), *their haire on end does reare* (1596)

For *greatly* (in the errata) the text of the 4to  
 1590 has *unto*

P 94, bk ii c iii st 26, l 9, *fringe* (so all the  
 4tos)

P 95, bk ii c iii st 35, l 4, *many bold em*  
*prize* (1590), ? *manu a bold emprise* (Jortin)

P 96, bk ii c iii st 45, l 4, *one foot* (1609),  
*on foo'* (1590)

P 96, bk ii c iii st 46, l 9, *erne* (1590), *yerne*  
 (1609)

P 96, bk ii c iv Arg l 3, *Phaon* (1590),  
*Phedon* (1596)

P 97, bk ii c iv st 4, l 6, *loosely* (1596),  
*loosely* (1590)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 12, l 3, *hona* (1590), *hung*  
 (1609)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 12, l 8, *tonge* The text  
 has *tongue*, which is altered to *tonge* in the errata  
 of the 4to 1590

P 98, bk ii c iv st 13, l 6, *note* (1590), *no'te*  
 (1609)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 17, l 6, *one* (1596), *wretch*  
 (1590)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 17, l 8, *occasion* (1596),  
*her quifruit trech* (1590)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 17, l 9, *light upon* (1596),  
*wandering lech* (1590)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 18, l 5, *chose* (1590),  
*chuse* (1609)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 18, l 8, *Or* (1590), *Our*  
 (1609)

P 100, bk ii c iv st 38, l 4, *this word was* (so  
 all the old editions), *these words were* (Hughes's  
 second edition)

P 101, bk ii c iv st 40, l 3, *should* (1596),  
*shold* (1590)

P 101, bk ii c iv st 45, l 5, *that did fight*  
 (1590), *thus to fight* (1596)

P 102, bk ii c v Arg l 1, *Pyroehiles*, &c  
 (1590) The second 4to 1596 reads —

*Puri oehiles does with Guvon fight,  
 And Furors chaune unbinds,  
 Of whom sore hurt, for his reuenge  
 Atin Cunoehiles finds*

P 102, bk ii c v st 5, l 9, *doe me not much*  
*faul* (1590), *doe not much me faute* (1596)

P 102, bk ii c v st 8, l 7, *hurle* (1590),  
*hurle* (1596), *hurten* (1611)

P 103, bk ii c v st 10, l 7, *enmues* (1596),  
*enmye* (1590)

P 103, bk ii c v st 15, l 9, *who selfe* (1590),  
*whose selfe* (1600)

P 104, bk ii c v st 19, l 4, *shee* (1609), *hee*  
 (1590, 1596)

P 104, bk. ii c v st 19, l 7, *garie* (1590), *do* (1596)  
 P 104, bk. ii c v st 21, l 7, *occasions* (1590), *occasion* (1609)  
 P 104, bk. ii o v. st 22, l 5, *ysight* (1590), *spright* (1609)  
 P 104, bk. ii c v st 23, l 1, *that* (1590), *the* (1609)  
 P 105, bk. ii c v st 23, l 5, *pricling* (1590), *pricling* (1596)  
 P 105, bk. ii c v st 31, l 5, *In Nemus gayned*, &c (1590), *Gaynd in Nemea* (1596)  
 P 105, bk. ii o v st 32, l 6, *meriments* All old copies read *meriment*  
 P 105, bk. ii c v st 34, l 8, *So he them* (1590), *So them* (1596 and 1609)  
 P 106, bk. ii c vi st 1, l 7, *abstaine* (1590), *restraine* (1596)  
 P 106, bk. ii o vi st 3, l 4, *As merry as Pope Jone* (1590), *that nigh her beault was gone* (1596)  
 P 106, bk. ii c vi st 3, l 6, *That to her might move* (1590), *That might to her move* (1596)  
 P 107, bk. ii c vi st 12, l 9, *and throwe her sweete smels*, &c (1590), *and her sweet smells throw*, &c (1596)  
 P 107, bk. ii c vi st 14, l 9, *whiles* (1595), *whils* (1590)  
 P 107, bk. ii c vi st 14, l 9, *love lay* (1590), *loud lay* (1596)  
 P 108, bk. ii c vi st 18, l 7, *waite* *griery* (1590), *waite* *grielsu* (1609)  
 P 108, bk. ii c vi st 21, l 8, *bonds* (1590), *bounds* (1609)  
 P 109, bk. ii c vi st 27, l 9, *there* (1596), *their* (1590)  
 P 109, bk. ii c vi st 29, l 2, *importune* (1590), *importance* (1596), *important* (1609)  
 P 110, bk. ii c vi st 38, l 5, *sailed* (1590), *sailed* (1609)  
 P 110, bk. ii c vi st 43, l 7, *hath lent this cursed light* (1596), *hath lent but this his cursed light* (1590)  
 P 111, bk. ii c vi st 48, l 6, *wondred* (1596), *woundred* (1590)  
 P 111, bk. ii c vi st 50, l 3, *liver swell* (1596), *livers swell* (1590)  
 P 111, bk. ii c vi st 51, l 5, *fire loo inle* (1596), *fire inly* (1590)  
 P 112, bk. ii c vi st 1, l 2, *to a stedfast staire*, ? *to the stedfast staire*, i c the *pote-stair* (Church)  
 P 112, bk. ii c vi st 3, l 9, *fire-spilling* (1590), *fire-spelling* (1609)  
 P 112, bk. ii c vi st 4, l 4, *Well yet appeared* (1590), *Well it appeared* (1596)  
 P 112, bk. ii c vi st 6, l 6, *Ingoves* (1590), *Ingoes* (1596), *Ingots* (1679)  
 P 112, bk. ii c vi st 5, l 9, *straunge* (1596), *strauung* (1590)  
 P 112, bk. ii o vi st 7, l 3, *rich hills* (1590), *rich heapes* (1596)  
 P 113, bk. ii c vi st 10, l 1, *ill besits* (1590), *ill besits* (1609)  
 P 113, bk. ii c vi st 12, l 9, *as great* (1596), *in great* (1590)  
 P 114, bk. ii c vi st 19, l 5, *bloodguiltnesse* (1609), *bloodguiltnesse* (1590, 1596)

P 114, bk. ii c vii st 21, l 5, *internall Payne* (1590), *internall Payne* (1596) Perhaps *internall Payne*=*internall punishment* should stand in the text Collier suggests *eternal* as an amended reading  
 P 114, bk. ii c vii st 24, l 7, *ought* (1596), *nought* (1590)  
 P 115, bk. ii c vii st 36, l 4, *yrone* (1596), *dying* (1590)  
 P 115, bk. ii c vii st 37, l 1, *when an* (1590), *when as* (1596)  
 P 116, bk. ii c vii st 39, l 8, *mesprise* (1590), *mesprise* (1596)  
 P 116, bk. ii c vii st 40, l 7, *golden* (1596), *yon* (1590)  
 P 116, bk. ii c ii st 40, l 7, *But* (1596), *And* (1590)  
 P 116, bk. ii c vii st 41, l 3, *sterne was his looke* (1590), *sterne was to looke* (1596)  
 P 117, bk. ii c vii st 52, l 6, *with which* All the old copies read *which with*  
 P 118, bk. ii c vii st 60, l 4, *intemperate* (1596), *more temperate* (1590)  
 P 118, bk. ii c vii st 64, l 9, *of his pray* (1590), *of the pray* (1596)  
 P 119, bk. ii c vii st 3, l 8, *Come hither*, *hither* (1609), *Come hether*, *Come hether* (1590)  
 P 120, bk. ii c vii st 16, l 7, *tomb-blacke* (1596), *tombblacke* (1590)  
 P 121, bk. ii o vii st 25, l 1, *Which those his ciuell foes* (from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print') The text of the 4tos read, —  
 Which those same foes that stand hereby,  
 The folios (1609, 1611) have —  
 Which those same foes, that doen awaite hereby  
 P 122, bk. ii c vii st 29, l 7, *upheave* All old editions read *upreare*  
 P 122, bk. ii c vii st 32, l 3, *lodge* (1596), *lodg* (1590)  
 P 122, bk. ii c vii st 35, l 6, *in his* (1590), *on his* (1609)  
 P 123, bk. ii c vii st 37, l 3, *ayle* (1590), *trale* (1609)  
 P 123, bk. ii c vii st 40, l 4, *so well as he st* *ought* (1590), *so wiselie as it ought* (1609)  
 P 123, bk. ii c vii st 44, l 8, *no moe* (1596), *not thore*, i c *not thei* (1609)  
 P 124, bk. ii c vii st 47, l 4, *swerd* (1590), *sword* (1596)  
 P 124, bk. ii c vii st 47, l 9, *this* (1590), *1596, 1609, 1611, he* (1679)  
 P 124, bk. ii c vii st 48, l 8, *Prince Arthus* (1609), *Su Guyon* (1590)  
 P 124, bk. ii c vii st 49, l 7, *tred* (1590), *treed* (?)  
 P 127, bk. ii c vii st 55, l 3, *bowing with* All the old editions read *with bowing*, but WITH is directed to be *deled* among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'  
 P 125, bk. ii c ix st 4, l 5, *hesse* (1590), *lyfe* (1670)  
 P 126, bk. ii c ix st 6, l 9, *Arthegall* (1596), *Orthogall* (1590)  
 P 126, bk. ii c ix st 7, l 5, *Seven times the Sunne* (1590), *Now hath the Sunne* (1596)  
 P 126, bk. ii c ix st 7, l 6, *Hath walkte about* (1590), *Walkte round aboute* (1596)  
 P 126, bk. ii c ix st 9, l 1, *creete* All old editions read *wrote*



P 161, bk iii o i st 56, l 8, *Dasumano* (1590), *Basco manu* (1609)  
 P 162, bk iii c i st 60, l 8, *weary* (1609), *weary* (1590)  
 P 162, bk iii c i st 60, l 9, *fond* (1590), *fund* (1609)  
 P 103, bk iii c ii st 3, l 6, *loo* (1596), *lo* (1590)  
 P 163, bk iii c ii st 4, l 1, *Shetraveling with Guyon by the weav* (so all old editions) Upton proposed to read the *Nederosse knight* instead of *Guyon* Todd suggested *Nederosse*, and Drayton, according to Collier, proposed *S George*  
 P 163, bk iii c ii st 8, l 5, *Which lo prove* (1590), *Which I to prove* (1596)  
 P 164, bk iii c ii st 15, l 4, *allegge* (1590), *alledge* (1679)  
 P 164, bk iii c ii st 16, l 9, *part* (1590), *point* (1609) Mr Collier says that Todd was a careless collator, yet Todd is right in saying that the folios read *point*, and Mr Collier is wrong in asserting that they read *part*  
 P 166, bk iii c ii st 30, l 5, *her in her warme bed* (1590), *in her warme bed her dight* (1596)  
 P 167, bk iii c ii st 44, l 1, *minde* (1590), *mine* (1609)  
 P 168, bk iii c ii st 50, l 2, *breaded* (1590), *branded* (1609)  
 P 168, bk iii c iii st 1, l 1, *Most* (1590), *Oh* (1609)  
 P 169, bk iii c iii st 3, l 1, *dredd* (1590), *drad* (1609)  
 P 109, bk iii c iii st 4, l 8, *prolense* (1590), *prudence* (1596)  
 P 171, bk iii c iii st 23, l 6, *shall* (1590), *all* (1679)  
 P 171, bk iii c iii st 29, l 1, *with* (1590), *where* (1596)  
 P 172, bk iii c iii st 36, l 1, *thy* (1590), *the* (1596)  
 P 172, bk iii c iii st 37, l 7, *their* (1590), *the* (1596)  
 P 173, bk iii c iii st 44, l 5, *yeares* (in 1590) is omitted by the 4to 1596 and fol 1609, and *full* is inserted to render the line complete  
 P 173, bk iii c iii st 44, l 9, *Ere they to former rule, &c* (1596), *Ere they unto then former rule* (1590)  
 P 173, bk iii c iii st 50, l 9, *Hee* (from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print') The text of 4to 1590 reads *she*, and omits *earst*, which are supplied from the fol 1609  
 P 174, bk iii c iii st 53, l 7, (need males good schollers) *teach* (1590), *whom need new strength shall teach* (1596)  
 P 175, bk iii c iv st 5, l 8, *she* (1596), *he* (1590)  
 P 176, bk iii c iv st 8, l 9, *thy* (1590), *these* (1596)  
 P 176, bk iii c iv st 15, l 6, *speare* (1609), *speares* (1590)  
 P 178, bk iii c iv st 27, l 6, *fleshy* (1596), *fleshy* (1590)  
 P 178, bk iii c iv st 30, l 6 *swoirne* (1596), *swoirnd* (1590)  
 P 178, bk iii c iv st 33, l 1, *raynes* (1590), *traynes* (1596)  
 P 179, bk iii c iv st 39, l 9, *sith we no more shall meet* (1596), *till we againe may meet* (1590)

P 179, bk iii c iv st 40, l 6, *gelly blood* (1590), *Jelly d blood* (1611)  
 P 179, bk iii c iv st 43, l 4, *vauled* (1590), *vauleed* (1609)  
 P 180, bk iii c iv st 46, l 2, *great* (1596), *gid* (1590)  
 P 180, bk iii c iv st 48, l 1, *off* (1590), *of* (1596)  
 P 180, bk iii c iv st 49, l 8, *forhent* (1590), *forehent* (1609)  
 P 181, bk iii c iv st 59, l 5, *Dayes dearest children be* (1596), *The children of day be* (1590)  
 P 182, bk iii c v st 3, l 2, *hill that at last* (1590), *till at the last* (1609)  
 P 184, bk iii c v st 19, l 5, *no* (1596), *now* (1590)  
 P 184, bk iii c v st 21, l 9, *blood* The 4to 1590 reads *flood*, (1596) *blond*  
 P 185, bk iii c v st 30, l 7, *beller* (1596), *butter* (1590)  
 P 185, bk iii o v st 37, l 7, *did* (1590) ? *had* (Collier)  
 P 186, bk iii o v st 39, l 9, *his* (1596), *their* (1590)  
 P 186, bk iii c v st 10, l 4, *loves sweet teene* (1596), *sweet loves teene* (1590)  
 P 188, bk iii c v st 40, l 9, *hling* (1590), *hving* (1596)  
 P 186, bk iii c v st 41, l 5, *bonnie* ? *beautie* (Collier)  
 P 187, bk iii c iv st 50, l 8, *to all th'* (1590), *to* is omitted in fol 1609  
 P 187, bk iii c v st 51, l 9, *tel lo* (1590), *tel u* (1611) Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion that the fol 1611 reads *tel u*  
 P 187, bk iii c v st 53, l 9, *ucare* (1609), *were* (1590)  
 P 188, bk iii c vi st 3, l 9, *wee e* (1590), *was* (1596)  
 P 188, bk iii c vi st 5, l 3, *bare* (1596), *bore* (1590)  
 P 188, bk iii c vi st 6, l 5, *his beam2s* The fol of 1609 has *his hot beames*  
 P 189, bk iii c vi st 12, l 2, *aspect* The 4to 1590 reads *aspect*  
 P 189, bk iii c vi st 12, l 4, *beautie* (1590), *beauties* (1596)  
 P 190, bk iii c vi st 20, l 5, *chaunge* *strange* The 4to 1590 reads *chaung*  
 P 190, bk iii c vi st 25, l 5, *Which as* (1609), *From which* (4tos 1590, 1596) Church proposed to read *Of which a fontaine, &c*  
 P 190, bk iii c vi st 26, l 4, *both farre and neare* (1596), omitted in the 4to 1590  
 P 191, bk iii c vi st 28, l 6, *thence* (1590), *hence* (1596)  
 P 191, bk iii c vi st 29, l 5, *Gnidus* (1596), *Gndas* (1590)  
 P 192, bk iii c vi st 39, l 1, *and to all* (1590), *to* is omitted in fol 1611  
 P 192, bk iii c vi st 40, l 6, *saw* All the old copies read *spyde*  
 P 192, bk iii c vi st 42, l 5, *hearu* (1596), *heavenly* (1609)  
 P 192, bk iii c vi st 45, l 4, *And deare est love* (in 1609), omitted in the 4to  
 P 192, bk iii c vi st 45, l 5, *Narcisse* (1596), *Marcusse* (1596)

- P 193, bk. iii c vi st. 18, l 9, *loven* (1590), *loosen* (1609)
- P 191, bk. iii c vi st. 52, l 9, *launched* (1596), *launch* (1590), *lauunched* (1609)
- P 193, bk. iii c vii Arg. l 4, *Guaunt* It is *Gyuant* in 1590, and *Gyaunts* in 1596
- P 193, bk. iii c vii st. 1, l 8, *she did* (1596), *he did* (1590)
- P 194, bk. iii c vii st. 5, l 1, *Uc tops* (1590), *th' tops* (1609)
- P 194, bk. iii c vii st. 9, l 3, *to* (1596), *lico* (1590)
- P 195, bk. iii c vii st. 13, l 6, *hath* (1590), *had* (1609)
- P 195, bk. iii c vii st. 18 l. 5, *Might by the witch or by her sonne compast* (1590) The verb be must be understood before compast *Might be the witch or that her sonne* (1596)
- P 195, bk. iii c vii st. 19, l 6, *her* (1590), *that* (1609)
- P 196, bk. iii c vii st. 23, l 4, *he* (1596), *who* (1590)
- P 197, bk. iii c vii st. 32 l 7, *muchell* (1596), *much ill* (1611) Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion respecting the lection of the fol. 1611
- P 198, bk. iii c vii st. 43, l 8, *nerc* The 4to 1590 has *uerc*, the 4to 1596 reads *neare*
- P 198, bk. iii c vii st. 45, l 5, *from him* (1590), *him from* (1609)
- P 198, bk. iii c vii st. 46, l 8, *the* (1590), *that* (1596)
- P 198, bk. iii c vii st. 48, l 1, *And many hath to &c* (1596), *Till him Chylde Thopas to &c.* (1590)
- P 200, bk. iii c viii st. 2, l 7, *golden* (1590), *broken* (1596)
- P 200, bk. iii c viii st. 3, l 1, *advice* — *devise* (1590), *advise* (1596)
- P 201, bk. iii c viii st. 6, l 7, *uex* (1590), *uex* (1609)
- P 201, bk. iii c viii st. 7, l 4, *to womens* (1590), *a womaus* (1596)
- P 201, bk. iii c viii st. 9, l 9, *whom* (1609), *who* (4tos)
- P 202, bk. iii c viii st. 17, l 3, *brought*, *through* The 4to 1590 has *brough through*
- P 203, bk. iii c viii st. 25, l 6, *hond* It is *hand* in all old editions
- P 203, bk. iii c viii st. 30, l 3, *fiory* (1609), *froye* (1590), but see p 204, st. 35, l 2
- P 203, bk. iii c viii st. 32, l 7, *Had assouid* (so all the old editions) Church proposed to read *Did assouyle*
- P 203, bk. iii c viii st. 33, l 9, *her by* (1590), *thereby* (1596)
- P 201, bk. iii c viii st. 37, l 9, *hight* (1596), *high* (1590)
- P 205, bk. iii c viii st. 47, l 5, *surely* Upton suggested *soley*
- P 205, bk. iii c viii st. 49, l 2, *Thare* (1596), *To hare* (1590)
- P 206, bk. iii c ix st. 2, l 4, *attone* (1596), *attouce* (1590)
- P 206, bk. iii c ix st. 7, l 3, *misdoune* (1596), *disdoune* (1590)
- P 208, bk. iii c ix st. 20, l 9, *persant* (1590), *persent* (1609), *present* (1611)
- P 208, bk. iii c ix st. 22, l 1, *Bellona* (1590), *Minerva* (1596)
- P 208, bk. iii c ix st. 22, l 5, *her speare* (1590), *the speare* (1596)
- P 208, bk. iii c ix st. 27, l 5, *that glaunces* (1609), *with glaunces* (1590)
- P 208, bk. iii c ix st. 27, l 7, *demcasnue* (1590), *demcanue* (1609)
- P 209, bk. iii c ix st. 32, l 8, *glad* (1596), *yglad* (1590)
- P 209, bk. iii c ix st. 37, l 7, *glories* (1590, 1596, 1609), *glorious* (1611, 1679)
- P 210, bk. iii c ix st. 43, l 9, *remoud* (1590), *semou d* (1609), *semoc d* (1679)
- P 210, bk. iii c ix st. 45, l 3, *neck* (1596), *necks* (1590)
- P 210, bk. iii c ix st. 47, l 3, *heard* (1596), *hard* (1590)
- P 211, bk. iii c ix st. 49, l 4, *Which, after set* (1596), *And after set* (1609)
- P 211, bk. iii c x st. 2, l 2, *gricrouslly* (1596), *gricrouslly* (1590)
- P 212, bk. iii c x st. 8, l 9, *to* (1596), *with* (1590)
- P 213, bk. iii c x st. 18, l 4, *Then* (1596), *So* (1590)
- P 213, bk. iii c x st. 21, l 9, *earned* (1590), *weaned* (1609)
- P 214, bk. iii c x st. 31, l 3, *and with thy* (1596), *that with thy* (1590)
- P 214, bk. iii c x st. 31, l 7, *verlues pay* (1603), *vertuous pray* (1590)
- P 215, bk. iii c x st. 33, l 7, *over-ronne* It is *oeronne* in 1590
- P 215, bk. iii c x st. 40, l 1, *addresse* All old copies have *addest*
- P 215, bk. iii c x st. 40, l 3, *wastefull* (1596), *faithfull* (1590)
- P 215, bk. iii c x st. 41, l 7 *wide forest*, (1590), *wild forest* (1609)
- P 216, bk. iii c x st. 47, l 1, *the* (1609), *his* (1590)
- P 218, bk. iii c xi st. 2, l 2, *golien* (1609), *golding* (1590)
- P 218, bk. iii c xi st. 4, l 4, *all that I ever*, &c (1590), *that I did ever*, &c (1596)
- P 218, bk. iii c xi st. 6, l 6, *has* (1590), *was* (1611) Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion respecting the reading of the fol. 1611
- P 218, bk. iii c xi st. 7, l 6, *of* (1590), *off* (1596)
- P 219, bk. iii c xi st. 12, l 1, *singulls* (1609), *singulys* (1590)
- P 220, bk. iii c xi st. 19, *death* (1590), *? life* (Jordan)
- P 220, bk. iii c xi st. 22, l 8, *the which* (1596) In 4to 1590 the is omitted
- P 220, bk. iii c xi st. 23, l 2, *Inglorious*, *beastlike* The 4to 1590 reads *Inglorious* and *beastlike* In fol. 1611 and is omitted Collier is wrong in saying that no old edition omits and
- P 220, bk. iii c xi st. 27, l 7, *cutied* (1596), *decied* (1590)
- P 221, bk. iii c xi st. 28, l 8, *Ilike a* (1596), *Like to a* (1590)
- P 221, bk. iii c xi st. 33, l 9, *her* (1590), *nis* (1609), -



P 221, bk III c xi st. 76, l 7, *there* (1596), *the* (1590)

P 222, bk III c xi st 78, l 5, *free* (1590), *fer* (1596)

P 222, bk III c xi st 79, l 6 *each other* (1596), *his other* (1590)

P 222, bk III c xi st 79, l 8, *sing* (suggested by Jorthin) All old copies, read *hag*

P 223, bk III c xi st 47, l 9, *herens light* (suggested by Church) All old editions read *heren in light*

P 224 bk III c xii st 7, l 8, *wood* (1596), *word* (1590)

P 224, bk III c xii st 9, l 3, *other* (1600), *others* (1590)

P 225, bk III c xii st. 12, l 1, *too or free* (1590) *to and free* (1596)

P 225, bk III c xii st 12, l 6, *ringed* (1590) *ringy* (1596)

P 225, bk III c xii st 17, l 6 *did love* (so all copies) Church would omit *did*, and for *love* read *lost* In her right hand I do brand *she* lost

P 226, bk III c xii st 18, l 1, *dead* (1596) *dread* (1590)

P 226 bk III c xii st 18 l 8, *honi laden* All old editions, read *honi laden*

P 226, bk III c xii st 21, l 7, *fadina* Church thinks that Spenser meant to write *falling*

P 226 bk III c xii st 21, l 8 *still* (1596), *skill* (1590)

P 226, bk III c xii st 27 l 3, *hand* is omitted in 4to but is among the errors in 'Faints escaped in the Print

P 226 bk III c xii st 26, l 7, *in the* (1590), *with that* (1596)

P 226, bk III c xii st. 27 l 3, *and love all away* (1596), *nothing did remaine* (1590)

P 226, bk III c xii st. 27, l 8, *It* (1590), *In* (1611) Collier is wrong respecting the reading of the folios

P 227, bk III c xii st 28, l 1, *there* (1600) *The 4to's read there*

P 227, bk III c xii st 29, l 1, *wandering* (1590) *wondering* (1611)

P 227, bk III c xii st 31, l 7, *to her selfe* (1596), *to the next* (1590)

P 227, bk III c xii st 31, l 4, *unto her* (1600), *unto him* (1590)

P 228, bk III c xii st 38, l 7, *lois d* (1596) *sord, l e made sord hurt* (1590)

P 228, bk III c xii st. 40, l 1 *faire Lady* (1596), *faire Lad* (1590)

P 228 bk III c xii st. 47, l 9 *Whiled here I doe respire*

When Spenser printed his first three books of the 'Faine Queene the two lovers Sir Scudamore and Amoret, have a happy meeting but afterwards, when he printed the fourth fifth and sixth books, he reprinted likewise the first three books, and among other alterations, he left out the five last stanzas and made three new stanzas, viz 43, 44, 45. *More ease isse now, &c* By these alterations this third book not only connects better with the fourth, but the reader is kept in that suspense which is necessary in a well told story. The stanzas which are mentioned above as omitted in the second edition, and printed in the first, are the following, —

47

"At last she came unto the place, where late  
"She left her Son in now in great distresse,  
"To lye do'ne and despight his halfe desperate,  
"Of his long weeping, of his owne remorse,  
"And of the horrible Pritomartes successe  
"There on the cold earth him now thrown me  
"found  
"In willfull anguish and dead heaviness,  
"And to him ca'd, who's voice knowne found  
"Soon as he heard, him self he reard light from  
"ground

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"There did he see, that most on earth him joyd,  
"His downe-cast love, the comfort of his dayes  
"Whom too long absence him had sore annoyd,  
"An I wearied his life with dull dayes  
"Till he the sweet lodge of love and deare delight  
"And to her ran with hastie egresse  
"Like a new beare, that greedily embates  
"In the cool soile after long thir-thrass,  
"Which he in chauce endured hath, now new  
"Inatlesse

45

"Lightly he clapt her to his armes turne  
"And mightily did embrace her body bright,  
"Her body late the prison of sad paine,  
"Till the sweet lodge of love and deare delight  
"But she, faire Lady, overcome quight  
"Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,  
"And in sweet ravishment print on her  
"sprit  
"No word they spake, nor earthly thing they  
"felt,  
"But like two vengeles stocks in long embracement  
"dwellt

46

"Had ye them scene ye woul have surely thought  
"That they had bene that faire Hymenaphrodite,  
"Which that rich Romaine of white marble  
"wrought  
"And in his costly Bath caused to bee site  
"So seend those two as growne together quite,  
"That Britomart halfe envying their besse,  
"Was much compassion in her gentle sprite,  
"And to her selfe off wight like happinesse  
"In vain she wight, that fate nould let her yet  
"possesse

47

"Thus doe those lovers with sweet countervale,  
"Each other of loves bitter fruit despoile  
"But now my tyme begins to faint and fawle,  
"All woken weary of their journall toyle  
"Therefore I will their sweete yokes as-ayle  
"At this same furrowes end, till a new day,  
"And ye, faire Swains after your long turmyle,  
"Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure  
"play  
"Now cease your work, to morrow is an holie day"

P 229, bk IV c i l 4, *Tramond* All the early editions have *Telamond*

P 231, bk IV c i st 16, l 4, *artefull* (1596), *grife full* (1600)

P 231, bk IV c i st 16, l 7, *none* (1596), *one* (1600)

P 236, bk IV c i st 2, l 3, *consented* (1596), *consented* (1670)

P 275, bk iv c ii st. 19, l 1, *besitting* (1596),  
*bestitua* (1679)  
P 278, bk iv c ii st. 12, l 7, *arising* The  
4to's have *arizana*, the folios *arising*  
P 241, bk iv c iii st 52, l 9, *so be* (1596), *be*  
*so* (?)  
P 242, bk iv c iii st 7, l 4, *skill* (1609), *sill*,  
(1596)  
P 243, bk iv c iii st 8, l 8, *arangement* (1609),  
*adcanment* (1596)  
P 243, bk iv c iii st 9, l 6, *n ok* (1609), *not*  
(1596)  
P 243, bk iv c iii st 11, l 8, *other brethren*  
(so all copies) It should be *second brother*  
(Church)  
P 243, bk iv c iii st 20 l 1, *adventure* (so  
all copies) It has been proposed to read *advantage*,  
but *adventure*=opportunity  
P 245, bk iv c iii st 36 l 3, *wards* (so all  
copies) Church proposed to read *acords*  
P 247 bk iv c iii st 52, l 9, *elsewhere* (1609),  
*elsuere* (1596)  
P 247 bk iv c iv st 1 l 4, *muds* (1596),  
*lures* (1609)  
P 247, bk iv c iv st 2, l 3, *als* (1609), *els*  
(1596)  
P 247 bk iv c iv st 2, l 4 *Blandamour*  
(1679), *Sudamour* (1596)  
P 248, bk iv c iv st 8, l 2, *Ferrau* (1609),  
*Ferrot* (1596)  
P 248 bk iv c iv st 10, l 5, *worse* (1609),  
*worst* (1596)  
P 249, bk iv c iv st 17, l 4, *maiden-headed*  
(1596) ? *satur-headed* (Church)  
P 249, bk iv c iv st 24, l 9, *swound* The  
4to has *sound*  
P 249, bk iv c iv st 24, l 1, *beam-like* (1609),  
*brateliike* (1596)  
P 250, bk iv c iv st. 29, l 6, *cuffing* (1611),  
*cuffling* (1596)  
P 262, bk iv c v st 4, l 4, *Lemno* (1596),  
*Lemnos* (1611)  
P 253, bk iv c v st 5, l 5, *Acidaltan* (1596),  
*Aridaltan* (1609)  
P 253, bk iv c v st 6, l 8, *Martian* (1596),  
? *marial*  
P 254, bk iv c v st 16, l 1, *that* (1596), *the*  
(1609)  
P 254, bk iv c v st. 21, l 8, *one* (so all old  
copies) Hughes reads *oten*  
P 254, bk iv c v st 23, l 7, *sens* (1596),  
*since* (1609)  
P 255, bk iv c v st 25, l 5, *one* (1609),  
*once* (1596)  
P 255, bk iv c v st 31, l 3, *his* (1609), *her*  
(1596)  
P 256, bk iv c v st 35, l 4, *unpaid* (1596),  
*prepared* (1611)  
P 256, bk iv c v st 37, l 2, *Pyracmon* (1609)  
Ed 1596 reads *Pynacmon*  
P 256 bk iv c v st 40, l 7, *wheresoeter*  
(1596) *wheresoere* (1611)  
P 260, bk iv c vi st 24, l 8, *fears* (1609),  
*his fears* (1596)  
P 260, bk iv c vi st 28, l 6, *Him* (proposed  
by Upton and Church) *Her* (1596) *He* (1609)  
P 261, bk iv c vi st 33, l 6, *ranging* (1596),  
*raging* (1611)

P 262 bk iv c vi st. 44, l 4, *in* (1596)  
Some modern editors, following fol 1609, alter to *on*  
P 262 bk iv c vi st 46, l 5, *whoun* (1609),  
*who* (1596)  
P 262 bk iv c vi st 1, l 1, *darts* (1609),  
*dart* (1596)  
P 261, bk iv c vi st 10, l 9, *over-sight*  
(1596), *ore sight* (1609)  
P 261, bk iv c vi st 12, l 1, *capthe* (1596)  
Some editors have proposed to read *capthe*  
P 265, bk iv c vi st 22, l 1, *hot hedge* (1596)  
Mr J P Collier proposes to read *For hedge*  
P 265, bk iv c vi st 23, l 3, to (1596) is  
omitted in 1679  
P 265, bk iv c vi st 25, l 1, *which* (1609),  
*with* (1596)  
P 266, bk iv c vi st 34, l 1, *rad* (1609),  
*raid* (1596)  
P 267 bk iv c vi st 1, l 9, *infixed* (1596),  
*infected* (1611)  
P 268, bk iv c vi st 9, l 9 *partake* (1596),  
*partake* (1609)  
P 268, bk iv c vi st 12, l 3, *her* (suggested  
by Church), *him* (1596)  
P 274 bk iv c vi st 64, l 1, *this* (1596),  
*his* (1609)  
P 274, bk iv c vi Arg l 2, *Emylus* (sug-  
gested by Church), *Peana* (1596)  
P 274, bk iv c ix st 1, l 8, *vertuous* (1609),  
*vertues* (1596)  
P 274 bk iv c ix st 3, l 3, *these* (1596),  
*this* (1609)  
P 275, bk iv c ix st 11, l 9, *them* (suggested  
by Church), *him* (1596)  
P 275, bk iv c ix st 12, l 2, *he* (1596),  
? *they or we* (Church)  
P 276, bk iv c ix st 14 l 8, *dude*=*died*,  
complexioned Church suggested *eyde*  
P 276 bk iv c ix st 17, l 5, *quest* It is  
*quest* in 1596 and in all old copies  
P 276, bk iv c ix st 17, l 7, *bequest* (1596),  
*request* (1611)  
P 277, bk iv c ix st 23, l 8, *wide* Mr J  
P Collier says that in Drayton's copy of the fol of  
1611 *wide* is suggested as an emendation for *wide*  
P 277, bk iv c ix st 26 l 1, *Then gan* (pro-  
posed by Church) In 1596 it is *then gan*, in 1611  
*the e gan*  
P 277, bk iv c ix st 30, l 8, *repayed* (1609),  
*repayred* (1596)  
P 278, bk iv c ix st 37, l 2, *Knight* (1596),  
? *Knights* (Upton)  
P 279, bk iv c x st 7, l 9, *ancient* (1609),  
*ancient* (1596)  
P 280, bk iv c x st 9, l 1, *earne* (1596),  
*vearne* (1611)  
P 280, bk iv c x st 17, l 5, *adward* (1596),  
*award* (1609)  
P 281, bk iv c x st 19, l 1, *meanest* (1609),  
*nearest* (1596)  
P 281, bk iv c x st 23, l 2, *ghesse* (1596),  
*bee* (1609)  
P 281, bk iv c x st 23, l 8, *to bee* (1596),  
*to ghesse* (1609), *I ghesse* (1611)  
P 281 bk iv c x st 26, l 9, *aspine* (1596),  
*inspire* (1611)  
P 281 bk iv c x st 27, l 1, *Hyllus* (1596),  
*Hyllus* (1609)

P 282, bk iv c v st. 35, 1 6, *hell* (so all copies) Some editors have suggested *melt*=confound, but *hell*=O E *hilt* or *lete*=cover, which agrees with its nominative *waters*. And fire devour *e the aure* is a parenthetical clause

P 283, bk iv c x st 51, 1 9, *au londs* (so all editions), ? *gardians* (Church), ? *guerdons* (J P Collier)

P 284, bk iv c v st 55, 1 8, *scarre* (1596), ? *wearre* (Church and Upton)

P 285, bk iv c x st 56, 1 4, *at* (1596), *on* (1609)

P 285, bk iv c xi st 4, 1 2, *dredd* (1596) *drad* (1609)

P 285, bk iv c xi st 4, 1 6, *seven* (1596), *thre* (1609)

P 287, bk iv c vi st 17, 1 6, *age* All old copies read *times*

P 287, bk iv c vi st 19, 1 4, *fortold* (1596), *foretold* (1611)

P 289, bk iv c xi st 34, 1 5, *Grant* (Child) The ed of 1596 reads *Gnant*

P 290, bk iv c vi st 45, 1 1, *lovely* (1596) *loving* (1609)

P 290, bk iv c vi st 48, 1 8, *Endore* (1596), read *Eudore* (Child)

P 290, bk iv c xi st 52, 1 7, *but* (so all copies) Some editors have proposed to read *both*

P 292, bk iv c xii st 13, 1 1, 2, *Thus vltut*, &c. (1596),

*Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with, &c*  
*And myghty courage something moltified* (1609)

P 293 bk iv c xii st 23 1 9, *That it was no old sore* (1596), *That no old sore it was* (1611)

P 295, bk v Prol st 2, 1 2, *at* (1596), *as* (1611)

P 295, bk v Prol st 2, 1 9, *degendered* (1596), *degenerated* (1611)

P 296, bk v Prol st 7, 1 8, *thirthe* (1596), ? *thirteen*

P 296, bk v Prol st 9, 1 4, *ne* (1596), *no* (1611)

P 296, bk v Prol st 11, 1 2, *stead* (1609), *place* (1596)

P 297, bk v c i st 4, 1 1, *Irena* (1609), *Eirena* (1596)

P 300, bk v c u Arg L 3, *Munera*, &c The 4to bns *Momera* The correct reading was adopted by Hughes

P 300, bk v c u st 2, 1 7, *As to his* (1609), *And to his* (1596)

P 300, bk v c u st 4, 1 1, *he* (1609), *she* (1596)

P 301, bk v c ii st 11, 1 4 *When as* All editions read *Who as* Church proposed to read *Tho as=then as*

P 303, bk v c ii st 32, 1 4, *earth* (1609), *care* (1596)

P 304, bk v c ii st 38, 1 1, *these* (1596), *those* (1609)

P 304 bk v c ii st 44, 1 4, *uay* (1596) *weigh* (1609)

P 304, bk v c u st 45, 1 8, *wright* (so all editions), ? *scale* (Church)

P 305, bk v c ii st 46, 1 9, *uay* (1596), *lay* (1609)

P 308 bk v c iii st 20, 1 2, *adrewed* (so all editions) Upton suggested *had viewed*

P 310, bk v c iii st 40, 1 6, *we here* (1609), *were here* (1596)

P 310, bk v c iv st 1, 1 3, *Had neede have* (1596), *Had need of* (1611)

P 311, bk v c iv st 8, 1 8, *doure* (1596), *doure* (1609)

P 313, bk v c iv st 22, 1 2, *pinnocd* (1596), *pinnound* (1611)

P 314, bk v c iv st 36, 1 1, *watchman* (1609), *watchinen* (1596)

P 314, bk v c iv st 36, 1 8, *haife like a man* (1596), *am d like a man* (1609)

P 314, bk v c iv st 37, 1 3, *so few* (so all copies) Church proposed to alter *nean*. In l 1 to *new*, so as to rhyme with *few* Mr J P Collier proposes to read *to feare* instead of *so few*, thus making a suitable rhyme for *nean*.

P 314 bk v c iv st 37, 1 6, *there* (1596), *then* (1611)

P 314, bk v c iv st 39, 1 3, *doale* (1609), *doile* (1596)

P 323, bk v c vi st 5, 1 6, 7, *For heures*, &c (so all editions), but *ve* ought to read, save Church,

*For dures*, but *houres*, *for moneths that passed were*, *She told but weekes*, &c

P 323, bk v c vi st 13, 1 9, *singulls* (1609), *singulls* (1596)

P 324 bk v c vi st 16, 1 7, *things compacte* Mr J P Collier, following Church, reads *thing compacte*=a concerted thing But the clause may stand if *ve* look upon *things* as in the genitive case

P 324, bk v c vi st 17, 1 5, *Heard* (1609), *Here* (1596)

P 325, bk v c vi st 24, 1 1, *their* (1596), *her* (1609)

P 325, bk v c vi st 25, 1 9, *nigh's* Church suggested *Knigh's*

P 325, bk v c vi st 29, 1 5, *ghims* (1596), *almise* (1609), *almipse* (1679)

P 326, bk v c vi st 32, 1 7, *did* (1596) ? *had*

P 326, bk v c vi st 33, 1 7, *arenge* (1596), *serenge* (1609)

P 326, bk v c vi st 34, 1 7, *their* (1596), *that* (1611)

P 326, bk v c vi st 35, 1 5, *vide* (1596), *vile* (1609)

P 327, bk v c vii st 6, 1 9, *her wreathed* (1596), ? *his wreathed* (Church)

P 328, bk v c vii st 13, 1 5, *to robe* (1596), *to be* (1611)

P 331, bk v c vii st 38, 1 5, *bad* (1596), *sad* (1609)

P 331, bk v c vii st 42, 1 3, *Princess* (1609), *Princes* (1596)

P 335, bk v c viii st 34, 1 8, *curat* (1596), *curas* (1679)

P 336, bk v c viii st 40, 1 6, *knowen* (1609), *knowne* (1596)

P 337, bk v c viii st 48, 1 6, *whether* (1596), *whither* (1609)

P 337, bk v c viii st 50, 1 8, *contheard* (1596) *coward* (1609)

P 339, bk v c ix st 21, 1 1, *knight* (1596), *knight* (1611)

P 340 bk v c ix st 26, 1 4, *Font* The 4to of 1596 reads *Fons*

P 341, bk v c i st 33, 1 8, *rebellious* (1609),  
*rebellions* (1596)  
P 342, bk v c i st 44, 1 1, *appose* (1596),  
*oppose* (1609)  
P 343, bk v c x st 6, 1 4, *and her* (1609),  
*and of her* (1596)  
P 344, bk v c x st 8, 1 4, *Idols ? Idol*  
*(Church)*  
P 345, bk v c x st 18, 1 8, *fastnesse* (1596),  
*safenesse* (1611)  
P 345, bk v c x st 27, 1 1, *whether* (1596),  
*whether* (1611)  
P 345, bk v c x st 23, 1 4, *threatning* (1596),  
*threatning* (1611)  
P 346, bk v c x st 26, 1 7, *so now ? now so*  
*(Church)*  
P 347, bk v c x st 37, 1 6, *hard piced*  
*(1596), had piced* (1609)  
P 348, bk v c vi st. 5, 1 9, *have iue* (1596),  
*not rive* (1611)  
P 349, bk v c vi st 12, 1 4, *to them* (1596),  
*on them* (1609)  
P 349, bk v c vi st 13, 1 9, *through* (1609)  
*Ed 1596 reads thragh*  
P 352, bk v c xi st 40, 1 6, *shall sure*  
*aby* The 4to 1596 omits the two words  
*shall sure*, which are supplied from the folio  
1611  
P 352, bk v c xi st 41, 1 2, *too blame* (1596),  
*to blame* (1609)  
P 352, bk v c xi st 41, 1 6, *know* (suggested  
by Upton), *know* (1596)  
P 353, bk v c vi st 54, 1 9, *corruptfull*  
*(1596), corrupted* (1609)  
P 354, bk v c vi st 61, 1 7, *meed* (so all  
editions) The rhyme requires *hye* (Church)  
P 354, bk v c xi st 61, 1 8, *forward* (1609),  
*forward* (1596)  
P 354, bk v c xii st 1, 1 9, *enduren* (1609),  
*endure* (1596)  
P 355, bk v c xii st. 5, 1 9, *the Eagle* (1596),  
*the Eagle* (1609)  
P 356, bk v c xii st. 17, 1 5, *such* (1596),  
*sure* (1609)  
P 356, bk v c xii st 19, 1 2, *shame* (1596),  
*? harme* (Collier)  
P 357, bk v c xii st 30, 1 6, *hungri ly* (1596),  
*hungri ly* (1609)  
P 360, bk vi Prol st 6, 1 9, *Jame* (adopted by  
Collier), *name* (1596)  
P 362, bk vi c i st 8, 1 7, *wetched* (1596),  
*wicked* (1611)  
P 364, bk vi c i st 28, 1 6, *ere he* (1609), *ere thou*  
*(1596)*  
P 364, bk vi c i st 34, 1 2, *swound* (adopted  
by Child), *sound* (1596)  
P 365, bk vi c i st 37, 1 5, *potshayes* (1596),  
*potshays* (1611)  
P 365, bk vi c i st 40, 1 9, *vearne* (1596),  
*earne* (1609)  
P 366, bk vi c ii st 3, 1 2, *deed and word*  
*(1609), act and deed* (1596)  
P 366, bk vi c ii st 3, 1 3, *cares* All old  
editions read *eues*  
P 366, bk vi c ii st 3, 1 4, *eues* All old  
editions read *cares*  
P 370, bk vi c ii st 39, 1 2, *implements*  
*(1596), ornaments* (1609).

P 371, bk vi c iii st 1, 1 3, *a man* (1596)  
*In 1679 a is omitted*  
P 372, bk vi c iii st 12, 1 7, *save hole* (1596),  
*saue hole* (1611)  
P 373, bk vi c iii st 21, 1 8, *default* (1596),  
*? assault* (Collier)  
P 374, bk vi c iii st 24, 1 5, *Crving aloud to*  
*sheer* (1609) The 4to 1596 has *Crving aloud in*  
*raime to sheer*, &c  
P 374, bk vi c iii st 28, 1 6, *soft footing*  
*(1679), softing foot* (1596)  
P 374, bk vi c iii st 30, 1 9, *thor ough* (1609)  
*The 4to 1596 has throug*  
P 375, bk vi c iii st 35, 1 3, *which* (1609)  
*The 4to 1596 has that*  
P 376, bk vi c iii st 42, 1 4, *approve* (1609),  
*reprore* (1596)  
P 376, bk vi c iii st 42, 1 7, *reprore* (1609),  
*approve* (1596)  
P 376, bk vi c iii st 48, 1 2, *and all* (so all  
old editions), *with all*  
P 378, bk vi c iv st 13, 1 8, *where* (1609),  
*there* (1596)  
P 378, bk vi c iv st 16, 1 8, *hunt* (1611),  
*hurts* (1596)  
P 380, bk vi c iv st 31, 1 5, *of our un-*  
*happie paine* (so all old copies) Church proposed  
*of this our happie paine*  
P 380, bk vi c iv st 35, 1 3, *Lo* (1609),  
*Low* (1596)  
P 381, bk vi c v Arg 1 1, *Serena* (Hughes),  
*Alatida* (1596)  
P 384, bk vi c v st 28, 1 2, *lives* (1596), *? live*  
*Professor Child prints lived*  
P 385, bk vi c v st 36, 1 4, *off* (1609), *of*  
*(1596)*  
P 385, bk vi c v st 39, 1 3, *gree* (1609),  
*glee* (1596)  
P 385, bk vi c v st 41, 1 2, *there* (1609)  
*The 4to has then*  
P 386, bk vi c vi st 4, 1 4, *Of which* (1596),  
*In which* (1611)  
P 387, bk vi c vi st. 11, 1 9, *Males* Tho  
4to 1596 has *Male*  
P 387, bk vi c vi st 17, 1 7, *Calepine*  
*(Hughes), Calidore* (1596)  
P 389, bk vi c vi st 37, 1 6, *fight* (1609),  
*fight* (1596)  
P 391, bk vi c vii st 3, 1 7, *armed* (1609)  
*The 4to has arn'd*  
P 392, bk vi c vii st 15, 1 9, *yearned* (1596),  
*earned* (1609)  
P 395, bk vi c vii st 38, 1 7, *through* (1609)  
*The 4to 1596 has throug*  
P 395, bk vi c vii st 40, 1 7, *turling* (1596),  
*turling* (1679)  
P 396, bk vi c vii st 3, 1 9 *misust* (1596),  
*misus'd* (1609)  
P 397, bk vi c vii st 11, 1 9, *two* (1609),  
*two* (1596)  
P 398, bk vi c vii st 15, 1 3, *pounded*  
*(1596), powdered* (1609)  
P 398, bk vi c vii st 17, 1 6, *From* (1609),  
*For* (1596)  
P 400, bk vi c vii st. 39, 1 4, *daintest*  
*(1596), daintest* (1609)  
P 401, bk vi c vii st 47, 1 3, *toyle* (1609),  
*toyles* (1596)

P 401, bk vi c viii st. 50, l 1, *they* (1596), *shee* (1609)  
 P 402, bk vi c ix st iv l 9, *time* (1596), ? *time* (Church and Upton)  
 P 405, bk vi c ix st 28, l 6, *th' heavens* (1596) Some modern editions read *the heauen*  
 P 405, bk vi c ix st 36, l 3, *addiest* (1596), ? *he drest* (Church)  
 P 406, bk vi c ix st 36, l 8, *Oenone* (Hughes), *Benone* (4to 1596 and all old editions)  
 P 406, bk vi c ix st 36, l 9, *bought* (1596), ? *sought* (Church)  
 P 407, bk vi c ix st 46, l 5, *did dicell* (1611), *did well* (1596)  
 P 407, bk vi c x st 2, l 9, *in the port* (1609) The 4to has *ou the port*  
 P 409, bk vi c x st 22, l 5, *Æacidee* The 4to has *Æeidee*  
 P 409, bk vi c x st 21, l 7, *forcaid* (1611), *forcaid* (1596)  
 P 410, bk vi c x st 34, l 9, *her* Collier suggests *ere*=before  
 P 411, bk vi c x st 36, l 6, *he* (omitted in all old editions)  
 P 411, bk vi c x st 42, l 5, *daily* (1596), ? *deadly* (Church)  
 P 411, bk vi c x st 44, l 8, *And* (1609), *But* (1596)  
 P 414, bk vi c xi st 19, l 4, *pretended* ? *prolended* (Collier)  
 P 414, bk vi c xi st 24, l 1, *reliu'd* (1596), *reliu'd* (1609)  
 P 417, bk vi c xi st 45, l 4, *inful* (1596), *luseful* (1609)  
 P 419, bk vi c xii st 12, l 8, *loos* (1596), *piase* (1609)  
 P 422, bk vi c xii st 10, l 7, *learned* (1596), *gentle* (1609)  
 P 422, bk vi c xii st 41, l 3, *cleanest* (1596), ? *cleane est* (Child)  
 P 429, bk vii c vi st 53, l 6, *unto* (1609) The folio 1611 has *unto unto*  
 P 429, bk vii c vi st 54, l 8, *champau* (1611), *champion* (1609)  
 P 429, bk vii c vii st 2, l 3, *feeble* The folios have *sable*  
 P 430, bk vii c vii st 8, l 9, *shoice* (1611), *shew* (1609)  
 P 430, bk vii c vii st 9, l 1, *hard* (1611), *heard* (1609)  
 P 430, bk vii c vii st 9, l 7, *linde* The folios have *lindes*  
 P 430, bk vii c vii st 10, l 7, *they* — *which they* (1611)  
 P 430, bk vii c vii st 12, l 5, *Pleus* (1611), *Pelene* (1609)  
 P 431, bk vii c vii st 16, l 3, *thy* (1609), *my* (1611)  
 P 432, bk vii c vii st 28, l 3, *bloosmes* *did* (1609) The ed of 1611 omits *did*  
 P 433, bk vii c vii st 41, l 5, *rodc* (so all copies), the rhyme requires *rade*  
 P 433, bk vii c vii st 41, l 7, *Idwan* (Upton) The folios read *Idan*  
 P 435, bk vii c vii st 55, l 7, *saine* (1609), *faine* (1611)  
 P 436, bk vii c vii st 1, l 7, *to cast* (1609), *and east* (1611)

P 436, bk vii c viii st 2, l 8, *Sabaoth* (1611), *Sabbaoth* (1609)

P 436, bk vii c viii st 2, l 9, For that Mr Collier suggests *thou* But there should perhaps be no comma after *God*, and the sentence will be an optative one signifying 'O may that great God of hosts grant me the enjoyment of that rest eternal' Perhaps *Sabaoths sight* is an allusion to the ancient interpretation of the word *Jerusalem*, *le riuo paris*

P 436, bk vii c viii st 2, l 9, *Sabaoths* (1609 and 1611) ? *Sabbaths* (Church)

P 436, bk vii c viii st 2, l 9, *Sabaoth God* (1611), *Sabbaoth God* (1609)

### THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR

P 440, l 1, *Noblesse* (1579), *noblenesse* (1597)  
 P 440, l 12, *my* (1579), *thy* (1611)  
 P 441 col 1, l 16, *of fewe* (1579), *of a fewe* (1597)  
 P 441, col 2, l 25, *coverting* (1579), *covering* (1597)  
 P 442, col 1, l 5, *common* The 4to (1579) has *common*  
 P 442, col 1, l 49, *seene* (1586), *seme* (1579 and 1581)  
 P 442, col 1, l 57, *to be counted straungers* (1597), *straungers to be counted* (1579)  
 P 442, col 2, l 27, *ungurt* (1579) All other old editions read *unight*  
 P 443, col 1, l 21, *as one that* (1597), *as that* (1579)  
 P 443, col 2, l 21, *rare* (1579), *rath* (1597)  
 P 443, col 2, l 1, 2 from bottom, *thus* 10 (1579), *the tenth* (1597)  
 P 444, col 1, l 13, *more* *then* (1597), *most* *and* (1579)  
 P 444, col 1, l 17, *Intencion* The ed 1579 has *Intencion*  
 P 444, col 1, l 18, *these* (1597), *his* (1579)  
 P 444, col 1, l 24, *definition* The ed 1579 has *definition*  
 P 444, col 1, l 35, *Eglogues* (1597) The ed 1579 reads *Eglogues*  
 P 444, col 1, l 40, *containe* (1597), *conceire* (1579)  
 P 445, col 1, l 4, *Abis* All old editions read *Abis*  
 P 445, col 2, l 8, *entraunce* The ed 1579 has *entraunce*  
 P 445, col 2, l 13, *itselfe* (1597), *self* (1579)  
 P 445, col 2, l 21, 22, *of thone part* *of thother* (1579), *of the one part* *of the other* (1597)  
 P 445, col 2, l 25, *Shepheards* (1597), *Shepheard* (1579)  
 P 446 (Januarye), Arg 1 l 1, *him* (1579), *himselfe* (1597)  
 P 446, Arg 1, 5, *delights* (1579), *deight* (1597)  
 P 446, l 34, *bloosmes* (1579), *blossomes* (1581)  
 P 447 (Glosse), col 2, l 1, *who that hath* (1597), *who hath* (1579)  
 P 447 (Glosse), col 2, l 3 from bottom, *counterfeiting* (1579), *counterfauting* (1597)  
 P 448 (Glosse), col 1, l 1, *Poesye* (1579), *Poesie* (1597)  
 P 448 (Glosse), col 1, l 3, *notwithstanding* The ed 1579 reads *notwithstande*

P 448 (FEBRUARIE), 1 17, *lhrette* (1579), *thurle* (1597)

P 448, 1 52, *yountgh* (1579), *youth* (1597)

P 448, 1 57, *hast* (1597) *hath* (1579)

P 448, 1 86, *ladcaunce* (1579), *to adraunce* (1597)

P 449, 1 142, *overcraued* (1597) *orei aued* (1579)

P 450, 1 181, *oft* (1579), *of* (1597)

P 450, 1 189, *To this the* (1579), *To this this* (1597)

P 450, 1 218, *to the earth* (1579), *to the ground* (1611)

P 451 (Glosse), col 1, 1 9 from the bottom, *meanes* (1611) All 4tos read *meane*

P 451 (Glosse), col 2, 1 11 from bottom, *giveth* (1597), *aereth* (1579)

P 451 (Embleme), col 1, 1 10, *weze* (1579), *waze* (1597)

P 451 (Embleme), col 1, 1 15, *rash headed* (1579), *raw-headed* (1597)

P 451 (Embleme), col 2, 1 8, *God* (1597), *Gods* (1579)

P 452 (Embleme), col 1, 1 1, *with him* (1579), *at him* (1597)

P 452 (MARCH), col 1, 1 4, *nighes* (to be pronounced as a dissyllable) The 4tos read *nighest*, and fol. 1611 *nigheth*

P 452, col 1, 1 6, *winters* (1579), *winter* (1597)

P 452, col 1, 1 40, *als* (1579 and 1597), *alas* (1581 and 1586)

P 453 (Wyllies Embleme), 1 2, *Gods* (Child) All old editions read *God*

P 453 (Glosse), col 1, 1 9 from bottom, *Goddesse* (1597) The 4to 1579 has *Goddess*

P 454 (Glosse), col 1, 1 5, *winged lore* (1597), *wandring lore* (1579)

P 454 (ARGUMENT), 1 2, *herein* (1579), *here* of (1597)

P 454 (Arg), 1 4, *alienate* (1579), *alienated* (1597)

P 455, col 1, 1 64, *angelick* (1579), *angel-like* (1597)

P 456, col 1, 1 135, *finenesse* (1597), *finesse* (1579)

P 456 (Glosse), col 2, 1 12 from bottom, *meanesse* (1579), *meannes* (1597)

P 457 (Glosse), col 2, 1 32, *deffly* (1597), *deoffly* (1579)

P 457, col 2, 1 18 from bottom, *behight* (1611) The 4tos 1579, 1581, 1586, 1597, read *bedight*

P 458 (Glosse), col 1, 1 7, *coronation* (1579), *car nation* (1597)

P 458 (Glosse), col 2, 1 6 *stea* (1579), *slay* (1597)

P 458 (Glosse), col 2, 1 9, of (1579) *bu* (1597)

P 458 (Glosse), col 2, 1 18, *blinded* (1579, 1581, 1586, 1597) Collier, who reads *blended*, is wrong in stating that Todd has no authority for printing *blinded*, fol 1611 has *blended*

P 458 (MAYE), (Arg), 1 1, *fifle* (1597), *fitse* (1579)

P 458, col 2, 1 19, no (1579), *ne* (1581)

P 459, col 1, 1 54, *great* (1597), *greed* (1579)

P 459, col 1, 1 82, *for say* (1597), *for say* (1579)

P 460, col 1, 1 150, *say I* (1597, 1611), *sayd I* (1579)

P 460, col 1, 1 159 *witen* (1579), *twiten* (1611)

P 460, col 1, 1 164, *none* (1579), *no* (1597)

P 460 col 2, 1 211, *the* (1579, 1581, 1586, 1597), *her* (1611)

P 461, col 1, 1 273, *fores'all* (1597), *forstall* (1579)

P 462 (Glosse), col 1, 1 4, *oracles* (1579), *nui acles* (1597)

P 462 (Glosse), col 1, 1 8, *passengers* (1579), *person* (1597)

P 462 (Glosse), col 1, 1 1 from bottom, *Alarind* (1597), *Algrim* (1579)

P 462 (Glosse), col 2, 11 32, 34, of whom *Promethus*, in 1579 and 1581, but omitted in 1580

P 462, col 2, 1 52, *hus* (1579), *her* (1581)

P 463, col 1, 1 2, and (1579) or (1586)

P 463, col 1, 1 29, *Tuianne* (1579), *Tuiant* (1597)

P 463, col 2, 1 15, *agreeing* (1597), *a greeting* (1597)

P 463, col 2, 1 22, *beware* (1579), *to beware* (1597)

P 464 (JULY), col 1, 1 16, *shroude* (1611), *shoudel* (1579)

P 464, col 1, 1 24, *sarenes* (1611), *ravene* (1579, 1581, 1586)

P 464, col 2, 1 98, *paufull* (1579), *plawefull* (1581, 1586)

P 465 (Glosse), col 1, 1 4 from bottom, *all* is omitted in 1597

P 465 (Glosse), col 2, 1 15, *Lorde* (1579), *Lorde of* (1597)

P 465 (Glosse), col 2, 1 16, *noblesse* (1579), *noble- nesse* (1597)

P 466 (Glosse), col 1, 13 of (1597), of the (1581)

P 466 (Glosse), col 2, 1 12, *under mine* (1597), *undermunde* (1579)

P 466 (JULY), col 2, 1 35, *willesse* (1597), *weel- lesse* (1579)

P 466, col 2, 1 58 *hylvue* (1579), *holu* (1597)

P 467, col 1, 1 69 *for said* (1597), *foresayd* (1579)

P 467 col 1, 1 77, *reconuse* (1581), *resouse* (1579)

P 467, col 1, 1 99 *a starre* (1611) The 4tos 1579, 1581, 1586, 1597 have *the stairs*

P 467, col 1, 1 129, *And* (1586), *As* (1579, 1581)

P 468, col 1, 1 191, *other* (1579), *others* (1597)

P 468, col 1, 1 197 *welter* (1579), *weltre* (1597)

P 468 (Thomasius Embleme) The old editions have *Palinodius Embleme*

P 468 (Glosse), col 1, 1 10, *lapsus* (1579), *lapsu* (1597)

P 468 (Glosse), col 2, 1 7, *then* (1597), *and* (1579)

P 468 (Glosse), col 2, 1 9 from bottom, *that* (1579), *the* (1586)

P 469 (Glosse), col 1, 1 17, of the (1597), of (1579)

P 469 (Glosse), col 2, 1 24, of a (1579), of the (1597)

P 470 (AUGUST), (Arg), 1 2, *choose* (1579), *chose* (1597)

P 470, col 1, 1 10, *did passe* (1597), *didst passe* (1579)

P 470, col 1, 1 13, *that mischaunce* (1597), *that neice mischaunce* (1579)

P 470, col 2, 1 46, *hetheward*, read *hetherward*

P 470, col 2, 1 53, *hotu* (1597), *holty* (1579)

P 471, col 1, 1 84, *thy hart* (1579), *my hart* (1597)

P 471, col 1, 1 104, *curelesse* (Collier) All editions read *carelesse*

P 471, col 2, 1 162, *debarres* from (1579), *debars* of (1611)

P 471, col 2, 1 166, *woodes* (1597) The 4to 1579 has *woddes*

P 471, col 2, 1 167, or (1579), nor (1597)

- P 471, col 2, 1 172, as (1597), a (1579)  
 P 472, col 2, 1 198, *nigheth* (1579) The 4to 1597 has *ingheth* = *heth*, hastens  
 P 472 (Glosse), col 2, 1 4, *shee*, omitted in 4to 1579, is supplied from the edition of 1597  
 P 472, col 2, 1 14, 15, so *partes* (1579), omitted by 1597  
 P 473 (SEPTEMBER), col 1, 1 6, *darke* (1579), *darke* (1611)  
 P 473, col 1, 1 13 *ripeth* (1579), *rippeth* (1597)  
 P 473, col 1, 1 22, *I wens* (1579), *weele* (1597)  
 P 473 col 1, 1 24, *estate* (1597), *astale* (1579)  
 P 474, col 1, 1 99, *For-ihly* (1579), *For then* (1611)  
 P 474, col 1, 1 112, *whote* (1579), *hote* (1597)  
 P 474, col 1, 1 123, *doen* (1579) *do* (1597)  
 P 474, col 2, 1 144, *slaw* (1579), *slaw* (1579)  
 P 474, col 2, 1 145, *yeed* The 4tos have *yeeld*, e folio 1611 reads *yeed*  
 P 474, col 2, 1 148, *walke* (1579), *talle* (1611)  
 P 474 col 2, 1 160, to (1597), *two* (1579)  
 P 474, col 2, 1 162, *pride* (1579), *pricke* (1597)  
 P 475, col 2, 1 257, *her* (1579), *his* (1597)  
 P 475 (Glosse), col 1, 1 1 from bottom, *Thrise* the 4to 1579 has *These*, fol 1611 *Thrice*  
 P 477 (OCTOBER), col 2 1 75, *be foist to faune* (1579), *to foist to faune* (1597), *to foice to faune* (1611)  
 P 477, col 2, 1 79, *the place* (1597), *the place* (1579)  
 P 477, col 2, 1 80, *doe* (1579), *doest* (1597)  
 P 477, col 2, 1 103, *weighte* The 4to 1579 has *weighte*, the folio 1611 *weighte*  
 P 478, col 2, 1 12 from bottom, *Aradian* The 4to 1579 has *Aradian*, 4to 1597, fol 1611 *Arabian*  
 P 479 (Glosse), col 1, 1 11, *is* Some old editions (*is*) in  
 P 479 (Glosse), col 1, 1 27, 23, *from stately dis course* (1579), *to stately course* (1597, 1611)  
 P 479 (Glosse), col 1 1 32, *well knowne to be Vn- able* (1579), *well knew no'te Vrgut* (1597, 1611)  
 P 479 (Glosse), col 1, 1 38, *flocks* (1579), *flocke* (1597)  
 P 479 (Glosse), col 2, 1 2, *by fire*, omitted in 4to 1597  
 P 479 (Glosse), col 2, 1 13, *laude* (1597), *lau* (1579)  
 P 479 (Glosse) col 2, 1 40, *Petrarch, sauing* (1579), *Petrarchs sauing* (1597)  
 P 479 (Glosse), col 2, 1 12 from bottom, *had* (1597), *had* (1579)  
 P 479 (Glosse), col 2, 1 2 from bottom, *is* (1597), *is* (1579)  
 P 480 (Glosse), col 1, 1 8, *forth* (1579), *out* (1597)  
 P 480 (Glosse) col 1, 1 9, *whom seeing Vulcane so faire* (1579), *whom Vulcan seeing so faire* (1597, 1611)  
 P 480 (NOVEMBER), (Arg), 1 2, *albe* (1597), *albeit* (1579)  
 P 481, col 1, 1 78, *you* is not in 4tos, but occurs in fol 1611  
 P 481, col 1, 1 87, *hath displaye* The 4to 1579 reads *doth displaye*  
 P 481, col 1 1 98, *heame* (1597) *heme* (1579)  
 P 481, col 1, 1 99, *him* (1597) *henn* (1579)  
 P 481, col 2, 1 117, *coloured* (1597), *coloured* (1579)  
 P 483 (Glosse), col 1, 1 17, *enjoy* (1579), *recre* (1597)  
 P 483 (Glosse), col 1, 1 23, *dyled* (1597), *dyled* (1579)  
 P 483 (Glosse), col 2, 1 5, *signe* Not in 1579, but in 1597  
 P 483 (Glosse), col 2, 1 7, *Atropos dauhters* The 4to 1579 reads *Atropodas ughters*  
 P 483 (Embleme), col 2, 1 5, to (1579), of (1597),  
 P 484 (DECEMBER), col 1, 1 29, *reclad* (1611) The 4tos read *ureclad*  
 P 484, col 2, 1 43, *derring doe* The 4to 1579 has *derrung to*, but *derring doe* is in the Glosse, p 486, col 2, 1 1  
 P 484, col 2, 1 70, *loathed* (1579), *loathing* (1611)  
 P 484 col 2, 1 76, *season* (1579), *reason* (1611)  
 P 485, col 1, 1 89, *temae* (1597), *to temage* (1579)  
 P 485, col 2, 1 145, *gather together ye* (1597), *gather ye together* (1579)  
 P 486 (Glosse), col 1, 1 7, *or* (1579), *of* (1597)  
 P 486 (Glosse), col 1, 1 21 *nor* (1579), *or* (1597)  
 P 486 (Glosse), col 1, 1 27, *leapes* (1579), *heapes* (1597)  
 P 486 (Glosse), col 1, 1 41, *in* (1579), *in the* (1597)  
 P 486 (Glosse), col 2, 1 16, *knewest* (1579), *knowest* (1597)  
 P 486 (Glosse), col 2, 1 20, *our* (how our in 1579), *how* is omitted by 1597  
 P 486 (Glosse), col 2, 1 23, *Thus* The 4to 1579 has *Thus*  
 P 486 (Embleme), col 1, 1 3, *of Poctru* (in 1579) is omitted by 1597  
 P 486 (Embleme), col 1, 1 8, *nee* *nee* So in all the 4tos Some mod editions read *non non*  
 P 486 (Embleme), col 2, 1 2, *hath* (in 1579) is omitted by 1597  
 P 486 (Embleme), col 2, 1 5, *quod* (1597), *que* (1579)  
 P 486 (Epilogue), col 2, 1 1 from bottom, *despise* (1579), *displease* (1597)

## THE RUINES OF TIME

- P 493, 1 361, *to* (1591), *do* (1611)  
 P 493, 1 363, *corctize* The edition 1591 reads *cortize*  
 P 494, 1 414, *made* (1591), ? *had* (Jortin)  
 P 494, 1 447, *For he that nor*, &c (1591), *For such as now have most the world at will* (1611)  
 P 494, 1 451, *him that* (1591), *such as* (1611)  
 P 494, 1 454, *O let the man* (1591), *O let not those* (1611)  
 P 494, 1 455, *Nor alive*, &c (1591) *Alive nor dead be of the Vase adorned* (1611)  
 P 494, 1 499, *brickle* (1591), *brutle* (1611)  
 P 494, 1 541, *Oceane* (1611), *Oceau* (1591)  
 P 494, 1 551, *which* (1611) The ed 1591 reads *with*  
 P 497, 1 571 *Was but earth*, &c (1591), *Was but of earth and with her weaghtmesse* (1611)  
 P 497, 1 574, *worlds* (1611), *words* (1591)  
 P 497, 1 577, *bred was* (1611), *was bred* (1591)  
 P 497, 1 604 *the earth* (1591) *th earth* (1611)  
 P 497, 1 675, *worldes* All old editions read *worlds*

## TEARES OF THE MUSES

- P 408, l 112, *aner*, (?) *in reu*.  
 P 409, l 126, *of sin* Some mod editions read  
*to sin*  
 P 500, l 232, *singulls* (1611), *sungulls* (1591)  
 P 501, l 401, *that winged God* (1591), *the winged*  
*God*  
 P 503, l 576, *Poetresse* (1591), *Poettesse* in some  
 mod editions  
 P 503, l 600, *hing* (1611), *loring* (1591)

## VIRGILS GNAT

- P 504, l 27, *uaves* (1591), ? *uare*  
 P 505, l 122, *heart* (1611) The ed 1591 has  
*heai*  
 P 506, l 149, *Ascrean*. The ed 1591 reads *As-*  
*crean*  
 P 508, l 340, *not* (1611) is omitted by 4to 1591  
 P 508, l 343, *fire* (1591), *fie* (1611)  
 P 508, l 387, *throat* The 4to 1591 reads *threat*  
 P 508, l 406, *flutering* (1611), *flattering* (1591)  
 P 509, l 417, *waladay* (1591), *weladay* (1611)  
 P 510, l 530, *subtle* (1611), *slue* (1591)  
 P 510 l 575, *billiores* Tho 4to 1591 reads *bil*  
*loire*  
 P 510, l 588, *Hercean* (1591) ? *Egean*

## MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE

- P 513, l 53, *Gossip* (1611), *Goship* (1591)  
 P 513, l 67, *lifted upon lugh* (1591), *lifted lugh*  
*(1611)*  
 P 513, l 87, *worldes* (1611), *worlds* (1591)  
 P 515, l 264, *thick* (1591), *thatch* (1611)  
 P 516, l 340, *carried* (1591), ? *corer d* (Collier)  
 P 517, l 453, *diriges* (1611), *dirges* (1591)  
 P 517, l 501, or (1591), *ere* (1611)  
 P 518, l 629, *she* (1591), *hee* (1611)  
 P 519, l 648, *al* (in 1611), omitted by 1591  
 P 519, l 734, *gentrie* (1591) This word must be  
 pronounced as three syllables (Todd) Perhaps  
 Spenser wrote *genterie*  
 P 519, l 735, *lothefull* (1591), ? *stothefull* (Col-  
 lier)  
 P 519, l 830, *kindle* The 4to 1591 and the fol  
 1611 read *kindly*  
 P 522, l 997, *whether* The 4to 1591 has *whi*  
*ther*  
 P 522, l 1012, *stopt* The 4to 1591 and fol 1611  
 have *stept*  
 P 522, l 1019, *whither* The 4to 1591 reads  
*whether*  
 P 524, l 1245, *staf'd* (1591), *stall'd* (1611)

## THE RUINES OF ROME

- P 526, l 21, *Mausolus* The 4to 1591 has *Man-*  
*solus*  
 P 526, l 48, *The Giants old* (1611), *the old Glants*  
*(1591)*  
 P 527, l 119, *palaces* The line is defective,  
 ? *p'laces failed*  
 P 528, l 210, *now* (1611) Omitted by the 4to  
 1591  
 P 529, l 243, *ornaments* The 4to has *orna-*  
*ment*

- P 529, l 270, *Tethis* (1591), *Thetys* (1611)  
 P 529, l 272, *dunned*, read *dummed*  
 P 531, l 414, *stackes* (1611), *stalkes* (1591).

## MUIOPOTMOS

- P 532, l 34, *yongth* (1591), *youth* (1611)  
 P 533, l 119, *champain o're he* Tho 4to 1591  
 has *champion he*, but tho fol 1611 reads *champaine*  
*o're he*  
 P 534, l 250, *dispaeing* The 4to has *displacing*  
 P 535, l 335, *hauie* (1591), *ayrie* (1611)  
 P 535, l 354, *enfested* (1591), ? *enfeslerd* (Col-  
 lier)  
 P 536, l 370, *fraunde craftily* (1611), *did silly*  
*fraime* (1591)  
 P 536, l 392, *hateful* (1591), *fatal* (1611)  
 P 536, l 431, *yonghly* The 4to has *yonghtly*,  
 but see p 532, l 34

## VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE

- P 537, st 3, l 11, *did* The 4to 1591 has *doth*  
 P 538, st 8, l 12, *nature* (1611), *nature* (1591)

## VISIONS OF BELLAY

- P 538, st 2, l 9, *On* The 4to 1591 reads *one*  
 P 538, st 2, l 9, *Aslike golds*, ? *Aslike gold*  
 P 539, st 9, l 1, *astoned* The 4to 1591 reads  
*astoned*

The following is an earlier version of 'The Visions of Bellay,' which is found in the 'THEATRE FOR WORLDLINGS' 'A Theatre wherein be represented as well the miseries and calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldlings, As also the greale joyes and pleasures which the faithfull do enjoy An Argument both profitable and delectable, to all that sincerely love the word of God Devised by S Iohn vander Noodt Scene and allowed according to the order appointed Imprinted at London by Iheury Bynnemman Anno Domini 1569' 8vo Then follow two pages of Latin verses—'In commendationem operis ab Nobilibus et virtutis Studiosissimo Domino, Ioanne vander Noodt Patricio Antuerpiensi editi, Carmen' and 'Doctor Gerardus Goossemus Medicus, Physicus, et Poeta Brabant moder in Zolium Octastichon' And a Dedication to Q Elizabeth, dated 'At London your Majesties Citie and seate royal The 25 of May 1569' and signed, 'Your Majesties most humble servant Jean vander Noodt' Next come Spenser's six 'Visions of Petrarch' (called Epigrams), with four additional lines at the end, and then follow the remaining poems, entitled 'Sonnets,' with descriptive woodcuts

Then follow 107 leaves of Prose, entitled 'A briefe declaration of the Authour upon his visions, taken out of the holy scriptures, and dyvers Orators, Poetes, Philosophers, and true histories Translated out of French into English by Theodore Boest' The following is an extract 'And to sette the vanitie and inconstancie of worldly and transitorie thyngs, the lvelier before your eyes, I have broughte in here *twentie sightes or visions, and caused them to be drawn*, to the endea men may see that with their eyes, whiche I go aboute to expresse



by writing, to the delight and pleasure of the eye  
and eares, according unto the saying of Horace

Omne tult punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci  
That is to say,

He that teacheth pleasantly and well,  
Doth in eche point all others excell

Of which our visions the learned Poete M<sup>r</sup> Francisce Petrarche Gentleman of Florence, did invent  
and write in Tuscan the *six firste*, after suche tyme  
as hee had loved honestly the space of .xxx. yeares  
a faire, gracious, and a noble Damsell, named  
Laurette, or (as it pleased him best) Laura, borne of  
Avignon, who afterward hapned to die, he being in  
Italy, for whose death (to shewe his great grief) he  
mourned ten yeares together, and amongst many  
of his songs and sorrowfull lamentations, devised  
and made a Ballade or song, containyng the *said*  
*visions*, which because they serve wel to our pur-  
pose, I have out of the *Brabants speeche*, turned them  
into the *Englishe tongue* fol 13

The other ten visions next ensuing, are described  
of one Iocchim du Bellay, Gentleman of France,  
the which also, because they serve to our purpose,  
I have translated them out of Dutch into English  
fol 14

### SONETS \*

IT was the time when rest the gift of Gods  
Sweetly sliding into the eyes of men,  
Doth drowne in the forgetfulness of slepe,  
The carefull travayles of the painefull day  
Then did a ghost appeare before mine eyes  
On that great rivers banke that runnes by Rome,  
And calling me then by my propre name,  
He bade me up and unto heaven looke  
He cride to me, and loe (quod he) beholde  
What under this great Temple is contaynde,  
Loe all is nought but flying vanitie  
So I knowing the worldes unstedfastnesse,  
Sith onely God surmountes the force of ty  
In God alone do stay my confidence

On hill, a frame an hundred cubites hie  
I sawe, an hundred pillers eke about,  
All of fine Diamant decking the front,  
And fashiond were they all in Dorike wise  
Of bricke, ne yet of marble was the wall,  
But shyning Christall, which from top to base  
Out of deepe vantage threw forth a thousand rayes  
Upon an hundred steps of purest go de  
Golde was the parget and the selving eke  
Did shine all scaly with fine golden plates  
The floor was Jaspis, and of Emerauide  
O worldes raineinesse A soden earthquake loe,  
Shaking the hill even from the bottome deepe  
Threwe downe this building to the lowest stone

Then did appeare to me a sharped spire  
Of diamant ten feete eche way in square,  
Justly proportionde up unto his height,  
So hie as mought an Archer reach with sight,  
Upon the top therof was set a pot  
Made of the metall that we honour most  
And in this golden vessell conched were  
The ashes of a mightie Emperour

\* Or 'The Visions of Bellay'

Upon foure corners of the base there lay  
To beare the frame, foure great Lions of golde  
A worthe tombe for such a worthe corps  
Alas, nought in this worlde but griefe endures.  
A sodaine tempest from the heaven, I saw,  
With flushe [?] flushe] stroke downe this noble  
monument

I saw raise up on pillers of Ironie,  
Whereof the brises were of richest golde,  
The chapters Alabaster, Christall frises,  
The double front of a triumphall arke  
On eche side portraide was a victorie  
With golden wings in habite of a Nymph.  
And set on hie upon triumphing chaire,  
The auncient glorie of the Romane lordes  
The worke did shew it selfe not wrought by man,  
But rather made by his owne skilfull hande  
That forgeth thnnder darts for Jove his sire  
Let me no more see faire thing under heauen,  
Sith I have seene so faire a thing as this,  
With sodaine falling broken all to dust

Then I behelde the faire Dodoman tree,  
Upon seven hilles throw forth his gladsome shade,  
And Conquerors bedecked with his leaves  
Along the banks of the Italian streame  
There many auncient Trophees were erect,  
Many a spoile, and many goodly signes,  
To shew the greatnesse of the stately race,  
That erst descended from the Trojan bloud.  
Ravish I was to see so rare a thing,  
When barbarous villaines in disordred heape,  
Outraged the honour of these noble bowes  
I hearde the tronke to grone under the wedge  
And since I saw the roote in hie disdaine  
Sende forth agayne a twaine of forked trees

I saw the birde that dares beholde the Sunne,  
With feeble flight ventare to mount to heaven,  
By more and more she gan to trust hir wings,  
Still following th example of hir damme  
I saw hir rise, and with a larger flight  
Surmount the toppes even of the hiest hilles  
And pierce the cloude, and with hir wings to  
reache

The place where is the temple of the Gods,  
There was she lost, and sodenly I saw  
Where tombing through the aire in plume of fire,  
All flaming downe she fell upon the plaine  
I saw hir bodie turned all to dust,  
And saw the foule that shunneth the cherefull light  
Out of hir ashes as a worme arise

Then all astounded with this nightiv ghost,  
I saw an hideous body big and strong  
Long was his beard, and side did hang his hair,  
A grisly forehead and Saturnelike face  
Leaving against the belly of a pot  
He shed a water, whose outgushing streame  
Ran flowing all along the creeke shoare  
Where once the Trojan Duke with Turnus fought  
And at his feete a bitch Wolfe did give sucke  
To two yong babes In his right hand he bare  
The tree of peace in left the conquering Palme,  
His head was garnish with the Laurel bow  
Then sodenly the Palme and Olive fell,  
And faire greene Laurel withered up and dide

Hard by a rivers side, a wailing Nymphs,  
Folding her armes with thousand sighs to heaven,  
Did tune her plaint to falling rivers sound,  
Renting her faire visage and golden haire,  
Where is (quod she) thus wulome honored face?  
Where is thy glory and the annient praise,  
Where all worldes hap was reposed  
When erst of Gods and man I worship was?  
Alas, suffilde it not that civile bate  
Made me the spoile and bootie of the world,  
But this new Hydra mete to be assulde  
Even by an hundred such as Hercules,  
With seven springing heds of monstrous crimes,  
So many Nerees and Caligulies  
Must still bring forth to rule this croked shore

Upon a hill I saw a kuddled flame,  
Mounting like waves with triple pount to heaven,  
Which of incense of precious Cedar tree  
With Balmelike odor did perfume the aere  
A bird all white, well fethered on her winges  
Heront did flie up to the throne of Gods,  
And singing with most pleasant melodie  
She climbed up to heaven in the smoke  
Of this faire fire the faire dispersed raves  
Threw forth abroad a thousand shining leames,  
When sodain dropping of a golden shoure  
Gan quench the glistering flame O grevous  
change!

That which erstwhile so pleasant scent did yelde,  
Of Sulphure now did breathe corrupted smel

I saw a fresh spring rise out of a rocke,  
Clere as Christall against the Sunns beames,  
The bottome yellow like the shining plaine  
That golden Pastol drives upon the plaine  
It seemed that arte and nature strived to joyne  
There in one place all pleasures of the eye  
There was to heare a noyse alluring slepe  
Of many accordes more swete than Mermaids  
song,

The seates and benches shone as Ivorie,  
An hundred Nymphes ate side by side about,  
When from nie hilles a naked rout of Faunes  
With hideous cry assembled on the place,  
Which with their feete underne the water sonled,  
Threw down the seats, and droue the Nymphs to  
flight

At length, even at the time when Morpheus  
Most truly doth appeare unto our eye,  
We came to see th' inconstance of the heavens  
I saw the great Typhens sister come,  
Her head full bravely with a morian armed,  
In majestie she seemed to mate the Gods  
And on the shore, hard by a violent stream,  
She raised a Trophee over all the worlde  
An hundred vanquisht kings gronde at her feete,  
Their armes in shamefull wise bounde at their  
backes

While I was with so dreaddfull sight afryde,  
I saw the heavens warre against hir tho,  
And seing hir stricken fall with elap of thunder,  
With so great noyse I start in sodaine wonder

The sixth, eighth, thirteenth, and fourteenth  
'Visions of Bellay,' which are in Spenser's transla-  
tion of 1591, are not in the 'Theatre for World

lings,' but four others are substituted, of which the  
writer thus speaks 'And to the ende wo myght  
speake more at large of the thing, I have taken  
four visions out of the revelations of S John, where  
as the Holy Ghost by S John setteth him (Anti-  
christ) out in his colours' Fol 20

I saw an ugly beast come from the sea,  
That seven heads, ten cronnes, ten hornes did beare,  
Having theron the vile blaspheming name  
The cruell Leopard she resembled much  
Feete of a beare, a Lions throte she had  
The mightie Dragon gave to hir his power  
One of hir heads yet there I did espie,  
Still freshl bleeding of a grevous wounde  
One cride aloude What one is like (quod he)  
Thus hononred Dragon, or may him withstande?  
And then came from the sea a savage beast,  
With Dragons speche, and shewde his force by fire,  
With wondrous signes to make all wights adore  
The beast, in setting of hir image up

I saw a Woman sitting on a beast  
Before mine eyes, of Orange colour hew  
Horror and dreadfull name of blasphemie  
Flide hir with pride And seven heads I saw,  
Ten hornes also the stately beast did beare  
She seemed with glorie of the scarlet faire,  
And with fine perle and golde putt up in heart  
The wine of hooredome in a cup she bare  
The name of Mysterie writ in hir face,  
The blood of Martyrs dere were hir delite  
Most fierce and fell this woman seemed to me  
An Angell then descending downe from Heven,  
With thondring voice cride out aloude, and sayd,  
Now for a truth great Babylon is fallen

Then might I see upon a white horse set  
The faithfull man with flaming countenance,  
His head did shine with cronnes set therupon  
The worde of God made him a noble name  
His precious robe I saw embred with bloud  
Then saw I from the heaven on horses white,  
A puissant armie come the selfe same way  
Then cried a shourng Angell as me thought,  
That birdes from aere descending downe on earth  
Should warre upon the kings, and eate their flesh  
Then did I see the beast and Kings also  
Joining their force to slay the faithfull man  
But this fierce hatefull beast and all hir trine  
Is pitlesse throwne downe in pit of fire

I saw new Earth, new Heaven, sayde Saint John  
And loe, the sea (quod he) is now no more  
The holy Cite of the Lorde, from hye  
Descendeth garnisht as a loved spouse  
A voice then savde, beholde the bright abode  
Of God and men For he shall be their God,  
And all their teares he shall wipe cleane away  
Hir brightnesse greater was than can be founde,  
Square was this Cite, and twelve gates it had  
Eche gate was of an orient perfect perle,  
The houses golde, the pavement precious stone  
A lvely streame, more cleere than Christall is,  
Ranne through the mid, sprong from triumphant  
seat

There growes lifes fruite unto the Churches good



P 578, st 33, l 11, *Sins* (1595), *Sith* (1611).  
 P 578, st 35 This stanza is repeated in ed 1595, and comes between stanzas 82 and 81. There is a different reading in l 6, it is *having* it in our text, but *seeing* it in the omitted version

P 580, st 47, l 11, *her* (1595), *then* (1611)  
 P 580, st 50, l 9, *first* (1595) Some copies read *for*.

P 580, st 53, l 6, *semblant* (1597), *emblance* (1611)

P 581, st 55, l 12, *mind* (1595) Some editions read *fore*

P 581, st 57, l 10, *these* ? *those*  
 P 581, st 58, l 1, *By her* Some editors propose to read *To* but *By*=concerning

P 581, st 58, l 8, *glories* (1595) Some editions (as 1611) read *glorious*

P 581, st 71, l 9, *above* Ed 1595 reads *about*  
 Did Spenser write —

*But as your worke is all about ymore ?*  
 P 583, st 82, l 2, *placed* Ed 1595 has *plac d*  
 P 586, st 87, l 9, *the idea* (1611), *th' idea*, (1595)

P 586, st 88, l 3, *voic* The ed 1595 reads *reue*

## EPITHALAMION

P 587, l 2 *me* (1595) Some editions read *the*  
 P 587, l 13, *girlands* The ed 1595 reads *gu land*

P 588, l 67, *doie* (so ed 1595), but read *deen e* as suggested by Professor Child

P 588, l 92, *dreames* All the old editions read *dreame*

P 589, l 190, *mazefull* The ed 1595 has *maze full*, but *amazefull* is suggested by Professor Child

P 589, l 208, *receiue* Ed 1595 has *recue*

P 590, l 290, *nights said dread* (1611), *nights dread* (1595)

P 590, l 341, *Ponle* The ed 1595 reads *Ponle*

P 591, l 359, *your bed* (1595) Some modern copies read *the bed*

P 591, l 379, *wool* The ed 1595 has *woll*  
 P 591, l 385, *thy will* (1611), *then will* (1595)

## HYMNS

## AN HYMNE OF LOVE.

P 593, l 69, *male* (1596), *made* (1611)

P 593, l 83, *hated fyre* Ed 1596 has *hate fyre*

P 594, l 122, *with* Warton proposed to read *from*

P 594, l 180, *Since* (1596) Some mod copies read *Sith*

P 594, l 161, *doest* (1596) Some mod copies read *doth*

P 595, l 227, *hath eyde* (1596) Some copies read *had eyde*

## AN HYMNE OF BEAUTIF

P 596, l 6, *doest* (1596) Some mod editions read *doth*

P 596, l 17, *clotheth it* (1596) Collier reads *closes it*

P 596, l 83, *oft times* Ed 1596 has *oftimes*

P 597, l 117, *Perform'd* The ed 1596 reads *deform it*

P 597, l 158, *will ? eull*  
 P 597, l 171, *affections* (1596), ? *affection* \*

P 598, l 195, *no loie* (1596), *not loie* (Collier)  
 P 598, l 222, *to his fancies* (1596), ? *of his fan cies*

## AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE

P 599, l 53, *in powre* (1596), *of powre* (Collier)

P 600, l 72, *still to them* (1596) Collier reads *unto them*

P 600, l 158, *launehing* (1596) Some modern editions read *launcing*

P 601, l 179, *of us* (1596), *for us* (Collier)

P 601, l 188, *us so* (1596), *was so* (Collier)

P 601, 193, *Euen he himselfe* Ed 1596 has *Euen himselfe* In 1611 it is *Euen hee himself*

P 601, l 238, *of great* (1596), *by great* (Collier)

P 602, l 266, *to thee* (1596), *for thee* (1611)

## HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE

P 603, l 121, *Suns bright beames* (1596), *Sun- bright beames* (1611)

P 604, l 165, *And dampish ane* Ed 1596 reads *The dark and dampish ane*

P 604, l 170, *more bright* (in 1611), is omitted by 1596

P 605, l 270, *to paine* (1596), *a paine* (1611)

P 605, l 294, *on matter* (1611), *no matter* (1596)

## PROTHALAMION

P 605, l 5, *whom* (1596) Some copies read *whose*

P 606, l 117, *Feet* (1611), *Feet* (1596)

## SONNETS WRITTEN BY SPENSER

I This is taken from 'Four Letters, and Certain Sonnets Especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abused &c London 4to In printed by John Wolfe, 1592'

II This is prefixed to 'Lenno, Or a Treatise of Nobilitie, &c Written in Italian by that famous Doctor and worthy Knight, Sir John Baptista Lenno of Bai Done into English by William Jones, Gent, 4to 1595'

III Prefixed to the 'Historie of George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie Containing his famous actes, &c Newly translated out of French into English by J. I. Gentleman Imprinted for W. Ponsonby, 1596, fol There is a copy of this work in the Bodleian Library AA 37 Art Sold

IV Prefixed to 'The Commonwealth and Government of Venice Written by the Cardinall Gaspar Contarino, and translated out of Italian into English by Lewis Leuckenor, Esquire London Imprinted by John Windet for Edmund Mattes, &c, 1599, 4to

## A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND \*

P 610, col 2, l 17, *enth ed* (22), *enured* (19)

P 610, col 2, l 3 from bottom, *Breaghe* (22), *Brach* (19)

P 611, col 1, l 79, *sure* (22) *faur* (19)

P 611, col 2, l 10, *for estate* (22), *for estate* (19 and 73)

P 611, col 2, ll 32, 33, *Tanisth* (22), *Tanist* (19)

P 612, col 1, l 30, *mmoration* (19), *imoration* (73)

\* 22=Additional MS 22022 19=Harl MS 1972 73=Harl MS 7388 W=Wares Text

P 612, col 2, l 19, *wayred* (73), *waned*, *sealed* (19 and 22)

P 612, col 2, l 41, of a King (22), 'Of a Kinge, which tytlo was gyven by the Irish rather for a more greater honour of their countrey then for any gratification or addition of power to the kynge, who was before Lord of Yreland, a which tytlo did not import the absolute soveraigne command of a lord seignour over his subjects as over his va salles, for all other absolute power of principalltie he had in himself before deryved from manie former kinges,' &c

P 613, col 1, l 15, *leepe* (22), *plucle* (19)  
P 613, col 2, l 9 from bottom, *warrehle* (19), *wicked* (22)

P 614, col 2, l 15, *enured* (73), *entred* (22 and 19)

P 615, col 1, ll 11, 12, *Culcers*, *Mounteroll*, *Orouke* MS 22 omits *Culcers* and *Mounteroll*, 19 reads *Culcers*, *Moneruo* (73 *Moneruo*), and *Ourlas* (*Oroulds* 73)

P 615, col 1, ll 14, 15, *Glaunmaleerih*, *Shillelah*, *Biskelagh*, *Polmonte* MS 19 has *Glaunmalor* (73 *Glamatour*), *Shillelagh* and *Bisklagh* *Polmonte* is inserted from Ware's text

P 615, col 1, l 11 from bottom, the Earle of Ulster Ware's text has the Earle of which is omitted in the Brit MSs MSS For Ulster, 19 reads *Lacie*

P 615, col 2, l 2, *bulided* *Tomond* (22), *repaired* *Thomond* (19)

P 615, col 2, l 17 from bottom, *Clarifort* (19), *Clarefort* (73), *Claryford* (Ware) Omitted by 22

P 615, col 2, l 15 from bottom, *Vourne* and *Butecant* (19) Omitted by 22

P 615, col 2, l 8 from bottom, *remember* (22), *reade* (19)

P 616, col 1, l 14 from bottom, *hunt* (22), *scathe* (19)

P 616, col 2, l 1, *Donluce* (Ware), *Donlace* (19) Omitted by 22

P 616, col 2, l 8 *Belfast* (19) Omitted by 22  
P 616, col 2, l 12, *en Ranagh* Omitted by 22, inserted from 19

P 616, col 2, l 14, *Belfast* *Norton* Omitted by 22, inserted from 19

P 616, col 2, l 28, in the *Ardes* Omitted by 22, inserted from Ware 19 reads at the *Ardes*, 73 in *Ardes*

P 616, col 2, l 29, *Brennemegham* (22), *Brenning ham* (19)

P 616, col 2, l 35, *to breathe or* (22), *to stae nor* (19)

P 616, col 2, ll 47-56, and *left* *varies*, in 22, 19, and 73, but omitted by Ware

P 617, col 1, l 18 from bottom, *Gerald* (22), *Garratt* (19 and 73)

P 617, col 2, l 6, *blusler* (22), *blatter* (19, and Ware)

P 617, col 2, l 20 from bottom, *Leis* (22), *Leix* (19)

P 617, col 2, l 16 from bottom *Oreyleus* (73), *Oreties* (19)

P 617, col 2, ll 12-9 from bottom *All this kinde* (22), *All those which ye have named and manie moe besides often tymes have I right well known to kynde* (19)

P 618, col 2, ll 18-22, *to keepe* *provision* (19) Omitted by 22, and Ware

P 619, col 2, l 17 from the bottom, *leave* (22) *druce* (19)

P 619, col 2, l 10 from bottom, *gairans* (19), *garrans* (22), *garrander* (73)

P 620, col 2, l 3, *which purposely therefore is appointed* (22), *which is purposelie appointed there unto* (19)

P 620, col 2, l 16 from bottom, *attaynted* *roid* (22) Ware and MSS 19 and 71 omit *hath beene made royd*, and for *attaynted*, Ware and 19 read *conteyned*

P 620, col 2, l 16 from bottom, *wronge* (19), *wrought* (22)

P 621, col 2, l 15 from bottom, *Palentine* (22), *Palatine* (19), *Paltanlyne* (74)

P 623, col 2, ll 4, 3 from bottom, *Cuddeehih*, *Coshirh* (22), *Cuddie*, *Cosherie* (19), *Shraah* and *Sorelum* (73 *Stragh* and *Brehini*) are omitted in 22

P 624, col 1, ll 3, 4, *saving* commonly (22), *for their common saunge* is (19)

P 624, col 1, l 29, *Kin-coghish* (22), *Kinconglishe* (19), *Kingongish* (73)

P 624, col 1, ll 4, 3 from bottom, *inclusion* *him* (19) Omitted by 22

P 624, col 2, l 21 from bottom, *Coghish* (22), *Congish* (73)

P 624, col 2, l 22 from bottom, *followers* (19), *fellowes* (22)

P 625, col 1, l 26, *I suppose to be Swythians which al, &c* In Ware's text we have the following passages, (omitted in all the Brit MSs MSS) which, however, is directed to be crossed out as being then agreeable to the best MS copy, which passage is also omitted in the MS. of this 'View' belonging to the Margins of Stafford (Todd) —

*Endor* How cometh it then to passe, that the Irish doe derive themselves from *Gathelus* the Spaniard?

*Iren* They doe indeed, but (I conceive) without any good ground For if there were any such notable transmission of a colony hether out of Spaine or any such famous conquest of this King dome by *Gathelus*, a Spaniard as they would faine believe, it is not unlikely, but the very Chronicle of Spaine (had Spaine then beene in so high regard as they now have it) would not have omitted so memorable a thing as the subduing of so noble a realme to the Spaniard, no more than they doe now neglect to memorize their conquest of the Indians, specially in those times, in which the same was supposed, being nearer unto the flourishing age of learning and writers unto the Romans But the Irish doe here in no otherwise then our value Englishmen doe in the Tale of Brutus, whom they devise to have first conquered and inhabited this land, it being as impossible to prove that there was ever any such Brutus of Albion or England as it is that there was any such *Gathelus* of Spaine But surely the Scythians (of whom I first spoke at, &c)

P 625, col 1, l 37, *Scuttenland* (19), *Scutlerland* (22)

P 625, col 1, ll 39-45, *I wonder* and the same (in 19 and 73) Omitted by 22

P 626, col 1, ll 21-22, of all which *Buckhanan* (22) Omitted by W

P 626, col 1, l 43, *leave* (so all copies) ? learn

P 626, col 1, l 54, *antiquitye* (22), *aucentines* (19 and 73)

P 626, col 2, l 17, *Cales* (22), *Cadiz* (19), l 43, *Gaudium* (W) *Galdum* (22), *Galdumion* (19)  
P 626, col 2, l 49, *Celles* (22), *Cellus* (19), *Celle* (W)

P 627, col 1, l 38, *fifre* (22), *fufcene* (19)  
P 627, col 1, l 44, *Sterius* (22), *Stanius* (W), *Sentes* (19)

P 627, col 1, ll 51-52, *As the Latin proverb is* (omitted by 22, in 19 and 73) W reads as the later proverb is

P 627, col 2, ll 11-11, *for being* would (22)  
Omitted by W.

P 628, col 1, l 12, *Isobell* (22), *Elizabeth* (W, 19 and 73).

P 628, col 1, l 23, *auncierum* (22, 7, and W), *auncerie* (19)

P 628, col 2, ll 17-21, *of the which* of the *Gauls* (19 and 73) Omitted by 22

P 628, col 2, l 37, *Gault* (22), *Gauls* (19), *Gald* (71 and W)

P 629, col 1, l 16, *Cummurech* (12), *Cumnerich* (19), *Cumerich* (73)

P 629, col 2, l 5, *winning* (22), *enploving* (W and 73), *enploving* (19)

P 630, col 1, l 30, *boltes* (W and 19), *logges* (22 and 73)

P 630, col 1, l 33, *boltes* (22), *boolyng* (W), *Bollinge* (19 and 73)

P 631, col 1, l 24, *Gauls* (22 and W), *Africans* (19 and 73)

P 631, col 1, l 36, *besemeth* (22), *deserte* (19)

P 631, col 2, l 6, *encloseth* (22), *enconceith* (19)

P 631, col 2, l 44, *Beantoolhe* (22), *Monashull* (19 and 73), *Monashull* (W)

P 632, col 1, ll 42, 43, *as have* that people W reads as have been devised for that people 22, taken for their reformation, 19, as have been devised for that people 73 as have been devised for the reformation of the people

P 632, col 1, ll 26-28, *I saw* . to be named (22) Omitted by W.

P 632, col 2, ll 13, 14, *Launlaider* (W), *Laudingabo* (19), *Lavarrinabore* (22)

P 632, col 2, l 36, *blunt* (22), *blunde* (19 and W)

P 633, col 1, l 1, *approachance* (22), *apparance* (19)

P 633, col 1, ll 2, 3, *Scola* judg<sup>ment</sup> (22), *Scola* be like an Egyptian word or carie anie smocke of anie learnage or judgement (19)

P 633, col 1, l 9, *oules* or *ouls* eyes (19), *an oule* or *ouls* eyes (22)

P 633, col 1, l 15, *Irish* (W), *English* (22)

P 633, col 1, l 17, *Ferrechs* W has *Ferragh*, 22 *Ferrechs*, 19 *Ferrah*, 7 *Ferraghe*

P 633, col 2, l 50, *clashing* (19), *lashing* (22)

P 634, col 1, l 1, *joining* (19), *commung* (22)

P 634, col 1, l 13, *oath* (19), *wooth* (22)

P 634, col 2, l 31, *Lycanthropia* (W), *Hicanthropy* (22)

P 635, col 1, l 44, *sharange* (19), *shetring* (22)

P 636, col 2, ll 47, 48, *an other huge* upon them (22), and through other huge calamities which came upon them (19)

P 637, col 2, ll 25, 26, *Hernan*, *Shenan*, *Mau-gan* (22), *Hernan*, *Shenan*, *Manann* (W)

P 637, col 2, ll 34-48, *of which sorte* . quile

*Irish* (22, 19 and 71) Omitted by Warg, who states that this passage is in the Lambeth MS, and in the MS belonging to the Marquis of Stafford

P 639, col 2, l 24, *head* (W), *haud* (22, 19 and 71)

P 640, col 2, ll 4-12, *Me thinks* dislike of (19 and W) Omitted by 22

P 640, col 2, l 48, *Tutens* (W and 19), *Tur-reus* (22)

P 642, col 1, l 12, *Kearrooghs* (22), *Garroires* (19)

P 642, col 2, ll 45-50, *by reading* of folke (19), *by reading* those which you call *Folkmoles* the which buile bu two severall nations, the one by the Saxons, as the worde signifyeth in *Saxone* meeting of folke (22)

P 643, col 1, ll 30-34, *as ye* . of stones (19) Omitted by 22

P 645, col 2, l 29, to P 646, col 1, l 41, *This is truly* was together (22, 19 and 73) Omitted by W

P 646, col 1, ll 52, 53, *choige therof* but the inconvenience (19), *charoe therof*, nor any defect of scale for reformation herof, but the inconvenience (22)

P 649, col 1, ll 50-53, *And this is* for ac-cursed (omitted by W)

P 649, col 1, l 52, *times* not called *amisse* (19), *times* called *banisse* (22)

P 656, col 1, l 6, *Jacques Geffray* (22), *Seignor Jeffrey* (19), *Seignor Jeffrey* (W)

P 658, col 1, l 77, *Magneirthe* (22), *Maguire* (73), *Macnure* (19)

P 658, col 2, l 11, *Turrelaghe O-Yeale* (22), *Turlagh Lragh* (19), *Turlough Oneale* (73)

P 658, col 2, l 41, *adese* (22) *thrice* (19)

P 659, col 2, l 28, *Cummeireeighe* (22), *Commerche* (19 and 73)

P 659, col 2, ll 52, 53, *Brin in the Brittons* dark (22), *Brin in the Brittons* language signifyeth *noodie*, and *Toll hillie* (19 and 73)

P 659, col 2, l 58, *Deurnund-ne-Goth* (22) *De-moungie* (19)

P 660, col 1, l 36, *Glan-Malceirh* (22), *Glan Malor* (19 and W)

P 660, col 1, l 37, *Ballinecorrh* (22), *Dallue-carre* (19)

P 660, col 2, l 53, *placing* (19 and 73), *plotting* (22)

P 661, col 1, l 48, *good spialls* (22), *good es* *peccalls* (19)

P 661, col 1, l 51, *bayle* (22), *banyoung* (19)

P 663, col 1, l 11, *unto them* where they (22), *unto them* that they shall be brought and re-mored with such creete as they have into *Leinster*, where they, &c (19)

P 664, col 1, ll 52, 53, *which amounth* acres (22) Omitted by W

P 672, col 2, l 47, *kinde of bung bounde* (19), *kinde of living being bound* (22)

P 675, col 1, ll 38, 39, *Alkounagh* *doogee* (22), *Saxona*, that is *English* (19)

P 676, col 1, l 54, *sparte* All the MSS agree in this reading Warg has *peare*, but *sparte* may be a provincial form of the O Eng *sparte*, a brittle axe

## APPENDIX II.

## LETTERS FROM SPENSER (INMÉRITO) TO GABRIEL HARVEY.

TO THE WORSHIPFULL  
HIS VERY SINGULAR GOOD FRIEND,  
MAISTER G H

FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL IN CAMBRIDGE \*

Good Maister G I perceive by your most enricuous and frendly Letters your good will to be no lesse in deed than I alwayes esteemed In recompence wherof, think I beseech you, that I wil spare neither speech nor wryting, nor aught else, whensoever, and wheresoever occasion shal be offred me yea, I will not stay, till it be offred, but will seeke it in al that possibly I may And that you may perceive how much your Counsel in al things prevailleth with me, and how altogether I am ruled and over ruled thereby I am now determined to alter mine owne former purpose, and to subscribe to your advizement being notwithstanding resolved still, to abide your farther resolution My princypal donbts are these First, I was minded for a while to have intermitted the uttering of my writtings leaste by over much eloying their noble eares, I should gather a contempt of myself, or else seeme rather for gaine and commoditie to doe it, for some sweetnesse that I have already tasted Then also, meeseemeth, the work too base for his excellent Lordship, being made in honour of a private Personage unknowne, whloh of some y l willers might be upbraided not to be so worthe, as you knowe she is or the matter not so weightie, that it should be offred to so weightie a Personage or thelike The selfe former Title still liketh me well ynough, and your fine Addition no lesse If these, and the like doubtes, maye be of Importaunce in your seeming, to frustrate any parte of your advice, I beseeche you without the least selfe love of your own purpose, counsell me for the beste and the rather doe it faithfullye and carefully, for that, in all things I attribute so muche to your judgement, that I nm gormore content to annihilate mine owne determinations, in respecte thereof And indeede for your selfe to, it sketh with you now, to call your wits and senses together (which are alwayes at call) when occasion is so fatrelly offred of Estimation and Preferment For whiles the iron is hote, it is good striking, and minds of Noble, vario as their Estates *Verum ne quid durius*

I pray you bethinke you well hereof, good Maister G and forthwith write me those two or three special points and caveats for the nonce, *De quibus in superioribus illis mellitissimis longissimisque literis tuis* Your desire to heare of my late being with hir Majestie muste dyo in it selfe As for the twoo worthy Gentlemen, Maister Sidney and Maister Dyer, they have me, I thanke them, in some use of familiarities of whom and to whome, what speache passeth for youre credite and estimation, I leave to your selfe to conceive, having alwayes so well conceived of my unfained affection and zeale towards you And nowe they have proclaimed in their *aperturay* a generall surceasing and silence of Baldo Rymers, and also of the verie beste to in steade wherof they hane, by authoritie of their whole Senate, prescribed certayne Lawes and rules of Quantities of English sillables for English Verse having had thereof already great practise, and drawn mee to their faction Newe Bookes I heare of none, but only of one, that writing a certayne Booke, called *The Schoole of Abuse*, and dedicating it to Maister Sidney, was for his labor scorned If at leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scorne Sneh folle is it, not to regarde aforehande the inclination and qualitie of him to whome wee dedicate orre Bookes Suche mighte I happily incurre enttailing *My Slomber* and the other Pamphlets unto his honor I meant them rather to Maister Dyer But I am of late more in love wyth my English Verseifying than with Ryming whyche I should hane done long since If I would then hane followed your counsell *Sed te solum jam tum suscebar cum Aschamo sapere nunc Autam video egregios alci e Poilas Anglicos*

Maister E K hartly desireth to be commended unto your Worshipp of whome what accompte he maketh, your selfe shall hereafter perceive, by his paynefull and dutifull Verses of your selfe

Thus much was written at Westminster yesternight but comming this morning, being the sixteenth of October, to Mystrasse *Helles*, to have it delivered to the Carrier, I recovered your letter, sente me the laste weeke whereby I perceive you otherwhiles contanne your old exercise of Verseifying in Englisho, whyche glorie I had now thought shoulde have bene onely ours heere at London and the Court

Truste me, your Verses I like passingly well, and envye your ludden palaces in this kinde or rather maligne, and grudge at your selfe, that would not once imparte so muche to me But once or twico you make a breache in Maister Drants Rules *quod tamen condonabimus tanto Poete, tuque ipsius maxime in his rebus auctoritatis* You shall see when we meete in Iondon (whiche when it shall be, certayne) howe fast I have followed after you in that

\* Reprinted from 'Two other very commendable Letters, of the same mens writing both touching the fressad Artificiall Verseifying, and certain other Partienlurs—More lately delivered unto the Printer—Inprinted at London by H Bynnemann, dwelling in Thurnes streate, neere unto Baynardes Castell Anno Domini, 1580 Cum gratia et privilegio Regia Majestatis'





Insignire voluit, Populoque placere faventi,  
Desipere insanus discit, turpemente pudenda  
Stultitiae laudem quaerit. Inter Ennius unus  
Dictus in innumeris sapiens laudatur at ipsa  
Carmina vesano fadisse hquentia vino  
Nec tu pace tua, nostri Crato Maxime sacelli,  
Nomen honorati sacrum merere Poetae,  
Quantumvis illustre canas, et nobile Carmen,  
At stultitiae velis, sic Stultorum omnia plena,  
Tuta sed in medio superest viri gurgite, nam Qui  
Nec reliquis numerum vult despissime ridere,  
Nec sapuisse nimis, Sapientem dixeris unum  
Hinc te mererit unda, illinc eombusserit Ignis,  
Nec in deliciis vitiis aspernare finentes  
Nec sero Dominam venientem in vota, nec Aurum,  
Si sapias, ablatum, (Cucus ea, Fabricisque  
Lingue vitris miseris miseranda Sophismata  
quondam

Grande sui decus li, nostri sed dedecus reu )  
Nec sectare nimis Res utraque crimino plenn  
Hoc bene qui enllet, (si quis tamen hoc bene callet)  
Scribe, bel invito sapientem hunc Socrate solum  
Vis facit non pioa In-ros facit altera et ntra  
Egrexile cordata, ac fortin pectora verum  
Omne tulit punctum, qui musculi utile dulci  
Dh mihi, dulces dñm dederant verum ntile nun-  
quam

Utne nunc etiam, ó utinam quoque dulce dedus-  
sent  
Du mihi (quippe Dus requiralia maxima parvis)  
Ni nimis in ideant mortalibus esse beatie,  
Dulce simul tribuisse queant, simul utile tanta  
Sed Fortuna tua est pariter quereque ntile, quaque  
Dulce dat ad placitum sero nos asdere nati  
Quaeritum imus eam per inhospita Canaesa longé,  
Perque Pyrenaeos montes, Babilonaque turpem  
Quod si quaesitum nec lui invenierimus, ingens  
Agor in exhaustis permensis erroribus, ntra  
Fluctibus in medlis soci quaeremus Ulyssis  
Pa-sibus inde Deam fessis comitabimur agram,  
Nobile qui furturn qui lenti defuit orbe  
Nunquie siñ pudet in patris, tenebrisque pu-  
dendis

Non unius Ingenio Iuvenem lufache ererentes  
Officli frustra deperdere vilibus Annae,  
Frugibus et vacuas sperantis cernera splens  
Ibimus ergo statim (quis cuncti fausta pre-  
cetur )

Et pede Clibanos fesso calcabimus Alpes  
Quis dabit interea conditas rore Britanno  
Quis tibi Litterulas? quis carmen amore petul-  
cam

Musa sub Ocellali deserta cacumine montis,  
Flebit in exhausto tam longa silentia planctu,  
I ureblique sacrum lacrymis Helicon tacentem  
Harreu-que bonis (charius licet omnibus idem,  
Idque suo merito prope suas lor omnibus nua-)  
Anglus et Gabriel, (quamvis comitatus amicus  
Innumris pensumque choro stipatus am-no)  
Inmensis tamen animum nobentem rpe requirer,  
Optabilem Utiuam mea hic Edmundus adesset,  
Qui nova crispisset nec Amoris contulisset  
Ipse eos, et sepe nihil recidit quic benignis  
Iusta precaretur, Deos illum aliquando redirent,  
&c

I ara te tua per Clavos sed non licet per Musas  
late Tale ias trana, M amabissime Harreu, meo  
et de, et deo et a nium longi charissime

I was minded also to have sent you some English  
verses or Rymes, for a farewell but by my troth,  
I have no spare time in the world, to thinke on  
such Toys, that you know will demaund a freer  
hand, than mine is presently I be-seeche you by  
all your Curtesies and Graces let me be answered  
ere I goe which will be (I hope, I feare, I thinke),  
the next weeke, if I can be dispatched of my Lorde  
I goe thither, as sent by him, and maintained most  
what of him and there am to employ my time, my  
body, my minde, to his Honours service Thus  
with many superhartie Comennations and Re-  
commendations to your selfe, and all my friendes  
with you, I endo my last Farewell, not thinking  
any more to write unto you, before I goe  
and withall committung to your faithful Credence the  
eternall Memorie of our everlasting friendship, the  
inviolable Memorie of our unspotted friendshippe,  
the sacred Memorie of our vowed friendship which  
I beseech you Continue with usuall writings, as you  
may, and of all things let me heare some Neves  
from you As gentle M Sidney, I thanke his good  
Worship hath required of me, and so promised to  
doe againe Qui monet, ut facias, quod jam facis,  
you knowe the rest You may niwayes send them  
most safely to me by Mistrisse Keile, and by none  
other So once againe, and yet once more, Fare-  
well most hartly, mine owne good Master H and  
love me, as I love you, and thinke upon poore Im-  
merito, as he thinketh upon you

Leycester House, this 5 [216] of October, 1579

Per mare, per terras,  
Ficus, mortuusque  
Tuus Immerito

# TO MY LONG APPROVED AND SINGULAR GOOD FRENDE, MASTER G H \*

Good Master H I doubt not but you have some  
great important matter in hande, which all this  
while restraineth your Penne, and wanted readi-  
nesse in provoking me unto that, wherein your selfe  
nowe faulste If there bee any such thing in hatch-  
ing, I pray you hartly, lette us knowe, before al the  
worlde see it But if happily you dwell altogether  
in Iustianus Courte, and give your selfe to be de-  
voured of secrete Studies, as of all likelihood you  
doe yet at least imparte some your olde, or newe  
Latine or English, eloquent and Gallant Poesies  
to us from whose eyes, you shye, you keepe in a  
manner nothing hidden Little newes is here  
stirred but that olde greite matter still depending  
His Honor never better I thinke the Earthquake  
was also there with you (which I would gladly  
learn) as it was here with us overthrowing divers  
old buildings and peeces of Churches Sure very

\* Reprinted from 'Three proper and wittie fami-  
liar Letters lately passed betweene two Universitie  
men touching the Earthquake in Aprill last, and  
our English reformed Versifying - With the Pre-  
face of a wellfiller to them both - Imprinted at  
London by H Benneman, dwelling in Thames  
streete neere unto Bayardes Castell Anno Do-  
mini 1600 - Cum gratia et privilegio Regie Majes-

\* manage to be heard of in these Countries, and yet I heare some saye (I knowe not how truly) that they have knowne the like before in their dayes *Sed quid vobis rutilum magnus Philosophus?* I like your late English Hexameters so exceedingly well that I also enure my Penne sometime in that kinde whiche I fynd indeede as I have heard you often defende in worde, neither so hard nor so hardie that it will easly and fairely yeelde it selfe to our Moorish tongue For the one, or chiefest hardnesse, which seemeth, is in the Accente whiche sometime gapeth, and, as it were, yawneeth Unflavouredly comming sherte of that it should and sometimes exceeding the measure of the Number, as in *carpetan* the middle sillable being used shorte in spache, when it shall be read long in Verse, seemeth like a lute *Gashua* that draweth one legge after her and *Heaven* being used shorte as one sillable, where it is in verse stretched out with a Dittie is like a lame dogge that holdes up one legge. But it is to be wonne with Custome and such words must be subdued with Use For, why a Gods name, may not we, as also the Greekes, have the kingdom of our owne Language and measure our Accentes by the sounde, receiving the Quintill to the Verse? Lo, here I let you see my olde use of toying in Rymes turned into your artificiall straightnesse of Verse by this *Tetrasticon* I beseech you tell me your minde without parcialitie

See yee the blndfolded prettie God, that feared Archer,

Of Lovers Miserie, which maketh his bloodie game?

Wot ye why, his Weather with a Venie hath covered his face?

True t me, lest he my Looove happely chaunce to beholde

Seeme they comparable to those two, which I translated you *ex tempore* in bed, the last time we lay together in Westminster?

That which I este did I joy, and that which I greevly forgoe,

As for the many goodly matters leaft I for others

I would hartly wish, you would either send me the Rules and Precepts of Arte, which you observe in Quantities, or else a fellowe mine, that M. Phillip Sidney gave me being the very same which M. Drant devised but enlarged with M. Sidneys own judgement and augmented with my Observations, that we might both accorde and agree in one kinde we overthrowe one another, and be overthrowen of the rest Trust me, you will hardly believe what greite good liking and estimation Maister Dyer had of your *Satyricall Verses*, and I since the view thereof having before of my selfe had speciall liking of *English Verse*, am even now aboute to give you some token, what and howe well therein I am able to doe for, to tell you truth, I minde shortly at convenient leysure to sette forth a Booke in this kinde, whiche I entitle *Epithalamion Thamesis* whylet Booke, I dare undertake will be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the Invention and manner of handling For in setting forth the marriage of the Thames I shewe his first beginning, and offspring, and all

the Countrey, that he passeth thorough, and also describe all the Rivers throughout Englande, whiche came to this Wedding, and their right names, and right passage, &c A worke beleever me, of much labour, wherein notwithstanding Master Holmshed hath much furthered and advantaged me, who therein hath bestowed singular paines, in searching out their first heades and sources and also in tracing and dogging oute all their Course, til they fall into the Sea

O Tite, siguld, ego  
Ecquid erit pretiy?

But of that more hereafter Newe, my *Dreamet* and *Dung Pellicane*, being fully finished (as I partlye signified in my laste Letters) and presently to bee imprinted I wil in kinde forthwith with my *Faery Queene*, whiche I praye you hartly send me with all expedition and your frendly Letters, and long expected Judgement what, whiche let not be sherte, but in all pointes suche, as you ordinarly use, and I extraordinarily desire *Mullum rale Westminster Quarto Novas Aprilis 1580 Sed, amabo te, meum Corculum tibi se ex animo commendat plurimum jamulus natus, et nihil ad literas suas responsi dedisse Vide quaso, ne si hibi Capitale sit Mihi erit quidem illi, neque tibi heredi unpunt, ut opinor, Iterum rale, & quam vobis sepe Yours always to commaunde,*

INDIGNITO

#### Postscripte

I take best my *Dreames* shoulde come forth alone, being groven by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in manner of a Paraphrase) full as great as my *Calendar* Therein be some things excellently, and many things wittily discoursed of L K and the pictures so singularly set forth and portrayed, as if Michael Angele were there, he could (I think) not amendo the beste, nor reprehendo the worst I know you woulde like them passing wel Of my *Stemmata Duellenna*, and especially of the sundry Apostrophes therein, addressed you knowe to whome, must more advise ment be had, than so lightly to sende them abroad hurbelt, trust me (though I doe never very well) yet, in my owne fancie, I never dyd better *Ieruntanen le sequor solum nunquam verbū assequar*

#### EXTRACT FROM HARVEY'S REPLY \*

But Master *Collin Cloute* is not every body, and albeit his olde Companions, *Master Cuddu* and *Master Hobbold* be as little beholding to their *Mistresse Poetrie*, as ever you writ yet he per adventure by the meanes of his special favour, and some personall priviledge, may happily live by *Dung Pellicane*, and purchase great landes, and lordshippes, with the money, which his *Calendar* and *Dreames* have, and will afforde him *Extra socum*, I like your *Dreames* passingly well and the rather, because they savour of that singular extraordinary vein and invention, which I ever fancied moste, and in a manner admired onelye in *Iucan*, *Petrarche*, *Asotino*, *Pasquill*, and all the most deli-

\* Reprinted from 'Three Proper and witty familiar Letters &c'

cato, and fine conceited Grecians and Italians (for the Romanes to speake of, are but verie ciphers in this kinde) whose chieftest enderour, and drift was, to have nothing vulgare, but in some respects or other, and especially in *heeh hupel belicall amplifications*, rare, quaint, and oddie in every pointe, and as a man would saye, a degree or two at the leaste above the reachie, and comprase of a common schollers capacitie. In whiche respects notwithstanding, as well for the singularitie of the manner, as the Divinitie of the matter, I hearde once a Divine, preferre *Saint Johns Revelation* before all the veriest *Metaphysicall* *visions*, and jollyest conceited *Dreames* or *Extasies*, that ever were devised by one or other, howe admirable, or super excellent soever they seemed otherwise to the worlde. And truly I am so confirmed in this opinion, that when I bethinke me of the verie notablest, and moste wonderful Prophetieall, or Poeticall Vision, that ever I read, or hearde mo seemeth the proportion is so unequal, that there hardly appeareth anye semblance of Comparison no more in a manner (especially for Poets) then doth betwene the incomprehensible Wisdome of God, and the sensible Wit of man.

But what needeth this digression between you and me? I dare save you wyl holdo yourselfe reasonably well satisfied if youre *Dreamer* be but as well esteemed of in Englande, as *Nirarches* *visions* be in Italy which I assure you, is the very worst I wish you. But, eee, how I have the *Arte Memorature* at commandement. In good faith I had once againe nigh forgotten your *Faire Queen* how belov'd by good chauce, I have nowe sent hir home at the laste,

neither in better nor worse case then I founde hir. And must you of necessity have my judgement of hir indeede? To be plaine, I am voyde of all judgement, if your *Aine Comedies* wherein to in imitation of *Hesiodus*, you give the names of the *Aine Muses* (and in our mans fante not unworthie) come not neerer *Aristotles Comedies* eyther for the fluencie of plausible Plocution, or the rarenesse of Poeticall Invention, then that *Flirish Queene* doth to his *Orlando Furioso*, which notwithstanding you will neede seeme to emulate and hope to overgoe as you flatly profesed yourself in one of your last Letters.

Besides that you know, it hath bene the usual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and specially in *Italy*, rather to shewe, and advaunce themselves that way, then any other as, namely, the e three notorious dyscoursing herds, *Hibena*, *Machiavel*, and *Aretine* wd (to let *Bembo* and *Ariosto* passe) with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole country being in deede reputed matchable in all points, both for conceit of Witte and eloquent deciphering of matters either with *Aristophanes* and *Menander* in Greeke or with *Plautus* and *Terence* in Latin, or with any other in any other tong. But I wil not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the *Faire Queene* be fairer in your eye then the *Aine Muses*, and *Hobgoblin* ranne away with the Garland from *Apollo*. Marke what I saye, and yet I will not say that I thought, but there an End for this once, and fare you well till God or some good Angell putte you in a better minde.

## GLOSSARY.

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*Darred*, dazzled, frightened ('a' *darred* lark' is generally explained as a lark caught (? frightened) by means of a looking-glass), 428  
*Dayesman*, a judge, arbitrator, 122  
*Daze* to dazzle, dim, 13 51, 673, to confound, 194  
*Dead doing*, death dealing, 92  
*Deaded*, dendened, 293  
*Death*, bestows, 230  
*Deare*, valuable, precious, 177  
*Deare*, hurt, injury 48, sore, sad, 143, sorely, 106  
*Dearing*, darling, 273  
*Dearnelle*, sorrowfully, mournfully (literally *secretly*, hence *lonely*, *sadly*, &c.), 544  
*Deaw*, to bedew, 87, 366  
*Debate*, to contend, strive, 207, 380, battle, strife, 123, 397 *Debateinent*, debate, 110  
  
*Debonaire*, gracious, courteous, 20, 158, 182  
*Decau*, to destroy, perish, relax, 124, 144, 363, destruction, ruin, death, 22, 47, 198, 220, 400  
*Decard* taken by deceit, 309  
*Deceit*, deceit, 411  
*Deceste*, decease, 314  
*Decreed*, determined on, 258  
*Decreeded*, decreased, 259  
*Deeme* (pret *deempt*), to judge, deem, 121, 290, 290, 253 471, 'deeme his payne' = adjudge his punishment, 252  
*Derring-doers*, doers of daring deeds, 239  
*Deface*, to defeat, 121  
*Defame*, disgrace, dishonour, 310 156, 299, 387  
*Defasie*, defaced, destroyed, 98, 122, 165  
*Defeatuna* defeat to  
*Defecture*, desert, 259  
*Defend*, to keep or ward off, 151, 245  
*Defly*, deftly, gracefully, 455  
*Define*, to settle, decide, 242  
*Deforme*, shapeless deformed 147  
*Degray*, to avert (by a proper settlement), 37, appease, 255  
*Degendered*, degenerated, 297  
*Delaw*, to temper, stop remove, 100 124, 238  
*Delice* (*Deluce*), flower de lice (= *flos deliciarum*), the iris, 456  
*Delices*, delights, 107, 279, 310 *Delightsome*, delight ful  
*Dell*, hole, 452  
*Delce* dell, hole cave, 112, 119, 169, 232  
*Demayne*, *itemeane*, *itemeawure*, demeanour bearing, treatment, 121, 129, 208, 388 *Demean*, treated, 556  
*Denisse*, submissive, 600  
*Dempt* See *Deeme*  
*Denau*, to deny, 199 219, 291, 413  
*Dent*, dint, blow, 259  
*Deor*, dew, 561  
*Depainted*, depicted 107  
*Depart* to divide, separate remove, 133, 176, departure, 197  
*Depaint*, *depenetein*, to paint, 455  
*Depend*, to hang down, 146, 416  
*Deprace*, to defame, 730  
*Dernful*, mournful, 564 See *Dearnelle*  
*Dernly*, secretly, 227, grievously, severely, 157  
*Der-doing* = performance of daring deeds, 118  
*Derring-doe*, daring deeds, warlike deeds, 101, 335, 477  
*Derth*, scarcity, 20  
*Deryce*, to draw away, transfer, 22  
*Describe*, *desery*, to perceive, discover, 94, 100, 233, reveal, 392  
*Deserve*, to describe 34, 420  
*Denne*, to denote, 215  
*Despairefull* *dryft*, hopeless cause, 146  
*Desperate*, despairing, 244  
*Despight*, anger, malice, 17, 81, 162, a scornful defiance, 309  
*Despightful*, spiteous, malicious, 81, 118  
*Despoil*, to unrobe, undress, 145  
*Desse*, dials, 264  
*Desynde*, directed 265  
*Detaine*, detention, 324  
*Devicessall* full of devices (as masques, triumphs, &c.), 306  
*Devise*, *devize*, to guess at, 129, purpose, 405, to

[illegible]

- Larne*, to yearn, 12, 41, 291, 452, to be grieved, 212  
*Farst*, at, first, foremost, previously, 51, 70, 87, 167, 477, at first, at length, 297, at present 483  
*Easterlings*, men of the East (Norwegians, Danes, &c.), 138  
*Eath, e'he*, east, 97, 290, 575  
*Edge*, to sharpen, 207  
*Edfyge*, to build, inhabit, 15, 157, 497  
*Fede, ele*, to increase, 37, 166, 197, 241, also, 433  
*Efferced*, made fierce, inflamed, 220  
*Efforce*, to oppose, 164  
*Efferred, efferat*, forced, constrained, compelled (to yield), 119, 228  
*Efraid*, scared, 13  
*Eft*, afterwards, again, forthwith, moreover, 62, 98, 127, 243, 402  
*Fftoonet*, soon after, forthwith, 13, 169  
*Eide*, seen, 218  
*Eine*, eyes, 568  
*Eld*, age, old age, 61, 97, 239, 268  
*Fifte*, fairy, 112  
*Fis (elles)*, else, elsewhere, otherwise 37, 122, 189  
*Em'ace*, *embase*, to bring, or cast down humbly, 195, 361, 388, 574 *Embase*, debased, dishonoured, 167, 209  
*Embar*, to guard confine, 21, 48, 219  
*Embasade*, ambassador, 703  
*Embassage*, embassy, message, 268  
*Emballail*, to arm for battle, 102  
*Embaulin*, to anoint, 260  
*Embau*, to bathe, 56, 61, 81, 124, 171, bask, 341  
*Embayl*, to bind up, 94  
*Embellish*, adorned (with flowers), 419  
*Embosom*, to foster, 93  
*Emboss*, to overhelm, press hard, 37, 158, 225 to surround, enclose, 24, 70, 381  
*Embosse*, to adorn, ornament, array 158, 162, 218  
*Emboie*, to arch over, to curve, bend, 76, 537  
*Embowell*, to take out the bowels, 196  
*Embower*, to take shelter, 597  
*Emboyl*, to boil (with anger), 97 *Embouled*, heated 71  
*Embrace*, to brace, to fasten, or bind, 761, to protect, 103  
*Embracement*, an embrace, 98, 201  
*Embrave*, to decorate, 86, 481  
*Embreule*, *embroider*, to embroider, 189, 227  
*Embreue*, to strain with blood, 189, 401  
*Embusied*, occupied, 263  
*Ene*, uncle, 136  
*Eneraud*, emerald, 150  
*Enmore*, to move 85, 117  
*Enmong*, among, 146 *Enmonged* amongst, 159, 173  
*Empale*, to enclose, fringe, 535  
*Empare*, *empair*, to diminish, impair, hurt, 67, 131, 311, 352  
*Emparlance*, treaty, 277, 316  
*Empart*, assign, 261  
*Empassioned*, *empassionate*, moved or touched with passion, feeling 22, 210, 219, 312, 596  
*Empreach*, to hinder, prevent, 57, 174, 219, hindrance, 113, disfigurement, 151  
*Empeuple*, dwell, 66  
*Empere*, *empierce*, to pierce through (pret *empeist* *empierced*), 86, 124, 181, 210  
*Emperill*, to endanger, 248  
*Empeirid*, to perish decay 118  
*Empight*, fixed, settled, 101, 184, 242, 420  
*En plunged*, plunged, 213  
*Empoyoned*, poisoned, 187, 189  
*Emprise*, *emprie*, enterprise, attempt, 28, 116, 207, 310  
*Empurpled* purple-faced, 150, 195, 227  
*Enaurer*, lost, 40, 459  
*Enbasom*, to fix firmly, 148  
*Enchace*, *enchase*, to adorn embellish, 76, 127, 240, 718, to honour with a fitting term, 203, (in grave 350), dart, 317  
*Enchenson*, reason, cause, occasion, 87, 461  
*Encomberment*, hindrance, 160  
*Eneroche*, to come on, 450  
*Endamage*, to damage, do harm, 123  
*Endangerment*, danger, 392  
*Endecourment*, endeavour, labour 717  
*Endue*, to endow, 32  
*Endite*, to ensure, 422  
*Endlong*, from end to end, continue on, 211, 213  
*Endoss*, write on the back endorse, 373, 673  
*Endure*, to harden, 270  
*Enre*, once, 485  
*Enstencil* made fell or fiercer, 397  
*Enstencil* See *Enstencil*  
*Enferce*, to make fierce, 97  
*Enforme*, to fashion 366  
*Enfouldred*, hurried on like thunder and lightning 72  
*Engin*, wiles, deceit, contrivance, 99, 161, 212  
*Engout* surrounded, 692  
*Englut*, to glut, fill 89  
*Engore*, to gore wound, 149, 185, 277, 392  
*Engorge*, to devour glut, 145  
*Engrafted*, *engraft*, implanted, fixed, 164, 236  
*Engrained*, dyed, 419  
*Engrasp*, to grasp, 191  
*Engrate*, to burr, 61, 86, 104, to cut pierce, 197  
*Engreave*, *engraver*, to grieve, to be vexed 99, 161, 190  
*Engros*, to buy up in large quantities, to regrave, 681, to write a large letter 555  
*Engrode*, made thick 117, 156, 681  
*Enhaunce*, to lift up raise 11, 109, 210  
*Enlarge*, *enlarge*, to set at large, deliver, 73, 104, 271  
*Enlumine*, to illumine, 296  
*Enmore*, to move See *Enmore*  
*Enraze*, to implant, 187, 193  
*Enragement*, rapture 602  
*Enraunge*, to range 367  
*Enraunod*, ranged in order, 191, 603  
*Enrold*, enrolled, 91, 117  
*Ensamus*, enclosed 289  
*Entee*, *entee*, to follow after, pursue, 151, 160, 219  
*Enteing*, following, 375  
*Entenric*, to ensnare entangle, 3, 8  
*Entlaye*, to carve, inlay, 91, 109, 112, (sb) carving, 112  
*Enterdeale*, negotiation 714, 520  
*Enterpris*, to undertake, 82  
*Enterpris*, to entertain, 88 take in hand, 291  
*Enterlain*, take, receive (pay) 120, 370 *Enterlayne*, entertainment, hospitality, 90, 341, 523  
*Enterlake*, to entertain 441  
*Entree*, inward, internal, 160, 167, 195, 270 *Enturely*, earnestly, 71, 99, entirely, 120  
*Entwaile*, *entwail*, to twist, entwine, interlace, 94, 192, 222, 246, 470  
*Entwaille*, twisting, entanglement, 173

- Entrail*, the lowest part, depth (bowels), 147  
*Entrat*, to treat of, treat, 213, 280, 296, 365  
*Enure*, to use, practise, 206 *Enured*, accustomed, 397, committed habitually, 311  
*Eura*, to be angry, indignant, 251, to emulate, 157  
*Euralloure*, roll about, 178, 319  
*Encombed*, pregnant, 85  
*Enwrap*, to wrap up, 70  
*Equall*, impartial, 427  
*Equipage*, array, equipment, 68, to array, equip, 127  
*Ermelin*, an ermine, 165  
*Ermine*, skin of the ermine, 161  
*Erne*, to return, 26  
*Errant*, wandering, 201  
*Errour*, wandering, 182, 210  
*Esq*, 477 See *Lars*  
*Escheat*, escape, 401  
*Esoune*, to withdraw, 29  
*Esprail*, slight, appearance, observation, 289, 312  
*Esoune*, to excise, 29  
*Esute*, estate, rank, 369  
*Etern*, eternal, 193 *Eternize*, to make eternal, 66, 103  
*Eternize*, to immortalize, 503  
*Ethe* casy, 467  
*Eugh*, yew, 12 *Eughen*, ewghen, of yow, 70, 519  
*Euangelu*, gospel, 137  
*Evill*, poor, unskilful 416  
*Exanimate*, lifeless, 146  
*Excheat*, gain, profit, escheat, 35, 202  
*Expert*, to experience, 482  
*Expire*, breathe out, 72, to fulfil a term, put an end to, 44, 275  
*Express*, to press out, 144  
*Extruse*, surprise, 425  
*Exten*, stretched out, 118  
*Exturpe*, to root out, 63  
*Extort*, extorted, 300  
*Extiad*, descended, 210  
*Extreait*, extraction, 343  
*Exuls*, exiles, 558  
*Facts*, acts, 345  
*Fagus*, newly fledged young, 71, 599  
*Egpe*, eyes, 29, 194  
  
*Face*, to carry a false appearance, 338  
*Faci*, feat, deed, 216  
*Fail*, fayl, to deceive, 222, 293, to cause to fail, 103  
*Fain*, fayne, glad, eager, 12, 261, 378, faynd, desired, 205, faynes, delights, 378  
*Fann*, fayne, to felgn, dissemble, 94, 93, to mis- take, 261, imagine, 420, 'fained dreadful' = ap- parently dreadful, 228  
*Faitour*, faytoure, cheat, deceiver, vagabond, villain, 32, 234, 363, 459  
*Fallen*, befall, 419  
*Falsed*, falsified, deceived, 20, 160, insecure, weak, 73 *Falses*, falsehoods, 305 *Falsen*, a liar, 461  
*Fallring*, faltering, 219  
*Fantaw*, fantasy, fancy, 149, apprehension, 403  
*Fare*, to go, proceed, act, deal, 80, 87, 201, 277  
*Farforth*, very far, 211  
*Faste*, having a face 111  
*Fastnesse*, stronghold 315  
*Fate*, de-destined term of life, 200 *Fatal*, ordained by fate, 168, 210  
  
*Fault*, to offend, be in error, 140, 444  
*Favour*, feature, 331  
*Favourlesse*, not showing favour, 126  
*Fav*, a fairy, 241, faith, 334, 474  
*Fear*, feare, companion, 339, to feare, together, 138  
*Fear*, fearen, to frighten, 147, 176, 'feared — of,' alarmed by, 401  
*Fearfull*, timid, 421  
*Fearfull*, festival, 409  
*Featiously*, neatly, 606  
*Feature*, fashion, form, character, 54, 240  
*Fee*, tenure, 88, pay, service, 409, 553, property, 233, 276  
*Feeble*, enfeebled, 51 *Feeblesse*, feebleness, 271  
*Feeld* (golden), an emblazoned field (of a knight's shield), 433  
*Feend*, fiend, devil, 70  
*Feld*, let fall, thrown down, 109, 233  
*Fell*, befall, 249, gall, 218  
*Fell*, fierce, cruel, 172, 220, 337 *Fellu*, cruelly, 36, 142, 242, 417  
*Fellonest*, most fell, 249  
*Fellon-*ous, wicked, fell, 162 *Felnesse*, cruelty, fierce-ness, 123, 270, 276  
*Feminitee*, womanhood 193  
*Feod*, feud, enmity, 232  
*Fensible*, fit for defence, defensible 127, 213  
*Fere*, companion, husband, 61, 247, 308, 418  
*Ferne*, lodging, 184  
*Ferry*, a ferry boat, 108  
*Fell*, to fetch, 131, fetched (re-cued), 307  
*Fleur-de luce*, the iris See *Delice*  
*Feutic*, feutre, to place the spear in the rest, to prepare for battle, 212, 258  
*Fiaunt*, commission, fiat, 523  
*File*, to defile, 162, 266  
*File*, to polish, smoothe, 15, 556  
*Fine*, end, 351, 245  
*Firm*, to fix firmly, 112  
*Fit*, to be fitting, 87, 'Of loves were fitted' = were suited, furnished with lovers, 231  
*Fit*, fill emotion, passion, grief, 229, 260, 314, 350, a musical strain, 68  
*Flaggy*, loose 69, 178  
*Flat*, plain, 474  
*Flake*, a flash, 163  
*Flamed*, inflamed 107  
*Flasket*, a basket, 606  
*Flaisting*, flaistise, with the flat side (of the sword), 318  
*Flare*, a gust of wind,  
*Flare*, to mock, 619  
*Fleet*, to sail float, 146, 278, 552, to fit, 206  
*Flex*, flav, 260  
*Flit*, fleet, swift, 100, 222, changing, 161, unsub- stantial light, 217  
*Flit*, flite, to move change flee, 19, 222 *Flitting*, fleeting, 70, yielding, 119, 161  
*Flong*, flunze, 503  
*Flore*, ground, spot 143, 370  
*Flout*, to mock, deride, 397, 428  
*Flouri*, little flowers, 450  
*Flushing*, rapidly flowing, 260  
*Fodder*, grass, 222  
*Foen*, foci, 93  
*Foile*, a leaf (of metal), 27  
*Foison*, abundance, plenty, 61  
*Folkmoie*, a meeting, assembly, 217  
*Fon*, a fool, 449, 456, 552 *Fonfu*, foolishly 419  
*Fond*, foolish, doting, 56, 167, *fondling*, fool, 193

- Fondly*, foolishly, 313, 628    *Fondness*, folly, 459, 578  
*Fond*, found, 151, tried, 186  
*Font*, fons, 20, 172, 358  
*Food*, feed, 50, 80  
*Foolhappie*, undesigned, 38  
*Foolhardie*, foolhardiness, folly, 88, 528  
*Foi*, notwithstanding, 177, for fear of, what for = what sort of? 431  
*Fordo*, to destroy, 355    *Fordonne*, utterly undone, ruined, overcome, 37, 172, 250, 277  
*Foreby*, *foibu*, hard by, near, 42, 43, 183, with, 349, past, 157  
*Forecast*, previously determined, 227  
*Foredamned*, utterly damned, 217  
*Forelay*, to lay before, or over, 91  
*Forelent*, given up entirely, 242  
*Forelusting*, lifting up in front, 69  
*Forepast*, gone by, 212  
*Fore-red*, foretold, 532  
*Foreshewed*, previously instructed, 431  
*Foiende*, the side to the fore, external covering, 310  
*Foi espent*, *forspent*, utterly wasted, 256  
*Foiestall*, to take previous possession of, to hinder, obstruct, 126, 461, 611  
*Foretaught*, previously taught, 47  
*Foi event*, gone before, 467  
*Forged*, false, 21  
*Forgery*, fiction, deceit, 161, a counterfeit or assumed character, 310  
*Forgive*, to give up, 404  
*Forhaile*, to overtake, 475  
*Forhent*, overtaken, 180  
*Forlent*, gave up, 180  
*Forlore*, *forloru*, utterly lost, abandoned, 45, 53, 94, 150, 173, 178, 187, *forlore* (pret.), deserted, 211, lost (to sense of propriety), 354  
*Formalla*, expressly, 153  
*Formerlie*, beforehand, 363  
*Forpas*, to pass over, 517  
*Forpassed*, past by or through, 213, 310  
*Forpued*, pined away, 217  
*Forray*, to ravage, prey on, 416, a raid, 174  
*Forsake*, to avoid, 70, renounce, 108  
*Foi say*, forsake, 459  
*Forsayd*, denied residence, banished, 467  
*Forlacke*, *forlooe*, *forslow*, to delay, waste in sloth, 280, 335, neglect, omit, 425, impede, 467  
*Forstall*, *forstallen*, to prevent, 475    See *Forestall*  
*Foisical*, spent with heat, 455  
*Forseconck*, tired with over work, 456  
*Forthink*, to repent, be sorry for, 380, to give up, 292  
*Foi thight*, straight to say, 115  
*Forth*, therefore, because, 120, 452  
*Fortilage*, a little fortress, 149, 681  
*Fortune*, to happen, 165, 183, 392  
*Foi tunize*, to make happy, 407  
*Fortuneless*, unfortunate, 270  
*Foi wandre*, to stray away, 42, 220  
*Forecasted*, utterly wasted, 68, 186  
*Forewearie* (*forweared*), utterly wearie, worn out, 15, 56, 72  
*Forcent*, left, 183, 278, did forgo, 561  
*Forcorne*, much warne, 42  
*Foster*, forester, 157  
*Fouldring*, thundering, 88  
*Found*, established, 136  
*Foundring*, toppling, falling, 250  
*Foy*, allegiance, faith, 135  
*Foyle*, repulse, defeat, 93, to defeat, ruin, overthrow, 136, 351  
*Foyne*, to thrust, push, 103, 124, 244, 317  
*Foyson*, abundance, 564  
*Fraight*, fraught, 473  
*Frame*, to make, form, support, prepare, direct, 20, 52, 56, 157, 158, 159, to put in shape for motion, 355  
*Franchisement*, deliverance, 351  
*Franck*, free, forward, 90  
*Francklin*, freeman, freeholder, 61  
*Franion*, a loose woman, 90, 308  
*Fray*, to frighten, terrify, alarm, 15, 17, 24, 75, 124, 149, 170, affray, 234  
*Frenne*, a stranger, 455  
*Fret*, ornamental border, 288    *Fretted*, ornamented with fret-work, 129, 174  
*Frett*, to consume, 90  
*Friend*, to befriend, 236, 285  
*Frigot*, a little boat, 107  
*Frisles*, gambols, 283  
*Frieze*, to freeze, 410  
*Fro*, from, 114, 403  
*Froliche*, 'fained her to froliche' = desired her to be cheerful, 372  
*Fronis*, foreheads, 19  
*Fronie*, frozen, 450  
*Froty*, frosty, frozen, 203, 204  
*Frounce*, to fold, plait, 28  
*Forward* = fromward, at a distance from, 109  
*Frowie*, musty, 467  
*Fruet*, fruit, 449  
*Fru*, swarms (of young children), 74  
*Fris*, to foam, 149  
*Fulmined*, fulminated, 163  
*Fume*, to pass away like smoke, 556  
*Funerall*, death, 104  
*Furnament*, furnishing, 245  
*Furniture*, gear, equipment, 157  
*Fulde*, felt, 420  
*Fyle*, to polish, 164  
*Fyled*, kept in files, registered, 394  
*Gage*, pledge, 31, 72, 93  
*Gan*, against (as in *gainstive*, 264), 98  
*Gauseau*, demal, 164  
*Galage* (*galioche*), a wooden shoe, 450  
*Galugale*, sweet cyperus, 534  
*Gail*, bile, 13  
*Gallmauf*, ay, hotch potch, 442  
*Gamesome*, pleasant, 428  
*Gan* (*can*) began, did, 18, 48, 110, 120  
*Gang*, to go, 452, 474  
*Gard*, safeguard, protection, 165  
*Garran*, a kind of horse, 681  
*Garre*, to cause, make, 104, 455  
*Gaspng*, gaping, 454  
*Gasfull*, fearful, dreary, 471  
*Gate*, a goat, 460  
*Gale*, way, procession, 147, 178  
*Gaudy green*, a robe of a light green, 458  
*Gazement*, gaze, 307  
*Gealouy*, *gelous*, jealousy, 78, 100  
*Geare*, *gere*, *gear*, dress, equipment, 99, 305, 308, 421, matter, affair, 372

- Geare*, to jeer, scoff, 108  
*Gravon*, rare, uncommon, 381, 512, 536  
*Gelly*, clotted, 179  
*Gell*, gold, 449, bribed with gold, 186  
*Gell* This word has been variously explained—by some as a gelding, by others as a *quilt*-person  
*Profe- or Child* explains it as a wild Irishman,  
*Cell*, 264  
*Gell*, castrated, 428  
*Gentl*, gentle kind, accomplished, 55, 57, 83, 160  
*Geit* See *Geare*  
*German*, brother 33, 84, 124  
*Gerne*, to grin, 3 46  
*Gesse*, to deem, think, *guess*, 39, 230  
*Gest*, deed of arms, 60, 124, 378, gesture, deport-  
 ment, bearing, 128, 164, 201  
*Ghas'tu*, terrible, 162, 166 *Ghas'tinesse*, terrible-  
 ness, 96  
*Ghes*, to guess, deem, 39  
*Ghost*, spirit, soul, 46  
*Giambeur*, leggings, greaves, 109  
*Gin*, engine (of torture), 86, plot, contrivance,  
 snare, 93, 191  
*Gin*, *gunne*, to begin, 13, 40, 70, 207  
*Gipen*, a pipe, 61  
*Gust*, tournaments, tilts, 11, 477, to joust, tilt,  
 230  
*Glade*, valler, dale, 159  
*Glade*, to gladden, 411  
*Glare*, glare, *alatre*, a sword, 265, 281, 353  
*Glee*, pleasure? see property, 58  
*Glennie*, countr'y hamlet, 455  
*Glib*, a thick bush of hair overhanging the eyes,  
 269, 630  
*Glims*, glimpse indistinct light, 401, 604  
*Glinne*, glen, 615  
*Ghiterand*, glittering, 141, 468  
*Ghister*, to glitter, shine, 13, 160, 223  
*Glude*, glided, 219  
*Glory*, vainglory, boasting, 92  
*Glozing*, deceitful, 201  
*Glulled*, filled, 474  
*Gnarc*, growl, snarl, 36  
*Gobbehne*, goblin, 139  
*Gobbel*, morsel, piece, 13, 69  
*Goddod*, deified, 557  
*Goe*, gone, 467  
*Gondelay*, gondola, 106  
*Goodlihed*, *goodthead*, goodness, 95, 369, 450,  
 goodly appearance, 167  
*Gooldes*, marigolds, 552  
*Gore*, to pierce, wound, 162  
*Gore-blood*, clotted blood, 84  
*Gorge*, throat, 13, 69, 242  
*Gorge*, armour for the throat, 242  
*Goshawle*, a large kind of hawk, 815  
*Gossib*, kinsman, 75  
*Gourmandize*, greediness, 410  
*Governall*, government, 150  
*Governance*, government, 83,  
*Government*, control, 254  
*Grace* favour, kindness, 118, to give favour to, 67  
*Grafted*, grafted, 450  
*Graille*, gravel, 44  
*Graine*, dye (scarlet), 43  
*Grammercy*, many thanks, 117  
*Grange*, dwelling, place, 481  
*Grapple*, to tug, 260  
*Graplement*, grasp, elntoh, 142  
*Grasle*, graced, favoured, 419  
*Grate*, to scorn, 86  
*Gravle*, gravel, 389, 540  
*Gravle*, the holy vessel said to have been used at  
 Our Saviour's Last Supper, 137  
*Greare*, grove, 216, 370  
*Gree*, degree, rank, 468 (st 15)  
*Gree*, far out, goodwill, 34, 92  
*Greete*, to congratulate, praise, 307, 349, mournful,  
 470, to assign with praise (st 14), 307, to weep,  
 454  
*Gren*, to grin, snarl, 260, 420  
*Grenning*, grinning, 39  
*Grude*, pierce, 507  
*Griefull*, grievous, 231, 400  
*Griese*, thlok, singgish 108, gray, 58  
*Grieste*, grisely, horrible, 36, 145, 157  
*Grieted*, hurt, 49  
*Grimmes*, severity, savageness (Embl), 451  
*Griu*, to gnash the teeth, 314  
*Gripe*, to grasp, 70, 350  
*Grippe*, gripe, grasp, grasping, greedy, 30, 801, 377  
*Groncfall*, full of groins, 144  
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*Nourse*, nurse, to nurse, foster, rear, 41, 297, 360  
*Nousing*, nestling, burrowing, 288, 576  
*Nozell*, news, 419  
*Nouance*, nouance, annoyance, 224  
*Noyd*, *noued*, annoyed, 61, 74, 160  
*Noies*, noise, 245  
*Noyous*, annoying disagreeable, injurious, 87, 73  
*Noyesome*, hurtful, 407  
*Nycely*, carefully, 225  
*Oye*, to draw near, 461  
*Oys*, is not, 460

*Ocher*, ochre, 191  
*Obliqui*, oblique, 435  
*Osequey*, funeral rite, 86  
*Oddes*, advantage, 363  
*Of*, off, 460, upon, 247, by, 112, 118, 285, of all, above all, 407  
*Ofal*, that which falls off, 92  
*Offend*, to harm, hurt, 151, 379  
*Ofnew*, recently, 416  
*Ofspring*, origin, 118  
*On*, once, 489  
*Onely*, chief, especial, 80  
*Ope*, open, 246  
*Opprest*, taken captive, 153  
*Or*, ere, before, 517  
*Ordain*, to set (the battle) in order, 138  
*Ordel*, to arrange, 128, rank (of army), 127  
*Ordinance*, arrangement, 128, ordinance, artillery, 141  
*Oricalche*, a kind of brass, 572  
*Origane*, bastard marjoram, 21  
*Other*, left, 97, 358  
*Otherwhere*, elsewhere, 150  
*Otherwhiles*, sometimes, 212, 230  
*Ought*, owned, 31, 123, 521, owed, 160  
*Outbarre*, to arrest, 188  
*Outgo*, to surpass, 233  
*Outin ed*, let out for hire, 295  
*Outlaunched*, outlanched, 533  
*Out learn*, to learn from, 270  
*Outrage*, violence, outburst, 90  
*Outstained*, outstretched, 507  
*Outweave*, wear out, 239, pass, spend, 227  
*Outwile*, to gush or well out, 18, (pret.) *outwilde*, 509  
*Outwent*, surpassed, 454  
*Outwin*, to get out, 282  
*Outwind* (= outwin), to get out, 307  
*Outwrest*, wrest out, discover, 99

*Overbrought*, completed, passed, 118  
*Overcall*, every here, 72, all over, 69  
*Overbare*, overthrew, 271  
*Overcame*, o spread, 194  
*Overcaught*, overtook, 264  
*Overcraie*, to crow over, insult, 59, 449  
*Overdight*, decked over, covered over, overspread, 117, 271, 554  
*Overgo*, to overpower, surpass, 300, 471  
*Overgure*, to give over, 153, 513  
*Overgrast*, grown over with grass, 474  
*Overhale*, to draw over, 417  
*Overhent*, overtook, 113, 307, overtaken, 184, 193  
*Overkest*, overcast, 189, 431  
*Overlade*, to overwhelm, 356  
*Overplast*, overhanging, 82  
*Over-raught*, overtook, 376  
*Over-red*, read over, 221  
*Overpare*, pass over, all-in-to, 373  
*Overrun*, to over run, oppre a 302  
*Oversee*, to overlook, 129, 515  
*Overright*, escape (through having overlooked a danger), 78  
*Overrun*, to run over, 172  
*Overbore*, overthrow, 251  
*Overthwart*, opposite, 281  
*Overture*, an open place, 466  
*Overwent*, overcome, 452  
*Owe*, to own See *Ought*  
*Ouch*, a socket of gold to hold precious stones, a jewel, 18, 63, 177  
*Oure*, ore, 112, 177  
*Ouzell*, blackbird, 588  
*Oustrige*, ostrich, 141

*Pace*, paw, step, pass, passage, 27, 157  
*Pacle*, to pack off, 421, a burden, "63  
*Paddock*, pond, 191  
*Painne*, *payne*, labour, pains, 111, punishment, 114  
*'did him paine'* = took pains, exerted himself, 353  
*Pure*, to impair, 48  
*Paled* 'pmett upon gold and paled part per part, 366 = adorned with golden points or eyelets, and regularly intersected with stripes. In heraldry a shield is said to be *paled per pale* when it is longitudinally divided by a pale or broad bar'  
*Paled*, fenced off, 73  
*Pall*, to subdue, moderate, 311  
*Pall*, a cloak of rich material, 318, 467  
*Panachia*, pannier, 85  
*Pannikell*, skull, crown, 184  
*Paragon*, *paragone*, companion, equal, 233, 253, 253, rivalry, 174  
*Paramour*, a lover, 466  
*Paravant*, first, beforehand, 164, 558, in front, 408  
*Parbrail*, vomit, 13  
*Pardeale*, panther, 41  
*Parentage*, parent, 124  
*Parget*, plaster, 518  
*Part*, party, 449, depart, 24  
*Partake*, to share, 98  
*Parture*, departure, 205  
*Pass*, *pass* (*passing*, *surpassing*), to surpass, exceed, 28, 63, 108, 177, 235, 108  
*Passion*, suffering, 20, 268 *Passioned*, affected



- Prou*, brave, (superl) *Prouest*, 31, 34, 171 *Prooves*, prowess, 56  
*Prune*, 95 See *Proine*  
*Pryse*, to pay for, 285 See *Price*  
*Puddle*, a small stream, 500  
*Puissant*, powerful, 286  
*Pumie*, pumy stones, pumico stones, 186, 453  
*Purchase*, to obtain, to get, win (honestly or otherwise), 93, 456  
*Purchase*, purchase, property, booty, robbery, 24, 93, 418  
*Purfled*, embroidered on the edge, 19, 94  
*Purpoil*, disguise, 161  
*Purpos*, purpose, conversation, discourse, 20, 75, 93, 163, 201, 230, 'to purpose,' to the purpose, 101, to speak as 'purpose diversity' = to speak of various things, 146  
*Pursuant*, a pursuer, 518  
*Purvey*, to provide, 93, 365  
*Purveyance*, provision, management, 75, 156, function, 159, 223  
*Pullocke*, a kite, 317  
*Pyne*, pain (of hunger), 318, torment, 65  
*Pynning*, diggings, work of pioneers, 138
- Quale*, to cast down, defeat, conquer, 98, 165, 203, perish, 481  
*Quaint*, nice, fastidious, 194, 230  
*Qualify*, to ease, soothe, 111  
*Quarle*, quarrel, a square headed arrow, 142, 143  
*Quarrie*, quarry, prey, game, 144, 197, 315  
*Quart*, quarter, 133  
*Quayd*, quailed, quelled, subdued, 50  
*Queane*, a worthless woman, 270  
*Queint*, quaint, 478, 'queint elect,' oddly chosen, 196  
*Queint*, quenched, 103  
*Quell*, to kill, to subdue, 116, 411, to perish, 434, to abate, 452, to disconcert, frighten, 307, 356  
*Queme*, to please, 458  
*Quest*, expedition, pursuit, 199, 262  
*Quich*, quince, to star, move, 341, 670  
*Quick*, alive, 84, 'somo quicke' = something alive, 452  
*Quetage*, quietness, 246  
*Quight*, to set free, 50, to requite, 186  
*Quited*, padded, 102  
*Quip*, a jeer, taunt, 519, to sneer at, taunt, 395  
*Quire*, company, 401  
*Quirk*, a quip, 618  
*Quit*, quile, quile, to set free, to requite, repay, 19, 556, to return (a salute), 14, 62, freed removed, 33, 67, 231, 'quite clame,' to release, 367  
*Quooke*, quaked, 214
- Rablement*, a rabble, troop, 36, 75, 141, 525  
*Race*, to raze, 154, 172, to cut, 317, *raced*, erased, 340  
*Rad*, rode, 301  
*Rad*, perceived, 206, 361 See *Read*  
*Raft*, bereft, 14, 470  
*Ragged*, rugged, 86  
*Raile*, rayle, to flow, pour down, 43, 123, 181, 222, 237  
*Rain*, rayne, to reign, 37, kingdom, 114, 180, 244  
*Rakehell*, loose, worthless, 352  
*Ramp*, tear, attack, 26, 35, leap, 421  
*Ranck*, fiercely, 92, vigorous growing, 466
- Randon*, random, 202, 458  
*Ranckorous*, sharp, 450  
*Ranke*, fiercely, 256  
*Rape*, rapine, 263  
*Rascal*, raskall, low, base, worthless, 141, 222, 353  
*Rase* (pret *ras*), to erase, 157, 232  
*Rash*, to tear violently, hack, 237, 307 *Rashly*, hastily, suddenly, 162, 227, 237 *Rash*, quick, 132  
*Rate*, to scold, 207  
*Rate*, allowance, 269, order, state, 284  
*Rath*, early, soon, 171, 467 *Rather*, early-born, 449  
*Rath*, mound, 642  
*Raugh*, reached, extended, took, 41, 156, 249  
*Raunch*, to wrench, 471  
*Ravin*, ravine, plunder, prey, 32, 69, 263  
*Ravishment*, ecstasy, 404  
*Ray*, to defile, soil, 84, 203, 379, 540  
*Ray*, array 305, 351  
*Rayle*, to flow, 287, 540 See *Raile*  
*Rayle*, abneo, 234  
*Rayne*, kingdom, 367  
*Ravens*, rays, beams, 538  
*Reade*, reede, advice, 296, 369, motto, 280, proverb, 466, prophecy, 298  
*Read*, reed (pret *rad*, *rad*), to know, declare, explain or advise, discover, perceive, suppose, 13, 14, 42, 52, 67, 107, 117, 164, 171, regard, 113, 374  
*Reedyffe*, to rebuild, 186  
*Reallie*, to reform, 425  
*Reames*, realms, 187  
*Reave*, to raise, take up or away steal, 108, 202, 212, 217, excite, 156, to rouse, 233  
*Reason*, proportion, 88  
*Reave* (pret *rest*, *raft*), to bereave, take away (forcibly), 26, 120, 141, 201  
*Rebuke*, conduct deserving of reproof, rudeness, 161  
*Rebutle*, to cause to recoil, 19, 78  
*Recklesse*, reckless, 521  
*Reclayne*, to call back, 355 (sb), 213  
*Recorde*, to remember, to call to mind, 293, 455  
*Recoure*, recover, recure, to recover, 243, 251  
*Recourse*, to recur, return, 4, 'had recourse' - 31d recur, 300, return, 203, 260  
*Recoyle*, to retire, retreat, 62  
*Recoile*, recule, to recoil, 352, 363  
*Red*, redd, declared, described, perceived, saw, 40, 67, 107, 117, 190, 216, 282, 429, 589 See *Read*  
*Redubourse*, to repay, 244  
*Redoubted*, doughty, 206  
*Redound*, to overflow, flow, be redundant, 23, 41, 279  
*Redress*, to reunite, remake, 36, to rest, 256  
*Reed*, to deem, 112 *Reede*, read, to advise, 13, 86  
*Reek*, to smoke, 474  
*Reele*, to roll, 198  
*Refecion*, refreshment, 294  
*Rest*, bereft, taken violently away, 152, 179, 236 See *Reave*  
*Regalitie*, rights of royalty, 86  
*Regarde*, a subject demanding consideration or attention, 115, value, 413  
*Regiment*, government, command, 131, 172, 551  
*Rele*, to care, reck, 466  
*Relate*, to bring back, 205  
*Release*, to break loose from, 86, to give up, 237  
*Relent*, to give away, to slacken, relax, soften, 190, 194, 237  
*Relide*, to ally, join, 277

- Recover*, to recover, revive life again, 60, 178, 200, 414, 421  
*Recurve*, to retrace 195  
*Rescueless*, without hope of rescue, 36  
*Reverry*, to thank 141  
*Reverie*, pite, 193  
*Reverie*, to encounter, meet in battle, 31  
*Reverie* (revere) made more fierce or reinforced  
 = reinforced, 124  
*Revere*, reinforced, enforced, made fresh effort, 136  
*Reverse* to run 455, 470  
*Reverse* to reverse overturn, 31, 310  
*Revere*, repentance, 226 to grieve, 205  
*Reverie*, a failing (of courage), 19  
*Revere*, a law term signifying to take possession of goods claimed, giving security at the same time to submit the question of property to a legal tribunal within a given time, 291  
*Revere*, to carry off, 93, 122  
*Revere*, reproof, shame, 77, 163, 176  
*Revere* to deprive of, take away, 85  
*Revere* reprove, 234  
*Revere*, to retake, 144, 248  
*Revere*, to require demand, 41  
*Revere*, demand, 90  
*Revere*, requited, returned 216  
*Revere*, to reinstate, to be repossessed of, 136  
*Revere*, to compare, 213  
*Revere* lance, look, regard, 195  
*Revere*, resident, 258  
*Revere*, care, caution, 956  
*Revere*, correspondence, reply (in music), 152  
*Revere*, to breathe again, 95  
*Revere*, restless, 316  
*Revere*, restitution, 181  
*Revere*, restive, 336  
*Revere*, to turn (the eye) back, 93  
*Revere*, picture, portrait, 94, 125  
*Revere*, a retreat, 91, 211, 284  
*Revere*, retirement, 405  
*Revere*, a feast, 179  
*Revere* vengeance, 274  
*Revere*, to return, to cause to return, 168, 175  
*Revere*, to reclothe 82  
*Revere*, a reviling, abuse 93  
*Revere*, to recall, withdraw, 220  
*Revere*, to roll back 220  
*Revere*, rue, to pity, to be sorry for, to lament over, repent, 77, 172, 185  
*Revere*, row, 189, 'in row' in order, 499  
*Revere*, ribaud, ribaud, a loose impure person, ribald, 81  
*Revere*, riches, 115  
*Revere*, skill, skill in explaining riddles, 223  
*Revere*, ruse, abundant, abundant, much frequent, 166, 183, 242, 219  
*Revere*, ruse, abundantly, 485  
*Revere*, split, broken, 114, gap, fissure, fragment, 20, 145, 243  
*Rigor*, force, 194 *Rigorous*, violent, 926  
*Rine*, rind, 419  
*Rine*, to encircle, 361  
*Riotous* riotize, riot, extravagance, 159, 226  
*Riote*, bank, 259  
*Rire*, to split tear, 196, 308  
*Rize*, to come to 131  
*Roke*, distaff 210  
*Rode*, raid, incursion, 400  
*Rode*, roadstead, anchorage for ships, 78  
*Rong*, rang, 162  
*Routes*, young bullocks, 448  
*Rood*, a cross, crucifix, 385  
*Rosier*, a rose tree, 127  
*Rosmarie*, a sea monster that was supposed to feed on the dew on the tops of the sea rocks, 147, 160  
*Rout*, a harp, 132, 275  
*Routes*, rolls, records, 394  
*Roundel*, a roundel, a kind of song, 471  
*Rout*, crowd, troop, 127, 305  
*Ror*, to shoot (with a sort of arrow called a rover), 11, 161, 320, 471  
*Rouel*, the ring of a bit—any small moveable ring, 47  
*Roume*, place, space, 59, 183  
*Rounded*, whispered, 214  
*Rouendell*, a round bubble (of form), 178  
*Rouze*, rouse, to shake up, 69, 95  
*Royme*, to mutter, 341  
*Rubin*, Rubine, the ruby, 94, 150  
*Ruddock*, redbreast, 588  
*Rue*, to grieve, 20, 343  
*Ruffed*, ruffled, 165, 501 *Ruffin*, disordered, 30  
*Ruffing*, ruffling, 213  
*Ruin*, to ruin, 146, 316, ruined, 522  
*Ruing*, pitying, 343  
*Rulesse*, lawless, 509  
*Ruth*, pity, 17, 182, *Ruthfull*, piteous, 465  
*Rutiv*, rooty, 605  
*Rure*, frequent, common, 466  
*Rure*, to pierce, 185  
*Sacrament*, oath of purgation taken by an accused party, 295  
*Sacred*, accursed, 53, 149, 354  
*Sad*, firm, heavy, grave, 23, 61, 84, 89, 122  
*Saine*, sayne, to say (pl say), 455, 460, 461  
*Sale*, cause, 34  
*Sale*, a wicker net (made of willows or willows), 484  
*Salat*, to salute, 260  
*Salauance*, onslaught, 83  
*Salied*, leapt, sallied, 392  
*Sallous*, willows, 256  
*Saluage*, savage, wild, 23, 133, 173, 215, 251, 341  
*Salute*, to salute, 121  
*Salve*, to heal, save, remedy, 133, 250, 320  
*Salving*, salvation, restoration, 82  
*Sani*, together, 66, 460  
*Samile*, silk stuff, 225  
*Sample*, example, 467  
*Sanguine*, blood colour, 201  
*Sardonian*, sardonic, 539  
*Sauuard*, guard, defence, 102 *Saregard*, to protect, 205  
*Saulce*, sage, 574  
*Saw*, word, saying, proverb, sentence, 558  
*Say*, a thin stuff (for cloaks), 30, 224  
*Say*, assay, proof, 417  
*Scald*, scabby, 51  
*Scand*, climbed, 424  
*Scarabee*, a beetle, 577  
*Scarmoge*, skirmishes 109  
*Scab* hurt, harm, damage, ruin, 77, 159, 212, 465, 577  
*Scatter*, to let drop 86  
*Scatterling*, a vagrant, 153, 624

- Scerne*, to discern, 385  
*Schuchin, scutchin*, escutcheon, shield, device on a shield, 177, 233, 242, 353  
*Scolopendra*, a fish resembling a centipede, 147  
*Scope*, aim, 482, dimension, 210, 'aymed scope,' a mark aimed at, 372  
*Score*, to exchange, 131, 207  
*Score*, to chase, 402  
*Scould*, scowled, 90  
*Scrine, scrine, scryne, skreens*, a cabinet for papers, a writing desk, 11, 131, entrance of a hall, 340  
*Scrike, shriek*, 379  
*Scruze*, to squeeze, crush, 144, 151, 185  
*Scryne*, desecrated, 358  
*Sidaigne*, to disdain, 160, 161  
*Sea shouldring*, having shoulders that displace the sea, 147  
*Sear*, to burn, 70, burning, 69  
*Sease*, to fasten on, seize, 72  
*See*, seat, 282  
*Selde*, seldom, rare, 69, 570  
*Seely*, simple, innocent, 39, 92, 192, 466  
*Seem*, 'nought seemeth' = it is not seemly, 460  
*Seeming*, apparently, 226  
*Seemlesse*, unseemly, 302  
*Seemly* in a seemly manner, 123, comely, 148, apparent, 226  
*Seemlyhed*, a seemly appearance, 269  
*Seene*, skilled, experienced, 239, 442  
*Seew*, to pursue, 209  
*Seised*, taken possession of, 76  
*Seisin*, possession, 381  
*Seicouth*, seldom known, rare, strange, 269  
*Sell*, seat, saddle, 87, 92, 156, 175, 250  
*Semblance, semblaunt, semblant*, likeness, appearance, phantom, 82, 150, 167, 168, 181, 195, 282, cheer, entertainment, 378  
*Sence*, feeling, 259  
*Senesshall*, governor, steward, 231, 343  
*Senr*, since, 254  
*Sensefull*, sensible, 381  
*Sent*, scent, perception, 16, 180, 196, 257  
*Sere*, seat, 446  
*Serve*, to bring to bear upon, 137  
*Set by*, to esteem, 262  
*Sereral*, diverse, 24  
*Sev*, to follow, 83, 118, 180, 186, 402, to solicit, 294  
*Seyne*, to say See *Sayne*  
*Shade*, to shadow represent, 327  
*Shallop*, sloop, 197  
*Shame*, to feel shame, to be ashamed, 147  
*Shamefast*, modest, 318  
*Shamefastnesse*, modesty, 308  
*Shard*, division, boundary, 110, cat, 297  
*Share*, portion, piece, 19, to cut, 237, 297, 317  
*Shayres*, shires, 185  
*Sheare*, to cut, divide, 109, 178, 256  
*Sheare, shere*, bright, clear, 218  
*Sheares*, wings, 119  
*Shed*, to spill life blood to kill, 115  
*Sheene, shene*, bright, shining, clear, 81, 90, 162, 180  
*Shend* (pret *shent*), to disgrace, defile, abuse, reproach, shame, 17, 81, 102, 120, 181, 206, 235, 457, 607  
*Shere*, to cleave, divide, 106  
*Shere* bright clear, 167, 209  
*Shere* mark, track, 23  
*Shudder* (generally explained as *she*), but if not a corruption of *thuder* (thutter) must mean *she-deer*, sho animals, 475  
*Shield*, 'God shield,' God forbid, 466  
*Shine, shyne*, a bright light, 67, bright, 242  
*Shirer*, to quiver, 235, 237  
*Shole*, shallow, 427  
*Shonne*, to shun, 161  
*Shope*, shaped, framed, 320  
*Shot*, advanced (in years), 324  
*Shriche-owle*, shriek owl, 491  
*Shreich*, shriek, 379  
*Shriere*, to question (shrive), 293  
*Shryfts*, confessions, 517  
*Shrighi*, a shriek, 118, 377, to shriek, 203  
*Shrile*, shriek, 494  
*Shrill*, to give out a ringing, shrill sound, 401, 481, a shrill sound, 495  
*Shrilling*, shrill, 53, 203, 239  
*Shricing*, confession, 517  
*Shroude*, to take shelter, 449  
*Sib, sidde*, akin, related, 395  
*Sich*, such, 196, 171  
*Sicker*, sure, 452  
*Sicknesse*, security, safety, 223  
*Steege*, seat, 90, 116  
*Sield*, cield, 318  
*Sient*, scion, 296  
*Sight*, sighed, 85  
*Sigm*, watchword, representation, picture, 232  
*Sike*, such, 460  
*Silly*, simple, innocent, 42, 194, 216  
*Simplese*, simplicity, 467  
*Sin*, since, 417  
*Singulis*, sighs, 219, 500  
*Sinke*, board, deposit, 14  
*Sited*, placed, situated, 191  
*Sith, sihe, sythe*, time, since, 37, 124, 215, 534, 549  
*Siltens*, since, since that time, 32, 37, 55, 111, 573  
*Sithes*, times, 447, 191  
*Sis*, is becoming, 14, 459  
*Slean*, a dagger, 631  
*Still*, to signify, to be a matter of importance, 312  
*Stippel*, a little boat, 146  
*Stocke*, slow, 190  
*Slake*, to slack, 169, 332  
*Slacer*, slobber, 357  
*Slighi*, sleight device, trick, 46, 234, 339  
*Slipper*, slippery, 482  
*Slombrn*, sleepy, 190  
*Slug*, to live idle, 82  
*Sly*, subtle, clever, 124  
*Smirke*, neat, trim, 449  
*Smot*, smote, 19, 348, smitten, 166, 231  
*Smot*, smote, 158, smitten, 167  
*Smouldre, smouldring*, suffocating, 102, 220  
*Snag*, a knot, 142, 263  
*Snaggn*, knotted, covered with knots, 44  
*Snags*, knots, 263  
*Snaky-wreathed* (?) *snake ywreathed*, snake-entwined, 425  
*Snar*, to snarl, 420  
*Snarled*, twisted, 225  
*Snedde*, to reprove, snub, 449  
*Snib*, to reprove, 516  
*Snub*, knob (of a club), 50  
*Soare falcon*, a falcon of the first year, 602  
*Sold*, pay, remuneration, 126  
*Solein*, sad, 460





- And, a wild, trunk, stock, 452, shrub bush, 305*  
*Sly, to, end, mount, 70, 117*  
*Subject, lying beneath, 70, 191*  
*Submisce, submissive, 281*  
*Subtle, fine-span, 163*  
*Subversal, subverted, 228*  
*Successed, to approach, 477*  
*Successes succession, 136*  
*Sue solicit See Sio*  
*Sufferance, patience, endurance, 235*  
*Suffiance, abundance, 534*  
*Sufficed, satisfied, 22*  
*Sugred, sweet, 105*  
*Supple, to make supple, 167*  
*Suppress, to overcome, keep down, 308*  
*Surbate, to batter, 178*  
*Surber, bruised, wearied, 89*  
*Surcease, to leave off, utterly to cease, 159, 178, 237, 304*  
*Surcharge, to attack with renewed vigour, 277*  
*Surcharged, heavily laden, 266*  
*Surplusage, excess, 114*  
*Sui prie, to seize suddenly, 410*  
*Surmount, to surpass, 131*  
*Surquedry, pride, insolence, pre-emption, 148, 157, 211, 303*  
*Survive surrey, to overlook, survey, 419*  
*Suspect a suspicion, 39*  
*Suain, suayn, a labourer, youth, person, 397, 453*  
*Swart, black, 173*  
*Swarte, to swerre retreat, 62, 96, 156*  
*Sweat, did sweat, 307*  
*Sway, to swing, brandish, wield (arms), 136, 162, force, 317, a rapid motion, 147*  
*Sward, sword, 241, 552*  
*Swath-bands, swaddling bands, 379*  
*Swelt, fainted, swooned, 263, burnt, 44, (? swelled, 220)*  
*Swinck, labour, toll, 112, 174*  
*Swinge, to singe, 70*  
*Swote, sweetly See Soote*  
*Swound, swoon, 267*  
*Sybbe, akin, related, 461*  
*Suler, truly, 467*  
*Syrlye, surly, 468*  
*Table, a picture, 59*  
*Tablere, one playing on a tabour, 458*  
*Tackle (pl. tackles), rigging, 78*  
*Tadvaunce, to advance, 449*  
*Taking, sickness, 456*  
*Talaunts, talons, 72*  
*Tarburins, small drums, 461*  
*Tane, taken, 546*  
*Tapets, tapestry, figured work, 535*  
*Tare, tore, 197*  
*Targe, target, 102*  
*Tarras, terrace, 340*  
*Tassat gent, the tiersel, or male go-shawl, 180*  
*Tassage, to assuage, 448*  
*Taurdie lace, a lace (girdle) bought at the fair of St. Andrey or St. Ethelred, 456*  
*Teade, a torch, 78 535, 587*  
*Teene (tene), grief, sorrow, pain, 58, 76, 86, 213, 543, affliction 348 See Tine*  
*Teene (? teene, lend, give), to bestow, 186*  
*Tell, to count, 114 Teld, told, 365*  
*Temed, yoked in a team, 178*  
*Timeuse, like a team, 222*  
*Temper, to govern, control, 525*  
*Tempring, controlling, governing, 109*  
*Tend, to wait on, 310*  
*Tender, to tend attend to 197, 372*  
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